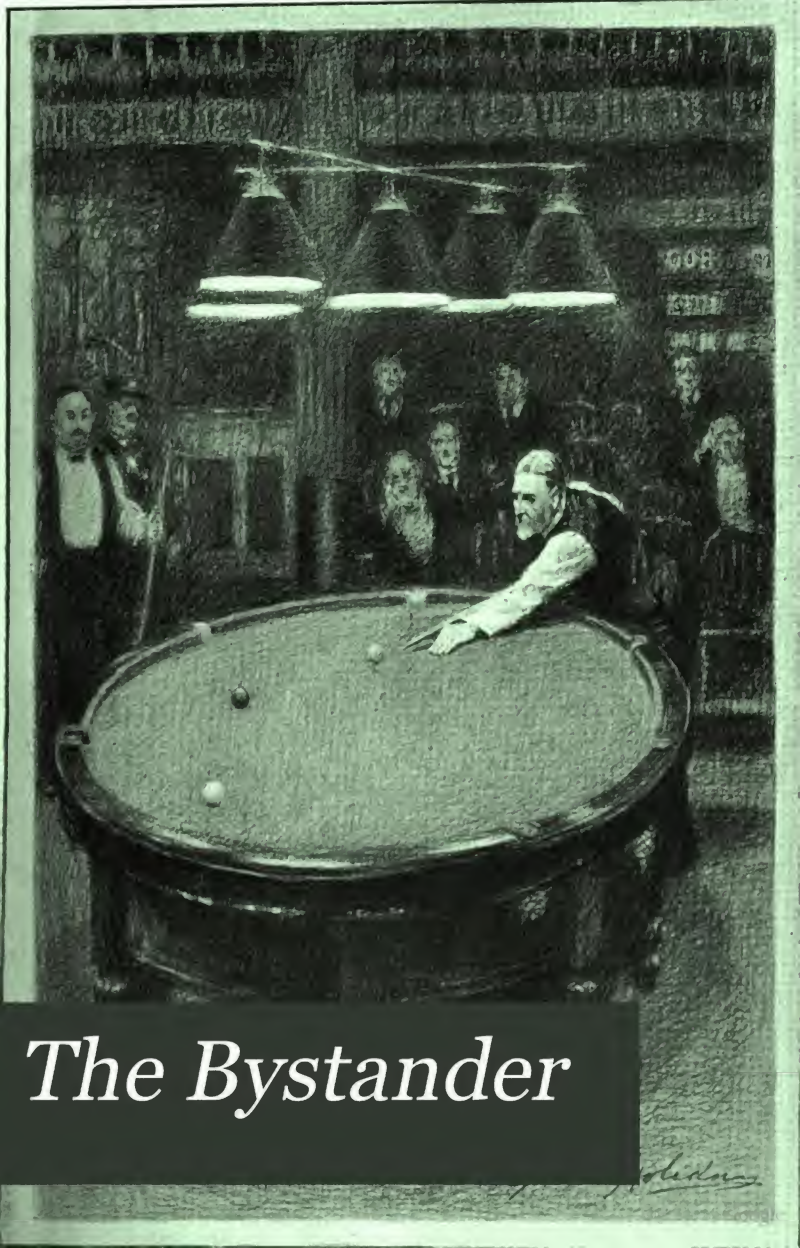

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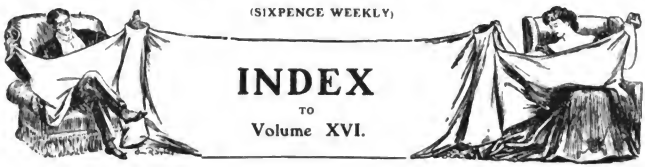

INDEX

TO

Volume XVI.

(*Including Numbers 200 to 212, from October 3 to December 25, 1907.*)

Ashtown, Lord *v.* Tim Healy, 10
"Automobile Topics," 46, 88, 144, 194, 243, 440, 494, 533, 591, 646
Olympia Show, The, 335, Supp. Nov. 6
Supp. Nov. 20. A Woman's View of (Dorothy Levitt), Supp. Nov. 20 6
Special Motor Supp., "The Bystander," Nov. 6 and 20

Boxing: Self-defence in the Service, 43
"By Field, Stream, and Covert," 183, 236, 282, 312, 423, 489, 524, 582, 636
"Bystander Comments," 3, 56, 99, 151, 203, 255, 297, 351, 403, 455, 551, 603

Cairo, The Season in, 617
Christmas Fable—Limericks, 512
Christmas Shopping, By Mrs. Jack May, 537
"Continental Chat," 19, 66, 119, 167, 222, 268, 319, 371, 418, 475, 520, 570, 623
Cricket, 439

Druce Case, The, 414, 462

Editor's Box, The (week by week)

Fiction—
Bishop's Weakness, The (Beatrice Heron-Maxwell), Christmas Number Supp. 26
"Bystander" Christmas Number Supp.
Celibate, The (Hubert Wales), 629
Country-House Comedy, A (C. Malcolm Hincks), 80
Croupier, The (Basil Macdonald Hastings), 480
Cupid and the Comedian (Mrs. J. Futrelle), 428
Fall in Pride, A (Reginald Rayner), 324
Fetters of Gold (Katharine Renell), 576
John Meredith, Savage (Leonard Flemming), Christmas Number Supp. 18
King's Messenger, The (F. Marion Crawford), 228
Matter of Business, A (Reginald Rayner), 124
New Generation, The (E. Temple Thurston), 177
Prodigal Husband (Herbert H. Vahey), 30
Rendezvous, The (F. Madox Hueffer), Christmas Number Supp. 3
Road to Rice, A (Leonard Merrick), Christmas Number Supp. 10
Savage, John Meredith (L. Flemming), Christmas Number Supp. 18
Stage Jester, A (Eleanor Vicocq), 376
Suburban Episode, A (Rose Gardner), 276

Football—
Rugby, 76, 142, 293, 332, 396, 499
'Varsity Match at Queen's Club, 586
"Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows," 52, 94, 148, 200, 250, 295, 348, 400, 451, 502, 598, 650
"Games and Pastimes," 43, 76, 142, 190, 239, 290, 394, 438, 499, 528, 586
"Garden, The," 138, 198, Oct. 30 viii, Nov. 6 x, 347, 398, Nov. 27 viii, Dec. 4 viii, Dec. 18 viii, Dec. 25 viii
"Golf Notes and Notions," 42, 86, 137, 189, 241, 286, 342, 388, 444, 488, 530, 640
Championship Green, The New, 530
Haskell Ball Case Result, The, 588
Rules, Revision of, 137

Harbord, The Hon. Mrs., 12
"Here, There, and Everywhere," 507
Hockey, 290, 331, 394, 500
Hunting, "The Bystander," Supp., Oct. 9
Foxhounds, 1907-8 List of, Supp. Oct. 9

Journalese, Lessons in: No. 1, 510; No. 2, 552; No. 3, 604

Lawn Tennis, 192, 438
"Library, The"—
Abductors, The (Mr. Prague), 392
Aeronaut, The Record of an, 302
Arethusa (F. Marion Crawford), 246
Brummell (Cosmo Hamilton), 448
Brush, Pen and Pencil (Frank Reynolds), 546
Bunkum (F. Richardson), 248
Call of the Sea, The (F. G. Aflalo), 248
Carette of Sark (J. Oxenham), 93
Conclusions of an Everyday Woman (H. Gordon Brown), 134
Conspirators (E. Oppenheim), 40
Court of Philip IV. (Martin Hume), 246
Cynthia in the Wilderness (H. Wales), 345
England and Germany (Austin Harrison), 284
English Girl, An (Ford Madox Hueffer), 40
English Literature, History of (Dr. R. Walker), 390
Ezra the Mormon (Winifred Graham), 493
Furze the Cruel (J. Trevena), 187
Genteel A.B., The (A. J. Dawson), 93
Halo, The (Baroness von Hutten), 596
Happy Moralist, The (H. Bland), 596
House of Lynch, The (L. Merrick), 345
House Prefect, The (D. Coke), 284, 392
How to Appreciate Music (M. Gustav Kobbe), 40
Jester's Widow, The (K. Howard), 136

Jock of the Bushveld (Sir P. Fitzpatrick), 38
Literary Man's Bible, The (W. L. Courtney), 446
Little Stories (T. W. H. Crossland), 93
Lord of Latimer Street, The (Jane Wardle), 493
Lord of the World (Father Hugh Benson), 390
Love in a Mist (Mme. Albanesi), 446
Mary, Queen of Scots, New Light on, 134
Master Beast, The (Horace Newte), 596
Monarchs of Merry England, The (R. Carse), 446
Myths About Monarchs (H. Watt), 248
Old Friends with New Faces (Countess of Malmesbury), 187
Pekin to Paris in a Motor-Car (Luigi Barzini), 641
Philosophy of Common Sense (F. Harrison), 345
Pig Books, Dean's, Dec. 11 xvi
Pocket-Book, The Pirate's (D. C. Calthrop), 596
Pocket Full of Sixpences (Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell), 392
Prehistoric Proverbs (Lawson Wood), 546
Reference Books (1908), 642
Scoundrel, The (E. J. Oldmeadow), 248
Society, Sin, and the Saviour (Father Vaughan), 595
Stooping Lady, The (M. Hewlett), 136
Story of My Struggles, The (Professor Vambéry), 40
Struggle for a Royal Princess, The (Frau Ida Kremer), 595
Sultan and His Subjects, The (R. Davey), 136
Ten Little Nigger Boys, The, 548
That Little——? (Eyre Hussey), 642
Unpardonable Sin, The (J. Douglas), 546
Victoria's, Queen, Early Letters (Lord Esher and A. C. Benson), 188
Weavers, The (Sir Gilbert Parker), 40

"Menu, The" (week by week)
Music Notes—
Piano Player, Concerning the, 566

Pheasant Shooting Prospects, 109
Poetry—
Dream Elves, The, 512

"Racing Notions," by Carbine—
Cambridgeshire, The, 152, 235, 288
Cesarewitch, The, 78, 140, 152
'Chasers and their Prospects, 554
Coming "Classics," The, 607
Derby Gold Cup, The, 310
Duke of York Stakes, 140

Digitized by Google

Gimcrack Dinner, The, 526
Kempton and the Cesarewitch, 78
Kempton and Sandown, 456
Liverpool Cup, The, 288
Manchester Prospects, 353
Newbury and Newmarket, 5
Past Season, The, 437
"Round the Town," 382
Rowing, 499

Theatres—
"As You Like It" (His Majesty's), 118
"Barrier, The" (Comedy), 170
"Barry Doyle's Rest-Cure" (Court), 68
Borsa, Dr. M., an Italian Critic, 620
"Cæsar and Cleopatra" (Savoy), 471
Censor, Pity the Poor, 316
"Cuckoo, The" (Vaudeville), 471
"Education of Elizabeth" (Apollo), 220, 567
Fame! 22
"Gay Gordons, The" (Aldwych), 24
Green, Complimentary Dinner to Mr., 567
"Irene Wycherley" (Kingsway), 219
"Joy," (Savoy), 24
"Lady Frederick" (Court), 270
"Miquette" (Duke of York's), 272
"Mollusc, The" (Criterion), 172
"Monsieur Beaucaire" (Lyric), 567
"Mrs. Ellison's Answer" (New), 318
"Simple Simon" (Garrick), 421
Stray Thoughts, 522
"Sugar Bowl, The" (Queen's), 220
"Sweet Kitty Bellairs" (Haymarket), 116
"Thief, The," (St. James's), 368
"Waste" (Imperial), 472
"Whip Hand, The," 272

"Weather Forecast, The Week's," 240, Dec. 11 xii, 554, 652
"Wig and Gown," 100, 206, 298, 404
"Woman's Note Book, A," Oct. 2 x, Oct. 9 viii, Oct. 16 x, Oct. 23 viii, Oct. 30 x, Nov. 6 viii, Nov. 13 xii, Nov. 20 x, Nov. 27 x, Dec. 4 x, Dec. 11 xxiv, Dec. 18 x, Dec. 25 x
"World's Pageant, The," 7, 58, 104, 155, 208, 258, 301, 355, 407, 458, 515, 557, 609

Yachting, 77, 190, 331

Illustrations

Aeroplanes (see **Balloons**)
Amsterdam, Canal at, 18
Army, The—
Lancers, The 5th, Marching Past at a Review, 298
Manœuvres at Aylesbury, The (Snaffles) 13
Woods's, Lieut., Inquiry: Scene in Court, 416
Arunde, View o the River, 111
Ashby Castle, 110
Atherton Breach of Promise Case, The: Scenes Outside the Law Courts, 562
"Automobile Topics"—
Adams Car, The 12-14 h.-p., 244
Adler Car, Coachwork on an, 338
Argyll, Chassis of the 30-40 h.-p., Supp. Nov. 6 9
Ariel Simplex 40-50 h.-p. Limousine Car, Supp. Nov. 6 6
Arrol-Johnston Car, A, 442
Beeston-Humber, A 20 h.-p. T.T. Model, 335
Beeston-Humber Car, The New 20 h.-p., in a Pretty Lane, 579
Berliet, Body of the 40 h.-p., Supp. Nov. 20 4
Brooke, Six-cylinder 25-30 h.-p. Chassis, Supp. Nov. 6 8
Brooklands, Racing at: Scenes at the Last Meeting, 105
"Bystander, The," Motor Supplements, Nov. 6 and 20
Cab's, Taximeter, in Berlin, The First Woman Driver of the, 320
C.G.V. 20 h.-p. Limousine Landaulette, The, Supp. Nov. 6 4
Clyde, 16-20 h.-p. Four-Cylinder Side-entrance Body, 340
Colvile, The Late General and Lady (in Motor), 453
Coventry-Humber, A 30 h.-p., 335
Daimler 1908 Model Car, Supp. Nov. 20 4. Company's Dinner at Prince's, Supp. Nov. 20 8
Darracq Chassis with Back Axle Gear-box, Supp. Nov. 6 15
De Dietrich, 18-20 h.-p. Four-Cylinder Car, with Limousine Body, Supp. Nov. 6 6
De Dion, 12-14 h.-p. Four-Cylinder Model Car, Supp. Nov. 6 12. 10 h.-p., Supp. Nov. 20 5
Duhamel, 22 h.-p. Car, Supp. Nov. 6 23
Earp, Clifford, in his 60 h.-p. "Thames" Racer, 648
E.I.V.N. Car, Engine of an, Supp. Nov. 6 24
Ford 15-18 h.-p. Double Phaeton, A, Supp. Nov. 6 2
Gordon, Miss Kitty, in her 20 h.-p. Daimler Car, 501
Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, and Little Daughter, with their 30-40 h.-p. Fiat Car, 170
Hillman Coutalen, 25 h.-p. Four-Cylinder Model, Supp. Nov. 6 20
Hotchkiss, 20-30 h.-p. Chassis, Supp. Nov. 6 7
Humber Stand, The, Olympia Show, Supp. Nov. 20 6
Ice Motor, The Arrol-Johnston, 194
Iris, 40 h.-p. Six-Cylinder, Landaulette de Luxe, Supp. Nov. 6 4
Itala Car, New Model, Supp. Nov. 6 2
Mercédès, A 45 h.-p., with Limousine Body, 336
Minerva 50 h.-p. Kaiserpreis Car, A, Supp. Nov. 6 16
Mors Car, Turning a 15 h.-p., Supp. Nov. 6 10
Motor Cycles as Pledges in a Pawnshop, Paris, 572
Munro, Mrs. Walker (in Motor), 561
Nagant-Helson 35-40 h.-p. Car, Supp. Nov. 6 12
Napier Dashboard, The—New Six-Cylinder Chassis, Supp. Nov. 6 5
Olympia Motor Show, Exhibits at the, Supp. Nov. 6, 335. General View and Exhibits at the, Supp. Nov. 20
Paris Salon, Bird's-eye View of the, 442
Pekin to Paris in a Motor-Car: The Itala Car Overturned, 641
Porthos, 24-32 h.-p. Car, Supp. Nov. 6. Chassis of the New 24-32 h.-p. Six-Cylinder, 646
Poster, An Artistic: "The Spirit of Speed," 648
Ranjitsinhji, Prince (in Motor), 534
Reo Car, An 18 h.-p., 90. Landaulette, Supp. Nov. 6 23
Rim, The Dunlop Detachable, 338
Rolls-Royce, The Famous Silver Ghost, Supp. Nov. 6 3
Rover Coupé, The One-Cylinder 8 h.-p., Supp. Nov. 20 4
Speedometer, Jones's, 336
Steam Cars, 30 h.-p., White, Supp. Nov. 6 24, Supp. Nov. 20 4
Thames, The, 50 h.-p. Six-Cylinder Chassis, Supp. Nov. 6 9
Tyres, The Avon, A Section, 1, 90, 338. Changing and Mounting the Elastic Filled Inner Tube, 48
Vauxhall Car, Dashboard of the, Supp. Nov. 6 10
Vernon, Lord (in Motor-Car), 496
Vinot, 16-24 h.-p. Four-Cylinder Car, Supp. Nov. 6 18
Wedding at Wargrave, Motor Used at a, 197
White Steam Car, 30 h.-p., Supp. Nov. 6 24
Wingate, Sir F., Arrol-Johnston Car for, 442
Wolseley-Siddeley, The 18 h.-p. Limousine Landaulette, Supp. Nov. 6 3
Woodland, Mr. and Mrs. Percy, in their 45 h.-p. Mors Car, 244
Bailey, The New, Trial of Robert Wood at, 605
Balloons—
Farman, 11., in his, 242
"Nulli Secundus": The Cruise Round St. Paul's, 74. Accident to the, 99
"Valkyrie," Mrs. Harbord in the, 12
Zeppelin's Airship Experimenting on Lake Constance, 66
Bazaar in Aid of the Nursing Sisters of the Poor: The Irish Stall—Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Howard—The Netherlands Stall, 615
Bears, Trapping, in the Rockies, 132
Beech Avenue, Salisbury Park, 433
Billiards—
Bligatel, The New Table Game, 201
Roberts and Weiss Playing on the Oval Table at National Sporting Club, 29
Birds Brought Home for Christmas Presents by Sailors, 516
Blythswood, Lord, in his Laboratory—His Kite, 616
Bonaparte's, Princess Marie, Jewels, 400
Bourbon, Prince Charles, and Princess Louise of France's Wedding: The Procession Leaving the Chapel, 357. Walking in the Streets of Madrid, 371
Bournemouth: East Cliff—Carlton Hotel, 492. Upper Gardens, Westcliffe—Invalids' Pine Walk, East Cliff, 613
Boxing Championships, The Army and Navy, 44
Brantham Park Gates, Supp. Oct. 9 8
Brampton, Lord: Funeral Service in Westminster Cathedral, 101
Bristol, Lord, on the Bridge of the "Formidable," 610
Bunsen, Sir Maurice de, at Work in his Study, 216
"Bystander Abroad, The"—
Beasts as Gentle Readers, 581
Canada, 351
India, 15, 581
Malay States, European Hospital, Kuala Lumpur, 485

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Slaves Reading, 431
Victoria Falls, Zambesi, 485

Cairo—
Bird's-eye View of, from the Citadel, 619
Native Cookshop, A, in the "Mooski" or Native Quarter, 573
Polo Match between the Inniskilling Dragoons and Coldstream Guards at Gheziréh, 618
Callander Bridge, Perthshire, 434
Cambridge Trial Eights: G. B. Lloyd's and F. H. Jerwood's Crews, 499
Cambridgeshire, Winner of the—Visitors Cars at the, 288
Campbell-Bannerman, Sir H., Leaving Charing Cross for Biarritz, 458
Catholic Cathedral, Norwich, The New, 560
Cattle Show, Smithfield: The King and Prince of Wales at the—Some Exhibits at, 556
Chesterfield, Lady, Canvassing at Hull, 460
Chimpanzee The Youngest, "Daisy," (in Motor and other Costume), 518
Christian, Princess, Embracing the Duchess of Bedford at the Sale of Work for Friendless Girls, 558
Christmas Greetings to BYSTANDER Readers, 601
Christmas Number, Dec. 11
Christmas Number Plate, "Mischief" (and cover), Facsimiles, Dec. 4 viii
Church Congress, Yarmouth: Procession through the Streets, 61
Churchill, Winston, at Malta: Group taken at the Courtyard of the Palace, 158. Greeting Officials at Mombassa, 465
Clock Tower of St. Mary-le-Poer, Old Broad Street, Dec. 11 xxviii
Coleridge's House, Nether Stowey, 188
Colvile, Sir Henry: Heatherside Corner, where He was Killed, 494
Corelli, Miss, at a Literary Banquet, 284
Cowboy's Life and Work in Montana, 173, 174
Croquet—
Khedivial Club, Mrs. Caffray and Mrs. Hornblower Playing at the, 618
South of England Tournament, Eastbourne: C. E. Willis in Play, 41
Crosby Hall (Interior), 300
Cuzco: General View and Church of Domingo—Market Place—Lake Titicaca, 323
Cyprus: Nicosia, Scenes at, 169

Dairy Show, Miss A. L. Nisbet Milking at the, 136
Dancing, Stage: Scenes at Tiller's Training School, 435
Deer-Stalking in the Highlands, 374
Derby Cup, November Meeting, The Parade before the, 353
Devonshire, The Duke of, Boarding a Nile Steamer, Egypt, 408
Diabolo Game, The, 43. Spain, King of, Playing, 103
Dickins and Jones, Sale at, of Lewis and Allenby's Stock, 11
Dogs—
Anticipations, 583
Derby Day, 11, 619
Expressions, A Study in, Supp. Oct. 9 18
Fox-Terriers' Show, Oxford: Some Prizewinners, 84
Newmarket Old Champion Meeting: Lady Fl., Royal Crest, Wednesday Welter, 639
West Highland White Terriers, Mr. D. McNeill and his, 584
Druce Case, The: Scene Inside and Outside the Court, 311, 413. Mr. Caldwell on his Way to the Court, 356. Druce Tomb, The, 214

Egypt—
Cairo (see that title). Cromer's, Lady, Dispensary, A Corner of—Luxor, The Ruins of, 619
Omdurman, Charge of Dervishes at, 16
Electric Light Culture, The New, at the Botanic Gardens: The Light Apparatus, 138
Elizabethan Garb, A.D. 1907: Quaint Official Costume of a Hamburg Sheriff, 570

Fan, A Lace, 542
Fashions—
Black Velvet and Ermine Cloak, 295
Blouses, Attractive, 348
Bridge Coat, A, 504
Child's, A, Coat-Wrap, with Sleeves, 452
Coat, Velvet, and Cloth Skirt, Nov. 13 x
Coatee, A Neat, 200
Corset and Cluny Lace Coatee, A "Samothrace," 598
Debutante Costume, A, 502
Draped Skirt, A, 250
Evening Toilette, A Distinctive, 52
Hat, A Tailor-made, 252
Overcoat, A Little Boy's Smart, Oct. 2 viii
Riding Habits, 94
Shadow Frock, The, 148
Shirt Design for Golf, 296
Skating Costume, A, 537
Skirt: A Shoolbred, Oct. 16 vii. A Tailor-made, Nov. 20 viii. A Cloth, and Velvet Coat, Nov. 13 x
Teagown, The Classical Effect applied to the, 650
Toque, A Chic French, 652
Vanbrugh's, Miss Irene, Negligée, 451
Fireplace, Taylor's "Rational," Dec. 11 xx
Fishing—
Salmon: Baird, Miss, Fishing at Birgham—Douglas, Captain and Lady Laura, Fishing at Birgham, 304
Trout: Mr. Elsworth Bringing in a Morning's Catch of, 20. Little Girl, A, Fishing in a Scottish Stream, 379
Floods—
Caversham, at, near Reading, 555
Eton Boys Punting along Meadow Lane, 643
Malaga: Rescue Parties at Work in the Streets, 59
Matlock Bridge: The Railway Inn, 157
Portsmouth, at, 157
Reading, at, 555
Thames Valley, In the, 555
Folkestone Meeting: The Water Jump, 607
Football—
Cambridge University *v.* Southern Amateur League, 331
Chelsea *v.* Bristol City, 417
London Scottish *v.* Cambridge University, 417
New Zealand Team, The, Practising at Leeds—The Captain, 76
Surrey *v.* Cambridge University at Dulwich, 240
'Varsity Match at Queen's Club, The, 587
France—
Brittany: Wedding, A, Oct. 23 xii
Falaise: La Porte des Cordeliers (William the Conqueror's Birthplace), 631
Fallieres, President, Shooting in, 372
Fox-hunting in, 21
La Boulie, Golf at: Clubhouse and Players, 389
Motor Cycles in a Pawnshop, Paris, 572
Nice: Promenade de Anglais, The, 167
Paris Municipal Councillors' Visit to Billingsgate, 107
Paris Salon, Bird's eye View of the, 442
Pawnshop, Customers Awaiting their Turn in a Paris, 572
Sculpture, Humorous, 127
Spain, King of, Walking with M. Fallières in the Bois, 19
Furniture, Old-fashioned Style: Corner of a Bedroom, 382

Gales: Scenes at Matlock and Portsmouth, 157
Gamage's, Fire at: Views of th Shop Front, 461
Garden, The—
Cedars as Lawn Trees, 398
Palms as a Decoration, 198
Tropical, A, in England, Dec. 25 viii
Yuccas as Lawn Plants, 347
Germany—
Army Manœuvres: Staff of the 20th Division, 146
Cabs, Taximeter, in Berlin: The First Woman Driver, 320
Emperor and Empress of, Visit to London: Street Scenes and Decorations, 358, 359
Highcliffe, The Emperor at: Planting a Tree—Walking through the Grounds with Col. Stuart Wortley, 458, 4 9. Children's Tea Party at, 517
Ghent, The Canal at, 18
Girl Postman, A, on the Scottish Moors, 419
Golf—
Ball, A, Impaled on a Lady's Hat-pin, 42
Braid Playing at Sunningdale, 286
Deal Links, The New Championship Course, 488
Fair Play (E. Lander), 530
France: La Boulie, The Clubhouse and Players at, 389
Inter-County Championship, Presenting Cup to the Winners of the, 396
Ladies', The (Kent), Championship: Miss Evans Putting on the Eighth Green, 77
Liverpool Club, The Royal: St. Andrews Meeting, 588
Professional Tournament, Players in the, Burnham Beeches: Braid at the Seventh Tee, 6. Braid and Taylor: Spectators Watching the Play, 153
Stock Exchange at Walton Heath, 241
G.P.O., Art Society's Exhibition at the, 231
Granby, Marquis of, Coming-of-Age of the: Fête at Staddon Hall (Group), 7
Greece, The King of, Welcomes Prince George and Princess Marie Bonaparte, 614
Greek Play (Ladies), "Alcestis," at Newcastle, 635
Grosvenor, Hon. Mrs. R., in her Studio and in her Garden, 159

Heatherside Corner, Surrey, 494
Herring Fleet Leaving Yarmouth in October, 182
Highcliffe Castle, 352
Highcliffe, Children's Tea Party at, 517
Hockey—
Kent *v.* Middlesex at Beckenham, 312
Kent *v.* Sussex at Blackheath, 290
Ladies' Match: Bedford *v.* Northampton, 439
Middlesex *v.* Surrey at Richmond, 290
Hood's, Tom, Birthplace, Wanstead, 134
Horses—
Dandy Boy (Scotland's Fastest Trotter), 282
Demure (Wootton up), 152
Foal Show at Lord Harrington's Estate, 9
King's, The, Exercising at Newmarket, 102

Digitized by Google

Land League (Higgs up), 288
Loddon H., 457
Sancy, Winner of the Jockey Club Stakes, 78
Shire Horse Show, Dorking, Mr. Saloman and his Favourite Stallion at, 310
Steamer, 457
Sunbeam VI., 457
Humorous—
And Why Not? (H. Hope Read), 507
Ardent Motorist: "Hi! Where are your Lights?" (J. L. C. Booth), 526
Bitter Bit, The (A. Watts), 527
"Bystander, The," Fiction Supp. Christmas Number, Dec. 11
Cabby's Christmas Day (C. Crombie), Christmas Number Supp. 25
Caricatures (see Portraits, Various)
Checkmate (Bert Thomas), 3
Christmas Morning at Puddleport (Thorpe), 513
Christmas Serenade, A: The Duet (L. Carter), 521
Circumstances Alter Cases (J. L. C. Booth), 603
Compleat Dangler, The (H. C. Sandy), Christmas Number Supp. 16
Decay of Piracy, The (Tony Sarg), 564
Discovered at Last (C. Crombie), 165
Discussing it over a "Dish o' Tea" (Noel Pocock), 565
Exceptionally Dense (Dudley Buxton), 455
Fair Play (E. Lander), 530
Gaiety Bar, Up and Down the Old (S. Spurrier), Christmas Number Supp. 13
Gone to the ——(F. M. Williamson), 512
"Good Old Times, The," and the Present (F. Gillett), 511
Got Him Either Way: Pity the Poor Motorist (Dudley Buxton), 533
Hard Put to It (H. Hope Read), 551
How Are the Mighty Fallen! (A. Holland), 56
If Giants Lived To-day! (H. C. Sandy), Christmas Number Supp. 17
III-considered Proposal, An (Chas. Crombie), 514
Isaacstein, Mr., Finds it Bad Enough to Give Readily, etc. (Spencer Pryse), 553
I've Come for them Pills, etc., 185
Lessons in Journalese: No. 1, 510; No. 2, 552; No. 3, 604
Lost Ball! (Dudley Buxton), Christmas Number Supp.
Making Sure (H. M. Bateman), 297
Manœuvres, The, at Aylesbury (Snaffles), 13
Navy, The Truth About the (E. G. O. Beuttler)—
(1) Working Quick-Firers on the Upper Deck, 508
(2) Clearing for Action, 552
(3) Up Anchor, 604
Old, Old Story, The (Dudley Hardy), Christmas Number Supp. 8
Only Way, The (Norman Morrow), 520
Others, The (H. Hope Read), 351
Our Dramatic Club (Arthur Lee), 403
Pantomime Tastes at Three Periods of Youth (Norman Morrow), 621
Popular Phrases Saving His Bacon (A. M. Brown), 518
Poultry Show, At the (C. Crombie), 474
Prehistoric Christmas Dinner, A (Lawson Wood), Christmas Number Supp. 9
Putting It to Him Nicely (A. Watts), 405
Railway Strike, In the Event of a (F. Gillett), 217
Realistic Effects in the Scene between the Lovesick Lovers (Tony Sarg), 106
Sarcastic Navvy (to Urchin): "Wot! Father in Bed, Then?" (T. Maybank), 415
Skipping Cure in the Park (Lawson Wood), 205
Stickler for Custom, A (Lawson Wood), 83
Study in Still Life, A (F. A. Stewart), 528
Superfluous Advice (Noel Pocock), 509
Talking Business (H. Hope Read), 257
Unrehearsed, An, But Much Appreciated Turn at the Circus (S. Spurrier), Christmas Number Supp. 15
Very Idea, The (J. Hammer), 151
Victual Point (A. F. M. Williamson), 519
When Socialism Reaches the Army (A. Lee), 255
Hunting—
American Sportsman, An, 524
Anticipations, 583
Badminton Hounds, The, Supp. Oct. 9 12
Beaufort's Hounds, Duke of, A Day's Sport with the, 582
Belvoir Hounds, Three of the, Supp. Oct. 9 6
Bexhill Harriers, The: Meet at Sidley, 236
Bicester Hounds: Meet at Copredy, 490, 524
Brauntham Moor Hounds, The, Supp. Oct. 9 8
Cheshire Hounds, With the: Tally Ho! Forrard Away, 582
Cotswold Hounds, The, and Mr. C. Travers, Supp. Oct. 9 13
Cottesmore Hunt, The: Lord Lonsdale, Supp. Oct. 9 3. On the Way to Covert—With their Late Huntsman, Oct. 9 7. Crossing a Brook, 238. Meet at Tilton—Lord Lonsdale with the, 313
Craven Hounds, With the: Opening Meet, Kimbury—The Master, 384, 385
Cub Hunting—
East Kent Foxhounds: The Master Off to Draw, 149
Morpeth Hunt, Members of the, 184
Old Berkeley (West) Hounds, The, Supp. Oct. 9 15
South Devon Hounds, The: Putting into Covert, Supp. Oct. 9 13
Tiverton Hounds, A Morning's Work Among the, 237
Deer Stalking in the Highlands, 374
Derwent Foxhounds, A Meet of the Braes of, 423
Enfield Chace Staghounds: The Master, 638
Exmoor Foxhounds at Hawkcombe Head, Mr. and Mrs. Salaman with the, 36
Fitzwilliam's, Earl, Hounds at Wentworth, Supp. Oct. 9 8. Opening Meet at Clumber House, 315
Four Burrow Hounds, The, and their Master, Mr. S. H. Christy, 489
Foxhound Puppies: A Study at Hazlemere Park, Supp. Oct. 9 18
France, Fox-hunting in, 21
Galloping over an Awkward Country (C. H. Taffs), 122
Grafton Hounds: Meet at Tile House, Supp. Oct. 9 7
Hailsham Harriers: Mr. A. Campbell Clearing a Ditch—Enthusiastic Followers, 424
Hampshire Hunt: The Opening Meet at Chawton House, 384
Isle of Wight Foxhounds, With the: A Kill, 618
Kilkenny Hounds (East), The, 16
Lady Riders, Some Well-known, Supp. Oct. 9 9
Lambert's, Mr., Hounds, Supp. Oct. 9 16
Meynell Hunt: Opening Meet at Sudbury Hall, 283
Nevill's, Lord Henry, Hounds: Two of his Best, 238
Oakley Foxhounds: The Meet at Ravenden—The Master (E. Arkwright)—Some Lady Followers, 636
Old Berkeley (West) Hounds, The, on their Way to an Early Morning Meet, Oct. 9 15
Pytchley Hounds: The Master, Lord Annaly, and Huntsman, Supp. Oct. 9 7
Quorn Hounds: The Opening Meet, Kirby Gate, Supp. Oct. 9 5. A Kill, 312
Rufford Hounds, The, at Thoresby Park, 387
Selby Lowndes, Presentation to Mr. H.: The House Party at Waldershare Park, 315
Slade's, Lady, Harriers: Opening Meet at North Petherton, 281
South Devon Hounds, Cubbing with the: Putting the Pack into Covert, Supp. Oct. 9 13
Southdown Hounds, The, at Alfriston: A Kill, 425
Spain, The King of, Hunting with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Eaton Hall, 525
Stag-Hunting in Tyrol: Duke Charles Edward of Saxe-Coburg and Party Secure a Good Bag, 225
Supplement, "The Bystander," Oct. 9. Facsimile of the, 4
Tipperary Hounds, With the, 387
Waddon Chase Foxhounds, The, Supp. Oct. 9 14. Some Well-known Riders with the, 637
Waterford Hounds, The Marquis Leading the, 274
Well Cleared: A Typical Jump, Supp. Oct. 9 16
West Carbery Hounds, Miss Somerville and the, Supp. Oct. 9 18
"Who-op!" Reduced Facsimile, Supp. Oct. 9 4
Hydroplane, Santos-Dumont's New, 66

Ingram's, Dr., Visit to Ontario: Addressing a Congregation at Grovesend—Family Group, 65
Innes-Ker, Lord Alastair, with Miss Breese, Wedding of, 104
Italy—
Rome, Bird's-eye View of, 478
Venice, The Canals, 18

James's, Mr. W., House-Party at West Dean Park, 354
Jewel Thief: Shop in the Strand where a Robbery was Frustrated, 156
Jewels, Some, at Messrs. H. Brown's, 600. Princess Marie Bonaparte's, 400, 600

King and Queen, The—
Blankney, The King's Visit to: Riding to the Coverts, 609
Cattle Show, The King and Prince of Wales at the, 556
Sandringham, The King Riding to the Coverts at, 361
Windsor (Royal Portrait Group), 406
Kite, Lord Blythswood's, 616
Knowsley Nursery Stakes: Sungauge Winning—Celebrities at the, 309

Digitized by Google

Laces at Robinson and Cleaver's, Some, 545
Lacrosse: Croydon v. Finchley, 292
Lancing Street Schools, A Bazaar in Aid of the, 280
Lawn Tennis—
Covered Courts Championships, The: Ritchie and Max Decugis Playing R. F. Doherty and G. M. Simond, 192
L.C.C. Steamers in Winter Quarters, 586
Locomotive, Model of a, Dec. 11 xx
London, The Bishop of, Visits his Brother at Grovesend, Ontario, 65. Preaching in Wall Street, 213
Lord Mayor's Show, The, Passing Down Ludgate Hill, 307

Mackworth Praed Cup and Badge, The, 142
Malaga, Floods in: Rescue Parties at Work, 59
Marconi Telegraph Service: The New Clifden Station—The Dynamo Room—Receiving the First Message—Hertzian Waves, 226, 227
Marlborough Club, The, 263
Marlborough, Duke of, as Mayor of Woodstock, 464
Maxim's Restaurant, Supper at, 436
McNeill, Mr. D., and his West Highland White Terriers, 584
Melbourne Cup, Apologue Wins the, 554. General View of the Lawns, 606
Melbourne, Regatta on the Banks of the Yarra-Yarra, 574
Meynell, Francis, and Lady D. Legge: Wedding at St. George's, 73
Moltke-Harden Case, The: Count Kuno von Moltke and Frau Lili von Elbe Leaving the Court, 215
Montana, A Cowboy's Life and Work in, 173, 174
Munro's, Mrs. Walker, House and Garage, Hampshire, 561
Music Matters: Ecstasy!—With Guitar Accompaniment, 566

Navy, The—
"Dreadnought," Turret Guns on H.M.S., 330
"Hero," H.M.S., 330
"Mohawk," H.M.S. (Destroyer), 400
Paying-Off Scene on a Warship: Birds Brought Home by the Sailors as Presents, 516
Scott, Admiral Sir Percy, and Staff, 356
Necklace, A, 542
Nelson Column Decorated—Two Tars, 208
Newmarket: Exercising the King's Horses—Trainers, 102
New York—
Accident on the Elevated Railway, 412
Bishop of London Preaching in, 213
Wall Street, Panic in, 261
Nicosia, Cyprus, Views and Scenes at, 160
Norway, Prince Olaf of, in London, 259

Olaf's, Prince, Visit to London, 259
Omdurman, Charge of Dervishes at, 16
Opera: "Carmen" (Covent Garden), 481
Oporto, The Rua Santo Antonio, 571
Orleans Wedding, The (see Bourbon)
Oxford: The Grasswainless Fours at, 256. Mock Funeral at, 464
Oyster Feast, Colchester, The, 203

Persia—
Teheran: The Shah's Harem—Famous Peacock Throne, 63
Types of Beauty—A Rich Persian's House, Teheran, 30
Peru: General View and Scenes in Cuzco, 322
Pheasant Rearing, Mount Juliet, 109
Photographic Studies (see also various headings)—
Gathering Storm, A, 180
Herring Fleet Leaving Yarmouth, 182
Moonlight Study, A, Among the Italian Lakes, Nov. 13 x
Motoring, The Delights of, 579
Responsive to the Spell that Lies, etc., 37
Salisbury Park, Beech Avenue, 433
Whitchurch Lock, 131
Pole-Cat, A, Shot by a Gamekeeper, 183
Polo: Ghezireh, Match Between the Inniskilling Dragoons and Coldstream Guards at, 618
Portraits—
Adye, Oscar (in "Sins of Society"), 25, 26
Aggett, Jim, 236
Allen, Ernest J., Supp. Oct. 9 4
Allerton, Lord, 308
Allison, Lady Diana, Supp. Oct. 9 9
Andrews, Master B., Oct. 16 xii
Annaly, Lord, Supp. Oct. 9 7
Aosta, Duchess of, 624
Archdale, General, 491
Arkwright, Esmé, 636
Ashley, Mrs. Wilfrid, 108
Ashtown, Lord, 10
Ashwell, Miss Lena, 172; (in "Irene Wycherley,") 229
Atherley-Jones, K.C., 311
Atherton, Miss G., 392
Atherton, Mrs., 166
Atkinson, Frank R., 184
Atkinson-Willes, Vice-Admiral Sir G., 409
Austria: Archduke Ferdinand and Wife, 418
Austria, Emperor Franz Joseph of, 155
Avebury, Lord, 305
Avory, Horace, K.C., 311
Aylwin, Miss Jean, 179
Baillie, Sir Gawaine, 216
Baird, Colonel E. W., 369
Baird, Miss Evelyn, 306
Ball, John, 588, 640
Baring, Hon. Caryl, 306
Barns, Miss Ethel, 160
Barzini, Signor Luigi, 641
Bass, Lady Noreen, 164
Bass, William, 164, 369
Bathe, Lady de, 309
Bathurst, Countess of, Supp. Oct. 9 9
Battenburg, Prince Alexander of, 301
Battersea, The Late Lord, 460
Beatty, Miss May, 628
Beauchamp, Miss, 265
Beaufort, Duke of, Supp. Oct. 9 12
Beaumont, Miss Muriel (in "The Barrier"), 219
Belgians, King of the, 476
Bell, Alderman Sir John, 8
Bell, J. R., 368
Bennett, James Gordon, 646
Benson, Father Hugh, 390
Bentinck, Lady Victoria C., 412
Beresford, Miss Doris, 279
Bernhardt, Sarah (in "Le Reveil"), 218
Bertie, Lady Gwendoline, 410
Bertrand, M., 127
Bevan, W., 468
Bismarck, Prince Otto, and Count Gottfried, 60
Blyth, E. K., 206
Blyth, Miss May, 161
Blythswood, Lord, 616
Bonaparte, Princess Marie of, 113, 467
Bourbon Caserta, Prince and Princess Charles of, 161
Bourchier, Mr. (in "Simple Simon"), 427
Bowles, Miss, 414
Bradbeer, J., 6
Braganza, Duke of, 260
Braid James, 286
Brampton, The Late Lord, 71
Brassey, Lord, 267
Brayton, Miss Lily (in "As You Like It"), 220
Brown, Mr. A., 639
Brown, Mrs. F. W., 189
Bulgaria, Prince Ferdinand of, 623
Bulger, D. D., 618
Bullock, Miss, 617
Bunsen, Sir Maurice de, 216
Burke, Miss Billie, 321
Cairns, Lady Rosemary, 253
Caldwell, Mr., 311, 356
Campbell-Bannerman, Rt. Hon. Sir H., 458
Carnarvon, Countess of, 55
Carnarvon, Earl of, 46
Cassel, Sir Ernest, 108
Castlereagh, Viscountess, 58
Chaplin, Hon. Mrs. Eric, 260
Chase, Miss Pauline, 505
Chesham, The Late and Present Lords, 364
Chesterfield, Lady, 260, 460
Chetwynd, Miss Flora, 82
Chevalier, Mr. (in "The Sins of Society"), 33
Christy, Miss Estelle, 327
Christy, S. H., 489
Churchill, Winston, 158
Clarke, Captain Stanley and Mrs., 306
Clere, Miss Elsie (in "The Belle of the Ball"), 181
Clifton, Lord, of Rathmore, 163
Clonmell, Countess of, 154
Cobham, Lord, 410
Cockburn, Miss Vera, 325
Coleridge, Lord Justice, 100
Collier, Miss Constance (in "The Sins of Society"), 25, 26
Colvile, The Late General, and Lady (in Motor), 453
Cooper, Sir Alfred, 410
Cordingley, Charles, 242
Cortelyou, G. P., 302
Courtney, W. L., 446
Cowley, Lady, Supp. Oct. 9 7
Cradock, Thomas, 214
Craske, Miss Dorothy, 620
Crawford, F. Marion, 248
Croker, R., 460
Cromer, Lord, 211
Crookes, Sir William, 466
Curdie, Mr., 9
Curzon, Viscount, and Miss Mary, 167
Dalmeny, Lord, 617
Dancey, Miss Mary, 15
D'Aosta, Duchess, 624
Dare, Frank, 184
Dare, Miss Phyllis, 627
Dare, Miss Zena, 377
Darell, Captain, 112
"Darkie," 162
Darling, Mr. Justice, 404
Darnell, Miss Maudi, 186
Davidoff, Countess Orloff, 367
Day, Miss Marjorie, 522
Denison, Lady Irene, 600
Denmark, Crown Princess of, 168
Derby, Earl of, 369, 460
D'Hainaonecourt, Countess Marie Louise, 349
Domfey, Miss Dolly, 79, 602
Dorrington, Miss W., 306
Doyle, Lady Conan, 40
Druce, Herbert, and Geo. Hollamby, 214
Dudley, Earl of, 494
Earp, Clifford (in Motor), 648
Elliot, Miss Gertrude (in "Cæsar and Cleopatra"), 470
Entwistle, Mr., 226

Digitized by Google

Eulenburg, Prince Philip zu, 268
Evans, Admiral, 209
Fairfax, Hon. Mrs. Guy, and Baby, 260
Fallieres, M., 19
Fanshawe, Admiral Sir A. D., 409
Farkoa, Maurice, 70
Farren, Fred (in "The Belle of the Ball"), 181
Fergusson, S. Mure, 241
Fields, Miss Fanny, 626
Firman, Miss Ivy, Nov. 13 vii
Fitzclarence, Miss Cynthia, 613
Fitzgerald, Judge, 314
Fitzherbert, Sir Hugo, Supp. Oct. 9 3
Fitzpatrick, Sir Percy, 38
Flameng, M. François, 373
Foley, Rear-Admiral, and Staff, 72
Forester, Mrs. Frank, Supp. Oct. 9 9
Forte, Mr., 238
France, Princess Louise of, 161
Franco, Senhor, 475
Fregolina, Signorina, 421
Galloway, Sir Ralph P., 362
Garioch, Lady, 164
Gaudin, E. P., 6
Gay, Mme. Maria, 115; (in "Carmen"), 481
Genée, Mlle., 68
George, Miss Marie, 626
Germany, Emperor of, 406, 459; Empress of, 406
Giraud, Signor (in "Carmen"), 481
Glerawly, Lord, 302
Goetze, Sigismund, 112
Gordon-Howard, Mrs., 212
Gordon, Miss Kitty (in Motor), 591
Gorst, Lady and Sir Eldon, 617
Graham, A. J., 588
Graham, Miss Winifred, 493
Graham, Sir Reginald, 312
Granby, Marquis of, 7
Gray, E., 9
Greece, Prince and Princess George of, 113, 407
Green, Miss Nancy L., 265
Greene, Miss, 184
Greer, Captain J. H., 469
Grosvenor, Hon. Mrs. R., 159
Guildford, Lord and Lady, 365
Guinness, A. L. (in Motor), 46
Guise, Duchess of, 355
Haliard, C. M. (in "Irene Wycherley"), 229
Hamilton, Mrs., 462
Harbord, Hon. Mrs. A., 12
Harden, Maximilian, 215
Hardy, Gerald, 238
Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. R., 283
Hare, John, 24
Harrington, Earl and Countess of, 9
Haskoll, Frank, 622
Healy, Tim, M.P., 10
Herbert, Hon. George, 163
Heywood, Miss, 283
Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, and Daughter, 170
Higgs, W. A., 5, 288, 437
Hills, Fred, 238
Holson, Miss, 265
Hohenberg, Princess von, 418
Holford, Major, 17
Howard, Lady Mary, 615
Hughes, Miss Annie, 116
Hume, Major Martin, 246
Humphreys, Mrs. A., 15
Hunsiker, Mrs., 612
Hyem, Miss Constance, 628
Ingram, F. H. W., and Family, 65
Innescourt, Miss Elaine, 270; (in "The Mollusc"), 221
Innes-Ker, Lady Alastair, 15
Inverclyde, Lord, 267
Iris, Miss Lily, 627
James, Mr. & Mrs. W., and Party, 351
Jarvis, W., 102
Jay, Miss Isabel (with Snow Man), 523
Jeffreys, Miss Ellis, 129
Jerome, Miss Daisy, 627
Jones, Rowland, 6
Joseph-Renaud, Jean, 644
Kay, Miss Elsie, 97
Keightley, C. (in "Simple Simon"), 427
Keir Hardie, Mr., 158
Kelvin, The Late Lord, and Lady, 608
Kemble, The Late Mr. Henry, 422
King, Lady Clare, 15
King, The, 238, 361, 406
Kington, The Late Mr. Holmes, 244
Kirkaldy, The Late Jack, 444
Kitcat, Mrs., 272
Lambarde, Mrs. W. Gore, Supp. Oct. 9 9
Lanesborough, Lord and Lady, 466
Leconfield, Lord, 491
Le Marchand, Miss (as Liza in "Peter Pan"), 567
Leon, Mrs., 637
Leoncavallo, 367
Leslie, Lord, 408
Leveson-Gower, H. D. G., 43
Levey, Miss Carlotta, 628
Li Ching Fang, 515
Liebknecht, Karl, 223
Lingen, The Late Clifford, 342
Linlithgow, Marchioness of, 109
Lloyd-George, Right Hon. D., 299
Lock, Lady, 110
London, Bishop of, 65
Lonsdale, Lord, Supp. Oct. 9 3
Lowndes, W. Selby, Jun., 637
Lurgan, Lady, 637
Lurgan, Lord, 309
Lusk, Sir Andrew, 17
Lycett-Green, Sir Edward and Lady, 559
Lytton, Miss Doris, 483
Macdermott, Miss Ouida, 626
Macdonald, Right Hon. Sir J., 88
Mackenzie, M. K., 388
Mackenzie, The Late Sir Morell, 311
Mackworth-Praed, Sir Herbert, 142
Malden, Lord and Lady, 617
Malmesbury, Susan, Countess of, 187
Manvers, Earl, 9, 186
Manville, E., 440
Marsh, Richard, 102
Mason, Mr., 389
Matthews, A. E. (in "The Barrier"), 277
Maura, Senor, 262
Mayo, C. H., 6
McArthur, C., M.P., 8
McCorquodale, Mr., 637
McNeill, Charles, Supp. Oct. 9 4
McNeill, Donald, 584
Meyer, The Late Miss C., 331
Michie, W. C., 241
Miguel, Dom, 269
Milbank, F. R., 386
Miller, Miss Edith, 366
Miropolsky, Mlle., 201
Monica Pia, Princess, 60, 595
Montignoso, Countess, 1, 595
Moore, Miss Carrie, 627
Moore, Miss Eva, 31
Moore, Miss Mary (in "The Mollusc"), 221
Morris, H. G. (in Motor), Supp. Nov. 6 2
Morris, Tom, 342
Munro, Mrs. Walker (in Motor), 561
Muntz, Sir P. A., 389
Nasi, Signor, 373
Newborough, Lady, 362
Newcastle, Duchess of, Supp. Oct. 9 9
Norfolk, Duchess of, 615
Norris, H. G. (in Motor), Supp. Nov. 6 2
Northampton, Marquis of, 110
Norway, Queen of, 406
Norwich, Bishop of, 61
Novakovitch, Captain, & his Wife, 319
Nunburnholme, Lord, 260
Onles, Miss Betty, 118
Olive, Miss Edyth, 272
Orleans, Duke of, 303
Orleans, Princess Louise of, 161
Orr-Ewing, Captain, 197
Ovey, M., 389
Owen, Mrs. Arthur H., 15
Paget, Miss Leila, 112
Paget, Sir E., 308
Pappe, Frau Dr. von, 320
Paton, Stuart, 388
Pelissier, Mr. (as Hamlet), 22
Pellerin, M., 389
Persia, The Shah of, 62
Persia, The Crown Prince of, 63
Playfair, Miss Lucy, 161
Portland, Duchess of, 463
Portugal, Queen of, 406
Priestman, Lewis, 423
Prussia, Prince Frederic H., 7; Prince Joachim, Princess Victoria Louise, 222
Purefoy, W. B., 469
Queen Alexandra, 406
Queux, William le, 1
Rampolla, Cardinal, 163
Ranjitsinhji, Prince (in Motor), 534
Raphael, J. E., 394
Ray, Miss Gabrielle, 383
Rayne, The Misses, 184
Read, A. H., 241
Reilford, G. A., 368
Rees, Miss Madeline, 628
Regnier, Mlle. Marthe, 471
Reseke, M. Jean de and M. Edouard de, 367
Reuss-Köstrits, Princess Eleonora of, 623
Robertson, Forbes (in "Cæsar and Cleopatra"), 471
Robinson, Anna, 14
Rockefellow, W. G., 262
Ronaldshay, Lord, 112
Roosevelt, President, 210
Rostand, M. and Mme. Edmond, 119
Rothes, Countess of, 408
Rothschild, Mrs. Leopold de, 309
Russell, Miss Mabel, 627
Russia, Grand Duke Cyril of, 389
Russon, Miss Alice, 625
Rutland, Duke and Duchess of, 7
Ryan, J., 102
Salaman, Mr. and Mrs., 36
Salomans, Leopold, 310
Sandow, Eugene, 643
Saxe-Coburg, Duke Charles Edward, of 224
Saxe-Coburg, Princess Louise of, 168
Scarlett, W. Yorke and W. J. Yorke, 384
Scoble, Mr., 616
Scalby, Miss Mabel (in "Miss Hook of Holland"), 370
Selby Lowndes, H. W., and House-Party, 315
Shouts, Miss, 460
Siam, King of, 19
Sinclair, Archdeacon, 61
Sinden, Miss Topsy, 620
"Snowie," 102
Somerset, Duchess of, 264
Sothern, Sam (in "The Mollusc"), 221
Sowler, Arthur, Supp. Oct. 9 4
Spain, King and Queen of, 406
Stalbridge, Lord, 308
Stanley, Hon. Mrs., Supp. Oct. 9 9
Stella, Maria (Lady Newborough), 362
Strathairn, S. W., 388
Stuart-Wortley, Colonel E. J., 414, 459
Suffield, Lady, 17
Sweden, New King and Crown Princess of, 557

Digitized by Google

Sylvie, Mlle., 420
Szechenyi, Count, 112
Tarrant (Cricketer), 438
Taylor, J. 11, 6
Teano, Princess di, 207
Tearle, Godfrey (in "As You Like It"), 401
Tempest, Miss Marie (in "The Barrier"), 219, 277
Tennant, Lady Marguerite, 265
Tetrazzini, Mme., 366, 563
Titheradge, Miss M., 472
Torrington, Lord, 114
Toselli, Signor and Signorina, 1, 595
Tracey, Mr., 227
Tredegar, Viscount, 525
Tree, Beerbohm, 116
Tre awny, Captain and Mrs., 306
Treloar, Sir William, 57
Valli, Miss Valli, 81, 628
Vanbrugh, Miss Violet (in "Simple Simon"), 420
Vanderbilt, Miss Gladys, 112
Vernon, Lord (in Mot r), 496
Villiers, Lady Edith, Supp. Oct. 9 9
Vincent, Miss Madge, 626
Walden, Lord Howard de, 462
Wales, Hubert, 345
Walker, A. Huntley, 144
Walker, Colonel W. Hall, 309, 369
Walker, Lewis, 567
Walker, Mrs. Hall, 309
Walrond, Hon. Mrs. Lionel, 164
Ward, Lady Evelyn, 304
Ward, M ss Viola D., 265
Watson, John, 314
Watson, Mrs. John, Supp. Oct. 5 9
Weaver, Mr., 588
Wedel, Count von, 224
Welch, Captain, 610
West, Miss Vivienne, 429
Westminster, Duke of, Supp. Oct. 9 6
Wharton, A. P., 318
Winn, Hon. Mrs. W., 15
Wolfling, Herr, and Wife, 166
Woodland, Mr. and Mrs. Percy (in Motor), 244
Woods, Lieut-nant, 416
Wright, Warwick (in Motor), 591
Wyndham, Sir Charles (in "The Mollusc"), 221
Yorke, Lady Susan, 363
Portugal: Oporto, The Rua Santo Antonio—Looking over the City to the Tagus from "Nossa Senhora do Monte," 571
Postman, A Girl, on the Scottish Moors, 419
Poultry, Preparing, for the Shows, 487
Prussia, Prince Frederick of, Talking to Sir W. Cundall, 7
Punting: Maidenhead, Shooting the Rapids at, 230

Quenby Hall, 364

Rabbits, Walking up, at Cannock Chase, Rugeley, 491
Railways—
New York Elevated Railway, Accident on the, 412
Shrewsbury, Accident at, 162
Rameses the Great: Statue at Memphis, 486
Regent Street, Shopping in: Scene Outside Dickins and Jones, 11
Reszke, The Brothers de, Conversing with Leoncavallo, 367
Rheumatism, Salt Mud Baths, Saki, as a Cure for, 223
Richmond, Thatched House Lodge, 360
Rifle Range, Southwark, Prince Arthur Opening the Miniature, 239
Ringlets, Miss (A Study), 629
Rockies, Trapping Bears and other Animals in the, 132
Roosevelt, President, Acknowledging Cheers on a Passing Steamer, 210
Rose, Captain, and Miss Lycett-Green's Wedding at York Minster, 559
Roses: "Avoca," The New Irish Perpetual, 50

Saharan Scenery: "Gate of the Desert," near Biskra, 121
Salt Mud Baths, Saki, Cure for Rheumatism at the, 223
Sandow, Eugene, in his Room, St. James's Street, 643
Scots, Mary, Queen of, John Knox Preaching Before—Night of Riccio's Murder, 135
Sculpture, Humorous French, 127
Shipping—
"Mauretania," The, Leaving the Tyne, 267
"Moldavia," The P. and O. Steamer, at Port Said, Oct. 30 xii
Slaves, Escaped, on board H.M.S. "Sphinx," Reading "The Bystander," 431
Snipe Shooting in Ireland, 585
Socialist Meeting, Hammersmith, A, 465
Spain—
British Embassy, Madrid, 120
King of, Playing Diabolo, 103, Shooting Pigeons, Cricklewood, 259, Hunting with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Eaton Hall, 525
Queen of, Leaving Gainsborough's with Princess Henry of Battenberg, 259
West Dean Park, King's Visit to—House-Party at, 354
Statues: Rameses II. at Memphis, 486
Steeplechases—
Cambridge University at Cottenham, 457
Folkestone Meeting: Taking the Water Jump in the Ramsgate Handicap, 607
Stock Exchange Art Society's Exhibition, Visitors at the, 57
Stories (see "Fiction" Letterpress)
Stuart, Mary, John Knox Preaching Before—The Night of Riccio's Murder, 135
Suffragists Parading Streets near Police Courts, 468
Supplements—
Christmas Number, Dec. 11
Hunting, Oct. 9
"Mischief" (Nora Schlegel), Dec. 11
Motor Show, Olympia, Nov. 6, Nov. 20
Sweden—
Royal Swedish Yacht Clubhouse, Sandhamn, 190
The Late King of, Lying in State in the Castle Chapel, Stockholm, 611

Taft, Mr., Leaving the s.s. "Minnesota," 262
Tanderagee Castle, Co. Armagh, 266
Telephone: The "Gerrard" Exchange, 64
Theatres and Operas—
"As You Like It" (His Majesty's), 401
"Barrier, The" (Comedy), 277
"Barry-Doyle's Rest-Cure" (Court), 69
"Belle of the Ball, The" (Empire), 181
"Brother Officers," The Strollers' Company in, 363
"Cæsar and Cleopatra" (Savoy), 470
"Carmen" (Covent Garden), 481
"Devil's Disciple, The": The Hanging Scene (Savoy), 233
"Education of Elizabeth, The" (Apollo), 271
"Famulus," Latin Play, Westminster, 634
"Fido," "The Turning of the Worm" in (Playhouse), 549
"Follies, The" (Terry's), 121
"Gay Gordons, The": Tartans in (Aldwych), 4
Greek Play by Ladies: "Alcestis" at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 635
Indian Rope Trick, The (St. George's Hall), 568
"Irene Wycherley" (Kingsway), 220
"Joy" (Savoy), 125
"Lady Frederick" (Court), 317
"Lady Huntworth's Experiment," The Strollers in, 363
"Le Revell" (New Royalty), 218
"Les Cloches de Corneville" (Alhambra), 422
"Miquette" (Duke of York's), 273
"Miss Hook of Holland," Miss Sealby in, 370
"Mollusc, The" (Criterion), 221
"New Boy, The" (New Theatre), 577
"New York Idea, The" (Apollo), 569
Pantomime Stars, Some, 620
"Simple Simon" (Garrick), 426
"Sins of Society, The" (Drury Lane), 25, 26, 27, 28, 33
"Sweet Kitty Bellairs" (Haymarket), 117
"Thief, The" (St. James's), 369
"You Never Can Tell" (Savoy), 23
"Waste" (Imperial), 473
Torrington, Lord, Shaking Hands with an Old Dweller, 114
Trouser Press, A, Dec. 11 xviii
Turkey: St. Sophia Mosque, Stamboul, 477

Umbrella and Walking-Stick Handles and Rib Tips, 538

Walking: Miss R. Dunn, Winner of the "Ladies' Walk," Toronto, 560
Waring's Decorations on the Occasion of the Kaiser's Visit, 358
Warwick House, St. James's Park, 266
Weather Chart, 240, Dec. 11 xxii 554, 652
Welbeck Abbey: Interior and Exterior Views, 411
West Dean Park, 360, House-Party (Group) at, 354
Westminster, Latin Play at: Performers in Terence's "Famulus," 634
Whitchurch Lock, 131
Winchester Cathedral, Restoration of—A Diver, 285
Windsor, Group of Royal Guests at (see Portraits), 406
Wood Norton, Duke of Orleans's Seat, 301
Wood's, Robert, Trial (Camden Town Murder), The: Scenes in the New Bailey, 605
Woods's, Lieutenant, Inquiry: Scene in Court, 416
Working Bag, A, 543
Writing Pad and Tables, 541

Yachts—
"Bloodhound," The, 329
"Standart," Wreck of the, 67
Sweden and America Cup: The Royal Swedish Yacht Club, Sandhamn, 190

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The Bystander, October 2, 1907

Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
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The BYSTANDER.

No. 200.—Vol. XVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 2, 1907 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Mr. Wm. Le Queux — The Countess Montignoso — Signor Toselli

Photo — *Illustrations Bureau*

LAST WEEK'S ROYAL ROMANCE

This is the Countess Montignoso and her new husband, Signor Toselli, after their wedding last week. The bride was once Crown Princess of Saxony, and her husband is alleged to be a musician. They were married at a registry office in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, on the 25th ult. On the left is Mr. William Le Queux, who was present at the marriage. The startling modesty of his attire, considering the number of decorations that have been bestowed on him by the various crowned heads of his acquaintance, was much admired

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No. 200 – Vol. XVI

CONTENTS

Wednesday, October 2, 1907

	PAGE
Frontispiece	1
Bystander Comments	3
The World's Pageant	7
A Lady Balloon Owner	12
Actress, ex-Peeress, and Manager ...	14
Some Autumn Weddings	15
The Latest Jewel Robbery Victim ...	17
Bridge and Island Cities...	18
Continental Chat	19
Fox-hunting à la Française	21
The Playhouses	22
Scenes from "The Sins of Society" ...	25
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 98.—"The Prodigal Husband." By Herbert H. Vahey	30
Along Our Indian Frontier	35
"In the West Countree": With the Fox-hounds at Exmoor	36
The Library	38
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	42
Automobile Topics	46
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	52
A Woman's Note Book	X

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday October 2, 1907

This is our Two Hundredth Number! A solemn thought—what? Very solemn. Unspeakably solemn (as Mr. Bart Kennedy might say). If you feel like it, we don't. We feel rather merry. It is pleasant to be two hundred. People who reach half that age are in the habit nowadays of describing how they manage it. Sometimes it comes by living on toast and water, and sometimes by drinking a bottle of port every day. We are not disposed to give away our own particular secret. But we may point out that we are the right size—beyond any manner of doubt—and we trust that we are the right spirit.

* * *

Other papers, other ways. We have made a point of eschewing portliness—both of tone and body. Austerity has never struck us as worth while. On the other hand, we have never offered prizes for Limericks. Far be it from us to say that we have preserved the Golden Mean. We should scorn to. No, what we have set ourselves to be is a sort of grown-up kitten in a world of cat-papers. You know how everyone wishes the kitten wouldn't grow up into a cat. Well, except in sagacity, we have not grown up. We can still be taken on your lap. And if sometimes we scratch, it is only in fun.

Checkmate

SHE (*encouragingly*): "It is so unjust to accuse a man of weakness because he's in love."
HE (*cynically*): "Certainly it is. He may have no intention of marrying the girl"

BY BERT THOMAS

* * *

Teutophobes are somewhat annoyed at the report that the gravel terrace in front of Windsor Castle is to be turfed in honour of the Kaiser's forthcoming visit. If gravel is good enough for the King, it is good enough, they think, for the Kaiser. Still, guests should always be honoured; and, if the usual notices are put up, this turfing may also be a neat way of acquainting the Kaiser with that fine old English idiom—"Keep Off the Grass!"

* * *

"Celtic Tribes in Africa" are the startling discovery of a Professor at the Pan-Celtic Congress in Edinburgh. "There are Macs," he assures us, "in Morocco." It looks as though one of them, at least (thanks to Raisuli), is likely to remain there.

Some bitterness still lingers as a result of Mr. Jesse Collings's angry comparison of the Unionists to "men going through the wilderness without a Moses." Mr. Balfour's adherents are of opinion that even if Mr. Collings has lost his Moses, he might still keep his Aaron.

* * *

Politics should be learnt young, no doubt, but the news that winter toys are to take the form of representations of our leading politicians strikes us as disquieting. Little Liberals who are given, for example, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to play with would probably love him at first, but they would certainly end by beating him and tearing out his hair. This is hardly good training for future M.P.'s as yet in the nursery. It is too like the real thing.

* * *

It would matter less if only minor politicians were made into toys. One might open Mr. Winston Churchill to see if he had sawdust inside, or melt the head of Mr. Byles without outraging the sense of decency. But it would not be nice to witness Mr. Balfour suddenly becoming wax in the hands of some young Tariff Reformer.

* * *

A third Peace Conference has very rightly been agreed upon. It would have been a thousand pities if it hadn't, seeing that the Palace of Peace is being built. For retired Generals and politicians in need of a rest-cure this should always be a favourite spot, and delegates speak very highly of the dinners given in the Hague. Only it should be made clear that only those in favour of armaments need apply for admission.

* * *

What our national game owes to the Press is not fully realised, but it will interest all lovers of cricket to hear that a special correspondent of the *Daily Mail* is to captain the English eleven in Australia.

Next week's issue of "The Bystander" will be our HUNTING NUMBER.
Greatly Enlarged Illustrated Supplement.
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The new regiment which has been picked to guard the Tsar's household in St. Petersburg has caused a good deal of discontent, and has even been likened to the notorious bodyguard of Ivan the Terrible. It is felt, however, by most Russians, that even a couple of such bodyguards would not justify anyone in nicknaming the Tsar himself Nicholas the Terrible.

* * *

In view of the fact that nobody quite knows who is fighting whom in Morocco, or why anyone is fighting anybody, historians of the future are likely to have some difficulty in fixing on a good name for this series of campaigns. Perhaps it would be simplest just to take a short descriptive title, and call it "The Mystery of General Drude."

* * *

According to the *Globe*, the new blood parasite which the Grouse Disease Commission has discovered "is to be called Leucocytozoon Lovati, after Lord Lovat, Chairman of the Commission." The more intimate friends of his lordship refer to him, we presume, by the abbreviated name of "Leuc."

* * *

"Owing to the conduct of the children being more like that of the offspring of wild heathens than of Christian parents," the Rev. H. A. Orlebar, Rector of Kingscliffe, Northants, has been obliged to close the Sunday school. A sad state of affairs, but any further attempt on the part of the children to cook and eat the Rev. Orlebar while teaching the Catechism will, we trust, be frustrated by this prompt measure.

* * *

In order to safeguard the secrets of the public, Parisian telephone girls have been forbidden to marry policemen, mayors, detectives, or cashiers, and now the rush into these favoured professions is said to be something alarming.

Our Hunting Supplement
Reduced facsimile of the coloured cover of the 20-page Supplement to be given away with our next week's number

An old lady, who is much alarmed at the threatened disorganisation of the railway system, has promised to give a porter at Clapham Junction a penny instead of a halfpenny every time he handles her boxes if he will promise not to join the strike.

* * *

A feature of the Congress of Hygiene is said to be a model burial place, designed by Professor Meyer for himself and his family, who are still alive and well. "Graceful urns stand in niches, surrounded by palms, flowers, and moss," and the little Meyers' one sorrow, no doubt, is that papa will never be able to see how nice the large urn looks when he is in it. They are certain it will look nice.

The Limerick Craze!

The twentieth century can boast
  A hobby all its own!
Its votaries are quite a host
  Who have to thousands grown!
Both young and old, where'er you go,
  Have clearly caught the trick,
And briskly in the "tanners" flow
  With every Limerick!

When to the country you run down,
  Intent on rest and peace,
Where you escape the noise of Town
  And daily worries cease,
Your hosts will meet you at the gate,
  And say, "You're in the nick
"Of time, for *Pearson's* not too late,
  If you can Limerick!"

All day folk teaze you for a rhyme
  And lines replete with wit;
They think to score, sir, every time,
  But not a bit of it!!
Parsons and laymen, clerks and all,
  And women, dull and quick,
Are busy! Every farmer small,
  To-day, can Limerick!

For it is possible to earn
  Two hundred pounds a line!
How "Alfred" in his grave wou'd turn
  Could he this fact divine!
Alas! the best don't always score
  (One feels inclined to kick!),
And this is marring more and more
  The festive Limerick!

F. B. Doveton.

Photo] **Tartans in 'The Gay Gordons'** [*Foulsham and Banfield*

The chorus in *The Gay Gordons*, now filling the bill at the Aldwych Theatre, appears garbed in approved Highland costume during the greater part of the play, which takes place in the "land o' cakes"

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RACING NOTIONS

NEWBURY AND NEWMARKET. By "CARBINE"

Cesarewitch Changes

Fugleman is coughing so badly that it has been deemed advisable to strike him out of the Cesarewitch. Thus disappears the money of those impetuous folk who backed him on the strength of his Doncaster excellence. His chance was a very fine one indeed, and I am sorry we shall not see him at Newmarket. No wonder that ante-post betting is vanishing when people are continually getting set-backs of this sort. Supporters of Baltinglass also had a severe fright last week. It cannot do the colt much good to have been stopped in his work for several days, and, though he is once again in active training, disconcerting rumours about him are still flying round. In any case, it seems best to leave him alone until his trainer's intentions are definitely known. Just for the sake of scoring a point or two the better of the odds, it is not worth while to run the risk of getting on a non-starter. It may happen that Major Loder will run both Hammerkop and Baltinglass, but it seems clear that the former is at present the more genuine candidate of the two. The old mare ran well at Newbury, but not well enough to make one wildly confident concerning her Cesarewitch chances. Amid all the scares and rumours of the past week, Wuffy has maintained his place of favouritism, and those who back this colt seem at least assured of having a run for their money. We all looked with interest to see how Radium would fare at Newbury, but the ground was so hard that it was decided not to hazard the risk of crippling him. Provided that Radium does not incur a penalty between now and the Cesarewitch, his prospects of winning will be very bright, and probably he will be my final selection for the race.

W. A. Higgs
Who rode five consecutive winners at Newbury

Fine Finish for the Newbury Cup

While Radium's absence was regretted, the race for the Newbury Cup did not fail to throw new light upon the Cesarewitch. It brought to notice an extremely dangerous candidate in Demuré. Her form has been erratic, but she is brilliant over a long course when in the right mood, and I am rather inclined to think that she ought to have won at Newbury. It was the superb riding of Higgs which turned the scale against her. Wootton, who rode the filly, is a capable little fellow, but is clearly at a disadvantage when matched in a tight finish against a strong, determined horseman like Higgs. The latter never had a luckier opening than when he managed to squeeze through on the rails. Had Demure kept her place there she could not possibly have lost. But she swerved away, and gave Higgs the chance of "lifting" The Page past the post a head winner. It was a stirring finish, and those who saw it are not likely to let Demure run loose in the Cesarewitch.

Notable Jockeyship

Higgs's marvellous riding was, of course, the feature of the popular and exceedingly well-managed young Berkshire meeting. Counting one at Lingfield on the preceding afternoon, he rode six winners in succession. The achievement is not unique, but is sufficiently wonderful to have been mainly accomplished at a meeting like Newbury, with large fields of good horses. As a powerful finisher, Higgs is about the best jockey now riding, but I should say that Maher is his superior in judgment of pace and ability to get the utmost out of a tender-mouthed young horse. It was glorious weather for both days of the gathering. On Saturday, Galvani had merely an exercise gallop in picking up the Kingsclere Stakes. Spinning Solly put in a grand performance in the Highclere Nursery, but his great weight proved just too much for him at the end.

Newmarket Selections

This week the big event is the Jockey Club Stakes, on Thursday, for which **Sancy** may be hard pushed by Qu'appelle and Larig, especially as he is called upon to give away a good deal of weight. Still, Mr. Bass's colt is something out of the common, and his past performances justify us in looking to him to win this big prize. If a surprise is in store for us, Larig will be the one to achieve it, for he ran very well in the St. Leger. On Wednesday **Royal Realm** looks best for the Boscawen Stakes, but in his absence Marsh's stable may take the race, probably with the improving Putchamim. For the Great Eastern Railway Handicap my selection is **Nero**. Then on the following day the **Minera colt** may prove smart enough to secure the Triennial Stakes. On Friday, the concluding day of an interesting meeting, I look to **St. Savin** to win the October Handicap, while **Galvani** ought to have no difficulty in securing the Newmarket St. Leger. Major Loder's colt is in tip-top form just now, and it would be extremely interesting to see him pitted against Wool Winder and Slieve Gallion over a mile-and-a-quarter course, at the weights which were recently allotted to them in the Free Handicap. It would not be easy to tell how these three cracks would finish under these conditions.

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The Professional Golf Tournament PARTLY PLAYED BY TORCHLIGHT

E. P. Gaudin driving from the tenth tee
Score, 71 and 75—146. His first round constituted a competition record for the course

J. Braidwer driving
Score, 73 and 74—147

C. H. Mayo playing an iron shot
Score, 78 and 71—149. After an indifferent first round, Mayo tied with Gaudin for the special prize for the best single round

Last week's qualifying competition for the Professional Golfers' £240 Tournament was probably unique in the annals of golf, inasmuch as it was a one-day tournament that was in an unfinished state at the close of play. No fewer than 105 members of the Southern section of the Professional Golfers' Association entered, but, in spite of an early start, it was found impossible for every competitor to get through two rounds before darkness fell. Some of the later players, therefore, had the option of a second round on the next morning, a course taken by J. Sherlock, who, as the result of the next day's play, headed the list with a score of 145 (72—73). Among those who had to finish their rounds in the darkness by the aid of torches were Braid and Tom Vardon, which largely accounted for their scores of 149 (74 and 75) and 151 (77 and 74) respectively

The Professional Tournament at Burnham Beeches: Braid at the seventh tee

J. H. Taylor playing an iron shot for the fourteenth hole
Score, 76 and 72—148. One of the three who tied for the fourth place

E. Gray at the twelfth green
Score, 73 and 76—149

Rowland Jones playing to the fourteenth hole
Score, 73 and 76—149

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

October in Town

October in Town is charming. The dull people are still away. The others are all back—getting their hair cut and shopping. The October days are neither too long nor too short. The October sun is just bright enough to cheer. It is not hot. It is not cold. A fire is an added joy rather than a necessity of life. The thin white mist with which autumnal London modestly veils herself is vastly becoming. There is a nip in the air which gives good appetite. A stroll in Kensington Gardens, through glades all mysterious and misty and trees all cloudy, is a daily voyage of ravishing discoveries. The drive to dinner and theatre is through an enchanted city. Piccadilly is tinted gorgeously in sunset colours, smoke and silver, and a lilac vapour rests upon the Park. 'Tis a shame to shut it out, but man must dine, and only poets can live on "hyacinthine haze."

Photo *Spicer's News Agency*

A Prince on His Travels

Prince Frederic Henry of Prussia, eldest son of Prince Albert of Prussia, at Dover, talking to Sir William Crundall, the German Consul. The Prince has been on a "grand tour," which included South and East Africa

As for October in the country, it is indescribably exquisite.

* * *

The Little Season

Town—the Western end of it—is no longer a howling wilderness. Our American, German, and Swiss tourist visitors have departed. In their place, pleasant specimens of what a dreadful snob has called the "best people" are constantly to be encountered. Claridge's, that most select of London hostelries, is, for the off season, quite full. Dining there last week, I found it very difficult to get a table, and lots of well-known people were there. Sir Thomas Lipton, all smiles as usual, the guest of Mr. William Gibson, was discussing the rejection by the New York Yacht Club of his challenge. Lord and Lady Inverclyde had their children with them, and Lord Burnham was dining with Lady Campbell Clarke,

The Lady Marjorie Manners The Duke of Rutland The Marquis of Granby The Duchess of Rutland The Ladies Violet and Diana Manners

Photo *Topical Agency*

A Future Duke's Coming of Age: A Tenants' Fête at Haddon Hall

The coming of age of the Marquis of Granby was celebrated with great *éclat* last week at Haddon Hall

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Two Heroes of the Hour

Dr. Hastings, and Lord and Lady Marcus Beresford were others present.

• • •

The Ever-Green Savoy

At the Savoy they seem never by any chance to have a slack season. Even in the dead months there is always a goodly contingent of well-known people dining or supping there. A few nights ago, Lady Rosslyn, with a sister actress-manageress of title, Lady de Bathe, were two much-noticed visitors, the latter, as usual, beautifully dressed in pure white. Miss Lily Elsie, who has, I hear, just been quietly married, was there looking extremely pretty, and men of distinction were numerous. Earl Poulett I often meet there; also Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, so soon to become a benedict, Sir Charles Hartopp, Sir John Dewar (who has been staying in Eastbourne during the croquet week), Lord Onslow, Viscount Cranley; while a few nights ago the Hon. Sidney Greville (her Majesty's private secretary) was supping there, on the night before he went up to Balmoral to await the Queen's arrival.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Our Newest M.P.

Mr. Charles McArthur, Kirkdale's new Conservative Member, who was returned to Parliament last week with a majority of 670 over his Socialist opponent

• • •

Lady Plutocrats at the Ritz

At the Ritz, later in the week, all the wealth of all the world seemed to have congregated. Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. Millington Drake, and Mrs. De Woerth were three of the wealthy American women who were entertaining their friends, all three having, earlier in the day, despatched their respective sons to Eton for the autumn term. The millionaire Mr. A. Goldsmidt was dining a large party, which included Lady Paget, ablaze with diamonds, the George Vanderbilts, and the lately married Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burns. Mr. and Mrs. George Gould had some friends and their youthful daughters with them, and among others were a large contingent of Neumanns, Mrs. Bischoffsheim, Mrs. Hall Walker (in Town getting in some shopping between Doncaster and the "First October"), Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, Lady Molesworth, and Lady Kimberley; while Lord Brooke, Lord Lurgan, and Prince Demidoff were some well-known men present.

Photo *Langfier, 230, Old Bond Street*

Our Next Lord Mayor

Alderman Sir John Bell, who has been connected with the City Corporation for twenty-five years. He is the chairman and managing director of the Wenlock Brewery Company

• • •

Our Next Lord Mayor

Alderman Sir John Charles Bell is to be the next occupant of the Mayoral Chair of the City of London. Made an Alderman in 1894, he has been connected with the Civic Government for a quarter of a century, and he served as Sheriff of the City in 1902. Sir John is also the Chairman and Managing Director of the Wenlock Brewery Co. After the "strenuosities" of Sir William Treloar, I really hope the Lord Mayor-Elect will give us a little breathing space. Hardly a morning has passed since the beginning of last November in which the paper has not recorded some activity or other of Sir William. "The Lord Mayor Dances through the Streets of Helston," "The Lord Mayor in Berlin," "The Lord Mayor in the East End," "The Lord Mayor's Mansion House Fête," "The Lord Mayor at a P.S.A.," and so on, *ad lib.* But though London's poor citizens have been kept in a perfect fever of anxiety as to Sir William's next activity, we will forgive him for the end he has in view—his scheme for the alleviation of the sufferings of the nation's cripples, which has just received the personal patronage of her Majesty Queen Alexandra. Sir William is, indeed, Crippledom's Carpet Knight, though, in his case, all the reproach of the term is lacking, and for suffering childhood's sake we would willingly endure another year of his strenuous rule.

• • •

The Extension of the Grand Tour

Once upon a time, before the days of motors, the *Lusitania*, and airships, to have included Italy and Switzerland, and perhaps Austria, in your walks abroad was to argue yourself a widely travelled person. You were positively an explorer had you been still further afield and traversed Northern Africa or Southern America. The Grand Tour, which completed every important young man's education, made Athens or St. Petersburg its very farthest outposts. To-day, South and Central America, Persia, China and Japan, India and the Antipodes are very often included. Europe is now but a conveniently near stretch of country in which to obtain change of air and scene, or over which to run the car every now and again. Only Cook's dignify its exploration by the name of "tour." Youthful Royalty, especially, has of late taken to touring in distant Continents. Prince William of Sweden has just completed a memorable time in America, and both the Crown Prince of Servia and the

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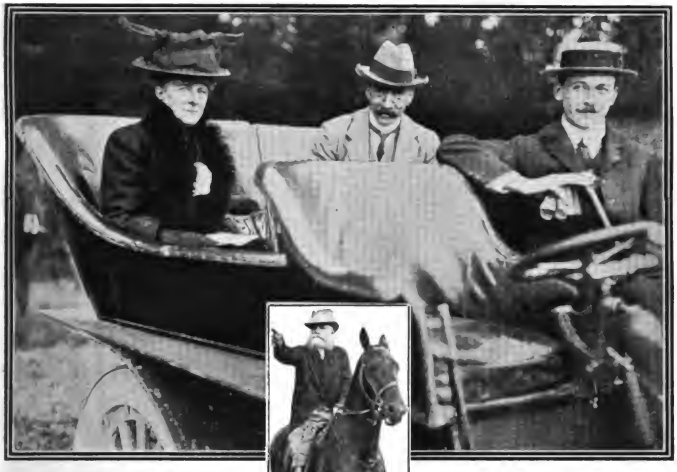
The Borrowash Foal Show

FESTIVITIES AND A GYMKHANA AT LORD HARRINGTON'S ESTATE



Lady Harrington, Earl Manvers, and Mr. Curdie watching the proceedings from a comfortable seign of vantage

The Earl of Harrington directing the proceedings

Photos] **The Tenants' Foal Show: Mr. R. Brockton's winning group** *[Graphic Photo Agency*

Last Thursday was given over to festivities and merry-makings on Lord Harrington's Borrowash Estate, the occasion having been the Foal Show and Gymkhana. His lordship encourages his tenants to breed hunters and cart-horses, and at the Foal Show many fine animals were to be seen. The winning competitors were bred in the stables of Mr. Brockton, said to be the oldest trainer of steeplechasers. The owner of each foal wins £1. The proceedings closed with a gymkhana, in which Lord Harrington himself judged the events, assisted by Earl Manvers and Mr. Richard Fox.

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Lord Ashtown v. Tim Healy

Crown Prince of Portugal have gone outside Europe on their "Grand Tours." Our photograph is of Prince Frederic Henry of Prussia, who has been travelling in South as well as German East Africa. He is shown talking to Sir William Crundall, the German Consul, at Dover.

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A Foolish Princess

By her marriage, at a Registry Office in the Strand, with Signor Enrico Toselli, a Florentine professor of music, the Princess Marie Antoinette Louise of Tuscany,

Lord Ashtown under Cross-examination
At the recent trial, as the result of which his lordship was vindicated from any complicity in the recent bomb outrage at his shooting lodge

Reproduced by kind permission of the "Daily Graphic"

daughter of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and divorced wife of the reigning King of Saxony, has, from a worldly point of view at any rate, by no means gained public sympathy for her cause. Alone, living in romantic seclusion, deprived of and fighting for her maternal rights, she was a pathetic, always interesting, personality. Married, and to a Florentine music-master of no particular distinction, she sinks at once to the level of the commonplace, the unromantic, and in doing so loses her hold of the sympathies of the world. Poor Princess! Worldly wisdom is not hers in large measure, but then it never yet formed part of the Hapsburg armoury. If heredity counts for anything, therefore, she should be excused and forgiven much.

Extenuation

The great-granddaughter of the frivolous Duchesse du Berri, the Princess, straight from a convent, was forced against her will to marry the Saxon Crown Prince. She ignored, in accordance with all the laws of the Medes and the Germans, many and obvious indignities—the Prince was no model husband, and all Dresden knew it. She managed to be bright and lively in a Court which, by its dulness and Teutonic stiffness, would have depressed an undertaker. Her high spirits and modern ideas always annoyed the old King. Constantly he complained of her lack of dignity and solemnity. She was fond of her cousins, the Princesses Elvira, Alice, and Beatrice, daughters of Don Carlos. The Princess Elvira eloped with an artist. The husband of Princess Alice continually petitions the Pope to dissolve his union. Boredom, repression, the starvation of all her best and most womanly instincts, hatred of her husband, all this and more conduced to the flight of the convent-bred wife. She must have possessed, at least, high courage ever to break away. Her infatuation for Giron happened opportunely. It gave her a chance of freedom, excitement, variety; the restless Hapsburg blood, which never knows what it wants, was stirred at last. Giron was the way out. She took it; but he left her, and now the unhappy Princess makes yet another desperate bid for happiness. One can but wish it her. She has had none so far, and she deserves as much as any of us—a little more, perhaps.

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A Satisfactory Treaty

From the British standpoint, the new Treaty with Russia may be considered satisfactory. The long chapter of Anglo-Russian rivalry in Asia, which has, time after time, brought us to the brink of war, which compelled us to keep an eternally watchful eye at once on the Bosphorus, the Persian Gulf, Afghanistan, Tibet, and China, lest, by being caught napping in any one place, we lost a point in the game of world-Empire—this should now be brought to a decisive end. We have conceded the Russian "influence" over Northern Persia; Russia has conceded ours over the Eastern section which borders Beluchistan, and has also admitted our tacit suzerainty over Afghanistan. So far as the Persian Gulf is concerned, the notes exchanged between Sir Edward Grey and the Russian Foreign Office place on record our "special interests" in that waterway. As an historic document, the Treaty is one of the most important of modern times — may it be the precursor of a lasting peace.

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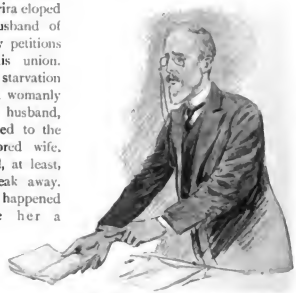
The Moral Question

It is not for us to go into the



Mr. Tim Healy, M.P., questions Lord Ashtown about his Irish Outrage Pamphlets
Mr. Healy, representing the Clonmel District Council, contended that the explosion was a bogus one

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moral question involved — the question whether the absorption of ancient empires, with a definite civilisation and a culture thousands of years old, into the "spheres of influence" of Western Powers—is a good or a bad thing for the world. Imperial interests, I suppose, and the cause of International peace, must be the first consideration of a Foreign Minister, though there were once statesmen — Canning, Palmerston, and Gladstone—who construed it to be Britain's first duty to protect weak nationalities from strong. We do not hear much of that point of view nowadays, so businesslike have we all become.

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Bargain Hunting Begins—The First Meet

THE SEASON OPENS WITH A BRISK RUN IN REGENT STREET

The Scene Outside Dickins and Jones's on Tuesday, the 24th ult., at the Sale of Lewis and Allenby's Sto

Brisk sport was enjoyed by bargain hunters at the first great meet of the season (the sale of Messrs. Lewis and Allenby's stock by Mes Dickins and Jones, who have taken over that old-established firm's business). The going (behind the glass doors labelled "Full") was excell and the scent was keen. Thanks, however, to the more humane notions now in vogue at these hunts, the salesmen were not, when ru ground, subjected to any mangling, while corkscrewing was barred (*Specially taken for* The Bystand

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A Lady Balloon Owner

Lady Aeronauts

I sometimes wonder if, say, three lady aeronauts went up all alone in a balloon and got lost and never came down again, what would they do? You can't smoke cigarettes for ever and ever. There is such an eternal silence up there, it is pure sacrilege to chatter. Not being men, rather than stand up, grin, and bear it, they would sit down, weep, and be bored by it—and that would be fatal! That is why men, on the whole, are so much happier than women. They only think when it is necessary. They don't keep on thinking little tiny niggling thoughts all the time. Their brains, nearly always, are a healthy blank. It was, I believe, Mrs. Iltid Nicholl, Mr. Frank Butler's intrepid aeronautic daughter, who once declared in print that the most delightful experience to be encountered in ballooning was the realisation for the first time of the meaning and beauty of absolute silence—"a singularly valuable experience for a woman."

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Mrs. Assheton Harbord

It is not to be believed that women like the silence. Still, they must like something (probably the gamble) in ballooning, for the list of lady enthusiasts lengthens almost daily. One of the most energetic and enthusiastic of lady members of the Aero Club is the Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord. She is a Colonial, a native of Melbourne, and she was a rich widow (Mrs. Arthur Blackwood) when, two or three years ago, she married Captain Assheton Harbord, Lord Suffield's brother. Twice Mrs. Harbord has crossed the Channel in a balloon. On neither occasion was the weather particularly propitious. Once they trailed through water and encountered snow and hail storms; but the rising sun, declares Mrs. Harbord, compensated for all the discomfort of the journey. From the height they were at, it was superb, a sight possible only for aeronauts—and the gods.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

A Lady Balloon Owner

The Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord, already the owner of several large balloons, has added another to her fleet. Our photograph shows the new "Valkyrie," 60,000 cubic feet capacity, which ascended on the 21st ult. Mrs. Harbord is seen ready for the trip

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Is Our Army Ahead of the Continent?

Can it be that, for once, the British Army has proved itself more advanced in the arts of warfare than those of the Continent? The very suggestion will cause a shock of incredulity in the reader, and yet, on the surface of it, I am inclined to suspect, from a comparison of the recent manœuvres of France and Germany with our own little affair up Aylesbury way, that it is so. Much paraded has been the statement that the Kaiser's manœuvres at Höxter have been on the lines of actual, rather than mimic warfare. This may be. It all depends on what is your idea of the real conditions of war. To the casual eye there seems to have been about both the German and the French manœuvres a good deal that is very old-fashioned. So far as tactics are concerned, those of the Kaiser seem to be much the same as obtained in 1870. As then, we have skirmishing lines, supports, main body, bayonet charge, flags flying and trumpets sounding, the soldier loaded up to the eyes with impedimenta, the Kaiser and his officers ditto, with emblems of rank and glory. Possibly, the next great Continental war will be, spectacularly, much the same as the campaigns of 1866 and 1870, the only difference being in subtle points of detail, and, of course, in the nature of the weapons and communications used. One has always to remember that "actual warfare," as understood by France and Germany, means war with each other—which will be on very much the same lines, and over the same battlefields, as in 1870.

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Quiet Manœuvres

I am inclined to think that our own Army has got ahead of the Continent in the art of abstract warfare, because, at the Aylesbury manœuvres, the show-business of warfare has been conspicuously absent. Our men, clad in khaki, move about swiftly, silently, not in serried ranks, with the air of men on business. The foe does not trail conspicuous across the horizon; he is invisible. The air is rent by no thunderous roar of guns. Only a casual crack here—a puff of smoke there. Nothing to disturb the pastoral serenity of a September countryside. Pictorially, there was not, throughout the manœuvres, the material for one suitable "double centre" page in THE BYSTANDER, and yet, when I come to think of it, neither was there such a scene throughout the Boer War. There are hundreds of survivors of that campaign who will tell you that in all their service they never once set eyes on the enemy in the flesh—who have scarcely one "memorable scene" worth the description. The French and Germans may be right, but I retain the impression that our own manœuvres, in their quiet, unobtrusive way, are nearer the conditions of actual warfare than the pompous displays at Höxter and La Rochefoucauld.

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Conditions of Actual Warfare?

OUR QUIET, BUT NONE THE LESS "REALISTIC" MANŒUVRES AT AYLESBURY

Like Real War? County people watching the operations

Motoring over the Battlefields: Gen. French (in command)

Left to right: Major-Gen. Maxwell, Gen. Sir John French, Col. de la P. Gough, H.R.H. Duke of Connaught, Sir Henry Aubrey Fletcher, M.P.

The Battle of Dorton Hill: Distinguished spectators

Much has been said as to the realistic character of the French and German manœuvres, of which the papers have lately been full, and some criticism has been made of the exceedingly quiet and un-showy nature, by comparison, of our own manœuvres, which is borne out by the above sketches. It is, however, open to question (see opposite page) whether manœuvres such as these, where pomp and circumstance are not really lacking, are not really more like the "conditions of actual warfare" than the German manœuvres, which have been very much on the grandiose and, consequently, the old-fashioned plan

BY "SNAFFLES"

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Actress, ex-Peeress, and Manager

Autumn Weddings this Week

The autumn wedding season opens to-day with the marriage of Lady Clare Noel, youngest daughter of Lord Gainsborough, to Mr. Charles King, of the Coldstreams, at Exton Park, Oakham; and to-morrow, in Town, with the marriages of Miss Isabelle Sassoon and Mr. Humphreys Owen, and of Lady Dorothy Legge and Mr. F. Meynell. The Noels, who are Catholics, have owned land and estates in Warwickshire and in Rutlandshire since the reign of Henry I. One of their most interesting ancestors was a certain Sir Andrew Noel. He was renowned for his grace of person, magnificence of living, his valour, and his extravagance, but he was a great favourite with Queen Elizabeth, who said of him, in vile verse, in a distich on his name:

> The word of denial and letter of fifty,
> Is that gentleman's name who never was thrifty.

* * *

—And Next Week's Batch

Next week Lord Calthorpe's only daughter, Constance, marries Mr. Wrixon-Becher at Elvetham; and, two days later, the marriage of the Duke of Roxburghe's brother and heir-presumptive, Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, with Miss Anne Breese is fixed to take place at St. George's, Hanover Square. Miss Breese is the stepdaughter of Mr. Harry Higgins, of Covent Garden Opera fame, and is the intimate friend of the American-loving Princess "Patsey" of Connaught. She is a taller, bigger, not so quiet edition of her pretty sister, Eloise, who is now married to Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, Lord Ancaster's son and heir, and who is, at the present moment, entertaining a large party for deer-stalking at their lodge in Glenartney Forest, Perthshire. Other weddings fixed for the next few weeks are those of Miss Mary Dancey and the Hon. G. W. Winn, Captain Stanley Clarke and Miss Evelyn Baird, and Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain and Mr. Alfred Clayton Cole (Director of the Bank of England).

* * *

Two Aldermen

It is a coincidence that in the week that the "Grand Old Man" of the City, Sir Andrew Lusk, should have attained his ninety-seventh year, the youngest member of the Corporation of the City of London, Mr. Murray Guthrie, should have had to resign owing to ill-health. Sir Andrew, a native of Ayrshire, sat in the House of Commons for twenty years as a Liberal Member for Finsbury, during which period he was elected Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Murray Guthrie is also a Scotsman, but he is of rather a different type and class of man from that usually associated with the Aldermanic office. He owns Duart Castle, Isle of Mull, and has considerable and very valuable London properties. For some time past, he has been in bad health, and his resignation of his position as Alderman for Cornhill Ward was, therefore, not unexpected, though much regretted.

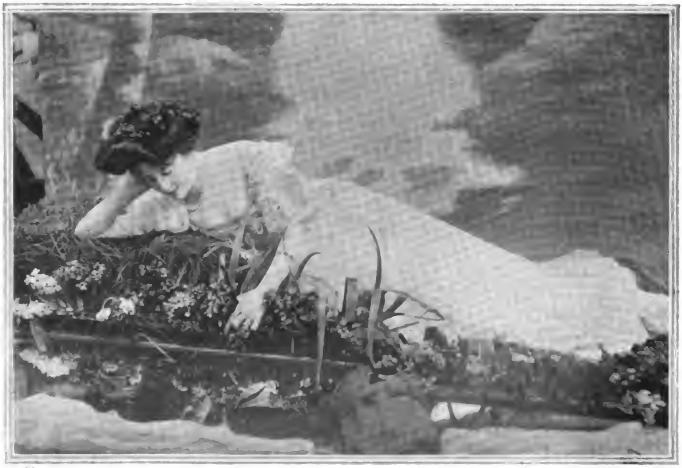

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

The Second ex-Lady Rosslyn

In order to drown sad memories, she has decided to return to the stage and take up management. It is to be hoped that better fortune will attend her career as manager than favoured her in that of matrimony. In future, she is to be known by her original name of Anna Robinson

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Some Autumn Weddings

Photo Kate Pragnell

Lady Clare Noel

Whose wedding to Mr. C. M. King, of the Coldstream Guards, is arranged for to-day (Wednesday)

Photo Stéphanie Maud

Miss Mary Dancey

Marrying the Hon. George William Winn on October 15

Photo Lallie Charles

Miss Anne Breese

Whose marriage with Lord Alastair Innes-Ker takes place on October 10

Photo Thomson

Miss Isabelle Sassoon

To marry Mr. Arthur Humphreys Owen on Thursday, October 3

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MOSLEM UNREST: A MEMORY OF "FUZZY WUZZY'S" FIGHTING APTITUDE; THE FAMOUS CHARGE OF THE DERVISHES AT OMDURMAN IN 1898

The danger of the white races having another taste of the African Moslem's fighting quality has again arisen in West Africa, whence acute "unrest" is reported. The belief in a "Jehad," or Holy War, is ever present among the Mohammedans all over Africa

(From a drawing by Frank Dadd after sketches by the late W. T. Maud, reproduced from The Graphic *of September 14, 1898)*

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The Latest Jewel Robbery Victim

The Latest Jewel Robbery Victim

Lady Suffield, Mrs. Assheton Harbord's mother-in-law, is the latest victim of the fashionable jewel robbery wave. The loss of the jewels—some particularly valued as the gift to her friend, Lady Suffield, of Queen Alexandra—was discovered at Cromer, so much of which highly popular watering-place belongs to Lord Suffield. Gunton Park, the gates of which are almost in the town, and Harbord House, are both Cromer residences of the Suffields, who always spend the summer and autumn months there; and at Overstrand Hall, their son-in-law, Lord Hillingdon's place outside Cromer, Princess Victoria is often a guest, and it was here she first learned golf. Lord Hillingdon, it will be remembered, was taken ill there while golfing a week or so ago. Lady Suffield, who is a sister of the first Lord Revelstoke and of Lord Cromer, has long enjoyed the intimate friendship of the ladies of the Royal Family, and her husband has been in the service of the Crown for something like half a century.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond St.*

Lady Suffield

The victim of a serious jewel robbery at Cromer. Among her losses were several gifts from Queen Alexandra

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Moslem Unrest—A New Danger

News of Moslem unrest anywhere always causes an uneasy feeling in European diplomatic circles. When the unrest originates in the bazaars in Cairo, Stambul, or Calcutta, it may be taken with a grain of salt as mere sound and fury—the work of professional agitators. But when we hear of symptoms from outlying parts of Islam, that is the time to look out. As we have realised on the Indian Frontier and in Somaliland, fanatics of the "Mad Mullah" type are by no means to be despised, and their power to inflame is immeasurably greater than that of a Khiamil Pasha or a Banerjee. The news of unrest in Western Africa, in the hinterland of the Gold Coast, and among the Mohammedans of Nigeria generally, cannot be ignored, in view of the actual war now going on in Morocco. It is said there that there is a belief among the tribes of the coming arrival in their midst of a "prophet, sword in hand." Once expected, there is never much delay in the appearance of such a personage, whether he come to-day or to-morrow. It must be remembered that Mohammedanism abounds from West to East of Africa, and that any prophet, arising anywhere, might command, very suddenly, an overwhelming following. For many years past, there has been a feeling that the arrival of the Jehad, or Holy War, is near. The rally of all the Moslems in Africa, under the banner of one prophet, accompanied by the mutiny of Moslems now serving under European flags, would be a most terrible eventuality.

Photo *Russell*

Sir Andrew Lusk

The oldest Alderman of the City, who celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday last week

Photo *Thomson*

Major Holford, C.I.E., C.V.O.

Equerry-in-Waiting to the King, on whom he has been in attendance during the recent Royal visit to Scotland

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Bridge and Island Cities: THREE OF THE BEST KNOWN

GHENT

Ghent, being the meeting-place of numerous waterways, canals, and rivers alike, is very much a "bridge and island city." It is divided into twenty-six islands, which are connected by bridges, large and small, to the number of 270. At Ghent—the old capital of Flanders—Flemish art and architecture are to be seen at their best

AMSTERDAM

Amsterdam is a veritable spider's web of water. Canals innumerable almost encircle it, starting from the Ij, and returning thereto, with the result that you cannot walk in any direction from the centre (the Plein) without having your path crossed, at every hundred yards or so, by one of them. Though gratifying enough to the eye, Amsterdam forces the nose into an attitude of exclusiveness, for its waterways are by no means highly sanitary

VENICE

The Earl's Court of Italy, Venice is, to the London tourist, a veritable home-from-home. Its canals number 146, and are filled with real water, spanned by real bridges (378) of stone and iron. The waters are navigated by gondolas, manned by more or less romantic-looking gondoliers, with a language that sounds better than it is

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The Morocco "Chestnuts"

The Morocco trouble has brought out the disadvantage of meddling with the affairs of other countries. Here are France and Spain engaged in the rather silly and ignominious "job" of extracting the chestnuts from the fire for the benefit of—whom? Not of France or Spain, who, by the self-denying ordinance of Algeciras, are prevented from deriving any personal advantage from the costly efforts they are making to restore peace in that turbulent country. They have even, in a sort of a way, to apologise for the trouble they are taking, and to assure Germany that they have not the slightest idea of getting any advantage for themselves. There are, of course, wheels within wheels in every Foreign Office, in Berlin especially. Dr. von Muelberg, who is the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is a pupil of Herr von Holstein, who was always supposed to be the inspirer of any difficulties with France. He loves not the French, but is strongly in favour of good relations with Great Britain. A young man of less than forty, scholarly, typically diplomatic in his manner, discreet, and *intrigant*; a man who, with an appearance of frankness, all the Diplomatic Corps in Berlin regard with, shall I say, a certain half-hearted distrust. In other words, they like but suspect him. The late Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Baron von Richthofen, was a really frank and charming man, whom everybody liked; but to those who offended him, like the correspondent of a leading London newspaper, he was unrelenting. Like many German aristocrats, too, he was extremely sensitive, even touchy. On the Baron's death, Herr von Muelberg was expected, particularly by himself, to succeed his chief, and there was not a little surprise when the Prussian representative at the Hanse town of Hamburg was singled out by the Emperor. It was said at the time that the Emperor intended to give Herr von Muelberg an Embassy in compensation, but he is still at the Wilhelmstrasse. Often one hears two totally different stories from Berlin, and the reason is obvious. Foreign Office jealousies are notorious, but nowhere in Europe are they so persistent as at Berlin, where they are conducted by means of notes to different organs of the Press. Thus it is unwise to pay too much attention to what the German papers say about foreign affairs. The truth is, the Emperor is perfectly satisfied to let France and Spain pull each other's chestnuts out of the fire, so long as they eat them, share and share alike, with Germany.

A Royal Snapshot

The King of Siam and M. Fallières walking in the Bois, snapshotted by the Crown Prince of Siam, who, with his father, has fallen a victim to "kodaking." This picture is reproduced by his Majesty's special permission

* * *

Franco-German Relations

In France the feeling against Germany has not been improved by the present Morocco affair. After all, was the German game worth the candle? Was it necessary to humiliate France? A little incident known to me shows how strong the feeling is. The Municipal Council of a leading German city recently sounded the Municipal Council of a leading French city as to an exchange of visits. All seemed to go well till the official meeting of the French Council, when nobody had the courage to stick to his private opinion, and the Mayor alone was authorised to accept the German invitation. Still, it is a good sign for the better that even the Mayor is allowed to go to the still-hated Fatherland. In France, as elsewhere, people often have a great deal more courage in their private than in their public opinions, and anyone who sets the example of living up to the former deserves more praise than he usually gets.

* * *

France's Coming Men—Who are They?

I was talking some days ago with a leading French politician as to who were the coming men in politics. It seems that there is a feeling here that France is not on her usual level in this respect. My interlocutor observed that Waldeck-Rousseau was the last of the truly great administrators, and that the chances of the future lay really between two men—M. Millerand, who was Minister of Commerce under Waldeck-Rousseau, and M. Briand, who is at present Minister of Public Instruction. M. Millerand never had a chance of showing his real powers. In a steady, quiet way, he impressed his colleagues in the Ministries on which he served with a sense of his possessing great reserve force in his character and in his understanding the character of his countrymen.

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A friend who knew and knows M. Loubet well tells me that the ex-President has a very high opinion of "*le petit Millerand*," and looked upon him as the coming man. Unfortunately, Party dissensions have interfered with his political career, and for the present his position is a somewhat undefined one. M. Briand, on the other hand, has shown tact and ability in a very difficult task, and he has succeeded in drawing the sympathy of the nation to his side by producing an impression that he stood for moderation, while his Clerical opponents have produced the contrary impression of being intractable. This is no small baggage for a politician, and as he is a comparatively young man—only forty-five years of age—he has started on his political life with a first-class ticket. M. Briand is a Breton, born at Nantes, an advocate by profession and a journalist by choice, having been editor of the *Lanterne*. Although a Breton, he does not sit for a Breton constituency, but represents a division of St. Etienne. He made his first appearance in Parliament only five years ago, when he was elected by a small majority against a leading employer of labour in the district.

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Parisian Ideas for Persia

Persia is taking a leaf out of the book of Japan. A year ago the Shah granted Constitutional Government to his country, and now Persia has her Parliament. France served as the model. The Shah was ever fond of Paris and her learning and genius, and fifteen Frenchmen are engaged in organising higher education on the model of the Paris schools. The Persians have equal distrust of young and old legislators, so only those are qualified for election who are over thirty and under seventy. They must also be able to read and write! *Cela ne va pas sans dire* in Persia.

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A King and His Kodak

Having celebrated the success of his cure at Homburg by banqueting the municipal authorities on his birthday and presenting the poor of the district with £1,200, the King of Siam has returned to Paris, whence preparations are to be made for his journey back to his own kingdom. His Majesty's European tour, when finally completed, will have been one of the most elaborate and expensive ever undertaken by an Eastern potentate. In what may be called "personal extras" the King has always gone the whole hog. Thus, falling an early victim to the photographic craze, he immediately ordered a dozen cameras of the latest pattern, and "pressed the button" so assiduously, and in so many interesting places, that a giant stock of negatives soon accumulated. Very varied in subject-matter are these Royal photographs. There are bathing scenes at Ostend, seascape effects in Norway, domestic incidents at Grand Ducal homes in Germany which the King and his sons visited, Buckingham Palace from the outside (perhaps the least inspiring of any of the snapshots!), and the King and President Fallières walking arm-in-arm in the Bois at Paris. This last snapshot, taken by the Crown Prince of Siam, we reproduce by the King's special permission.

Photo **After the Catch was Over** *Clarke and Hyde*

Mr. F. L. Wright, of Stourbridge, and Mr. Cyril Elsworth, of Redna1, with their boatman, Bolwell, bringing in a morning's catch of trout from Blagden Lake, near Bristol. This was composed of a 4¼ lb. brown trout, one 4 lb., two 14 oz., two 10 oz., and two 8 oz. rainbow-trout

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Fox-hunting à la Française

WHERE SPORTSMEN TREAT RENARD WITH SCANT RESPECT

Digging Out a Fox: An injured terrier being taken from the hole

Renard Makes an Unwilling Appearance upon the Scene

How the Fox is Brought from his Lair
Note the wooden pincers by means of which the animal is dragged into the daylight

The Kill! An ignominious death at the hands—or rather teeth—of half a dozen terriers

How widely French and English ideas of fox-hunting differ is well demonstrated by the photographs on this page. Though, of course, Renard is hunted in the approved English fashion in several districts, in most quarters he is held of small account, and is "hunted" with small terriers in the same way as badgering is carried out in England. The terriers used for the purpose are most game little beasts, and a case was recently reported of a dog belonging to a well-known French Count which remained underground for over twenty-two hours!

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

FAME!

Everything comes to him who waits, but Fame halts most upon the journey. For long I have waited for the recognition which is due to the earnestness, common sense, and occasional flashes of intelligence which distinguish my chronicles upon theatrical affairs. This long-expected recognition has come — all the way from India. The Editor is inclined to believe that the remarkable letter from the Palace Treasury, Fort Mysore (South India), has been inspired by the up-to-dateness of THE BYSTANDER, by the faculty which this journal possesses of pushing its way into out-of-the-way places. I, on the contrary, hug the notion that, but for me, Ananda Rao would have speeded his soulful requisition into the offices of another journal.

The letter, beautifully typewritten, and adorned as to its opening with a one anna stamp (India postage) of a delicate pink, is treasured in the archives of the office. Its contents are as follows :—

FROM C. ANANDA RAO, Palace Treasury, Fort Mysore (South India).

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.*

DEAR SIR,

I fear I am trespassing over your valuable time, but, Dear Sir, it is a matter of common interest to you in general but Special interest to me and us in particular. Hence the intrusion which, I dare say, you dont much mind but kindly do justice to the requisition contained hereunder and oblige :—

Many people here in Mysore State and others in Southern India are very anxious to introduce some of the best Dramatists into the other countries of the World by means of their Photos being printed and published in some of the most popular and Leading Journals both Local and Foreign. Hence the selection of the "Bystander"! By introducing these Photos—nay these Dramatists—the Public, Strangers to the former, may have the opportunity of noting to include these experts among so many others of their stamp heretofore exhibited in the "Bystander," thus letting these genial Actors have an opportunity of visiting the Foreign Countries in their several best Dramatic Styles, thro' the only best medium of the Standerby—Mr. "Bystander"!!

I hope you will not fail to agree with us in thinking that this is a matter worth its suggestions but it only rests with you to kindly give it your valuable and best possible help to see that our desire is fully accomplished *free of cost, if any.*

Under these circumstances I beg of you to kindly arrange for a small margin in the "Bystander" being allowed for us to introduce these best and competent men in such a World-renowned Journal which you have the honor to circulate among thousands and millions!

Of course immediate Necessary steps will be taken in arranging to send the Photos on receipt of your very kind reply.

Enclosed please find one Penny stamp to cover the postage of your reply which I await and expect with ever so much pleasure & anxiety.—I remain, Dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

C. ANANDA RAO.

N.B.—The Dress worn in all cases will be in the manner of the Indians for Vernacular Dramas and English Dress for English Dramas.

Photo *Hana*

Mr. Pelissier as Hamlet (burlesque version) at Terry's Theatre

The Follies are nightly making large audiences hold their aching sides with laughter at Terry's Theatre, where they are giving an intensely solemn burlesque of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.* Mr. Pelissier is playing the title-role, while Mr. Lewis Sydney and Miss Gwennie Mars appear as the King and Ophelia respectively

The thoughts called up by this best and most competent letter are legion, but one thought predominates. In distant Mysore there is a man who is thinking to-day what his countrymen will be thinking to-morrow. Of this stamp of men Press agents are made. The prophetic mantle of the Press agent cloaks the shoulders of Ananda Rao. He has seen that actors may be ever so genial and dramatists ever so best in his own country, but their fame is but a farthing rush until they are boomed in England. Ananda Rao is paving the way for a great invasion of Indian dramatists into England. He knows, wise man, that the time is ripe for such an invasion. He has heard the wail of the playgoer go up in England, and hastens to render first aid to the afflicted crying aloud for good plays by introducing to these sick ones his talented countrymen both in vernacular and in English dramas. When

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Shavians at the Savoy

(1) In the Stalls (Half a Guinea)

(2) In the Circle (Seven and Sixpence)

(3) In the Pit (Half a Crown)

(5) One of our future Monuments

(4) In the Gallery (A Bob)

THE AUDIENCE AT "YOU NEVER CAN TELL," AS SEEN FROM THE FRONT

SKETCHED BY CHAS. SYKES

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these magicians begin to appear in the margin of THE BYSTANDER (it is needless to say that Mr. Rao's requisition will be answered in the affirmative by Mr. Standerby), Mr. G. B. Shaw will have to look to his laurels. Even he cannot withstand the onslaught of a small horde of native dramatists war-dancing in the margins of a journal which numbers its thousands and millions (our publisher wishes to express his appreciation of Mr. Ananda Rao's afterthought). As I write, the horrid suspicion seizes me that Mr. Ananda Rao has addressed his requisition to other journals. If he has (and especially if they should appear before October 2, our two hundredth number), I should never get over the blow.

SAVOY THEATRE

"Joy"

The Vedrenne-Barker management has given so much to the public—finished acting, intelligent stage management, productions distinguished by ideas and cleverness—that the public instinctively asks for more. It asks for a few more dramatists, for one can have too much even of such a good thing as Mr. G. B. Shaw. There can be no possible doubt whatever that the unknown playwright, with a play of ideas under his arm, would turn his steps towards the present lessees and managers of the Savoy Theatre, confident of this one thing: that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker would not hand him back the MSS. with the detestable phrase, "Not a penny in it, my boy." For Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, more than any other managers, have consistently applied to the plays submitted to them that artistic test which, in these degenerate days, is too often replaced by the commercial test. It is safe to say that, during their occupancy of the Court Theatre, Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker produced plays which no other manager would have dreamed of producing. Of the new playwrights they introduced to the public, Mr. John Galsworthy was among the most promising. His *Silver Box* was generally voted something quite out of the common. Consequently, the production of a new play by the same author as the first venture of the new tenants of the Savoy was, in every sense of the word, an "occasion."

Photo *Window and Grove*

Mr. John Hare

Who, it is reported, is soon to retire

In *Joy* Mr. Galsworthy gives fresh evidence of the powers of observation and insight into character which marked his first play. The simple-minded Colonel Hope, who is safe from harm so long as he does not trust to his own opinion; his wife, impractical in all matters, and a bundle of contradictions; Mrs. Gwyn, the grass-widow, who, owing no respect to her absent husband, seizes her last chance of love upon earth; the Hon. Maurice Lever, the "good fellow" with easy principles, who is the *cher ami* of Mrs. Gwyn; finally, Joy, the ardent, highly strung girl, who is roused into such a storm of passion and protest by the knowledge of her mother's wrong-doing. All these characters are drawn with Mr. Galsworthy's rare and subtle touches. The author is rather slow in coming to the point. It is not until the middle of the second act that the play begins to grip the interest.

The acting was uneven. Miss Dorothy Minto was splendid in the rôle of the girl Joy, which is full of opportunities for the actress, and Mr. A. E. George hit off the old Colonel to the life. But Miss Wynne Matthison, in the endeavour to gain effects by quiet methods, failed to give other than a drab and colourless performance. Mr. Allan Wade did not quite succeed in the difficult rôle of Dick Merton, a boy who is perilously near being a prig. E. C. S.

ALDWYCH THEATRE

We have at last, in the shape of *The Gay Gordons*, a musical play in which an attempt has been made to write up a plot, and, in consequence, playgoers are thronging to the Aldwych. However feeble the story may be, the mere announcement that there is a musical comedy running in London with such a rare innovation as a plot is sure to draw crowded houses. Therefore, *The Gay Gordons* may be pronounced a success. Mr. Seymour Hicks is responsible for a well-written book, but the story which he unfolds is a hopelessly unreal one. Would any educated and cultured girl go to such lengths as does Peggy Quainton, the daughter of an American millionaire? This young lady arrives in England in perfect terror of being drawn into a loveless marriage with some nobleman who desires only her money, and makes a vow to wed no one with a handle to his name. She meets, while masquerading in Scotland as a poor girl, Angus Graeme, a private in the Gordon Highlanders. The pair fall in love, and she confides her vow to him. Even him she would not marry, she tells him, if he were a nobleman. Of course, the fates decree that Angus shall turn out to be the long-lost heir to the Meltrose earldom and estates, and the romantic young lady, remembering her vow, decides to leave her lover for ever. But, in the end, love prevails, and the two are wed. This is the main idea of the story. Miss Ellaline Terriss invests the rôle of Peggy Quainton with infinite charm, and acts well all through. Mr. Seymour Hicks plays the part of Angus Graeme, afterwards Earl of Meltrose, with his usual dash and vigour, but his attempts at seriousness are not always successful. Miss Zena Dare is charming as Victoria Siddons, and Nervy Nat and Charlotte Siddons are humorously portrayed by Mr. Fred Emney and Miss Sydney Fairbrother. R. M.

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SCENES FROM

"THE SINS OF SOCIETY"

AT DRURY LANE

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The "Box Trick" upon which the Play Turns

Driven desperate by debt, Lady Marion Beaumont is prevailed upon by Noel Ferrers to play the "box trick" upon Morris, the pawnbroker. That is to say, she purports to pawn a diamond tiara for £8,000, and, at the last moment, substitutes for the packet a box containing coal

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Borrowed from Real Life?: The Box Trick as

Photo

Lady Marion Beaumont (Miss Constance Collier) escapes, after having drugg

Unable to pay her debts of honour, Lady Marion is induced by the villain, Noel Ferrers, to play the famous "Box Trick" upon the u-suspecting pawnbroker. When the latter becomes suspicious, Lady Marion, to save her na hands the incriminating box (with the coal

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One of the "Sins of Society" at Drury Lane

Illustrations Bureau

Morris, the pawnbroker (Mr. Oscar Adye), and rescued the incriminating box

given to the crime illustrated above. She Dorian March, the hero. The exploitation of the box trick in a recent police-court case may have inspired the dramatists with the idea, though its use in this connection is scarcely considered graceful by kind-hearted people

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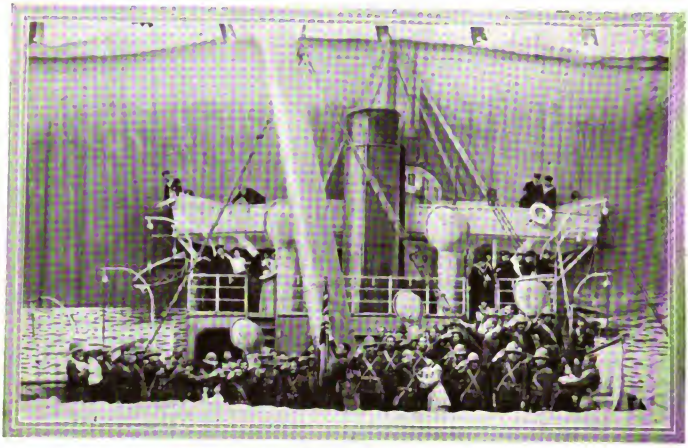
Two Sensational Scenes

IN "THE SINS OF SOCIETY" AT DRURY LANE



One of the Great "Sensation" Scenes

The troopship "Beachy Head" founders with the troops at the salute. Luckily, however, for the story, the hero, Dorian March, who is aboard, clings to a spar, and is picked up by a passing vessel

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The Staging of the Marriage Ceremony

Lady Gwendolen Ashley (Miss Adrienne Augarde) is saved at the very rails of the altar from a marriage with the villain, Noel Ferrers (Mr. Lyn Harding), by the timely arrival of the supposedly drowned hero, Dorian March (Mr. Julian L'Estrange). Some people may think it a "sin" of itself to make a religious ceremony the object of a sensational scene, but then, in this play, it is the "sins" of Society, not of dramatists, that are in question

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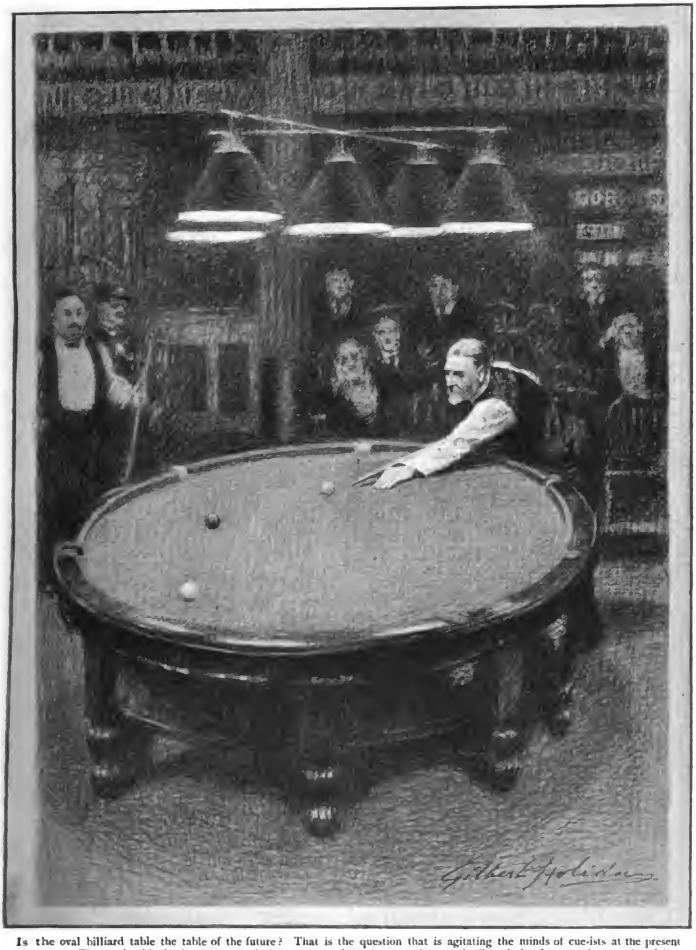
A Billiards Revolution

ROBERTS AND WEISS PLAY ON THE NEW OVAL BILLIARD TABLE AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB



Is the oval billiard table the table of the future? That is the question that is agitating the minds of cue-ists at the present moment. The oval table is the outcome of the revolt against the "anchor stroke," and the first match was played last week between John Roberts and Weiss at the National Sporting Club. The general impression seems to be that the new table, if it comes into general use, will lessen the great gulf fixed between amateurs and professionals, as its oval shape precludes the use of many "pretty" and intricate strokes

DRAWN DURING THE PROGRESS OF PLAY BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

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OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 98

THE PRODIGAL HUSBAND

By HERBERT H. VAHEY

MRS. JACK TRENTON had her own troubles. The world knew little or nothing about them, but they were none the less real on that account; no easier to bear because she had skilfully kept them out of the searching light of publicity. Indeed, the fact of concealment now threatened to add to, rather than diminish, her discomfiture. Tears of acute self-pity dimmed her eyes as she realised that the secret she had guarded so vigilantly, the one above all others she was anxious to protect, was about to rear itself from the kindly regions of concealed reality into the merciless light of revealed fact—to become "gossip-food" for the avid crowd which composed Mrs. Trenton's friends, acquaintances, and enemies.

Already the grim reminder of her invidious position was in her hands—no amount of tact or dexterity could relegate it again to the limbo of buried delusions. Her carefully hidden misfortune must now pass under the searchlight of public opinion and be judged, mercifully, she hoped, unmercifully, she feared.

She turned the unwelcome letter over again and re-read it. The words were painfully plain, the meaning unmistakable:—

DEAR PAULINE,—I'm beastly sorry to invade the quiet serenity of your present mode of life, but "needs must when"—you know the rest. I've tramped Cape Town barefooted, sold newspapers in Jo'burg, tried "chefing it" in a New York oyster bar—all to no purpose; now I long for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a"—new pair of boots. Seriously, I'm coming home—pathetic—prodigal—penitent! I'm bad and good-for-nothing, perhaps; but I do not think I am worse than most. You are bad and good-for-something, and better than most. Candid, isn't it? It's best for worldlings not to play the fool—with each other, at any rate. I know all about Captain Chancellor and Mrs. Jack Trenton; you know all about Lottie Westwood and yours humbly. Shall we cry quits and begin again?—Yours, as you wish, JACK.

Mrs. Trenton bit her lips and frowned. She did not appreciate this foreshadowed intrusion, nor the candour with which her husband had spoken of her shortcomings; but, most of all, she deplored the loss of freedom which his return entailed. She had buried Jack long ago, with all her other mistakes and failures; this sudden resurrection savoured somewhat of impertinence. The resuscitation of corpses, whether they be material or immaterial, is a breach of unwritten law; disquieting to the survivors, especially when they lay claim to some social distinction.

Mrs. Trenton threw herself back uneasily, for the futility of opposing fate, and the realisation of her own impotence to avert calamity—it was nothing less—exasperated her.

In this mood Captain Chancellor found her.

"Well, little woman," he said, with an exaggerated tenderness, "how are we to-day? Frowning? Isn't the sky so high as it was yesterday?"

"Oh! don't," exclaimed Mrs. Trenton, petulantly, "I'm utterly miserable, crushed——"

"Come, come, you've been up too late," suggested Chancellor, with a puzzled smile; "you're pale and——"

"Read!" interrupted Mrs. Jack, indicating, with woeful languidness, the letter lying face downwards on the floor.

Chancellor stooped and picked it up, looked at the signature, and whistled ominously.

"The skeleton wants to step out of the cupboard and play human again!" he said, looking over the top of the letter at her anxious face. "After nine years, too—surely decomposition ought to have done its work by this time."

Mrs. Trenton smiled wanly.

"The faithless stream is always dry when I want to bury my dead," she complained, "and Jack's was the corpse I buried deepest. Society has hunted and explored the interesting banks of my past history for years without success; but the flood seems to have concealed it so long, with the hideous intention of casting it into the full light of day when time has rendered it more unpleasant."

Chancellor's ready tongue could frame no solacing sentence. One cannot deny the existence of a skeleton when one hears the rattle of its bones; neither can one whisk a lawful—if inconvenient—husband out of the scheme of things by a clap of the hands. There are situations which humour cannot propitiate.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, striving to appear amused.

"I don't know," she answered faintly.

"There is no hint in the letter when the penitent intends to return."

"No, unfortunately; the humiliation is shrouded in unpleasant uncertainty."

Chancellor took a turn across the room, pulling his moustache in unmistakable distress.

"Apparently Lottie's light has set," he said, wheeling abruptly.

"Apparently," repeated Mrs. Trenton, wearily.

Chancellor resumed his walk. His thoughts were evidently far from pleasant. The sudden turn of events was not unexpected, but he did not relish the rapid change of a remote—though unavoidable—problem into one demanding immediate attention and solution. Men of the world who sit at the feet of women of the world are fully aware of the consequences of their folly. They do not expect to escape, but they are rarely prepared to meet the difficulty when it presents itself.

As is usual in such cases, his first consideration was to find a justification for his conduct. The thought

(Continued on page 32)

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Appearing at the Haymarket

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Eva Moore (Mrs. H. V. Esmond), who is shortly appearing in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" at the Haymarke

Sweet Kitty Bellairs, which is to be produced at the Haymarket on October 5, is an adaptation by Mr. David Belasco of Mr. Egerton Castle's novel, "The Bath Comedy"

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(Continued from page 30)

of Jack Trenton's desertion was a salve to his injured honour, but it did not elucidate the problem, or suggest a proper course of action when the penitent returned.

"Of course, I cannot stay here," said Mrs. Jack, breaking in on his reflections; "in fact, I cannot meet him at all."

Chancellor smiled and nodded. What she had just said gave him, at least, an idea of the direction in which to look for a solution. She would not meet him—that was something; on the other hand, it might only mean a postponement of the trouble. Trenton would, no doubt, search for his wife, and then—— Still, it would give him time—time was everything. Mrs. Trenton closed her eyes and shook her head perplexedly.

"You certainly cannot stay here," he said.

"Where can I go?" she asked simply. "We used to know the Elleson-Howes. I wonder if Kitty would have me at Lyndhurst. I haven't been to see her for years, but I'm sure she'll forgive me—I'll tell her all about it. I feel sure she won't mind."

"Lyndhurst will do as well as Tibet," said Chancellor drily. "Go to Kitty and leave your husband to me."

He spoke as if he had already decided what to do when he met Trenton; but at the moment he had not the faintest notion.

"Kitty's a dear," went on Mrs. Trenton, joyfully. "She used to know Jack; I'm sure she'll sympathise."

"Above all things let us have sympathy," laughed Chancellor sarcastically. Mrs. Jack tried to smile.

"But I'm sure she'll help me as well," she persisted.

"Well, go to Lyndhurst and arouse Kitty's compassion. I'll stay here and welcome the prodigal. I won't fall on his neck and kiss him—but I'll do my best to keep him off the scent."

Mrs. Trenton gave a sigh of relief.

"I'll go to-morrow," she said, in a tone of decision.

Chancellor nodded approvingly, lit a cigarette, took up his hat, and, with an affectionate farewell, departed.

When he had gone, Mrs. Trenton packed up the hundred and one absolutely essential things for her journey, and spent the remainder of the evening in a retrospective survey of her life previous to the advent of Captain Chancellor. It was painful, but the pain proceeded from the contemplation of her husband's failings; all that was bright in it seemed inextricably mixed with her own long-suffering and forbearance. These conclusions were forced upon her; they were not the result of any conscious effort of her own. Egotistical as she was, she did not wish to be unfair to Jack. If she could have discovered any worthiness in the character of her absent husband she would unhesitatingly have acknowledged it and given him the credit. Any injustice she did to her late partner was due to blindness rather than a desire to minimise his virtues.

She went to bed with mingled feelings of pity and resentfulness towards the prodigal; in the dim recesses of her mind—though she was scarcely conscious of it—lay a vague and undefined affection for him, a vestige of that old passion she had felt years ago.

In the morning, Captain Chancellor called for her, and drove her to the station. He seemed in unusually good spirits, and hinted, in a general way, of a plan he had formed to prevent Jack Trenton from seriously interfering with their friendship. Pauline could not quite keep pace with his good humour, for with the daylight her harsh thoughts of her husband had become modified. Chancellor noticed with some misgiving the absence of warmth in her farewell as the train drew out of the station. Conceit and self-complacency, however, set him at his ease, and he drove off in the happy contemplation of his plan.

The cab drew up as he had directed at Mrs. Trenton's flat—being the landlord he felt no compunction in entering in her absence—and he began, with curious eagerness, to destroy all the evidences of Mrs. Trenton's recent occupancy: scraps of handwriting, which in her haste she had forgotten, bills, cards of invitation, and a host of knick-knacks which might confirm a jealous husband's suspicions.

Having smoked a cigar, and helped himself to a brandy and soda, he leaned back in his chair and gave himself up to the deliberation of his scheme. It was wonderfully simple; he relied on that to ensure its smooth working. With a laugh, he rang for the butler.

In a few moments Pethridge knocked at the door and entered.

"Pethridge," said the Captain, indicating a chair, "I assume from your appearance that you are a discreet man; I know, from past experience of butlers, that you are open to any suggestion which would prove profitable. Putting two and two together, I assume that you can keep a secret."

"Yessir," replied Pethridge, with servile brevity. During the foregoing speech he had betrayed no symptom of surprise, preserving a well-trained stolidity and commendable indifference.

"Very good," continued Chancellor. "Your mistress, Mrs. Trenton, has been called away rather suddenly, and, for the present, it is her express wish that you—well, that you forget her existence. You understand?"

"Yessir."

"Your wages will be paid by me, and I will dine here every night."

"Alone, sir?"

"No," replied Chancellor, with a smile. "Not alone. A lady of my acquaintance will, for the time being, take up her quarters here. It is your mistress's and my desire that you address her—at all times—as Mrs. Trenton."

"Quite so, sir," answered Pethridge, unmoved.

"If anyone should call and ask for Mrs. Trenton, tell them that she is unwell and unable to see anyone. If they seem very pressing, take up a card. Do you understand? On no account permit anyone to see her without her permission."

"I see, sir."

Chancellor slipped two five-pound notes into his hand and dismissed him with a wave.

"Pethridge is not a fool," murmured Chancellor, returning to his brandy. "I think he will carry out my instructions. Fortunately, Trenton won't be able to tempt him with a large bribe."

With a feeling of pleasant security, drawn from the apparent success of his first move, Chancellor strolled towards the Embankment. It was a fine morning, and as he watched the sluggish, muddy river sparkling in the sunshine, its slow movement soothed him, and he stood gazing at it with a contented smile; then, turning, he hailed a cab and drove to his rooms in Lushington Square.

The arrival at Mrs. Trenton's flat of a lady, bearing in a general way a close resemblance to his mistress, aroused no curiosity in Pethridge's breast. A life of attendance on the unconventional rich had bred a proper indifference to seeming irregularities. He was well paid to minister to their innumerable caprices and follies without comment; he recognised intuitively that censorship sits badly on the dependent;

(Continued on page 34)

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Comic Relief From Sin

MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER'S MERRY INTERVALS IN "THE SINS OF SOCIETY"

Keeping Himself Fit!

James Hogg (Mr. Chevalier) believes in keeping himself fit, so he has all manner of athletic contrivances fixed up in his room. His butler is telling him that his stroke in the mile sculling is most discreditable

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

An Awkward Call

To add to Mr. Hogg's troubles, his lady-love, Lady Goldbury (Miss Fanny Brough), calls at a time when, his foot is encased in a patent exerciser. A comedy love-scene follows, the climax of which is reached when Lady Goldbury relaxes her usual sternness towards her devoted suitor, and tells him he may kiss her

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(Continued from page 32)

and that he may not bite the hand that feeds without expecting the food to be withdrawn

So Miss Ingrid Harris—or Mrs. Trenton the Second—was duly installed, instructed by Captain Chancellor in the rôle she was to play, taught the history of the real Mrs. Trenton and her husband Jack, and generally prepared to assume with confidence the part of the prodigal's wife. Ten days passed; the probability of Jack Trenton's visit to the flat was becoming doubtful, and the threatened disaster seemed daily more unlikely. What was still more mystifying, Chancellor had received no letter from Pauline. This unexpected silence puzzled him, but he could not leave his post to seek a personal explanation. At any moment Trenton might come, and he must be there to receive him, or at least to support Miss Harris in her difficult rôle.

The dinner had just been served, and Chancellor and his friend were discussing the necessity of prolonging the farcical situation, when Pethridge knocked loudly, and entered with his customary look of apathy.

"A gentleman to see Mrs. Trenton, sir."

Chancellor started, gulped his brandy, and shot a glance at his companion. "Did he give his name?"

"Yessir; Mr. Trenton, sir." Neither by word nor look did the butler betray the conclusion at which he must inevitably have arrived.

Chancellor wiped his lips, brushed the crumbs from his trousers, and said, in an even voice:

"Show him up."

"Yessir."

The calmness of the Captain contrasted strangely with the nervousness of his friend, but her agitation was not out of keeping with the part. Prodigal husbands returning to prodigal wives cannot, and probably do not, expect absolute composure. To be caught red-handed, as it were, naturally produces a degree of agitation.

Trenton entered the room with a hesitating, uneasy shuffle. Seeing the Captain, he stopped on the threshold, turned pale, and was about to retire. "I've come—to see my—to see my wife," he began, trying to pull himself together.

Miss Harris bowed coldly, covered her face hastily with her handkerchief and sobbed aloud.

There was an uneasy pause, during which Trenton toyed with the brim of his hat.

"You don't seem—well, pleased to see me," he muttered at length, sinking into a chair near the door.

"I think your wife is rather upset," broke in Chancellor; "your sudden appearance after nine years is naturally rather a shock."

"I expected—she'd take it rather better," he said, thinly. "There have been faults on both sides—but——" He broke off, moving uncomfortably, and shot an apprehensive glance at the sobbing woman.

Chancellor did not reply. He looked at Trenton contemptuously; a feeling of disgust rose within him as he thought of this miserable wretch as Mrs. Trenton's husband. There was something wounding to his vanity in the idea of sharing her affection with the human wreck before him. He turned to the decanter, and poured out a stiff brandy.

"Drink this," he said, handing the glass, and trying to appear civil; "it's a trying time for you both."

Trenton nodded gratefully, swallowed the drink at a gulp, and held the glass out for replenishing.

"More," he said, laconically; "more, for heaven's sake."

Chancellor refilled the tumbler and handed it back. Trenton turned to the woman; she had removed her handkerchief from her face, and was staring at him through her tears.

"I didn't expect you to turn up like this," she cried, with well-feigned grief.

Trenton bit his lip, gulped his brandy, and shifted his eyes from hers.

"You've changed, Pauline," he began, reflectively; "you've changed a good deal. But I suppose I have, too," he added after a moment. He was ill at ease, and his embarrassment showed itself in his trembling lips and quavering voice.

Mrs. Trenton's deputy tried in vain to reply; her choking sobs made her pathetically incoherent.

"It's a long time, I know—nine years," he continued fatuously, floundering in a conversational whirlpool. "But I thought that you might——"

With a little hysteric cry Miss Harris rose and rushed from the room, leaving the two men staring dejectedly at the brightly lit table.

Trenton finished his brandy and helped himself. He was beginning to feel the stimulation, and with the departure of his wife he suddenly assumed a bullying attitude.

"Chancellor," he said, leaning forward, with a ferocious sneer, "you're a blackguard! You've wronged me and my wife—you are a sneak and a scoundrel, a disgrace to His Majesty's Service. What are you going to give me for the injury? I'm down on my luck, and I intend to have——"

"Not a farthing!" interrupted Chancellor, eyeing him scornfully. "Not a farthing—and look here, Trenton, I've never submitted to insult before—if you were a gentleman—or even a man, instead of a whining blackmailer, I'd make you pay for your insolence; as it is, I give you the only advice it is possible to give to such as you: Drown yourself—hang yourself—anything—*but leave your wife alone.* She doesn't want you——"

"Doesn't want me!" ejaculated Trenton, with a wild laugh. "Good heavens, man! Do you think I want to meddle with that faded, *passée* creature? She was pretty when I left her, but now—no, thank you, Chancellor, second-hand goods—so very badly damaged—I don't appreciate. Take her, my worthy mischief-maker. Take her, for heaven's sake! But give me a *quid pro quo.*"

"Not a farthing," reiterated Chancellor firmly.

Trent n rose and approached the other menacingly; then his eye fell upon the decanter and he reeled to the table.

"More of that confounded brandy," he gurgled. "D'ye hear, you—I haven't tasted it for months, and——" His voice trailed off into profane incoherence as he reached for the decanter.

"Your health, Chancellor—your beastly health—and Mrs. Tre—Chancellor's, too—by heaven!"

Chancellor sat calmly watching the man in his grotesque fury.

"Kiss her good-night," he hiccoughed, staggering to the door, "and good-bye. Mind you," he added, turning suddenly, "I'm going to get that money—you see if I don't."

With an oath, he flung open the door and reeled into the corridor. Chancellor followed closely to prevent him breaking his neck. Such a calamity would have caused the Captain no pain, but it would involve a good deal of explanation on a subject he preferred to keep dark.

Returning to his room, Chancellor found Miss Harris already in her place, smiling cheerfully at the complete success that had attended her impersonation. She had not heard Trenton's uncomplimentary remarks,

(Continued on page 37)

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Along Our Indian Frontier

"THE BYSTANDER" IN BELUCHISTAN, WAZIRISTAN, AND THE CHITRAL

(1)

In a Waziristan Summer Camp

This spot is the happy retreat of Englishmen in the wild and desolate country constituting the Wana Agency of Waziristan, on the Indian North-West Frontier. Two of these, Mr. Leslie Crump, Political Agent at Wana (on the left), and Lieut. O'Shea, of the South Waziristan Militia, and one of the best big-game hunters on the border, are enjoying a well-earned rest after a hard morning's sport. Behind the two Ooriai heads is standing Said Mukkman, a famous Mahsud Shekari. Sent by CAPTAIN C. I. BRIERLEY, Wana, South Waziristan

(2)

Comfort in the Chitral

A contented reader in the ante-room of the mess at Kila Drosh, Chitral. Sent by MRS. CARRUTHERS, Holmains, Wellington Square, Cheltenham

(3)

Over the Burmese Frontier

The sender, MAJOR M. MATHEW, Loimwé States, says: "The natives represented are Lishaw, one of the many tribes scattered about the highest hills in the Southern Shan States. The stout lady evidently enjoys the paper as much as we do. All mails, etc., to and from this spot have to be carried four hundred miles by road to the nearest railway"

(4) A British Force in Beluchistan

This group was taken by CAPTAIN J. FERGUS PATERSON, of the 37th Lancers, at Kahan, the Capital of the Marri country in Beluchistan. The British officers were accompanying the Political Agent sent into the country to settle some disturbances. This was the first time for many years that a British force had visited the place

(5) Beyond the Pale

Situated beyond the protected area of Waziristan in the Murwatai Mountains, the camp where this photograph was taken was formed for the purpose of protecting the survey parties carrying out the survey of this portion of the frontier country. The Havildar reading THE BYSTANDER represents the native after coming under English influences, and the middle figure shows the "untamed" variety. Sent by LIEUT. P. W. L. BRIDGE-SMITH, Dera Ismail Khan, North West Provinces

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"In the West Countree"

WITH THE FOXHOUNDS ON EXMOOR

(1) An Exponent of Riding Astride: Mrs. Salaman, the wife of the Master

(2) At Hawkcombe Head: Towards the hills

(3) The Master of the Exmoor Foxhounds: Mr. M. H. Salaman

The big crowds which make their sporting pilgrimage to Exmoor every August and September for hunting with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds also see much excellent sport under delightful conditions with the Exmoor Foxhounds. This pack recently started the season under Mr. M. H. Salaman's leadership, and the prospects are very bright

Photos] [*Dixon*

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(*Continued from page 36*)

nor witnessed the degrading spectacle of his rapid intoxication. And Chancellor did not choose to enlighten her.

The dinner finished, he drove back to Lushington Square. He was not altogether satisfied with the events of the evening. His part, successful though it had been—charitable, too, in that he had delivered Pauline from the misery of a renewed alliance with her impossible husband — was sus ained only by stretching to its extreme limit his easy honour.

He sank back in his chair and poured himself a liberal supply of whisky and soda. If mental comfort were denied, bodily comfort, at least, remained.

He welcomed the interruption caused by the entrance of his man.

"A telegram, sir."

Chancellor took the pink envelope from the tray, and, with a quick movement of his thumb, ripped it open. The man turned and left the room.

With a glance at the post mark, "Lyndhurst," he read eagerly :—

> Jack here on Kitty's invitation. Have made it up. Good-bye.—PAULINE.

Chancellor flung the paper down angrily ; this amazing message left him speechless. How could Jack Trenton be Kitty Elleson-Howes' guest at Lyndhurst when it was only too evident that he was in London, and, at the moment, shockingly drunk and incapable. To this there was only one explanation. There must be two Jack Trentons—the real one and an impostor. For purely selfish motives, Chancellor sincerely hoped that it was the impostor whom Pauline had met. In such a case exposure would not be long delayed, and Pauline would not be likely to take up with the miserable wretch who had caused the disturbance in her flat. That would be a good thing for both of them—especially Chancellor.

If, on the other hand, Kitty's guest were really Pauline's husband, there was an end of the intimacy. Viewing the matter from this standpoint, Chancellor did not like the sting in the end of the telegram. "She had made it up," and said "Good-bye." After all these years, after all he had done for her, she had thrown in her lot with the faithless rascal who had deserted her for another woman. He felt sick and angry at her fickleness — to him it seemed treacherous, ungrateful, base.

His own conduct seemed now, by contrast, worthy, estimable, and, up to a certain point, honourable. He, at least, had played the game ; his intentions, apart from the original discreditable intimacy, had been good ; he had laid himself out to protect her, and behave as fairly as a worldly man could to a worldly woman. Her injustice stung him. He would not have minded so much if Pauline had thrown him over for anyone else; but her return to her good-for-nothing husband—whom everyone despised and shunned—was a personal slight, indirect perhaps, but undeniable.

By an effort of the will and the application of his worldly philosophy, he checked his growing bitterness, and affected an indifference out of keeping with the situation.

"After all," he muttered, picking up the telegram and tearing it across, "she's only one in a thousand." There was a sneer on his lips and unmistakable chagrin in his tone. For a moment he sat staring blankly before him.

"Only one in a thousand—but *the* one," he repeated ; and, turning to the decanter, he filled his glass to the brim.

HERBERT H. VAHEY.

THE NEW IMPRESSIONISM

A STRIKING STUDY AT THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON

Responsive to the spell that lies
In perfume, colour, gleam and grace

By Cavendish Morton, exhibited at the Photographic Salon now being held at 5A, Pall Mall East

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THE LIBRARY

Novels to Order This Week
"The Weavers." By Sir Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann: 6s.)
"Jock of the Bushveld." By Sir Percy Fitzpatrick. (Longmans: 6s.)
"An English Girl." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Methuen: 6s.)

Sir Gilbert Parker's New Novel

Politics loom so largely in the present outlook of Sir Gilbert Parker that it was hardly to be expected that his new novel, *The Weavers* (Heinemann: 6s.), should be entirely free from them. The politics touched on, however, are not those of to-day, or even yesterday, but the day before. Egypt of about the 'sixties is the locale, and the hero is a young man strongly reminiscent of Gordon. Of Quaker origin, David Claridge conceives himself to be the destined emancipator of the Egyptian fellah. By play of sheer honesty and personal magnetism he wins his way, thrusting himself, fearless and unarmed, into the most dangerous places, the quixotic denouncer of the oppressor in his den. This is one of the broadest and strongest—also one of the most intensely serious—of Sir Gilbert's works. Wielding so strong a literary gift, he has in his power a weapon which, as Disraeli found, can be put to tremendous political use. Sir Gilbert is a strong advocate of Imperialism, and particularly of Colonial Preference. Can he not inflame the public to his views—and those of the present Opposition—by a novel with this *motif*? Material for strong "dramatic scenes" could be easily found in the files of the *Daily Mail* at the time of the Colonial Conference.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Sir Percy Fitzpatrick

Whose "Jock of the Bushveld" (Longmans: 6s.) is a worthy successor to the "Jungle Book" as a story of life among wild beasts

A New Jungle Book

Not often is a follower of Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book" model so successful in making animal biography interesting as is Sir Percy Fitzpatrick in *Jock of the Bushveld* (Longmans: 6s.). Jock is a sportsman on something like a scale. Irish by birth—a bull-terrier from Tipperary—he lives in a perpetual spoil for a fight. Though it is his business in life to aid his fostering master in tracking big game of all kinds on the veld, he brings to bear upon it art of the highest class. Whether the creature to be killed is a lion, a tiger, a crocodile, a buffalo, a baboon, a porcupine, or a Koodoo, Jock has his own ideas as to the best way to pin down his prey for his master's shot. Varied and devilishly ingenious are his numerous methods, magnificent his successes. We learn to love Jock with all our hearts, as a perusal of his master's pages unfolds to us his noble qualities of head and heart. How brainy he is! How sensible! How brave! And how entirely loyal! Jock's final death—shot in mistake for a farmhouse marauder which he himself has only just been out and killed—leaves a pang. Even had the narrative been sustained by Jock alone, Sir Percy's book would have well repaid the reading. He has, however, in his varied adventures, a human companion after his own heart, one Jim, the ruffianly but loyal Zulu servant of the "Baas"—a character recalling Mr. Rider Haggard's Um Slopagaas, but lacking that worthy's somewhat sanctimonious attributes. The little line sketches which bedeck the fly-leaves are excellent, and throw just the needed pictorial sidelight on the narrative. Not so striking, however, are the wash drawings by the same artist (Mr. E. Caldwell). These do not always rise to the excitement of the incidents depicted. That marvellous scene wherein a tiger ("tiger" is, apparently, the generic South African term for all big game of the feline tribe which are not lions), who has captured a baboon, is faced by enraged simians, which, from the opposite side of a rocky ravine, so assail him with the most hideous cries, for all the world like disappointed galleryites on a first night, that he is frightened to flight by means of a dive into the depths below—this is somewhat meagrely depicted in the illustration. It should have made our flesh creep for a month. Would that it could be re-drawn by Mr. S. H. Sime, who, with the incalculable advantage of not having been there, could have done something much more convincing.

The Merits of Murder

Among novelists perennially popular with women is Mr. Phillips Oppenheim. The reason is, no doubt, because, as a general rule, Mr. Oppenheim has a good murder as his theme. "I love murder stories," recently confessed to me a fair novel-reader, "they're so little trouble to read." A murder has the merit of being at once understood; it is, furthermore, about the only crime you can safely write about, the majority of the others being either dull or improper. Murder is invaluable to the author, as it is the one crime in which you can involve your hero with any degree of plausibility; the only crime of which, as a properly brought-up young man, he is likely to be suspected by his friends. Gerald a burglar? Ridiculous! Far too indolent. Algernon a forger? Absurd! He has no business training. Reggie a ——? No!

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Where the New Treaty Operates

PERSIAN BEAUTIES—HUMAN AND ARCHITECTURAL

A Dancing Girl from Bokhara

A Fair Teheranian in Harem Costume (Kurdish head-dress)

ACQUISITIONS FOR RUSSIA: BEAUTIES OF NORTHERN PERSIA (THE MUSCOVITE SPHERE OF INFLUENCE)

A Rich Persian's House in Teheran

Persia being the country to which all eyes have now been turned by the Anglo-Russian treaty, some interesting facts as to its life and customs are to be found in "Queer Things About Persia," by Eustache de Lorey and Douglas Sladen, now published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, from which the above are reproduced

By kind permission of Eveleigh Nash, from "Queer Things About Persia"

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Mudie *must* be considered. A murder is, when you come to go into the matter, about the only thing. Hence the plethora of murder stories that is among us. Mr. Oppenheim's latest contribution to this highly important form of art is *Conspirators* (Ward, Lock: 6s.), which opens with a situation no less startling in its originality than a mystery of a hansom cab. A gentleman (he is not really a gentleman, as subsequently you learn) is found strangled therein by a piece of silk. At the crucial moment, passing near the cab, and coming out of his very flat with a stolen document in her hands, is—a mysterious but terribly beautiful woman. Also near her, at the time, is the usual young man, who falls in the usual love. Then ramifications begin to ramify—side issues issue forth — subordinate characters obtrude themselves —never, however, in a way that is calculated to call forth any mental energy in the reader. In the end, the murder is confessed by the last person in the book that you suspected of it, but whether or not he was the real culprit is left in doubt. However, the real culprit is never of much importance in the ideal murder story, provided always the hero and heroine are got out of the mess and duly disposed of at the altar.

Presumptuous!

How to Appreciate Music (Sisleys: 5s.) is the patronising title of a book by M. Gustav Kobbé. I do not quite know to whom the author expects to appeal. Doubtless, there is a possible sale of thousands for a book which genuinely attempted to teach the untutored ear the beauties of a classical or operatic score. But the individual who attempts this has to approach his subject in a manner which is different somewhat from that of M. Kobbé. He must clear himself of all cant and technology, and realise that he is a pioneer on virgin soil. The power to detect the subtle beauties of melody and harmony, counterpoint, rhythm, form, polyphony, can only be gained by definite education of the ear itself, not by appeal to reason. M. Kobbé and others can write themselves to rest on the history of music, the origin of its various branches, the composers, and their styles; but no matter how homely and how simple their phraseology, they will not teach the unteachable. A person either has the power to appreciate music or he has not. If he has it, he will spurn as patronising and presumptuous such tuition as M. Kobbé's. If he has *not* the power, then he will probably have no desire to acquire it artificially. The non-musical man is, usually, far too proud of his fine freedom from what he regards as the unhealthy and stuffy habit of long-haired anæmics to be willing to part with it.

Photo *Lallie Charles.*

The New Lady Conan Doyle (formerly Miss Jean Leckie)

A Friend of Britain

The fact that the great Anglo-Russian duel for dominion in the East has been brought to a halt by a Treaty defining spheres of influence should not lead us to forget those who have served us in holding our own during the critical days of the past. Of these, there is none to whom England owes a greater debt than to Professor Arminius Vambéry, the author of numbers of books and of innumerable magazine articles on Eastern travel. Throughout the troublous phases of the dispute, which was never settled either by the Crimean War or by the Treaty of Berlin, Vambéry, a Hungarian of Jewish origin, was on our side. In *The Story of My Struggles* (Unwin), Vambéry, who is now seventy-five, tells us how he began his travels as a penniless philological inquirer in Constantinople, from which he visited, successively, Khiva, Bokhara, and Herat. As one of the few living authorities on those contested regions, he became of "value" to the British Foreign Office, and was accordingly made much of in London on his return. Though, after these trips, Professor Vambéry was successful in interviewing such big fish as Abdul Hamid II. and the Shah Nasreddin, it rather seems, at a glance through his memoirs, as if his social successes in London interfered with his appetite for further explorations, and a correspondingly greater fame. To-day, you would hardly call Vambéry a great traveller, for the localities on which he is an authority have been visited by numbers of young men on their holidays. Still, he has served us right well in the past, and long may he live to enjoy the remembrance of the days when "Pam" patted him on the back, when he was discussed in the Commons, lionised in London drawing-rooms, and consulted by Queen Victoria. One of Vambéry's quaint boasts is that he does not know the day of his birth!

An English Girl

An English Girl, by Ford Madox Hueffer (Methuen), is the story of a millionaire's son who, on discovering his father's wealth, which he has inherited, to have been dishonourably acquired, settles down to squander it in philanthropy. He is, incidentally, in love with the daughter of a reviewer. The story is well told, and, of course, modern in scene. Much of the action takes place on board a liner, the parties being *en route* to America. Mr. Hueffer conveys to one, without any descriptive matter, by the aid of conversation alone, an impression of an Atlantic trip very cleverly; some of the passengers are most reminiscent. If this book is hardly strong enough to be placeable on the same shelf as "The Fifth Queen," it is quite a readable story for a lazy day.

VIVIAN CARTER.

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Croquet at Eastbourne

THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND TOURNAMENT

Photo *Lavis*

The Eastbourne Croquet Tournament: C. E. Willis in play

Glorious weather favoured players and spectators alike at the South of England Croquet Tournament, held at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, last week. The opening matches were remarkable for the manner in which many of the most prominent players were defeated by lesser known opponents. The Duke of Devonshire presented a gold cup for the Gentlemen's Singles Competition

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

"Eppur Si Muove"

The courteous letters which have lately been interchanged between Mr. Daniel Chauncey, President of the United States Golfing Association, and Captain Burn, Chairman of the Rules of Golf Committee, are a healthy sign of the times. The "dry bones" of the ruling power have life in them, and the authorities at St. Andrews have only to be approached in a proper and constitutional spirit by a representative body when something vital and important requires doing. I am heartily glad that such friendly *pourparlers* have been exchanged by the two authorities, for it is of immense importance to the game that the Americans, who now form such a large and increasing part of the golf body politic, should move *pari passu* with us, and should adhere to any reforms carried by us. I suppose there can be no finality in the Rules of Golf. The game is so varied, so elastic, and so elusive, that it seems impossible to cabin, crib, and confine it within a set of rules. Still, it is all to the good that a Sub-Committee of the Rules of Golf Committee should be engaged on a revision of the rules, and that they should be working in harmony with the U.S. authorities.

Photo *Whitbread*

The Latest Hazard!

A golf ball which has become impaled on a lady's hatpin, doubtless dropped by some fair visitor to the course

A Representative from the States

In connection with this, I note with satisfaction a proposal by Mr. Horace Hutchinson on the agenda of the Royal and Ancient business meeting to the effect "that the Rules of Golf Committee be authorised to invite the United States Golf Association to appoint a representative as a member of the Committee." I trust that, by the time these lines appear, this motion will have been approved by the Club. I am not clear as to whether Mr. Hutchinson's meaning is that the representative appointed by the U.S. Association shall be a member of the Royal and Ancient, or whether he is to be an American and be a corresponding member. This will have been cleared up at the meeting.

A Valuable Precedent

Whichever decision be taken, I am full of hope that the motion will have met with approval. It will form a valuable precedent for attaching representatives of other associations to the ruling body, and thus the latter will have its position and authority confirmed in a decisive manner. It stands to reason that, in these days of ever-increasing golf and golfers, it is imperative that the ruling club should remain in touch with the vast army of players at home and abroad; and this can only be done by some such system as has been proposed by Mr. Hutchinson. If this question is now handled wisely, firmly, and yet diplomatically, we shall hear no more, thank goodness, of rival unions and associations, but the Mother of Golf will be seated permanently, with the willing consent of all her subjects, upon her throne, "broad-based upon the players' will." I understand that the revisers of the rules are proceeding upon simplifying lines, and that the result of their labours will be submitted to the Spring meeting of the Club next year. They will, no doubt, receive valuable suggestions from the American Association, for fresh minds very often are able to solve knotty points, and to point out useful reforms which older players, brought up under the various codes of rules that have puzzled them nearly every decade, are sometimes unable to do.

A Time for Action

From the precedent set by Mr. Daniel Chauncey, I should imagine that the Rules of Golf Committee would be prepared to listen to any suggestions made by other representative bodies either at home or abroad. If so, now is the moment for such bodies to take action. By getting in touch with the authorities at St. Andrews they will feel that they have some voice in the making of the laws, and that sense of soreness and dissatisfaction which has sometimes existed among Southern golfers will disappear.

Ernest Lehmann

Since I wrote the above, Mr. Hutchinson's motion has been withdrawn. I shall go more fully into this in my article next week, dealing with the Autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient. E. L.

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The Latest Craze

Diabolo, which has been having such an extraordinary vogue in France, and looks like becoming equally popular in England, is only an old game revived. In "The Modern Playmate," a favourite book of games, etc., with schoolboys in the 'sixties and 'seventies, the game and its implements are fairly fully described under the name of "bandilore," and, whether it originally came (as some say) from China or not, it was undoubtedly played in England up to a little later than the middle of the last century—of course, only by children. The extraordinary thing about Diabolo is the way in which it has "caught on" with adults as well as children, and it is quite comic to see a man, who would probably feel insulted if you invited him to trundle a hoop or spin a peg-top, working diligently at Diabolo. As for the game itself, it is one which calls for the exercise of a good deal of skill. The knack of spinning the reel or top is not easily acquired, and when you have learnt that, the throwing up of the top and catching it on the string, and the trick of letting it roll up the sticks, takes some doing. But the higher flights of the game are not really reached until two players play with each other, throwing the top to one another, catching it, and returning it again. This is sometimes done over a net, and some people have attained to such a degree of skill that they can play a game resembling lawn tennis; but for myself, I do not regard the game as sufficiently athletic to stay, and I should doubt whether it will be much more than a passing craze.

Yet Another Captain for Surrey

H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, who has recently been appointed Captain of the Surrey County Cricket Team. He is commonly known to his intimates as "The Shrimp"

BOXING

Self-Defence in the Services

After three strenuous days' work, the Army and Navy Boxing Championships at Aldershot were successfully concluded on Thursday evening last. The total number of bouts got through in the three days was 119, the record score of fifty-eight being achieved on the second; and it is most gratifying to find that

Co-operative Diabolo

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Game as a "Solitary" Pastime

Rumours of the Diabolo craze reached us from France during the summer. Now the infection has been caught in this country, and both as a "solitary" pastime and played with a partner it is rapidly making headway, as the fact that it has already figured in *Punch* and *Westminster Gazette* cartoons proves. It is not likely, however, that it will really oust any of the more serious and more athletic games at present in vogue

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Photo *Gale and Polden*

The Army and Navy Boxing Championships: A Terrific Bout for the Final

Corporal Sunshine, a bombardier of enormous strength, knocked out Petty Officer Jeffreys, Navy Champion (H.M.S. *June*), in half a minute. The Navy man was rendered insensible by the terrific onslaught. The Championships occupied three days; the total number of bouts was 119

our soldiers and sailors of all ranks are as keen on becoming proficient in the art of defending themselves in truly British fashion as they are on the defence of their country. At the same time, it is quite obvious that the gathering is becoming too large to be run on its present lines. If its duration cannot be extended to four days it will be necessary to have two rings going at once—at any rate, on the first two. In the Officers' Championship, Lieut. G. D'A. Shaw (R.F.A.) scored a double win—in the "Feathers" and in the Light Weights, but he was slightly lucky to secure the verdict in the former, for in the final between him and Lieut. Williams (also of the R.F.A.) the judges disagreed, and the referee's decision in favour of Shaw came as a surprise to many of the critics, who thought that Williams had had slightly the better of it. However, the fact of the judges disagreeing showed what a very near thing it was. In the Light Weights, Shaw proved what a really fine boxer he is by decisively beating in the final an opponent, Lieut. G. H. Anderson (18th Hussars), who had a great advantage over him in the matter of inches. Lieut. Shaw has won the "Feathers" and Light Weights twice before, in 1904 and 1905. In the final of the Middle Weights, last year's winner, Captain W. Long, D.S.O. (Royal Scots Greys), a son of the ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland, had a great struggle with Lieut. W. H. P. Richards (R.M.L.I.). At the close the judges disagreed, and an extra round was ordered. Even after this they could not decide, and the referee, on appeal, gave his decision in favour of Capt. Long. The Heavy Weights was by no means difficult for the winner, Lieutenant Dix (R.N.), nor was he sufficiently extended for an estimate to be formed of what he can really do; but he impressed one as being remarkably quick with his hands for a man of his size. In his speech at the conclusion of the boxing, Major-General Grierson, who presented the prizes, made special reference to the fact that, throughout the whole of the three days, there had not been one single instance of a foul.

POLO AT ELVASTON

No keener sportsman breathes than Lord Harrington, and the enthusiasm with which he throws himself into his favourite pastimes, fox-hunting and polo, is really refreshing to see. For polo he has laid out an excellent private ground at Elvaston Castle, and some splendid games were seen there last week. The open tournament was won by the Handley Cross team (Messrs. H. Rich, F. M Freake, H. T. and F. O. Ellison) after a superb struggle in the final tie on Saturday with Brampton, who were not beaten until several minutes' extra time had been played. Cub-hunting in the early morning and polo in the afternoon formed the pleasant programme of visitors to Elvaston last week.

TO FOLLOWERS OF HOUNDS.

As in former years, "The Bystander" is marking the beginning of the Hunting Season by the issue of a SPECIAL HUNTING NUMBER.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The Automobile Association's new premises at Manchester were opened with *éclat* last Tuesday, a goodly contingent of well-known motorists travelling down from Town in order to be present. Colonel Bosworth, who took the chair at the dinner, was as jovial and cheery as usual, but, on the subject of the differences between the A.A. and the Motor Union, the gallant Colonel showed but little disposition to be communicative. The fact is, both the A.A. and the M.U. realise that there is room for them both, and now, in a wiser, if a sadder, frame of mind, they regret having been led to indulge in newspaper recriminations. The desire on both sides is to refrain from any further controversy in the Press, which is far more satisfactory than their recent habit of sending out long and somewhat violent communications to the papers on the subject of their differences.

• • •

The increasing varieties of steel-studded and other anti-skidding bands are factors which are having considerable influence at the present time towards inducing road authorities to take steps to improve the condition of most of the public thoroughfares in the country. The Kent County Council in August last decided to invite the Councils of Bucks, Essex, Herts, Surrey, and Sussex, to unite and send a joint deputation to the Local Government Board to call attention to the urgency of protecting road authorities against the heavy additional expense caused by motor traffic, especially since the introduction of "armoured" tyres. The County Surveyor of Kent estimates that 60 per cent. of cars are now using these tyres.

Car-icature—No. XLVI.: The Earl of Carcarvon

The lord of many broad acres, the Earl of Carnarvon is an enthusiastic motorist, and is the owner of many cars. He is also devoted to yachting

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

• • •

Kent is probably the most progressive of the Home Counties as regards the upkeep of roads, and the Kentish authorities have from the outset shown themselves desirous of tackling the subject of road surfaces in a scientific manner. Last year in the hop county over £4,000 was spent upon tar-spreading or other dust-laying devices, and during the current year over £6,000 has been ear-marked for this purpose alone. But, apart from this expense, Mr. Maybury, the County Surveyor, states that at least £10,000 per annum of the road expenditure in Kent is due to motor-car traffic alone, while in many of the Home Counties the cost of maintaining the roads has increased from 50 to 60 per cent. Mr. Maybury admits that steel-studded tyres minimise to a great extent the dangers of side-slip, and that for such time as roads are built with excessive camber and of the usual loose, slippery material, bound together by mud, so long will it be necessary to adopt precautions for the safety of the public as much as for the motorist.

• • •

The scientific laying out of roads capable of coping with the altered conditions of traffic means a great initial expense to the ratepayers unless State aid is forthcoming. In the past there has been a great deal of tinkering with very few serious attempts to modernise the roads, but where they have been strengthened the upkeep has not been heavy. The object of the different Councils in the Home Counties in sending a deputation to the L.G.B. is to suggest that the recommendations made by the Royal Commission on Local Taxation in 1901 be laid before Parliament. The recommendations

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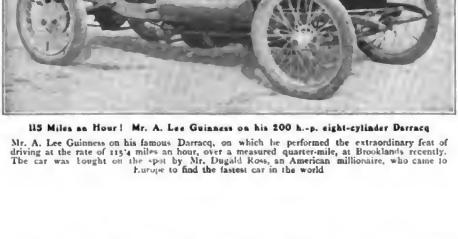

115 Miles an Hour! Mr. A. Lee Guinness on his 200 h.-p. eight-cylinder Darracq

Mr. A. Lee Guinness on his famous Darracq, on which he performed the extraordinary feat of driving at the rate of 115¼ miles an hour, over a measured quarter-mile, at Brooklands recently. The car was bought on the spot by Mr. Dugald Ross, an American millionaire, who came to Europe to find the fastest car in the world

To buy a Motor-Car go to THE MOTOR SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD., 111, Piccadilly, London, W. New and second-hand cars of all makes always in stock. Expert advice given without any charge. Tyres, spare parts, accessories, and motor clothing.

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127, LONG ACRE, W.C. and 10, OLD BOND ST., W.

By Appointment to H.M. The King. By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

DAIMLER

ASFORDBY HALL,
MELTON MOWBRAY,
September 12th, 1907.

Dear Mr. Instone,

Just back from Scotland and the North. I must send you a line and tell you how well my 30-55 h.p. Daimler ran. I had no trouble of any sort, and had not even a screw to touch of any sort or kind. A better car than a Daimler I could not wish for. The Devil's Elbow in Scotland and the Kirkstone Pass in Westmoreland it ran up like a cork, and I believe they are 1 in 6 or 7.

Yours truly,
(Signed) L. E. LOWTHER.

— THE —
Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.
COVENTRY: Daimler Works.
LONDON: 219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
MANCHESTER: 60, Deansgate. **NOTTINGHAM:** 06-08, Derby Road. **BRISTOL:** 18, Victoria Street.

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The RENOWNED **REO**

ALL TYPES READY FOR QUICK DELIVERY. FINEST SELECTION IN LONDON.

10 H.P., 4 Seats, **£165**
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LANDAULETTES from **£360**

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Telephone: 39 Westminster.
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LOSS OF HAIR

"The Remedy Working Wonders!"
"How True are the Words!"

"Grand Hotel Continental, Nice,
"9th March, 1907.

"Dear Sirs,

"'Tatcho'—'A remedy capable of working wonders!' Strange but how true are the words! I can with all my heart thank God for having tried 'Tatcho.' It will be a year the 25th of this month that I first used the wonderful 'Tatcho.' I was losing my hair in a most dreadful manner through worry and illness of my dear wife, who died at Meoton. I was lost to know what to do. I saw 'Tatcho' advertised, and have been faithful to it ever since. I found while travelling to my auto I could leave my cap off and not catch cold. It is simply great. Hair ever in its place and head cool. I feel it has entirely rejuvenated me.

"My great desire is to some day thank you in person for what your 'Tatcho' has done for me. I have recommended it to a great many of my friends.

"I remain, yours most gratefully,
"CHEVALIER ECOREL."

You may have a 4/6 Trial Bottle of "Tatcho," carriage paid, for 1/10, on application to the "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, mentioning "The Bystander."

GUARANTEE.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulæ recommended by me.

In honesty to yourself, refuse worthless imitations.
Chemists and Stores all over the world.

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Changing an Elastes-filled Inner Tube

One of the great disadvantages of Elastes is the difficulty of replacing the filled inner tube on the wheel. This has now been overcome by the introduction of a movable-flange rim

were that additional grants from the State Exchequer should be made to local funds to improve and maintain the main roads, and that a central department should direct the allocation of the money. This brings us back to my suggestion a week or two back that a traffic authority ought to be appointed. Until this comes about, the unfortunate ratepayer will have to continue to pay more, without having the satisfaction of feeling that the money has been judiciously expended.

* * *

The Brooklands Club will hold a meeting on October 13, in which a race will be allotted to each of the four standard pattern cars, the distances being the same as last time, except that the race for 90 h.-p. cars will be increased from five miles to twenty, which, it is hoped, will make the contest more attractive. Two sweepstakes are included in the programme, one of them, the Medium Handicap, being designed for the large number of four-cylinder cars which have a cylinder-bore between 130 m.m. and 140 m.m. inclusive. These measurements are not suited to any of the standard classes.

* * *

A strong petition is to be presented to his Majesty the King, supported by the Roads Improvement Association, with a view to widening Brentford High Street. Every motorist knows, to his sorrow, this narrow neck of highway, which is, as well as a main trunk road, the Royal route from London to Windsor. For a long time past there has been a growing feeling that the road needs widening, but the Brentford Town Council is heavily burdened financially, while the congestion of traffic arises from sources over which the local authorities have no control, so that any expenditure for this purpose will need to be provided by the State. There are many "bottle-neck" roads round about London, but there is nothing quite so notorious as Brentford High Street, which has become rapidly worse since the electric trams were allowed to use the thoroughfare. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Sir Charles Louis writes: "I have recommended the WESTINGHOUSE Car . . . . because I believe that it is certainly better than any other car on the market."—A. GAAL AND Co., 17, Hanover Square, W. Telephone: 2761 Mayfair.

Miscellanea

ANOTHER MOVABLE-FLANGE RIM.—Not content, apparently, with the phenomenal success of Elastes, its inventors

Mounting the Elastes-filled Tyre

Showing the wheel before the removable flange has been replaced

have improved its composition, so that it is still more resilient than when originally introduced. They have now produced a movable-flange rim, which makes it unnecessary in future for motorists to send in their wheels to the Elastes Company for the tubes to be filled with this most efficient composition. Our illustrations show the various parts of the rim, mounted and taken down, and actual demonstration has proved to us that where this new rim is used an Elastes-filled tube can be inserted into one's cover more quickly than an air-tube can be changed on the ordinary rim. The new rim has its attractions even for the motorist who sticks to his ordinary Dunlop air-tube, for it is detachable in a marvellously short time, and the appearance of the complete rim is singularly neat.

Messrs. Morgan and Co., Ltd., of Long Acre and Old Bond Street, who are the sole agents for the Adler car in the United Kingdom, inform us that the Adler works at Frankfurt have recently supplied H.I.M. the German Emperor with a 40-50 h.-p. Adler car.

THE MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE CASE.—We have received the following letter from the Secretary of the Automobile Association, and are glad to give it prominence. The case is one which we referred to a short time ago, and it is worthy of the support of all motorists:—"Sir,—I beg the valuable influence of your journal in the cause of an appeal for subscriptions on behalf of Mr. Joseph Taylor. Mr. Taylor, who is a small tradesman living at Windsor, rendered really splendid service to the public in general, and automobilism in particular, in connection with the freeing of Windsor and Maidenhead Bridges from tolls, although it is doubtful whether a tithe of the motoring community who cross these important bridges frequently are aware that at one time tolls were levied upon all motor traffic, and that it is entirely due to Mr. Taylor's work that these tolls have been removed. Mr. Taylor fought the matter out, step by step, for years, incurring costs and personal loss which, I am informed, total to about £300. Recently he appeared, unassisted by counsel, to appeal against the decision of Mr. Justice Buckley, under which the Corporation of Maidenhead had a claim against him for an additional £130, and which the Corporation refused all requests on the part of intermediaries to forego. Mr. Taylor was congratulated by the Lords Justices of Appeal on the way in which he had presented his case, and, after some discussion, judgment was entered by consent for him. This well-deserved success, however, does not by any means end Mr. Taylor's difficulties, and subscription lists are being opened for the sole purpose of defraying his legal expenses. The Automobile Association, which has been in touch with the case for some months past, has voted a sum of twenty guineas, and I earnestly hope that the wide publicity you are good enough to give to this appeal will induce motorists to recognise Mr. Taylor's undoubted claim upon their financial support. Subscriptions will be received on behalf of Mr. Taylor at the Automobile Association's offices, Princes Buildings, Coventry Street, W.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, STENSON COOKE."

A remarkably handsome car has just been supplied to the Duke of Rutland by Fiat Motors, Ltd., 37 and 38, Long Acre. Of the 30-40 h.-p. type, it is fitted with the special automatic starting device. The car is installed with electric light, and has all the latest contrivances for making motoring as comfortable as staying at home.

The Complete Wheel

With the flange screwed home

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. . Dealing in China and Glass is not a Departmental affair with us, but our sole concern. Every detail is under the personal supervision of the Proprietors, whilst every member of our staff is an experienced man, able to answer practical questions, and to offer suggestions to customers. An inspection of our Showrooms—covering three spacious floors—is cordially invited.

. . If unable to call, write for our Illustrated Catalogue, containing faithful reproductions in Colours of a wide selection of our goods.

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Tailoring in its best sense is not so much a matter of Rules as of Perception. It is a matter of assisting a customer in the Choice of Material which will suit both the person and the purpose, and of afterwards—in no fixed way—fashioning that material into a garment which will fit perfectly, be properly comfortable, and have the full appearance of having been made for the wearer with all carefulness. The Method must vary in nearly every case—the Object only remaining the same always. It is a matter of successfully combining Reason with Handicraft.

By following in his work the line of thought here indicated, and charging Moderate Prices, Mr. Bull is able to satisfy the varied requirements of those who come to him for clothes.

Patterns and Price List (Illustrated by Actual Photographs) will be sent Post Free on application. It should be stated for which garment the patterns are required.

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WES

Your Own Bare Feet,

carefully studied, will probably tell some story of mis-shaping—a story which begins years back, when you were a child. Most feet, if spoilt at all, are spoilt in Childhood, when they are developing, through being cramped by ill-shaped footwear which makes no proper allowance for Natural Development.

. . Reading that story, you will recognise the importance of giving Children foot-coverings made with every thought and care for their special purpose.

PHAT-PHEET Sandal-Shape FOOTWEAR is made FOR Children—with every care. It is so fashioned and made that it allows little feet to develop in a Natural way, without any pinching or cramping. It gives Ease—Perfect Comfort when most needed, and most appreciated.

. . **No. 834** (illustrated above) is the Best Quality Child's Sandal-Shape Boot—a Model having every good feature which the Highest-grade Materials and the most careful Shaping can impart. It is cut from a fine Willow Calf . . . is Strong but Not Heavy, and Supremely Comfortable. This Boot is Exceptionally Durable, and—price and all considered—its purchase will be found a real Economy. Stocked in Button or Lace. Post Free Prices (in U.K.):

7	7½	8	8½	9	9½	10	10½
8/9	9/-	9/3	9/6	9/9	10/-	10/3	10/3

Larger Sizes in proportion. This Boot can also be supplied in Black Box Calf to Lace and in Glace Kid to Button.

. . Write (mentioning "The Bystander") for Catalogue "P" which illustrates and gives full particulars of Phat-Pheet Footwear.

Daniel Neal & SONS, Ltd.

Specialists in Boots and Shoes for Children.

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WES PHAT PHEET

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Roses as Autumn Flowers

"The last rose of summer, left blooming alone," will have to be a very, very late blossom nowadays, to judge by the number and beauty of the exhibits at the National Rose Society's fourth annual autumn show, held at the Horticultural Hall last week. How many of even the most sanguine of gardeners a decade ago would have believed that a show of any sort would be feasible at the end of September. Owing, however, to the success which has attended the cultivation of the hybrid perpetual rose, there is really no reason why we should not be able to pluck our roses on Christmas Day, provided the Clerk of the Weather does not favour us with too much *real* winter before the close of the year. The number of entries for the Show was a record one, though only one absolutely new variety was to be seen.

The New Irish Perpetual Rose, "Avoca"
Awarded a Gold Medal at the National Rose Society's Autumn Show

FINE EXHIBITS AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL

A New Variety

This novelty was exhibited by Messrs. Dickinson and Sons, of Newtownards, and has been named "Avoca." The flowers are of a deep crimson-scarlet colour, and, in fact, in places there is a very definite suggestion of a purply-blue shade. Perhaps next year the novelty will be a blue rose? The scent is as sweet as any midsummer bloom, and the plant is so hardy that it will blossom continuously until late in the autumn.

Every lady should make a note of the week, Oct. 7 to Oct. 12 inclusive, as during this period the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street, is holding a sale of French blouses, including a number of special models, all made in Paris. These blouses are being offered regardless of cost, in many instances the figure being as low as 5/9.

Our Special Hunting Number next week.
Price 6d., as usual.

THE AITCHISON HIGH POWER "DAY MARINE" PRISM GLASSES

EXCHANGE YOUR OLD-FASHIONED CLASSES.

OUR NEW SCHEME. We will allow a reasonable price for Prism or other Field Glasses in part payment.

Send for our new illustrated Price List, select the glass you would like, then send your old glass to us by parcel post, and we will write and inform you what we can allow you for it, and return it carriage paid if you do not accept our offer.

POWERS UNEQUALLED BY ENGLISH OR FOREIGN MAKERS.

No. 12, MAGNIFICATION 12 DIAMETERS. £7 10 0 | No. 20, MAGNIFICATION 20 DIAMETERS. £10 10 0
No. 16, MAGNIFICATION 16 DIAMETERS. £8 10 0 | No. 25, MAGNIFICATION 25 DIAMETERS. £12 10 0

With Central Focussing Motion, £1 extra each Glass. Monocular (Single Tube) Glasses half above prices.
Parcels post paid to any part of the world.

THE "NIGHT MARINE," same model as above, magnifying 9 diameters, £6 10 0
ditto ditto with central focussing motion, 7 10 0
(This is the most useful all-round Glass for Tourists and Travellers.)

DETAILS.—The above are all fitted with object glasses 1 7-16 inches (37 millimetres) in diameter. Iris diaphragms controlled by a simple screw movement from central bar, this permits the glasses being used under all conditions of atmosphere and in all climates, securing perfect definition at all times. The body of the glass is turned from a solid aluminium casting and renders it practically impossible to throw it out of adjustment. All the work is executed at our own factory in London, and every glass is examined and tested personally by Mr. Aitchison.

AITCHISON & CO., OPTICIANS TO THE BRITISH AND UNITED STATES GOVERNMENTS,
12 CHEAPSIDE, 428 STRAND, 281 OXFORD ST. (Between Bond St. and Oxford Circus), LONDON.
47 FLEET ST., 6 POULTRY, 46 FENCHURCH ST., And 14 NEWGATE ST.,
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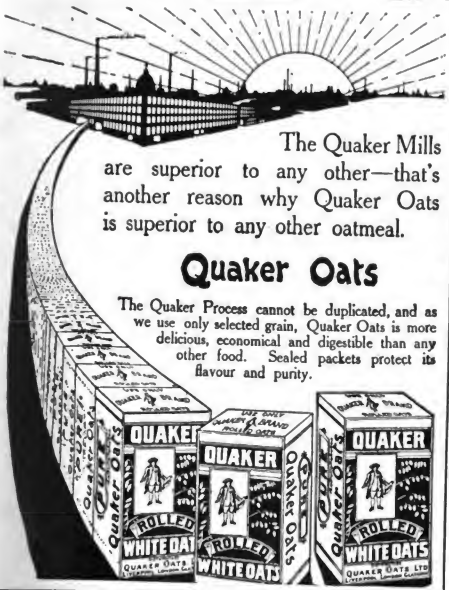
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Quaker Oats
The Quaker Process cannot be duplicated, and as we use only selected grain, Quaker Oats is more delicious, economical and digestible than any other food. Sealed packets protect its flavour and purity.

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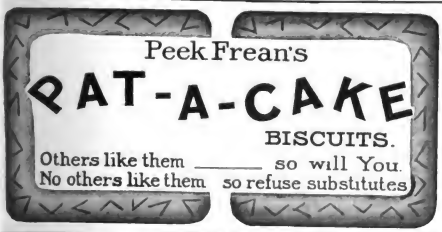
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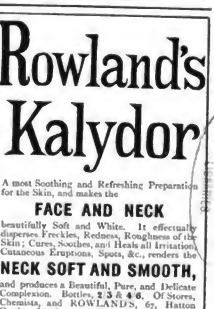
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A most Soothing and Refreshing Preparation for the Skin, and makes the
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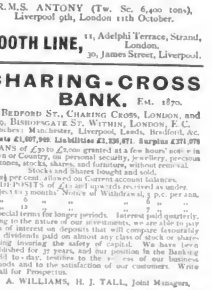
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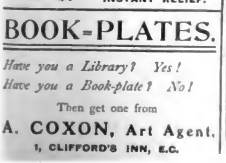
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By Mrs. JACK MAY

Who was it said that Mohammedans must be mad, otherwise they would never be Mohammedans? And those are my sentiments precisely in respect of my friends who have been caught up in the craze for Limericks. It is such a strenuous age, we cannot even take an infantile amusement reasonably. Persistent Bridge is bad enough, but ye Fates! Limericks are worse! And they are proving quite especially annoying to me, as there really is so much of importance in the world of dress just now to consider and talk about. Perhaps, however, I am mad, otherwise I should not be a dress chronicler, and *La Mode*, of course, is admittedly always on the border line, and we are all assuredly going mad this winter over velvet gowns.

A Distinctive Evening Toilette
The chief component material is old rose and silver tissue, the long train skirt being sun-ray pleated and faced up at the hem with silver sequin lace
(Sketched at Mme. Kate Newton's by Dorothy Millar)

Kate Newton, 155, Great Portland Street

With that discerning finger of hers always on the pulse of things, Mme. Kate Newton has on view a display of model toilettes, effected in this favoured fabric, that is not to be rivalled anywhere, either for style or intrinsic value, added to which there are the prices. These covetable confections commence at ten guineas, mounted throughout—although that goes without saying—on silk. A tiny mole and black check is *chic* beyond description, trimmed with black silk braid, the corsage charmingly draped over a vest of pale grey silk, the whole a wealth of quiet artistic detail. A glorified tailor-made, ideal for wear at a winter wedding, in deep Japanese blue, is arranged with a short banded coat, the front opening on a deftly treated chiffon vest, with the fashionable grandfather's frill. In evening gowns there is choice galore, every imaginable fantasy being represented.

A distinctively lovely evening toilette, by the way, forms the subject of our sketch, a model that bears a name to conjure with. The chief component material is old rose and silver tissue, the long train skirt being sun-ray pleated and faced up at the hem with silver sequin lace. Falling directly from the waist are two tapering trails of black velvet and chiffon flowers, picked out with silver *dimanté*, and of this mingled embroidery the corsage is mainly composed, mounted over pink, and adorned with festooned chains of pink pearls. What this creation must have originally cost to produce it would be illuminative to hear, Kate Newton's price affording no suspicion of a notion. It is, moreover, always pleasurable to reflect that these are all exclusive affairs, the fortunate owner having no need to fear that she may one day collide with her double.

Small wonder is it that this house flourishes and prospers, and is at the moment extending its premises. The stock of furs alone is a sight to see, and such prices as these are being offered at, prices that place *recherché* models in such desirable pelts as Persian lamb, broadtail, well within the compass of the average allowance. Twelve and a half guineas, for instance, procures a broadtail coatee, a seal musquash, with some peculiarly good embroidery introduced in decorative relief, being marked at fifteen guineas, while full length fur-lined driving coats, completed by oppossum collars, are, of course, unquestionable bargains at

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This is an altogether exceptional offer, and remains open for **One Week Only**, from **October 7 to 12** inclusive. These Blouses are being offered regardless of cost to effect a clearance.

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A skin of beauty is a joy for ever.

LATEST AND BEST FACE CRÊME.

Guaranteed not to produce hair.

A Boon to Lady Motorists.

In Jars, 2/-, 4/-, 6/-.

Treatments for the Face and Neck, 5/-
Manicure, 2/6.

CRÊME DE JAPON CIE,
13 & 14, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

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four and a half guineas. To the busy woman, social or professional, Mme. Kate Newton has come as a veritable boon, since an hour or so spent within the precincts of 155, Great Portland Street suffices to satisfy the most exhaustive needs in the matter of gowns, furs, coats, tea-gowns, and evening mantles.

Le Dernier Cri in Perfumes

I feel a little hopeless, since the mission is upon me, to write a long dissertation on the ethics of perfumes, and the space at command is deplorably limited. So let me at once to the shrine of Shem-el-Nessim, the latest production of those world-renowned purveyors, Messrs. Grossmith and Son. For more years now than I quite care to admit, I have used the firm's Hasu-no-Hana, a distillation from the Japanese lotus flower, but my allegiance is at last prepared to give way before Shem-el-Nessim, an Arabian inspiration, seductively characteristic, and wholly distinct from any other scent. It is, in fact, the most individual perfume that has been brought out for some long while, and its assured success will amply repay the several years of experimental toil needed to bring it up to its present perfection.

As haphazard perfumes are flung broadcast on the market every year, it is well to pause now and again to realise the heinousness of these by comparison with Messrs. Grossmith's perfumes, over which time, much money, and the best skill procurable are expended ere full and complete satisfaction be attained. Maybe, only those who have visited Oriental countries will truly appreciate the mysterious Eastern suggestiveness of Shem-el-Nessim, although all who are in any way possessed of a judicious olfactory sense cannot fail to realise the true artistic value of this perfume.

To many of us, scents are as inspiring as a poem, a picture, or piece of music. They recall situations, faces, personalities, with immense vividness, always provided, of course, they are of themselves artistic. And it is a well-known fact that none other emanates from the house of Grossmith. In connection with this last child of their creative skill, there is, in addition to the handkerchief perfume, a toilet soap that very quickly testifies its worth, an ideally fine face-powder of guaranteed purity, a sweetly aromatic dentifrice, together with sachets and toilet water. In a word, there is the whole gamut of toilet accessories now exacted by fastidious womanhood, of whom I am more than proud to proclaim myself an ardent member. Personally, if I had been asked, I should like to have kept the secret of Shem-el-Nessim to myself. But, happily, the world is large.

Something for Our Boys at Shoolbred's

A quiet, unassertive, but widely appreciated department at Tottenham House is the one devoted to men's and boys' tailoring, whence our picture was secured. Every mother interested in the subject of boys' garments—and it mostly falls to the lot of mothers, I observe, to be so—will admit the worth of these overcoats of Shoolbred's, the commencing price whereof is 14*s.* 6*d.* The feature of the style is a particularly free sacque back, the fronts, according to demand, presenting double-breast, single-breast, or a Chesterfield aspect. The whole tone is admirably "mannish," a characteristic accentuated by checked woollen linings and smartly built little caps to match. There is a positively endless choice in tweeds and cloths, something of an emphasis being laid on a parsley-green shade.

A Smart Overcoat for a Little Boy

(Sketched at Shoolbred's by Dorothy Millar)

For several years now, Messrs. Shoolbred have been busy specialising in light-weight, moderate-priced motoring coats for gentlemen, a line they are augmenting this season by a flannel frieze in a dark pepper-and-salt mixture, lined with ordinary lambswool. There is no pretence that this is other than a driving or motoring coat, the fronts closing directly up to the throat, where they are met by a deep turn-over collar; or, if preferred, this same coat can be had, lined through with leather, at the same price — namely, 50*s.* Far be it from me, a mere woman, to advise; but just let the men go and look at this offering and judge for themselves as to its excellence. Then, for a chauffeur, Shoolbred's have brought out a very smart military cut of coat in a dark grey mixture, lined with Greenland seal, dyed black, for £6 10*s.*—a genuinely warm wrap that humane medical men, in particular, will see the advisability of providing, in view of the severe winter the weather prophets are forecasting.

"The Avalanche" at the Hippodrome

Of all Mr. Frank Parker's ingenious productions, assuredly this is the most stupendous, the most wonderful, the most real. One is bewildered by the very magnificence of it all. We are suddenly transferred from the comfortable stalls of the Hippodrome to the snow-clad Alps, where lugeing and ski-ing are in full swing. Strings of tourists, roped to their guides, are making the ascent of the steep mountain-sides in search of edelweiss and other rare plants. We witness an Alpine wedding, and join in the general rejoicings, which take the shape of dancing and singing. Finally comes the Avalanche, sweeping all before it, men and women, and drowning the villain just as he is attempting to murder the hero. The management have been fortunate in securing the services of the Norwegian Champion Ski performers and the Tyrolean Singing Troupe.

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No. 201.—Vol. XVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 9, 1907 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Langfier, 170, Old Bond Street*

THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday October 9, 1907

It is pleasant to know that the Kaiser has fixed November 11 for the date of his arrival in this country, where he is sure of a popular ovation. As an old lady recently remarked in the Tube, we have had so few interesting visitors since the baby giraffe came.

• • •

Votes for Women, which is the name of the monthly newspaper published by the Suffragettes, is giving away a picture of Mrs. Pankhurst with its first issue. We understand, however, that this paper will, as a general rule, appeal to reason rather than sentiment.

• • •

Smaller nations, whose resources have been heavily taxed in order to send delegates to the front, will be relieved to hear that those engaged in The Hague at the Peace Conference have proclaimed an armistice, and will shortly withdraw their forces.

• • •

Russia has submitted to the Powers a scheme for "preventing Christians from massacring Christians"—in Macedonia. The nature of the scheme has not yet been revealed, but the experience of the Russians in their own country should render it valuable. There, of course, they put a stop to this deplorable state of affairs in a very simple way—by inviting the Christians to massacre the Jews.

• • •

Pageants have invaded America, and Wanamaker's, the greatest store in the States, have started off with a Pageant of Commerce. Exact details of this interesting and historic affair have escaped our notice, but we can imagine just how a thing of this kind should be done in other countries:—

Scene I.—Morning of Sale. (Busy shop-girls putting up notices of "Enormous Sacrifice." Shop-soiled goods marked down from 4*s.* to 3*s.* 11¾*d.*)

Scene II.—The Sale Itself. (Ladies of fashion raging round counters. Rivals for bargains tearing at one another. Policemen gathering up fainting customers.)

Scene III.—A Home in the West End. (Lady showing bargains to husband. Peace of happy home destroyed, etc.)

• • •

Extravagance among Guardians is a deplorable thing, but the *Daily Graphic* has lately revealed an economy that seems even more terrible. To save the expense of refilling daily the Bermondsey Swimming Baths, the Council has, during the past season, been filtering them instead, and, as a result, the water has only been changed twice. We do not know what the death-rate in Bermondsey is, but, if anyone will inform us how many Bermondsey Councillors there are, we could give a very good guess as to what it ought to be.

• • •

Dirigible balloons may be dirigible or not, but there can be no doubt that they create a great deal of enthusiasm. We have been wondering how the voyage of a dirigible motor-car, say, would sound, if it were conducted on similar principles. Something, we imagine, like this:—

"With a whirr and a puff the eagle-shaped machine glided from its shed, the engineer easily escaping a telegraph-pole that was in front of it. Cheers went up as, freed from restraint, it sped blithely into a hedge on the far side of the road and darted into a grass-field adjoining. Answering its helm like some splendid ship, it circled thrice round a cow, which stood and bellowed in astonishment; then shot, like an arrow from the bow, towards the banks of the canal, into which it dipped gracefully. The occupants of the car had no difficulty in placing themselves in front of an approaching barge—so easily did the engines respond to the master-touch—and were picked up within half an hour. Colonel Jones, in command of the 'Nulli Primus,' expressed himself perfectly satisfied with its dirigibility, and said that the car was inferior to none in Europe."

The "Nulli Primus" will visit London, when the Railway Strike has been decided.

How Are the Mighty Fallen!

FARMER JONES: "There wasn't a better water dawg livin' until you shootin' gents took to borrowing 'im. Now 'is 'ide's that full of shots, he'd sink to the bottom like a brick!"

BY ARTHUR HOLLAND

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It is expected that if the halfpenny papers go on raving about Diabolo much longer, people may be goaded into the belief that there is such a game. By-the-by, it is to be hoped that the costermongers, postmen, cabmen, Chelsea pensioners, and other types of people "found playing Diabolo in the streets of London" were allowed to keep the bobbins and sticks lent them for the purpose by the newspaper photographers.

• • •

The Shah of Persia has given a definite pledge to recognise the Constitution and respect the rights of Parliament. The rights of the Persian Parliament are a little difficult to define, but it is considered unlikely that henceforward any M.P.'s—save those introducing obnoxious measures—will be liable to the bow-string.

• • •

The sins of Society are booming, and we are not surprised to learn from a contemporary that Bridge is becoming sadly popular in the nursery. Cannot Father Vaughan do something? It is not the thought of the mites gambling away huge sums of money that distresses us, but it does seem hard that elderly uncles who go upstairs expecting gaily to play at Bears or Ride-a-cock horse should, owing to this craze, find themselves left out in the cold. Surely the more unselfish tots could be made to realise this, and spare an hour or so from their game?

• • •

Those who have hitherto only played golf in a half-hearted way will be encouraged by the announcement recently made by a well-known insurance company. It is to the effect that players may insure themselves against all financial responsibility in the event of striking or injuring their caddies. This is the thing golf required to make it a perfect game. Destroying the turf only induced vexation. Breaking one's clubs merely hastened repentance. But to be able, when one is bunkered, to hit one's caddie over the head and fell him to the ground, that should bring on a spirit of serene satisfaction such as can be got from no other game. "Oh! yes," the happy golfer will say, as he comes in from the strenuous course, "I took 140 to go round. But—but I've smashed a couple of caddies!"

Photo Graphic Photo Agency
His Latest "Strenuosity"
Sir William Treloar inspects the view from one of the houses at the Hampstead Garden suburb, which he inaugurated last week

• • •

"Owing to the strained relations between the public and the police," a London magistrate fined a man who was before him last week instead of dismissing the charge, as he would otherwise have done. No doubt, if such action continues, it will tend to bring the police and the public into a more cordial frame of mind; but is it not, on the other hand, calculated to create some slight ill-feeling between the public and the magistrates?

• • •

The late Mrs. Elizabeth Rohrbach lived on board Cunard liners for twenty years. Would it be considered indelicate to remark that she probably knew the ocean's Rohrbach-wards?

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Art on 'Change: Visitors to the Stock Exchange Art Society's Exhibition now open

In spite, or perhaps in consequence, of the present financial depression, Art continues to flourish in the City, and this year's exhibition of the Stock Exchange Art Society, at Drapers' Hall, is quite up to the average. In fact, it is not going too far to say that the canvases of artistically inclined stockbrokers—holiday landscapes, caricatures, portraits, miniatures, and the like—are the only gilt-edged securities in which there seems any likelihood of business being done just at present

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To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Tally Ho!

In a few weeks the hunting season will be in full swing. The sporting Briton, having done his best with the grouse, the salmon, the partridges, and the pheasants, will proceed to give his undivided attention to the foxes. In England and Ireland, so universal is the sporting instinct, that a love of the chase is cherished by many different members of the community—peer and peasant, priest and farmer, saint and sinner, rich man, poor man. Even the "potterer" enjoys himself. Hounds in view, horse and man pelting over the country, oneself in the saddle and a poor old fox nearly run to earth—supreme ecstasy! Truly, a worthy British pastime.

* * *

Hunting Raiment

Nor is there anything more truly British and typical than the consummate care taken by the hunting-man and hunting-woman over their hunting "kit." No *débutante* fusses more over her first ball-gown than does the self-respecting sportsman over the fit of his coat, the polish of his boots, the hang of his breeches, or the folds of his white hunting-stock. His valet risks his eyesight polishing his immaculate top-hat, and even the straight spur and the not too clumsy crop are chosen with infinite care. While as for the Dianas of the hunting-field, well, English ladies are celebrated the world over for the Spartan simplicity of their hunting attire and for the wondrous and, to a mere male, incomprehensible manner with which most of them manage to impart grace and feminine charm to a raiment so eminently austere.

* * *

Sinless Society—

By the way, what an infallible draw is "Society." To see it—and its unspeakable sins—all Suburbia is flocking in from Peckham and Balham and Tooting Bec, and filling to overflowing the coffers of the Drury Lane management. Personally, I must confess I was a little misled by the title, *The Sins of Society*. Accustomed to the diatribes of Farm Street and the halfpenny Press on the subject of that mysterious "Smart Set," I went to Drury Lane prepared, or at least hoping, for disclosures. Nothing of the kind. Mr. Raleigh and Mr. Hamilton, I discovered, far from castigating the enemy, have constituted themselves its champion. There are no sins; nor, to be sure, is there any Society. If Lady Marion Beaumont (the erring heroine) *did* play Bridge rather too often, if she *did* cheat and gamble, and steal and drug and allow "the innocent to suffer for the guilty," she did it all *pour le bon motif*. She is sorry ("Pore dear!" as the kind lady in the stall next to me, in the pink-and-white satin blouse and the white cotton gloves, constantly remarked), they are all sorry, even the villain is sorry, to have to be so bad. At heart they are pure gold.

Photo *Thomson*

Viscountess Castlereagh

A new photograph of the wife of the heir of the Marquis of Londonderry

* * *

—And Its Champions

In fact, hearts in Mayfair, it seems, are, if we are to believe Mr. Raleigh and Mr. Hamilton, very much like hearts in Peckham. One sins only when one is hard-up. A sympathetic touch! One is hard-up, I believe—though not so often, of course—even in Tooting. Miss Constance Collier, as Lady Marion, in frocks which, if a little *outré* for "Society," are eminently suited for Drury Lane, gasps, rolls her eyes in agonies of futile remorse, groans and repents, in season and out, from 7.30 till 11.15 (when one has to leave if one wants to catch one's last 'bus home) with the most heartfelt vigour. Could one do more in Suburbia? Miss Adrienne Augarde, in short frocks, with eyes more overwhelmingly open than ever, is, all in due season, sweet, sad, unsophisticated, sentimental, unselfish. This is not what Farm Street, on the subject of *débutantes*, led us to believe! Even the villain and the pawnbroker are quite prepared to be good, only give them a chance! Altogether, the "Smart Set" ought to be grateful. It has a champion, too. By Christmas, when the pantomime comes on, its vindication should be complete.

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Not Venice—Merely Malaga in Flood

SCENES IN THE STREETS AFTER THE RECENT TORRENTIAL VISITATION

Photo *Topical Agency*

Rescue Parties at Work in the Flooded Malaga Streets, which have the Resemblance of Venetian Canals

England, happy to say, has not been visited by the disastrous storms and floods which have lately wrought such fearful havoc in Spain and France. At Malaga, the overflowing of the River Gaudalmedina turned the countryside into a vast lake for miles in every direction, with great consequent destruction. The floods have caused incalculable damage to the vineyards and the wine-cellars. Seventy-two lives were lost in the city, and an iron railway bridge was swept away a distance of two hundred yards

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Scions of the Man of Blood and Iron

Photos

Prince Otto and Count Gottfried VON BISMARCK

The Prince (heir of the Iron Chancellor) is nine years old, and the Count is also quite youthful. Lookers for family likeness are directed to turn to the right and note the eyes of the little Count, which are distinctly reminiscent of those of the man who ate up Austria for breakfast and France for lunch

Mayer

The Church Congress

The Bishops are moving. Their failure over the Deceased Wife's Sister Act would seem to have inspired them to fresh efforts—after publicity, at any rate. In America, the Bishop of London is endeavouring to retrieve our lost lawn-tennis ashes, and has been cordially received by Mr. Roosevelt. In England, the Bishop of Norwich, presiding over last week's Church Congress at Yarmouth, has positively electrified his brother Bishops by his radical proposal that in order to relieve the scandalous poverty existing in Church of England vicarages, it would not be at all a bad plan to reduce the Bishops' incomes and sell their palaces! £2,500 a year, says Dr. Sheepshanks, does it cost him to keep up his Palace at Norwich, and £4,500, complained recently the Bishop of London, is spent annually on the upkeep of Fulham Palace; while something like double that sum is spent on the Palace at Farnham, with its sixty-four rooms, and fourteen staircases, and its acre of roof. The contrast, in these days, when episcopal power is so very limited, between all this episcopal magnificence and the bravely born poverty of the country vicarage certainly *is* a little painful. It reminds one of Voltaire. His dislike for the priesthood was well known. Someone once said to him, "If you subtract pride from priests, nothing remains." "*Vous comptez donc, monsieur, la gourmandise pour rien?*" said Voltaire.

• • •

Descendants of the Man of Iron

The death of the Grand Duke of Baden, whom Bismarck, in 1890, it will be remembered, reproached for having connived at his fall, and the forthcoming visit of the German Emperor to England, accompanied by the German Chancellor, Prince Bülow, renders of particular interest the photographs of Bismarck's grandchildren which we publish in this number of THE BYSTANDER. They are the two sons of Bismarck's eldest son, the late Prince (Herbert) Bismarck, and of his wife, *née* Countess Margaret Hoyos, and, in appearance, it is noticeable that they resemble in no small manner the features and general characteristics of their paternal grandparents. In the girl, her grandfather's wonderful eyes and shaggy brows and her grandmother's distinctly Slavonic cast of countenance are startlingly reproduced. In the boys, though only children, the piercing eyes, the great breadth of the face, the large, well-laid back, rather deer-like ears, the almost parallel outline of short nose and kindly, rounded chin, which were the distinguishing features of his illustrious grandfather, are all to be remarked. The children, too, have that appearance of physical strength, of enormous vitality, of symmetry and balance, which so predominated in one's impressions of the great Chancellor, who "never regarded birth as a substitute for ability," and who in his composition combined with "something of the tenderness of the woman, much of the *naiveté* of the child, and all the qualities of the man." In his youth, Bismarck was the wildest of the wild. In his love he was passionate, in his work obstinate, positive, and determined.

THE PRINCESS PIA MONICA

In Quest of Whom, Busily Intrigue the Minions of his Bold Badness the King of Saxony. The child is now being kept by H.R.H. the Princess Marie Antoinette Louise of Austria, and Saxony, and Montignoso, and Tosselli, who is never—no NEVER!—going to let her go. Who-op!

• • •

Persia and the Convention

Punch, last week, hit off the Persian treaty by displaying Russia and Great Britain agreeing to stroke different halves of the Persian cat—the animal itself complaining that she had not been consulted in the matter. Certainly, it would be interesting to know what the Shah himself thinks of the calm partitioning of his Empire by two alien Powers. If all one hears of him be true, he is not quite the kind of man upon

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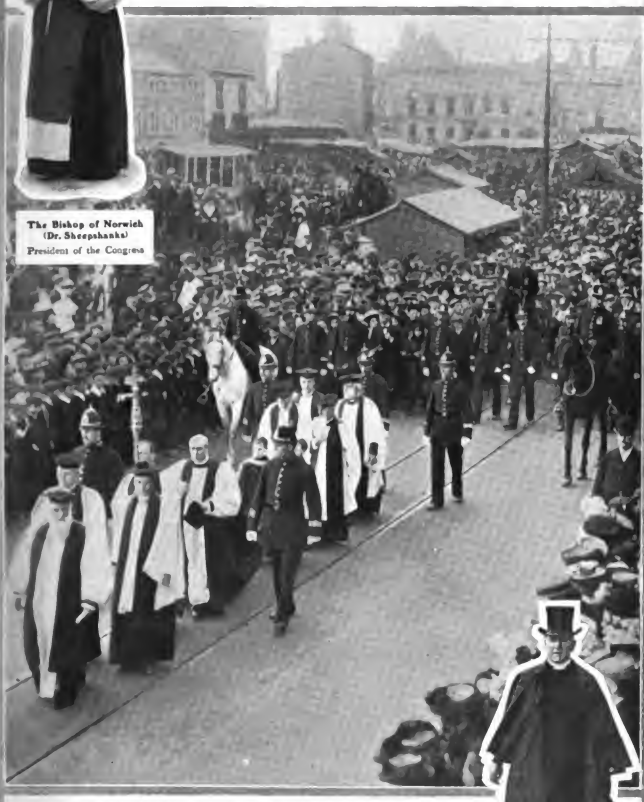
Airing Their Little Heresies AND ALSO THEMSELVES

PRELATES AND PRIESTS IN CONCLAVE AT YARMOUTH

The Bishop of Norwich (Dr. Sheepshanks)
President of the Congress



The Bishop of Norwich Archbishop of Canterbury

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The Church Congress, Yarmouth: Procession to the Parish Church

The staid and solemn proceedings usually associated with the Church Congress seemed to be lacking this year at Yarmouth, where the meetings last week were enlivened by spirited discussions and startling expressions of opinion on the part of several members of the Episcopate taking part. Most prominent among these were the remarks of the **Bishop of Norwich, President of the Congress,** rather approving of Disestablishment, and suggesting that the Bishops should dispense with their palaces and a lot of their pay, and those of the Bishop of Stepney frankly welcoming the tenets of Socialism!

Archdeacon Sinclair
A prominent figure

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"The Centre of the Universe"

whom it is possible to trample with impunity. With his accession in January last, Persia would seem to have entered upon an entirely new phase of her political life; for, even now, the new Shah's reign promises to be as radically different from his predecessor's as was the reign of the late Sovereign from that of his imperious father.

• • •

The Present Shah—

His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Ali Shah, the present "Imperator" of Persia, is the sixth Shah of the Kajar dynasty, which was founded by Agha Mohammed towards the end of the eighteenth century. The Shah, the eldest of several brothers, is a man of thirty-five, strong, healthy, and, as befits a good Persian, very stout. In spite of his earnest desire, he was not allowed to visit foreign countries in order to study at European universities. He is, nevertheless, for a Persian, very well educated, and can speak, besides Persian and Turkish, a little French and Russian. He is by no means averse to European innovations; like his father before him, he is extremely fond of using telephones and phonographs, and goes in largely for photography. He is an excellent shot and a fine sportsman. He is fond of hunting, riding, and motoring. His cars are all French, and his chauffeurs Belgian. The country around the capital is studded with his parks and palaces, all connected with good roads, and always ready for a sudden visit. As the Shah, like all his subjects, uses neither chair nor table for his meals, no special dining-rooms exist in his palaces. Meals are served where and when the fancy strikes him, and, complying with Oriental etiquette, he always eats alone and with his fingers. Dinner, an elaborate feast, is served at about ten o'clock in the Anderoon, or women's apartments.

Photo Underwood and Underwood, New York

His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Ali, Shah of Persia, wearing the Kajar Crown

Though his Empire is now partitioned into spheres of influence, he himself, happily, remains solidly enough intact. This unique photograph is the only one in existence, and has never before been published

• • •

—And His Government

Unlike his father, the Shah takes a very active part in the task of governing his turbulent Empire, and shows an aptitude for diligence and hard work which his Ministers and servants have perforce to emulate. He rises early, and, after a very light breakfast, a bath, prayers, and a stroll in the Imperial gardens, is ready for the affairs of State, which occupy him until lunch-time. Formerly, during these morning hours, instead of transacting State business, the Shah would send for all his chamberlains and would instruct them, on pain of death or disgrace, at once to relieve the tedium of the day by inventing new games for his distraction. The present Shah dresses, except for his Persian hat, entirely in European fashion. On State occasions only he appears in the costume prescribed by custom for a Persian monarch, and is then literally covered with precious stones of enormous size and value. In the Eveless Court of Persia there are no social functions, and theatres are unknown.

• • •

The Shah's Harem

Like most Orientals, the Shah has a large Anderoon (harem); in fact, he has several, the largest being in Teheran, while others are scattered about the country. The buildings and gardens set apart for the Shah's ladies are very remote, strongly guarded, and elaborate; and in the very midst of them stands a lovely white palace, square in shape, and two storeys high. This is the *Khab-gah*, or Palace of Sleep; and here the Shah sleeps, as did his father before him, guarded by a special guard of eunuchs and women. All the time he is asleep he is massaged. As a rule, the women of the Anderoon have no education. They dress and undress, eat sweetmeats, gossip and intrigue all day long, listening eagerly, whenever they get a chance, to the professional story-tellers. The making of pilgrimages is their only outside diversion. Such pilgrimages, however, are not often carried out by the younger members of the Shah's household for fear that, during their absence, their rivals might supersede them in the affections of the "Centre of the Universe," their master.

• • •

The New "Gerrard"

I was conscious, as I read the other day of the transference into a new building of the entire business of the Gerrard exchange, of a distinct sense of disappointment. Previously, in the back of my mind, "Gerrard" had been "wropt in mystery." That it was a place, a house, or just a street had never occurred to me. Often had I thanked the high telephonic gods that it was my fate, as I could not be quite "Mayfair," to be "Gerrard," not "Hop," or "Holborn," or "Avenue." The name, I had imagined, was given as a species of treat to a few favoured subscribers. "Few," because they don't like to be flurried at Gerrard. "Favoured," because it is so difficult to get a "Gerrard" number when one wants it that most of the applicants give it up, and

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Court Scenes in Persia

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE SHAH'S HAREM

Anderoon Palace, Teheran: The Shah's Harem

Each wife and each favourite is the mistress of a household of her own, so the establishment is one huge family of several hundred women

OWING to the Anglo-Russian Agreement, Persia is the country of the moment, and revelations of life in the Royal Harem in that land, culled from an authentic source, are of especial interest. The Anderoon Palace, as it is called, is the residence of the Shah's wives and favourites, the present monarch contenting himself with the comparatively trifling number of a dozen or so. As each of these ladies is attended by her own household—all, of course, females, as the Shah and a few privileged doctors are the only men who may enter the sacred precincts—the establishment is entirely composed of women. The wives must not do any work with their hands—not even the finest embroidery or needlework — so that their long day is occupied with intrigue, eating sweetmeats, paying calls upon one another, and, on rare occasions, upon high-born ladies in the capital, when their progress is marked with the greatest pomp. Their amusements mainly consist of entertainments provided by female dancers, jesters and musicians, and bargaining with those women merchants to whom entrance is vouchsafed. In the Shah's Harem, Worth, of Paris, finds a market for out-of-date costumes, and so vain and so feminine are these "queens," that they will pay the most exorbitant sums for an exclusive model, if they can thereby prevent a rival "queen" obtaining it. As a general rule, however, these ladies, for all the luxury of their surroundings, are most childishly ignorant, and their sole ambition in life is to be the mother of the heir to the Throne. The principal Queen of the late Shah, however, was an exceptionally clever woman. She was no mean poet, and her verses on the beauties of nature are gems of their kind.

The Valiahad

His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Persia

Photo *Underwood and Underwood, New York*

The Famous Peacock Throne

The Takht-Taous or Peacock Throne was brought from Delhi by the Nadir Shah, the conqueror. It is covered with plates of pure gold, elaborately enamelled, and profusely encrusted with precious stones

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"Hello, Gerrard!"

the "Gerrard" subscribers therefore live in comparative telephonic peace. It belonged, I imagined, to the theatres and music-halls and restaurants, to the haunts of pleasure rather than of work, and its delightful name had probably been evolved from the inner consciousness of some telephone director in whom the dregs of romance still lingered. I was all wrong, it seems. Never had I imagined that the romantic appellation took root in nothing more than a back street in Soho! But so it is, and here, too, is where one of the most important of the National Telephone Company's exchanges is quartered. It has over 20,000 instruments in connection, and it has increased since 1905 from 4,038 to 6,200 subscribers.

* * *

Discreet Publications

Royal disclosures, it seems, are to be the salient feature of the autumn publishing season. The Duke of Argyll is to enter the lists with his recollections in a book entitled "Passages from the Past," which, even if of no outstanding literary merit, should be of interest, for the Duke has certainly had opportunities. Viscount Esher and Mr. A. C. Benson at last announce, for simultaneous publication next week in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York, the long-promised Selections from the Letters of Queen Victoria. This "Selection," I am told by one who should know, is to be served up with discretion doubly distilled. Viscount Esher—was he not for several years private secretary to the Duke of Devonshire when Marquis of Hartington?—is the very soul and spirit of discretion, and fortunately, or unfortunately perhaps from the point of view of interest, the authorities, in apportioning to Mr. A. C. Benson instead of to his brother, Mr. E. F. Benson, the task of editing the Letters, failed to fall into the memorable error made by a certain eminent literary critic when Mr. A. C. Benson's "Life of Walter Pater" came into his hands for review. "The author of Dodo," he cried, "polluting Pater with his puerile pen?" or words to that effect, "How dare he?"

* * *

Other Argyll Memoirs

The late Duke of Argyll's Memoirs were, it will be remembered, published after his death in the form of a biography by his widow, Ina, Duchess of Argyll. The Duchess, who still retains much of the grace which made her one of the handsomest Scotch girls of her day, married the old Duke, as his third wife, only five years before his death. She nursed him devotedly, and they appear to have been very happy in spite of the great disparity in their ages and the Royal displeasure which their union evoked. By name Ina McNeill, the Duchess had, as a girl, been the victim of an unhappy love affair. Queen Victoria, ever sympathetic towards the wearers of the willow, appointed her Extra Woman of the Bedchamber and, for a time, Private Secretary. When the aged Duke fell in love with the pretty Waiting-Woman and announced his intention to marry her, the Queen expressed her unqualified disapproval. She disapproved of second marriages—how much more of third? However, the Duke was obstinate, and the marriage took place, very quietly, and without the presence of a single relation of the Duke's, in the private Chapel of the Episcopal Palace at Ripon. At his death, in 1900, the old Duke left in his wife's hands all his papers and precious manuscripts, and from these she compiled his memoirs.

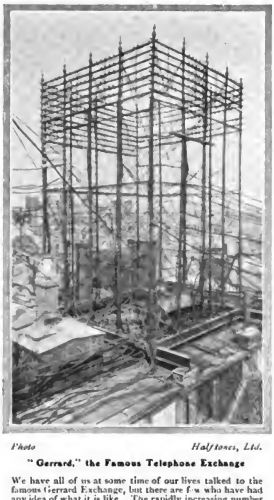

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

"Gerrard," the Famous Telephone Exchange

We have all of us at some time of our lives talked to the famous Gerrard Exchange, but there are few who have had any idea of what it is like. The rapidly increasing number of subscribers has necessitated more commodious quarters, and the entire system was transferred on a recent Saturday with only a fifteen-minute interruption of the service

* * *

The Princess Pia Monica

Signora Toselli, ex-Countess Montignoso and ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, strikes a particularly false note in her constant reiteration of her intention never to relinquish her little daughter, the Princess Pia Monica, to her father, the King of Saxony. Apart from the fact that her two *affaires de cœur* have proved her not exactly the right kind of person to have charge of the upbringing of the young Princess, she has not hitherto, in regard to her other children, shown any overwhelming proof of her love for them. She left them when their need of her was greatest, and it is only too obvious that her chief fear in losing the little Princess lies in the fact that, with her, in all probability, goes a large part, if not all, of her income. At present, certainly, the Princess Pia Monica having been publicly acknowledged as his daughter, the King of Saxony allows the Signora Toselli £180 a month. He has announced that he will continue this allowance, but it seems improbable, once his child is in his possession and his late wife is the legal wife of another man, that he will continue to do so. The Countess, it is to be hoped, may find happiness in her latest venture, but that she should be paid to do so is scarcely to be expected.

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"Uncle Arthur is All Right!"

BISHOP INGRAM SUMMED UP BY HIS CANADIAN NEPHEWS AND NIECES AFTER A VISIT TO THEM AT GROVESEND, ONTARIO

Dr. Winnington Ingram addressing a Congregation in front of his Brother's House at Grovesend, Ontario

Photo *Rembold*

Fraternization! The Bishop of London in the bosom of his Brother's Family (the father, Mr. F. H. W. Ingram, on the right)

Though himself a bachelor, Dr. Ingram is known to be devoted to children. He enjoyed good sport in this connection while on a brief visit to his brother's house at Grovesend, Ontario, on the shores of Lake Erie, whither Mr. F. H. W. Ingram settled thirty years ago. The family numbers nine. The Bishop spent much time with the young people, romping with them on the beach, and introducing them to the latest London games (Diabolo!). Carried *nem con* by his nephews and nieces: "That Uncle Arthur, though a Bishop, is all right"

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Photo] **M. Santos Dumont's New Hydroplane** [*Topical Agency*

Which made some successful trials on the Seine on September 24, and is expected to travel at 100 kilometres per hour

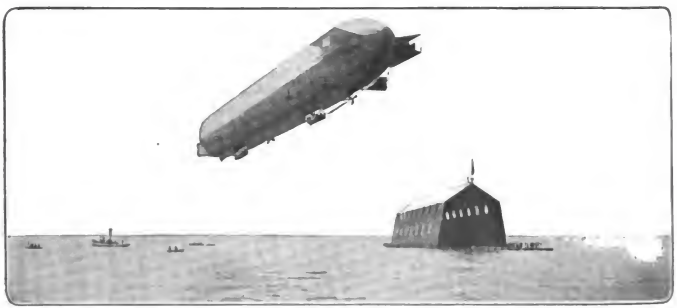
The Paris Councillor and his Costume

The Paris Municipal Councillors' visit to London reminds one of the envy expressed by them when they first saw the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and other visitors in their civic costumes. The Paris Councillors are, as a fact, entitled to wear a sort of uniform, but probably the cost of it and the spirit of "equality" at first deterred the members. Since last year's visit, however, the question of again using it has been under serious, though unofficial, consideration. As yet, inefficient progress has been made to discard the ordinary evening dress with tricolour sash, and when these Councillors return they will probably feel more than ever the absence of some dress to distinguish them from waiters and butlers. When they last visited London, it was at the invitation of the County Councillors, who are still their companions in sartorial drabness, and they did not feel so much as they now do the lack of "pomp of office." The French at least dearly love decorative uniforms, and as a fact they use them plentifully for all but elective representations. Even the members of the French Académie wear gorgeous apparel when *en grande tenue*, whilst judges and professors, when they turn out on great occasions, are dazzling in their magnificence.

The Movements of the Countess Montignoso

The adventures of Princess Louise of Saxony throw an interesting sidelight on the lives of Royalties. There can be no doubt that the Princess in question was, and is, even now, perhaps, extremely popular in her own country. In the famous "Confessions" of which she is supposed to be the author, she gives as one of the reasons of her husband's father and mother's great dislike for her the fact that "the people loved her so dearly." There was nothing the King disliked more than popularity-hunting and self-advertisement, and in his estimation "love and respect could never be akin."

Princess Louise, whatever she may say to the contrary, enjoyed all the supposed pleasures of high rank and wealth, unlimited possibilities in the selection of her intimates, and children to whom she was attached and who were attached to her. If there was a comfort she had not, she had money to procure it, and last, but not least, she had an unblemished reputation. And yet, in the prime of life, she has thrown everything to the winds—not, apparently, as a case of "for love well lost," but merely to get away to something else. She had wealth, and has chosen poverty; she had rank and esteem, and has chosen disgrace; and, at



Photo] **Zeppelin's Airship revolving around its shed on Lake Constance** [*Dew-He*

Count Zeppelin has made, with his airship, one of the most remarkable experiments as yet recorded in the history of aeronautics. Starting from Manzell, he visited the principal towns of Lake Constance, viz., Constance, Lindau, Friedrichshafen, described a circle round the Town Hall of each, and returned to his shed at Manzell in the teeth of the wind. She remained aloft four and a half hours, and covered about fifty miles. The ship is 404 ft. long by 38 ft. in diameter. Her Daimler motors are 85 h.-p., and her propellers do 1,000 revolutions a minute

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the bottom of it all, one can only find an irresistible desire for freedom to do what she was forbidden to do—a desire to live the life of the common people, to drive in a cab instead of a carriage, to be lost in the crowd waiting for an omnibus, to hold an umbrella over her head and slip unnoticed across the muddy streets, to live in squalid lodgings, stand in the file waiting to get into the pit at the theatre, and, in fact, to do the unusual thing, whatever it is. Perhaps when she has lived a few years among the sordid preoccupations, sham gentility, and pretentious insignificance of the Italian middle classes, she will have a longing for something else. Will she then choose Bloomsbury (she will not be respectable enough for Stuccovia), or the Quartier Latin, and, eventually, may she not drift back to the horrible comfort of a Royal home? Legally she can always do so, for her present marriage is null and void in her own country.

Photo.] **Nearly an Historic Tragedy: The wreck of the Tsar's yacht, "Standart" off Horsoe** [*Drankow*

The *Standart*, which ran on to the rocks off the Finnish coast, with the Tsar and Tsaritsa on board, is now a complete wreck. She has six gigantic holes in her sides. The accident nearly involved the loss of the Imperial family, who were only saved by the arrival of the Royal steam lifeboat. The affair has, for reasons of Russian State, been kept strangely quiet considering the extreme gravity of its possibilities

The Wreck of the "Standart"

It is astonishing how little attention has been paid to the wreck of the Tsar's yacht, the *Standart*, considering how terrible might have been the issue. In Paris drawing-rooms speculations have been made as to what would have happened had the Imperial Family suddenly disappeared, who would have become Dictator, and what horrors would not have taken place had Russia been deprived of her autocratic ruler? The fact that the *Standart* affair has been so quickly hushed up makes persons here suspicious. Pessimistic Russians have told me that the whole thing was done on purpose, and possibly the poor Tsar, whose nerves are still very much shaken, was of the same opinion. I do not suggest that he was lacking in confidence towards his captain and crew, but can one be astonished at anything which takes place in a country where even the footmen bringing up the meals from the kitchen must be protected by an armed soldier?

Yet why have the papers, which chronicle the slightest ailment of a monarch as an extraordinary piece of news, devoted so little attention to this disaster? I think it very probable that the Tsar's Ambassadors in Europe have urged the Press to pass over this event, and they seem to have complied with their request.

• • •

Famous Club Closed by the Sultan

The closing of the Giaours Club in Constantinople has caused a great deal of scandal and not a little indignation. To this luxurious building came all the members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Ministers, and most important members of Turkish Society. For a long time the Sultan has looked with disfavour on this club. Its existence was contrary to his political laws, whereby individuals must be kept isolated. He saw that, at this club, statesmen had opportunities of meeting, and of discussing politics; consequently, he ordered the Grand Vizier to close its doors as soon as possible. Had the club been essentially Turkish this would have taken place long ago—if, indeed, it had ever been allowed to open; but as the Giaours has been the retreat of many a European, the Sultan had to work discreetly, waiting patiently for his opportunity. This came the other day, when the son of a Turkish Minister lost about £200 in less than five minutes, and the *croupiers* refused to let him play on credit. This is the only excuse the Sultan can find for his conduct, and the strict measures he is taking for separating the "faithful" and the "heretics."

• • •

October Continental Train Services

For the convenience of passengers about to travel to the Riviera, the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway have arranged with the French railway companies for a first-class lavatory carriage, with *lits-salon* accommodation, to run daily from October 1 from Calais to Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, and Ventimiglia in connection with the Dover boat train leaving Victoria and Holborn at 11 a.m.

Intending visitors to Vienna and Trieste are informed that, from October 1, a through sleeping-car will run daily from Calais without change of carriage. The service leaves Charing Cross at 9 a.m., and, on arrival in Brussels, the sleeping-car from Calais is attached to the Vienna and Trieste train-de-luxe.

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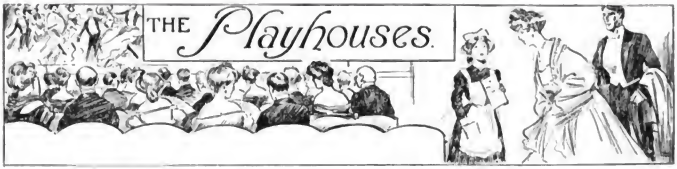

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

COURT THEATRE

"Barry Doyle's Rest Cure"

Mr. Otho Stuart has opened his season at the Court Theatre with one of those unpretentious little plays which keep one in a perpetual ripple of laughter. *Barry Doyle's Rest Cure* is not boisterous enough for farce; it is not deep enough for comedy. It is betwixt and between. The fun comes not in the situation, but in the writing. Five minutes after the curtain is raised we can guess the position of parties when the curtain will fall upon the third act. But we are constantly being surprised by the humour of the dialogue. Moreover, the authors, W. Gayer Mackay and "Robert Ord," have conceived one character, the valet, Cotter, which would enable Mr. C. M. Lowne, should he be dared to do so, to carry the play upon his own shoulders. This character is not an original creation. There is at present a microbe affecting dramatists, causing them to make their high-born characters lead, if not a "simple life," at least a life where they have to rough it. Upon these campaigns they always take one of the household staff—butler, chauffeur, valet, as the case may be. The campaigners are made to enjoy discomforts according to scale. The higher their position in the social scale the more they enjoy "pigging" it. Thus, dukes and millionaires rush cheerfully about performing menial tasks in their shirt-sleeves, while their servitors sniff at the difference between this wild life of the woods and the comforts of the "servants' ball." Of this disdainful type is Cotter, and his passages with the peppery ghilly Macdougal make the house rock with merriment. To write that Cotter calls Macdougal "Flossie" may call up no smile upon the reader's face. To relate of Cotter that, looking out of the window, he announces, "There are three ladies coming, sir—no, beg your pardon, sir, two ladies and Macdougal," may not inspire hilarity. But go to the Court Theatre and hear Mr. Lowne say these things, and if you do not laugh the fault will be your own.

In Barry Doyle, Mr. W. Graham Browne finds a rôle which admirably suits his personality. The millionaire is a cheery youth, utterly unspoiled by his fortune, and possessing a highly developed sense of humour. He is a susceptible young man, and his light-comedy love scenes with Lady Hazel, who refuses him, and Lady Jean, who finally accepts him, in spite of the hated millions, are among the best in the play. Jack Harverson, played by Mr. A. Holmes-Gore with rather too much of the "jolly-good-fellow" touch, is one of those bosom-friend secretaries rarely seen off the stage, but he contributes his fair share to the evening's amusement. Miss Rose Musgrove and Miss Beatrice Terry play, in easy, unaffected styles, the two young ladies of high degree whom fate, after a misunderstanding which does not matter much, finally apportions to the two young men. Altogether a capital light entertainment with a laugh in every other line.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

The Incomparable Genée

Mlle. Genée is, of course, the central figure in the new Empire Ballet, "The Belle of the Ball"

Miss Lena Ashwell

Miss Lena Ashwell, the new lessee and manager of the old Great Queen Street Theatre, re-named Kingsway, makes her bow to the public in a little booklet, which contains, besides most interesting details of the newly constructed theatre, a modest outline of her policy. In the first place, the reformers who welcomed Mr. Cyril Maude's innovation will be glad to learn that Miss Ashwell also has decided to adopt the policy of numbered and reserved seats in all parts of the house. This is good hearing for all except those wonderful enduring creatures whose pleasure it is to take their places in a queue before the ordinary man has left his City office. Space is devoted in the booklet to showing what everyone should know—viz., that the new

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The Humours of Cotter

IN "BARRY DOYLE'S REST CURE" AT THE COURT

Mr. E. V. Rae (*Macdougal*) Mr. C. M. Lowne (*Cotter*)

Mr. W. Graham Browne (*Barry Doyle*) Miss Beatrice Terry (*Lady Jean*) Miss Rose Musgrove (*Lady Hazel*) Mr. A. Holmes-Gore (*Jack Harverson*)

Cotter tells the assembled company the moving story of his affair with the young lady from Penge

BARRY: "Cotter, you've brought it. You've got to drink it" COTTER (*drinks*): "I hope I shall be able to control it, sir!"

The unfortunate Cotter is made to drink the concoction prepared by the molly coddling Lady Strathesk for Harverson, whom she imagines to be the millionaire

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Kingsway Theatre ranks with the most accessible in Town. Within a few yards of the theatre is the Kingsway itself, with L.C.C. trams and a fine service of horse and motor-'buses, while a line of 'buses from Victoria to King's Cross passes the doors of the theatre. The cab fare from nearly all the principal hotels and railway stations is 1*s*. Coming to the policy of the theatre, Miss Ashwell shows that she is determined to profit by the experience of others. Following the system inaugurated by Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, she will produce at matinées pieces which, while worthy of production by reason of their artistic merit, would not, perhaps, interest a sufficient number of the public to warrant their being put in the evening bill. Miss Ashwell will open with a new play by a new author, Mr. A. P. Wharton, entitled *Irene Wycherley*. She has engaged a strong company, which includes Messrs. Norman McKinnell (who will produce her plays), Henry Vibart, C. M. Hallard, Dennis Eadie; the Misses Frances Ivor, Christine Silver, Gertrude Scott, and Muriel Wylford.

NEW EMPIRE BALLET

In ballet the old is for ever young. Make a list of the most popular ballets of recent years, and you will find those have never failed to draw the town which are artfully made up of melody and *mise-en-scène* familiar to the audience. The new Empire ballet is one to haunt both old stagers and young stagers. To quote the programme, it is a Terpsichorean *Pot-pourri* of Popular Melodies. How useful is a programme. Without it, I had never arrived at this elegant piece of description. The gentleman responsible for selecting the music has drawn the sweetest melodies from those masters of melody: Offenbach, Lecoq, Planquette, and Audran. In Covent Garden, appropriately enough (have they not come from a fancy dress ball?), congregate our old friends La Grande Duchesse, General Boum, the Marquis Pont-sablé, Justine Favart, Clairette Angot, Rip, and a host of others. It is this species of ballet which takes you miles from your neighbour in the next stall. Watch the audience. They are not talking to one another. Each is sunk in a reverie of opera. When the ballet is over, then they will awaken from the dream and start discussing this great singer and that great singer, present-day opera and past-day opera.

But it is a ballet also for the young stager. If he cannot recall *Madame Favart*, he knows every demure look, every soul-lifting song of sweet Violet Gray, the Belle of New York; and he can hum (under his breath, let us hope) the Swing Song from *Véronique*. This selector of the ballet music has brought his *pot-pourri* right up to date. When the operatic masqueraders have finished, it is the turn of costers and donahs, of Covent Garden porters and porteresses. Suddenly a frenzied female rushes on the stage. Her bonnet is awry. She is much agitated. As she goes through the pantomime of passion one tries not to hum aloud—

There was I
Waiting at the church!
Waiting at the church!!
Waiting at the church!!!
. . . . . .
Can't get away
To marry you to-day,
My wife—won't let me!

One who is familiar with the various operas introduced cannot but be struck by the fidelity with which the dances and the business, even down to the smallest bits of chorus work, are reproduced. Each character, as played by the clever members of the Empire cast, becomes an impersonation. Mlle. Genée adds another to her long list of triumphs. She is adorable as ever. Mr. Farren is the life and soul of the production. He has the happy faculty of doing an enormous amount of work without appearing to be working so very hard. E. C. S.

Photo *Vandyck*

Mr. Maurice Farkoa

Who is taking up Joseph Coyne's part of Prince Dandillo in *The Merry Widow* at Daly's

In Suburbia

Suburban playgoers this week will find sumptuous fare much nearer their doors than the West End. Miss Ellen Terry is playing to crowded houses at the Fulham Theatre in Bernard Shaw's *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. Nothing could exceed the charm with which she invests the part of Lady Cecily. Miss Terry is supported by her husband, Mr. James Carew, as Captain Brassbound, and an exceptionally strong company. Those who have not yet seen Mr. Weedon Grossmith as the excruciatingly funny valet, Crosbie, in *The Night of the Party*, should lose no time in visiting the Kennington, where the piece is billed to appear for this week only. Mr. Grossmith, who has lately been delighting playgoers as Mr. Ponderbury at the Vaudeville, has played the part of Crosbie upwards of two thousand times. The company include Miss Esmé Beringer as Gipsy Vandelier, and Miss Roxy Barton as Lady Hampshire. At the Croydon Theatre, Mr. H. B. Irving with his company is appearing in repertoire after a most successful tour in the Provinces. That successful musical play, *Amāsis*, with Messrs. Rutland Barrington, Roland Cunninghame, and Lauri de Freece, and Miss Madge Vincent in their original parts, is to be found at the Camden. Amāsis herself is played with a good deal of charm by Miss Winifred O'Connor. The original Amāsis, Miss Ruth Vincent, is touring in *Tom Jones*. Mr. Edmund Waller, a son of Mr. Lewis Waller, is on a visit to the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, with his father's company, as Brigadier Gerard. R. M.

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The Late Lord Brampton

Photo *Baker*

The famous Judge (Sir Henry Hawkins) passed peacefully away in his house in Park Lane at six o'clock on Sunday, the 6th. He was in his ninety-first year, having celebrated his ninetieth birthday on September 14 last. He was "called" in 1843, and first attained fame as "junior" in a *causé célèbre* of 1847—Burdett-Coutts v. Dunn. Later, he consolidated his position as Counsel in the Tichborne Case, for it was as a result of Mr. Hawkins's eloquence that Orton was ultimately found guilty of perjury and sentenced. Stories about "Sir Henry" abound, and, though the most Draconian of modern criminal judges, he was universally respected among the criminal classes as a man who combined severity with wisdom and justice with kindness of heart

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The Men Who Guard the Channel

Photo *Russell*

REAR-ADMIRAL F. G. FOLEY AND HIS STAFF ON BOARD H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS"

On October 2, Admiral Foley took over the command of the Channel Fleet, in succession to Lord Charles Beresford. The members of his staff are: Flag-Captain H. H. D. Tothill, Flag-Lieutenant G. B. Villiers, Flag-Secretary H. E. Hall

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Last Week's Fashionable Wedding

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

THE WEDDING OF LADY DOROTHY LEGGE AND MR. FRANCIS MEYNELL AT ST. GEORGE'S

Last week was remarkable for the large number of weddings that took place, of which the above was one of the most notable. At her marriage with Mr. Francis Meynell, son of the Hon. Frederick and Lady Mary Meynell, of Burton, the bride was given away by her father, the Earl of Dartmouth

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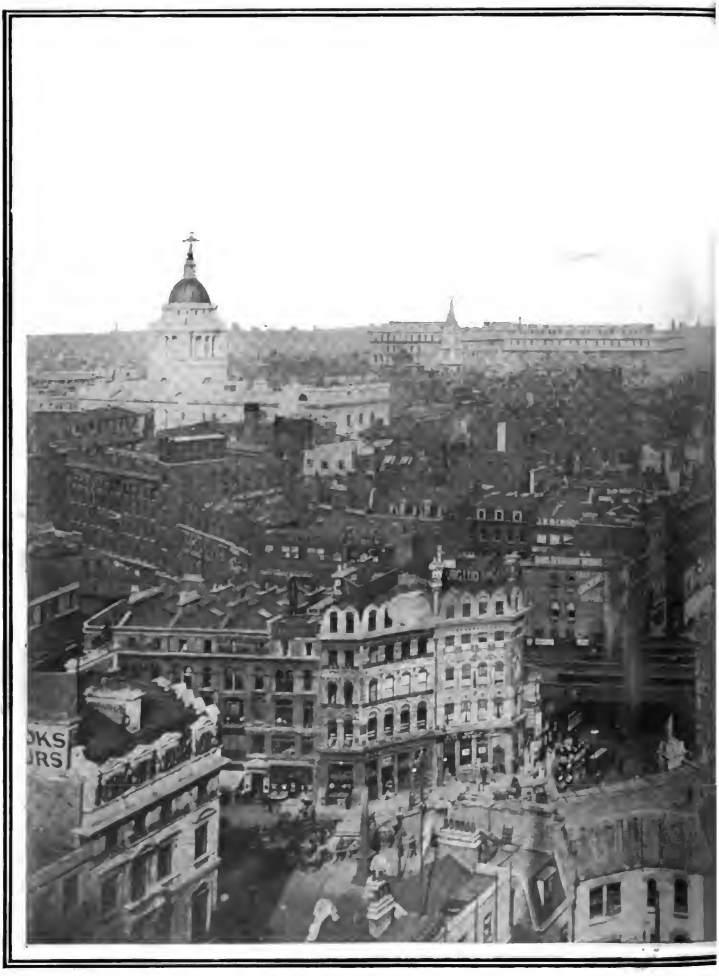
The First Cruise of the "Nulli Secundu

(*As Intelligently Anticipated in*



The young and impressionable "Nulli Secundus," the British Army's first real military airship, had a great treat on Saturday. Its progenitor, Colonel Capper, and its nurse, Mr. Cody, brought it all the way from Farnborough to London, where it spent a whole Saturday. The itinerary was much the same as that followed by other youthful sightseers. Entering London proper at Hammersmi Office, Charing Cross, and St. Paul's Ca lowness of the structure being greatly a close proximity to it as greatly to frigh

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: Military Airship Encircles St. Paul's

BYSTANDER *of September 11*)

From a photograph taken from the spire of St. Bride's Church

ers Hyde Park, Whitehall, the War which it hovered for a long time, the s encircling the vast edifice—in such disbelieve in the security of Wren's masterpiece—little "Nulli" was taken over the river, *viâ* Clapham Common, to the Crystal Palace, where, quite properly, it descended and spent the week-end. The "Nulli Secundus" was in the air nearly four hours and covered altogether about fifty miles with and against the wind. The authorities are highly satisfied with the trip.

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Silver (and Gold) Fern

When, after the conclusion of the famous New Zealand team's tour in England, "The Complete Footballer"—a book written by Messrs. Gallaher and Stead, its captain and vice-captain—appeared, I was particularly struck by the attitude which the writers took up towards professional football. I gathered from what they said that, in their opinion, it would never make any headway in New Zealand, and that the possibility of a professional organisation, similar to the Northern Union in England, arising and revolting from the parent amateur body need not be seriously considered. Accordingly, when the Northern Union at the end of last season conceived the bright idea of giving a fillip to the decaying interest which the public in the North were taking in the doings of its clubs by inviting a team of "All-Blacks" to come over and play matches with them, I awaited the result of their efforts with some curiosity. I wondered, having regard to the vaunted purity of New Zealand football, whence a team—I do not say of professionals, but of men willing to play against professionals—would be forthcoming. For to play against professionals is forbidden by the laws of our Union, and therefore, presumably, by the laws of the New Zealand Union, which are based on ours. But that such a team is forthcoming is now a matter of history. It has arrived; and it has duly been escorted to its headquarters by brass bands and bacchanalian crowds. And the awkward part of the thing is that it is alleged to comprise the cream of New Zealand football, and does, in fact, comprise four members of the former *Amateur* Team of "All Blacks," including Macgregor, the famous three-quarter. On the other hand, I am somewhat relieved to find that it does not contain either Gallaher or Stead. They, at any rate, have not sought to stultify their own utterances. It, of course, remains to be seen whether the tour will have the desired effect of restoring the waning fortunes of Northern Union football or not. If it has that effect, I hope that the New Zealand Union will recognise the fact that this has incidentally had the further effect of damaging the cause of Rugby Union football proper; and that it will accordingly stiffen its back and harden its heart against any temptation it may feel to apply the whitewashing brush to the case of players with whom it is loth to break by reason of their undoubted skill and prowess, remembering that they are probably reckoning, for that very reason, on being able to defy its authority with impunity.

The New Zealanders at Leeds
Wright, the Captain, chatting with Smith

A Good Appointment

The appointment of the old Cambridge and International forward, C. J. B. Marriott, to the post of secretary to the Rugby Union, vacated by the retirement of Percival Coles, is in every way a suitable one, and I feel sure that I may congratulate the R.U. on having secured the services of a really good man. Marriott, who is about forty-five years of age, had a distinguished football career in the 'eighties. Educated at Tonbridge School and Cambridge University, he gained his Blue as a forward in 1881, and played for Cambridge for three years. On leaving Cambridge, Marriott joined Blackheath and played regularly for "the Club," of which he was captain for

Photos] The New Zealand Team Practising at Leeds: The break-up of a scrum *[Topical Agency*

The New Zealand Football Team, who are touring the North of England under the auspices of the Northern Union, began their practice at Leeds last week. This team includes four of the famous All Blacks who recently visited this country

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two years. He gained his International cap, 1884-87, and in one season captained the English team. Since his retirement from the game, he has held for a time the post of Secretary of Queen's Club, now occupied by another old Rugger International, A. E. Stoddart, and was, and still is, very popular with the members.

YACHTING

What I Have I Hold

It is a very great pity that the New York Club have not embraced the opportunity afforded by Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge of making the contest for the America Cup a sporting event instead of a foregone conclusion. There is a clause in that remarkable document, the Deed of Gift, which lays down the conditions under which the Cup is competed for, called by those who are familiar with it, "the Mutual Agreement Clause," and it provides that the conditions aforesaid may be varied by mutual agreement between the parties immediately concerned. Britons are a stubborn race, and it has taken a number of years to convince British yachtsmen in general, and Lord Dunraven (with his *Valkyries*) and Sir Thomas Lipton (with his *Shamrocks*) in particular, of the futility of trying to win back the Cup under the onerous conditions which are imposed upon the challengers by this same Deed of Gift. But they are convinced of it now; and they know, moreover, that the America Cup races have done nothing whatever towards promoting the welfare of the sport. In fact, recent legislation has been directed towards the suppression of the very type of boat—a mere racing machine, and not a sea-going ship at all—which the conditions of the Deed of Gift allow the defenders, and, therefore, practically compel the challengers, to build. Added to this, the challenger, if she be British, must be built in Great Britain, and must cross the Atlantic on her own bottom in order to compete against the defender in America. She is bound, therefore, to be of a certain strength of build. The defender, on the other hand, has no ocean voyage to negotiate; her build need only be sufficiently strong for the actual racing in home waters; she can be, in fact, a mere shell. The defenders, too, can try any number of boats against each other and pick the best to represent them, while the challengers are bound to challenge with one specified boat. Accordingly, Sir Thomas Lipton has this time qualified his challenge by stipulating that recourse should be had to the mutual agreement clause, so as to enable the races to be sailed under the ordinary racing rules of the New York Yacht Club, and it is safe to say that if the Americans had given way upon this point the contest would have excited far more interest among yachtsmen than it has ever done before, for the elements of fairness and reality would no longer have been lacking. However, it is not in the American nature to relinquish voluntarily any advantage they may possess—even in matters relating solely to sport. And so Sir Thomas's challenge has been politely but firmly declined. It is announced that Sweden has weighed in with a challenge. If she has, I admire her chivalry, but not her discretion, for she can only be embarking upon an enterprise which the experience of this country might have taught her is hopeless. Personally, I should prefer to see the America Cup and its capture left severely alone by all nations until its guardians can be induced to meet them in that fair and sportsmanlike spirit which comes easy enough to some people, but seems at present, at any rate, to be beyond the range even of their comprehension.

Photo *Dixon*

The Kent Ladies' Golf Championship: Miss D. Evans, the winner, putting on the eighth green

The final of the Kent Ladies' County Championship was played on Thursday last at Sundridge Park, as the result of which Miss D. Evans, of Barnehurst, beat Miss M. Powell, of Sundridge Park, by 4 up and 2 to play

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Racing: Kempton and the Cesarewitch.

By "CARBINE"

Sancy's Performance

When we saw the ease with which Sancy cantered away with the Jockey Club Stakes on Thursday, it made us think that he was a terribly unlucky horse to have lost the Eclipse Stakes. Racing, however, is made up largely of these strange reversals of form, and it serves no good purpose to brood over "what ought to have been." We can at least be thankful for the fact that Sancy started at quite a nice price last week. This was due to the confidence which was felt by those connected with Qu'appelle, who ran shockingly badly, and the race again showed us that our three-year-olds are not a brilliant lot. Mr. "Billy" Bass has a real good horse in Sancy, and it is pleasant to see it, for he is one of the best supporters of the Turf.

A Future Oaks Winner?

Did we see the future winner of the Oaks, and, perhaps, of the Derby, at Newmarket last week? I allude to that very charming filly Miranda, who has the distinction of being full

Mr. W. Bass's Sancy, Winner of the Jockey Club Stakes

sister to Pretty Polly. It is a far cry to the classic races of 1908, yet I don't think you could induce our bold bookmakers to lay you anything like a long price about Miranda for the Oaks. She is one of the nicest youngsters seen out for a long time, and may probably turn out to be the best of her age. Her meeting with Lesbia will be awaited with the keenest interest. Lucky Major Loder! No sooner does he send one brilliant performer away to the stud than another comes along to achieve further honours for him. A good many owners would like to know the secret of it. Good judgment, no doubt, partly accounts for his success, but there must be luck with it.

The Duke of York Stakes

At Kempton Park next week-end we ought to see some exceedingly good racing. The great event of the meeting is the Duke of York Stakes on Saturday, and this is bound to have an important bearing upon the Cambridgeshire, seeing that so many horses are engaged in both races. The hollow style in which Polymelus trotted away with the Duke of York Stakes last season will not be easily forgotten. But there will be no Polymelus to fear this year, as the grand horse has gone amiss, and may never run again. Roseate Dawn, who was second to him, has been given an excellent chance at the weights. There are other candidates, however, bound to be dangerous. For example, Dalkeith, who ran very well over this course in the Spring; he has not done anything brilliant lately, but we know he can go when he likes. Malua, whom many people fancy for the Cambridgeshire, is sure to be backed if he goes, and among the three-year-olds, My Pet II. and Linacre are probably the best at the weights. I anticipate the success of **Roseate Dawn**, and I regard MALUA as being distinctly the next best.

A Double for the Handicaps

For the Cesarewitch the outlook has not greatly changed since this time last week. Rather unexpectedly, Radium was sent to contest the Prix du Conseil Municipal at Paris on Sunday, and it cannot be said that his Cesarewitch prospects are improved by the effects of that race. Happily, the scares concerning Baltinglass and Wuffy are both dispelled, and the former has now settled down into a position of red-hot favouritism which is doubtless justified by his prominent running in the St. Leger and the small weight which he will carry on the 16th. With two such candidates as Baltinglass and Hammerkop in his stable, Mr. Gilpin ought to have a very fair idea of the chances of the race, but personally I cannot perceive that Hammerkop can beat Demure on the strength of their Newbury running, and I am doubtful, too, whether the favourite has anything in hand of Mr. W. Clark's filly. I am writing this before the Nottingham meeting, where the filly was due to run, and I shall have the opportunity of making my final selection next week, but from all that I learn I believe **Demure** will prove to be the best thing. The Cambridgeshire is a good way ahead yet, but I like the chance of Sagamore, who put in a very fine performance at Newmarket last week under a big weight, and was only beaten by Fort Myers because the latter had the benefit of Higgs's masterly jockeyship and finishing powers. I have a keen recollection of the fine way in which he won at Liverpool, and so my double for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire shall be **Demure** and **Sagamore**.

Kempton Forecasts

In the valuable Imperial Produce Plate on Friday, I see nothing capable of lo wering the colours of **Lesbia**. For the Coventry Plate, on the same day, my selection is **Rockbourne**, and **Paddington** may secure the Richmond Plate. In addition to the Duke of York Stakes, the Kempton Park Nursery will be an interesting event on Saturday, and **Fallen Angel** may score.

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A Bewitching Stage Expression

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Dolly Dombey

Now appearing in *The Merry Widow* at Daly's Theatre. She played the rôle of Fi-Fi before the part was taken up by Miss Gabrielle Ray

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No 99 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories

A Country-House Comedy

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

THIS is a story in a hundred. But for the questionable action of Lady Mertoncourt, it would have sunk to the level of the other ninety-nine, or, better still, probably have never been written, for Harold, sixth Earl of Armston, might have married the lady of his choice, and nobody cares to read about the ordinary sort of marriage except those firms making a speciality of necessities for the very young, who put away the marriage announcement until such time as they think the happy couple may be glad of a circular.

But Lady Mertoncourt's duplicity saved the commonplace.

It happened at a large, old-fashioned country house near Taplow, owned by a gentleman who, hampered by the money he had made in the City, sought happiness and Society's favour, innocently imagining that the two were synonymous. The week-end party numbered twenty; but, in order to raise no false issue in the reader's mind, I will state at once that fifteen of these people are superfluous. Two play leading parts—Lady Mertoncourt and the Earl of Armston, the other three concerned being Gladys Mertoncourt, Mrs. Seaton Bingley, and her daughter Dora.

The Earl of Armston loved, or, rather, coveted, Dora Seaton Bingley, which nowadays is the same thing; and Gladys Mertoncourt loved the Earl, or, rather, his title and money—which is also, nowadays, the same thing.

And on the broiling hot Sunday morning in August the Earl of Armston took Lady Mertoncourt for a pull on the river.

His lordship was very silent for some time, then he suddenly rested on his oars and observed:

"I daresay you are wondering why I asked you to come with me this morning?"

Lady Mertoncourt eyed him critically. The perspiration was standing out in beads upon his thin, sallow face, and his manner was nervous.

"I never wonder," she said with a smile, "it's so boring; I wait and see what happens."

His lordship deliberately wiped the perspiration from his brow with a feminine-looking handkerchief.

"Perhaps you thought I was doing it to keep pleasantly cool?" he remarked with sarcasm.

Lady Mertoncourt bent forward.

"Look here, Armston," she said quietly, "what are you driving at? You didn't spend all yesterday in thinking out that remark about being cool, did you?"

The Earl took three or four vigorous pulls and then rested again.

"What did you mean about yesterday?" he asked sulkily.

"You were out all day yesterday, and I have eyes."

"Yes"; then, half-grudgingly, "you're a clever little woman."

Lady Mertoncourt accepted the tribute as her due, and slightly inclined her head. The deep grey eyes were watching the young man keenly.

"I want," said the Earl slowly—"I want you to help me in a little matter."

"So I gathered," murmured her ladyship sweetly.

Armston ran the boat alongside the bank; he pulled off a blade of grass and twisted it about nervously as he spoke. There was rather a cunning light in the usually vacant face.

"You know I'm rather sweet on Dora Bingley," he said quickly. "I don't know why it is, but she doesn't seem over keen on me; I believe there's an impecunious parson in the wind. She's too pretty for a parson. I always associate parsons' wives with large families, small incomes, and cold meat. I've a cousin, you know, who's a parson—quite a decent chap; he breaks out every two months, comes up to Town, gets into respectable clothes, and paints the Town red. His wife's——"

"Don't you think family histories awfully boring?" suggested Lady Mertoncourt. "Little Dora is much more interesting."

The Earl, pulled up short in his rambling, seemed at a loss as to how to proceed.

He produced a cigarette and lit it.

"I've plotted a plot!" he said, throwing the match into the river.

"How very interesting."

"And I want your help."

Lady Mertoncourt glanced at the little gold watch on her wrist.

"We must be back to lunch in half an hour. Don't you think you had better come to the point? If you are going to be so mysterious I shan't help you; every woman hates a mystery unless she's in it."

"Well, I know you'll do me a good turn. It's very simple: all I want you to do is to send someone along to the billiard-room about ten to-night,

(Continued on page 82)

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A Lyceum Favourite

Photo Bassano

Miss Valli Valli, who is now appearing as Polly Love in "The Christian" at the Lyceum

Miss Valli Valli has taken a part in each of the pieces produced at the Lyceum since it entered upon its new lease of life some months ago. In *The Christian*, which is now enjoying such a successful run, she appears as Polly Love, a victim of Lord Robert Ure, one of the villains of the play

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(Continued from page 80)

and, about ten minutes later, bring someone else along there."

Lady Mertoncourt elevated her delicately pencilled eyebrows.

"Perhaps the heat has made me more than usually dense, but would you mind translating?"

"Certainly not," replied Armston quickly, his face flushed, and there was a gleam of triumph in his eyes. "My plot is simple; that is the beauty of it. I know that if I proposed to Dora I should be refused, and Mrs. Seaton Bingley would never be able to make things right, therefore I am going to place the girl in such a position she will have to accept me."

"Yes," replied her ladyship, her fingers were nervously twisting the silken cord on her pink parasol.

"I want you to send Dora to the billiard-room to-night at ten o'clock on some pretext or other; none of the people here are players, so that it is morally certain to be empty. A few minutes later, I want you to come in with anyone you like, two or three people if you can manage it. As the door opens I shall kiss her, you will stare at me haughtily, the sort of stare you freeze a tradesman with if he asks for money, and I shall explain that we are engaged. Rather cute, isn't it?"

"Y-yes," said her ladyship absently; then, after a long pause, during which the man watched her anxiously, "How do you know the girl will agree?"

"Oh, it's not a cert," said the Earl lightly. "But it's ten to one that she will. She's a sensitive little beggar, bless her, and would hate a scandal. Her mater would be a regular she-devil if her social ambition was knocked on the head. Besides," he added, "it's not as if she hated me, or anything of that sort, you know. I believe I should have been all right, bar the parson chap; and it's odds against the parson if you back me up to-night. Now, you're a jolly good sort, Lady Mertoncourt, and we've been pals for some time, are you going to help me?"

"Row me back," said her ladyship, quietly, "I want to think. I'm not going to say anything about honour and all that sort of thing, you know."

"All things," said Armston, impressively, "are fair in love and war."

Nevertheless, he winced.

The journey back was made in silence. When the boat glided alongside the well-kept lawn of the house near Taplow, Lady Mertoncourt alighted, unassisted, with the agility of a school-girl.

"Well?" asked the Earl, as he tied up the boat.

Lady Mertoncourt turned and faced him—she was boring holes in the grass with the point of her parasol.

"Oh, of course, you want my decision about to-night's little comedy. Well, after due consideration, I will assist you to obtain a wife."

"You're a brick," cried the Earl. "I could kiss you!"

Lady Mertoncourt, with a peculiar little laugh, ran across the lawn to meet her hostess and apologise for keeping lunch waiting.

After that somewhat informal meal she walked round the table and touched her daughter on the shoulder.

"I want to speak to you in my room, Gladys."

The girl pouted her pretty lips.

"Oh, bother, can't you wait until after tea, I am going——"

Photo *Weston*

Miss Flora Chetwynd

Now playing in *The Merry Widow* at Daly's Theatre

"You are coming with me," said her mother, shortly, as she sailed from the room, the girl meekly following. In the hall they met Dora Seaton Bingley, armed with a novel. Lady Mertoncourt smiled sweetly at her as she passed.

At tea several people remarked what a colour Gladys Mertoncourt had.

. . . . .

As the ormolu clock struck ten, Lady Mertoncourt yawned perceptibly and rose from her chair near the drawing-room window.

"Is any man here a Christian?" she asked earnestly.

Probably no man was, but Ellison, of the Foreign Office, and Maxwell, the sleeping partner of the biggest firm of West-End moneylenders, simultaneously inquired the reason for the remarkable question.

"I want someone to be a Christian enough to come and teach me billiards."

Considering the day, it was a strange test of faith, but Lady Mertoncourt used the word "Christian" in the sense that it is most generally known.

"I didn't know you played," said Ellison, lazily; he was hoping to make her ladyship one of the four at Bridge when Lord Armston turned up.

"I don't, but I want to learn. Dick Sewell gave me some idea of it when I was down at his place a few weeks ago."

"I'll make a bargain, then," replied Ellison, rising. "I'll play you one game of billiards if you'll make a four at Bridge when Armston turns up. By the way, does anyone know where the beggar is?"

Everyone professed ignorance except Lady Mertoncourt, who believed in saving a lie where she conveniently could.

As Ellison held the door open for her she turned with a smile.

"If you people want amusing you should come too—I cut Dick's cloth twice."

The City Man who Cultivated Society grinned weakly as he rose from his chair, and several men decided to go simply to watch his face.

Therefore, when Ellison opened the billiard-room door quite a little throng was behind him.

"I expect I . . . Oh!"

Ellison would have backed out precipitately, but Lady Mertoncourt gently pushed him in and followed herself.

"Gladys!"

It was a mother's cry of reproving dismay.

The flushed girl struggled from the unresisting arms of the Earl of Armston, his lordship's face was pale and his lips were murmuring something that no one could hear.

"Mamma," said the girl softly, but just loud enough, "Harold and I are engaged."

The men fled.

. . . . .

What the Earl said to his prospective mother-in-law, or what the prospective mother-in-law said to him is not recorded, but his lordship sulked badly for a fortnight and was married six months later.

The marriage was little more unhappy than is usual in that class.

Dora Seaton Bingley left the "Set," married the parson, who became a Canon, and their marriage is a little more happy than is usual in their class.

C. Malcolm Hincks.

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A Stickler for Custom

CONSIDERATE MOTORIST: "I'm awfully sorry I knocked you down—hope you ain't hurt. Now what can I give you?"
VOKEL: "Well, zur, 'ow much do 'e generally give?"

BY LAWSON WOOD

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The Dog Cult at Oxford

PRIZEWINNERS AT THE FOX-TERRIER SHOW

"When Greek—

—Meets Greek"

Mr. J. C. Coates's Tommy Daw

Winner of the first prize in the Smooth Puppy Class

Mr. G. F. Lawley's Standard Reaction

First in the Limit Class, and winner of the Dog Championship

The Rough-Coated Champion

Mr. J. J. Holgate's Southboro Salex

Mr. J. C. Tinne's Crumbo

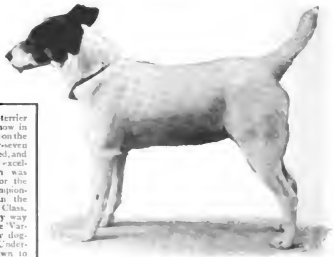
An eight-months'-old puppy, which won firsts in the Puppy, Novice, and Special Novice Classes

Photos

Miss M. E. Lewis's Admiral's Bull of Paignton

Winner of a first in the Maiden Bitch Class

The Oxford Fox-terrier Club held their Show in the Corn Exchange on the 26th ult. Eighty-seven terriers were benched, and the attendance was excellent. Most keen was the competition for the Kennel Club Championships, especially in the Rough-Coated Class. Though not in any way associated with the "Varsity, a great many dog-fancying Dons and Undergraduates are known to enter for the Show "on the quiet" and under an assumed name. Among the exhibitors was the Duchess of Newcastle



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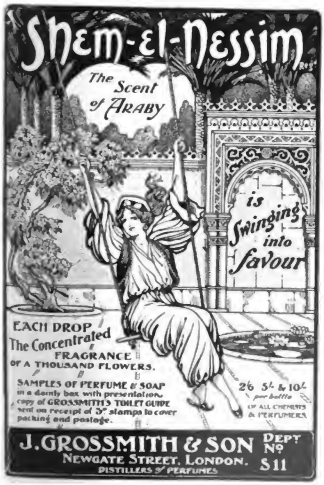

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Royal and Ancient Autumn Meeting

On the 25th of last month I was congratulating Mr. Pollock on his success in the Jubilee Vase Tournament, and encouraging him to further efforts for the capture of the Autumn Medal, the greatest prize in a scoring line which an amateur can gain. Mr. Pollock has responded nobly by securing the coveted medal with the magnificent score of 74, which ties with the record set up in 1904 by Mr. Norman Hunter in the same event. Mr. Pollock was closely hunted home by Mr. "Ted" Blackwell. Both went out in 38, and were even with three holes to play. For these last three holes Mr. Pollock recorded 5, 4, 4, the dropped stroke at the sixteenth being retrieved by the fine 4 at the dreaded seventeenth. When Mr. Blackwell started these holes by taking the sixteenth in 4, it must have looked any odds on his making a tie of it with Mr. Pollock. He got his 5 at the seventeenth, and so was still on terms with his young antagonist. But the last hole, which is for him, in golfing parlance, a sitting 4 and a very possible 3, cost him 5 strokes, owing to a faulty second. Thus he only secured the Club Gold Medal. Altogether there were six scores under 80, a sufficient testimony to the ideal conditions of weather and course. Mr. Crawley-Boevey secured the George Glennie Medal for the aggregate scores of the Spring and Autumn Meetings with the excellent total of 162.

An Injustice Removed

The business meeting, which, as usual, took place on the afternoon preceding the medal day, bids fair to mark an era, owing to the importance of the matters with which it dealt. *Imprimis*, a long-standing injustice to one of the finest courses in the world, and one of the oldest English clubs, was removed by the decision of the meeting to empower its Championship delegate to propose to the delegates of the other four clubs governing the Championship that Westward-Ho should be included in the rota of Championship courses. As my readers may remember, I have always urged the addition of Westward-Ho to the Championship courses, and I am heartily glad that the Royal North Devon Club is at length fairly certain to achieve its ambition, for I do not suppose that the other clubs will dissent from St. Andrews on this point. Deal was suggested in opposition to Westward-Ho, but the latter carried the day. I have nothing to say against Deal, but its near proximity to Sandwich, I should imagine, put it out of the running. Westward-Ho will give us a complete change, and we now have an even number of Scottish and English courses, all of that standard which is a *sine quâ non* for Championship courses. There was also some talk about a proposed change in the Open Championship, and this matter was left in the hands of the Club Championship delegate to discuss with the other delegates in due course. I presume the change will eliminate the gross unfairness of the present arrangement, under which one-half of the competitors get a clear day's rest after playing their first two rounds, while the second half have to play six rounds without a day's break.

Tariff Reform

The subject of the congestion of the old course was also touched upon. The Committee were empowered by the Club to negotiate with the town authorities, with the view of putting a tariff on the old course. At present there is a tariff on the new course, while anyone may play on the old links without payment. I should say that the shifting of the tariff from the new to the old course would go some way towards solving the problem, and would have the incidental advantage of driving people on to the new course, which will be all the better for having more play on it. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Committee and the town will come to an agreement, and will move Parliament for powers to impose the suggested tariff on the old course.

The Question of an American Representative

I have left, perhaps, the most important matter to the last, viz., Mr. Hutchinson's motion for the inclusion of an American representative in the Rules of Golf Committee. As the Rules of Golf Committee were already in communication with the Americans on this subject, and the negotiations were not yet complete, Mr. Hutchinson withdrew his motion. The matter has now been settled most satisfactorily by the invitation to Mr. C. B. Macdonald, an ex-President of the United States Golf Association, to become a member of the Rules of Golf Committee. Mr. Macdonald is well known in the golfing world, is a member of the Royal and Ancient, and used to play at St. Andrews in the early 'seventies. He is a Canadian by birth, but has resided in America for many years, and founded the Chicago Golf Club in 1893. He is famous as the prime mover in the making of an ideal course at Chicago, which is to consist of accurate reproductions of the best holes of the most famous courses in the United Kingdom. Mr. Macdonald was over here a year or two ago for this purpose, and, after exhaustive study of numerous links, made a selection of eighteen holes, so that, when the course is made, the Chicago player will be able to sample a bit of the best of several famous courses during his daily rounds.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Are we to return to the chain drive? Some weeks ago, THE BYSTANDER received from Mr. S. F. Edge a document which made no bones about the matter. The chain drive, according to the versatile Managing Director of the Napier Company, was an anachronism which belonged to a pre-historic age—motoring age, perhaps I should say—and the Napier Company, for one, had entirely discarded the use of the chain drive in their designs. The opinion was further expressed that the chain drive only existed because certain firms had laid down machinery in the past for the purpose of making the chain drive, and had not the courage to scrap the machinery in accordance with modern progress. THE BYSTANDER ventured to express the meek opinion that, after all, some of the leading cars in the world still adhered to the use of the chain; while, as regards the smaller cars, experience was proving that the shaft-driven car was not equal in efficiency to the chain-driven car. The manufacturers of the small car to-day are undoubtedly returning to the centre chain drive, and they would not be discarding the cardan shaft unless they had very good reasons for knowing that the chain-driven car was to be preferred. I alluded to this at the time, and Mr. Edge was good enough to admit that there might be some merit in the chain-driven car; but evidently that merit did not apply to the large car.

* * *

In view of this opinion of one of our leading manufacturers, it is interesting to note that the tendency on the part of the big French firms is to return to the chain drive. The Paris correspondent of the *Motor* says, in this week's number, "The small town chassis excepted, the European manufacturers will now equip almost all their models with the good old chain drive. A chain case of leather or aluminium will also be seen on every fashionable *voiture* in 1908." What have Mr. Edge and the whole-hearted adherents to the shaft-driven car to say to this? There is undoubtedly a great feeling in this country, as well as abroad, *pace* Mr. Edge, that the cardan shaft or bevelled drive, though it looks workmanlike, has been by no means as satisfactory as it was supposed. The strain upon the differential gears, whenever there is a difference of level between the two traction wheels, is very pronounced, a very evident fact in this country, where the camber of the roads is noticeable. Then, again, with the shaft, one has to reckon with the instability of the rear part of the car when driven at high speeds. The strain upon the wheels is greater with the cardan shaft than with the chain drive, which is to the detriment of the tyres, while any engineering expert will tell you that the loss of power in turning round at a speed is far greater with the shaft drive than is the case with the chain-driven car. It is satisfactory to note that the French manufacturers intend to encase their chains, as it will undoubtedly result in less rattling and noise, and that the shaft chain also will run in oil—a plan followed out for some years in the Sunbeam cars.

Car-icature—No. XLVII.:
The Right Hon. Sir John H. A. MacDonald
Scotland's foremost automobilist, besides being Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, President of the Scottish A.C. and a distinguished man of science, is a great military expert, and has done much to further the use of the car in the Army
(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

* * *

It often surprises me that the technical motor papers give so little attention generally to the foreign and Colonial markets, for it is a subject about which too much cannot be written. The opening of new markets for British-made cars is a matter that is of paramount importance, and it therefore needs no apology if I draw attention to the fact that the British manufacturer is not giving that attention to the Colonial market—and I would instance the Canadian market in this connection—that it should do. Canada, with its growing population and its increasing wealth, opens up an enormous field for the motor manufacturer, especially in view of the fact that it has many good roads, while numerous new highways are being built. Yet in 1905 Great Britain only exported six cars to Canada, while 379 were sent over the border from the United States. As in other trading matters, the Americans are apparently grabbing the Canadian market, although they have to pay a duty of 30 per cent., from which the British-made car is free. The Americans, realising their opportunities, are not only exporting American cars into Canada, but are setting up factories—the Ford Company, who claim a larger output of cars than any in the world, and the Chatham Company having factories in the Dominion. The British-made car has not attained that popularity outside these Isles that it needs to acquire, but there are numbers of good British cars of moderate horse-power, economical in consumption

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of fuel, and cheap in price, which could command a ready sale in Canada if properly placed before the public. A few English weekly papers (may I suggest THE BYSTANDER among them!) circulate well in Canada, and by their means the manufacturer can reach a wide field there.

• • •

There are so many good tyre manufacturers now that the motorist is apt to become bewildered; but if one gets hold of a tip, it is worth while passing it on. For some time, on my car, I have been using the Avon tyre, manufactured by the Avon Indiarubber Company, Ltd., Melksham, Wilts. The Company have made a great study of the tyre trade for many years, in addition to the mechanical rubber business, in which they are well known as contractors to the British and foreign Governments. The Avon tyre is made of the very best material, which, speaking from experience, I can say wears very satisfactorily, while the price certainly does not err on the expensive side. Of course, the life of a rubber tyre is considerably shortened by the hard wear it has to stand; moisture soon weakens the covers, and, if not detected, will cause a burst tyre. By a special process, the cover of the Avon tyre is claimed by the manufacturers to have been rendered more waterproof than that of any other, thus adding to the life of the tyre. I can specially recommend their beaded covers, whose durability and strength are hard to beat.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

A Section of the Avon Tyre

Showing the thick metal-studded outer cover

• • •

Miscellanea

The Bombay motor trials will be held on December 26, 27, 28, and 29 next. The average run will be about 150 miles a day, and will include five hill climbs. These trials are followed with great interest in India.

The Brooklands Club has issued a new series of instructions, which will in future be given to drivers taking part in the races on that track, with the object of preventing any further disastrous accidents such as happened to the ill-fated Mr. Herman.

Messrs. Colin Defries, concessionnaires of the Porthos car, inform us that they have now arranged to supply Porthos cars at an exclusive price of £350 per annum, including everything in connection with the running of the car, with the exception of garage. This includes paying for the driver and insurances, and places no limit as to the distance covered. Messrs. Colin Defries tell us that, as a result of this enterprising arrangement, one of their customers has run her car 1,000 miles during the last ten days, but they hope all their customers will not be as fond of motoring as this!

We have just received from the Daimler Company a very charmingly got-up little book, entitled "Useful Hints and Tips." This gives all particulars concerning the adjustment and working of the Daimler, and can be had on application to the Company at any of their premises.

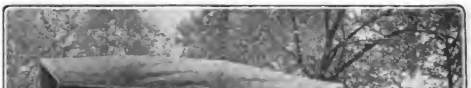
• • •

Car-icature—No. XLVII.:

The Right Hon. Sir John H. A. MacDonald, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.E., M.I.E.E.

Sir John MacDonald, who forms the subject of this week's Car-icature, has been aptly described as the foremost automobilist in the Land o' Cakes. He is Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland and President of the Scottish Automobile Club. As a pioneer motorist he has done yeoman service in popularising the sport on both sides of the Tweed, but, perhaps, his greater services to the cause have been rendered along the lines of commercial and military usefulness. Sir John, in fact, is an expert on military drill and tactics. As Brigadier-General commanding the Forth Brigade when in charge of the Lochcote Camp, he utilised motor-cars for the conveyance of mails to and from Linlithgow, and was the first to use a petrol engine in military manœuvres. Sir John is Honorary Colonel of the Motor Reserve, and led the march past H.M. King Edward at Edinburgh on the occasion of the great review in 1905. A brilliant lecturer, one of the most delightful of after-dinner speakers, and a scientist of high attainments, Sir John MacDonald is an acquisition of whose whole-hearted support every member of the motoring community may and does feel legitimately proud.

D. M.



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AT the recent National Rose Society's Show, the only rose which was awarded a Gold Medal amongst the Hybrid Teas was the gorgeous "Avoca." Perfect in form and of a deep Crimson-Scarlet colour, the "Avoca" is undoubtedly one of the finest roses yet produced by the House of Alex. Dickson and Sons, Ltd.

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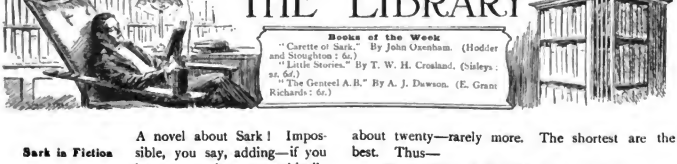

Sark in Fiction

A novel about Sark! Impossible, you say, adding—if you happen to be geographically informed—that an island, two miles square, mostly rock, pop. 570, could not conceivably furnish material for any kind of story. Could even the dullest dialectician of the kailyard spin one out of such a puir wee place? In *Carette of Sark* (Hodder: 6*s.*), however, the talented Mr. John Oxenham not only writes a story about Sark, but a rattling good one. In order to make action, the story has been put back one hundred years ago. Then, Sark was the base of smuggling, and privateering exploits against the French, with whom we were then at war. The hero (Phil Carré), in love with the beauteous Carette, is the son of a reprobate father, expelled, years ago, from the island. Taking himself off to the wars, he is captured and generally ill-treated—and has, in fact, a pretty rousing time. Incidentally, he falls into the hands of Torode of Herm, a gentleman who attacks French ships while flying the British flag, and British while flying the French. As Phil has been captured twice by Torode (under different flags), he is in a position to do that sporting person considerable mischief by reporting him. Consequently, he is to Torode a marked man. Furthermore, Torode's son himself loves the fair Carette. There is, therefore, every reason why Phil should be furnished with a comfortable grave by the Torodes, *père et fils*. But they dally with him, for a reason disclosed at the end of the story—that Torode is none other than Phil's long-lost parent himself. The Sark part of the story is not extensive. Such as it is, however, it is good. The scenes and adventures among the caves and chasms and wild rocky gorges and clefts are terrific. The ride across the famous Coupée—that narrow isthmus which, 384 feet high, connects Great and Little Sark—and the subsequent battle on the ridge between the men of Sark and the scoundrels of Herm, are immensely dramatic. All who have visited Sark will want to read Mr. Oxenham's romance, while all who have not will, after reading it, have a feverish desire to remedy their deficiency.

Mr. Crosland's Rapier

In *Little Stories*, by T. W. H. Crosland (Sisleys: 2*s.* 6*d.*), we have that Mr. Crosland who wields the rapier rather than the bludgeon—a Mr. Crosland which many people have suspected not to exist. Out of the plenitude of his resentments, Mr. Crosland has squeezed a little philosophy, and, adopting the form of the fable, he has here set it down. Shorn to nudity of superfluous verbiage, but full as ever of refreshing rancour, the "little stories" vary in length from three lines to about twenty—rarely more. The shortest are the best. Thus—

> They decided that all liars should be whipped,
> And a man came along and told them the truth,
> And they hanged him.

Also—

> He awoke and found himself famous,
> And on the tenth day he sat down to consider the position.
> "This is not what I wanted at all," mused he.

And—

> Life scourged him down the ways. And in his smart he railed against Life. Then he saw Death.
> "Oh, delicate Life," he said.

There should be more of this Mr. Crosland. Or . . . would they hang him?

"The Genteel A.B."

In *The Genteel A.B.* (E. Grant Richards: 6*s.*), Mr. A. J. Dawson introduces us to the personality of Bill Chasemore, aristocrat turned seaman. Sport of a mild kind is made out of the incongruity of his situation, but hardly enough, perhaps. I am inclined to think that in telling them at second-hand (they are narrated by the "night-watchman"), Mr. Dawson has rather lost an opportunity. Had Bill been a "genteel A.B." of the "Juggins" type, a lubber very much at sea, possibly the view of him taken by a messmate would have been the most humorous. But Bill is not that sort. Though a gentleman, he is of the sea seaworthy—a fine spirit, who is by nature and sympathy out of place ashore. The watchman makes us see Bill superficially, but gives us little or no glimpse of the man as he knew himself, or as he would have been known by a Boswell of his own level—in fact, by Mr. Dawson himself. But that desire to narrate in dialect rather than in sober, workaday English, which has so unholy a fascination for modern writers, has proved too much for this author.

New Novels

Two novels of the week to be strongly recommended are *The Younger Set*, by Robert W. Chambers, and *The Measure of the Rule*, by Robert Barr. Both are published by Messrs. Constable, and both are American in setting. Mr. Chambers again hurls us into the vortex of American Society, a theme which he handled so very brilliantly in "The Fighting Chance." Mr. Barr's story shows him in as fresh and virile a mood as in the days of "A Woman Intervenes" and "In the Midst of Alarms," both novels linger in my memory above many others of the mid-nineties.

The October *Bookman* is quite superb—a "Mary Queen of Scots" double number, splendidly illustrated with colour and other plates. In it, those interested in the life and career of the martyred Queen will find much material.

VIVIAN CARTER.

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

1. A Smart Riding Habit
2. The Latest Phase of the Ride-Astride
(*Sketched at Messrs. Thomas and Sons', Brook Street, by* DOROTHY HARDY)

The Amazonian height and breadth of the modern English girl are facts that are being commented on everywhere, and there seems only one cause for this, namely, "Sports" with a capital S. The continual swing of the golf club and tennis racket must inevitably strengthen and enlarge the muscles of the arm; swimming broadens the chest; while hockey!—well, hockey has the privilege—or so it seems to me—of inculcating every ungraceful attitude it is possible for feminine limbs to arrive at. But that, of course, again, may be only silly prejudice, born of a lack of the proper sporting spirit. And yet, give me a gun! Hockey, as it chances, is not my line of country. And, of course, there is riding, a pursuit that is always with us, and just now more than ever uppermost by reason of the astride riding, an innovation that is growing by leaps and bounds into favour.

Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 6, Brook Street

After the great Olympia Horse Show in the Spring, there was probably no feature more exhaustively discussed than the Ride-Astride habit brought out by Mr. Thomas. The fact that this was no sudden inspiration, but a well-thought-out scheme, had much to do with the immediate success it secured, and ever since its real *début* at Olympia orders have been steadily pouring in to 6, Brook Street.

As was previously explained, the Ride-Astride, in its original phase, comprised a long basqued coat, the skirt whereof is cut sufficiently wide to be caught round the legs and securely held in position by a patent fastening. When the rider dismounts, the appearance is that of a short circular skirt, and it was, doubtless, this appearance that gave Mr. Thomas the idea of arranging a skirt on a like principle. For hot climates, the skirt, of course, is likely to be in big request, since it can be worn with a cool shirt or linen coat.

From sources known only to himself, Mr. Thomas has secured

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a range of habit cloths that, even he admits, has never been surpassed. Almost imperceptible stripes in a contrasting colour are a complete novelty, such as green or brown, blue or dark grey, etc., the always favourite pepper-and-salt mixture being presented in every imaginable weight and quality. No tailor in our midst has a more accurate knowledge of the needs of the elect than has Mr. Thomas.

The Last Thing in Coats

Opinions differ widely in the tailoring world as to the probable acceptance of the new coat, that follows closely the lines of a man's dinner-coat. One great authority believes in it absolutely, and is building it in velvet, the long lapels faced with silk, and the edges bound with braid everywhere, to wear with long, clinging skirts of plain or checked cloth. On the other hand, it is being shown, more or less under protest, as *le dernier cri*, and nothing more. It was under the latter condition I met it, expressed in fine black face-cloth, the skirt long, plain, and clinging, the semi-fitting coat braided, with the fronts rounded away sharply over a vest of peacock-blue cloth, bound with black braid, and closing with large silver buttons.

Crême de Japon Cie, New Bond Street

One sees less, and of a truth sees nothing at all, of the faked complexions of yore. Nor is this difficult to account for, in view of the fact that we have in our midst so admirable a treatment as that applied at 13 and 14, New Bond Street. The latest addition to the perfect Vibro application is a delightful manipulation of the hands, which includes a tapping under the eyes that is most efficacious in doing away with crow's-feet and wrinkles, and is, at the same time, most soothing and restful.

After twenty minutes or half an hour's rest under this, the face is sprayed with a tonic, used as a means for closing up the pores, opened during the influence of the emollient massage and Vibro; delightfully applied, this is, moreover, just slightly heated. The soothing influence of this tonic no words can describe, and the experienced *châtelaine* of 13 and 14, New Bond Street, is loud in its praise. And if she does not know what it is capable of effecting who should?

The Japon cream continues to travel far and wide, and everywhere makes abiding friends. A child may use it with impunity, something of its value being realised when one understands it takes a whole week to make, under the most careful supervision and care, hence the conditions of perfection in which this cream is presented to the public. The Japon Cie face treatment is essentially based on the building up of nature's tissues, and is consequently of lasting quality. A beneficial result is appreciable at once after the first application. In fact, the face takes on a rounder, fresher aspect—the attributes of youth.

The Scent of Distinction

Delightful in the extreme must be my verdict regarding Courvoisier's Otto of Violets, of which charming perfume I lately received a bottle. This scent is one of distinction, and will appeal to the most fastidious; in fact, it may best be described as the soul of the violet, captivated by clever distillers and imprisoned in glass to delight connoisseurs of perfume.

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A MONEY SAVER.

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The BYSTANDER

Hunting Supplement 1907.

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CHANGES *and* PROSPECTS

OUTLOOK *for the coming* SEASON.

The Opening of the Season

"Forrard, Forrard away!" The first fox of the season is found, hounds come tumbling pell-mell out of covert, and horsemen are riding desperately hard to get a good start. The familiar picture will be seen in many countries in the first week of November. Hounds are busy now among the cubs, and though the late harvest and the lack of moisture during September have been dead against them so far, huntsmen are hopeful of getting their packs in good trim by the opening of the regular season. But everything connected with the countryside is unusually backward this autumn; never have coverts been thicker with matted undergrowth, ditches are similarly choked with tangled vegetation, and hedges which may present no difficulties in mid-winter are very formidable affairs just now in the full luxuriance of their summer foliage. It is certain that the regular season will be several weeks advanced before the country really becomes fit for riding over.

Photo *Topical Agency*

A FAMOUS SPORTSMAN IN TWO POSES

Lord Lonsdale, New Master of the Cottesmore, wearing two expressions—Grave and Gay respectively

The General Outlook

Apart from this, the outlook for the season is bright enough. One disturbing feature is the mange which has broken out again rather badly in the North of England; but on the whole the reports tell of good supplies of healthy foxes. Judging by the size of the fields which we see at the covertside every November, the popularity of fox-hunting is increasing. The fascinations of the chase appeal to an ever-widening circle, and though we have been assured that this very increase in popularity will eventually prove disastrous to the sport, we hesitate to believe it, for we have considerable faith in the enduring strength of fox-hunting. Since the days of "Nimrod," who wrote so attractively seventy years ago, hunting has had to run the gauntlet of false prophets who have lugubriously predicted its impending doom. Yet it has survived, and is still remarkably healthy. The opening of the season of 1907-8 finds two hundred packs of foxhounds kennelled in the United Kingdom. Counting harriers, beagles, and staghounds, the grand total is brought up to four hundred and thirty packs. Does this look as though the chase were doomed? Obviously it does not.

Farmers and Fox-hunting

The great matter for regret is that agricultural depression renders it impossible for the farmer to ride with hounds as often as his forebears did in the "golden age" of farming. For the same reason wire is nowadays resorted to in many places as a cheap and convenient fencing. Nor in these poor times are the big landlords and squires of the country able to devote so much attention to the chase as they formerly did. Fortunately, however, the majority of the occupiers of land recognise the great value of fox-hunting to the agricultural community, and they still readily extend that goodwill and courtesy without which the chase would indeed be in a bad way. Thanks to scientific breeding and careful selection, hounds are better to-day than ever in the history of hunting; foxes are just as resourceful and as plentiful. And on good scenting days sport may be enjoyed that was not surpassed in the time of Osbaldeston and Assheton Smith. All this can be proved by a general comparison of the sport recorded in the two eras of fox-hunting—old and new. Those who study the old chronicles will, I think, agree that the modern fox-hunter is not so badly off after all.

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New Masters of Various Hunts

Mr. Ernest Ince Allen
Who has succeeded Lord Kensington in the Mastership of the Pembrokeshire Hounds. His father was Master of the same pack for ten seasons

Photo *Lafayette*
Sir Hugo FitzHerbert
Who last season hunted the North Cornwall Hounds, and is now in the leadership of a Yorkshire pack

Mr. Arthur Sowler
Who last season hunted the East Suffolk Harriers, and has now taken the Mastership of the Essex and Suffolk Foxhounds, which he will hunt himself

The Motor-Car Useful as Covert Hack

Much as one may regret the gradual disappearance of that useful animal, the covert hack, we have to acknowledge that the motor can give him many points, and the fact that numerous Masters of Hounds use their cars when there is a distance to be covered shows pretty conclusively that the new covert hack is ousting the old. In fact, the car has come as a boon and a blessing to many a hunting-man. It is an extraordinary argument which endeavours to prove that a man is less of a sportsman for taking full advantage of the benefits of modern progress, as represented in this instance by the motor-car. True, high-mettled hunters are sometimes upset when passed on the road by the cars, especially when approached from behind, and an injudicious driver can cause a lot of mischief if he comes too near to the scene of the meet. But when handled with discretion and intelligence, the advantages of the motor-car to the hunting-man outweigh its disadvantages. In some Hunts notices are still issued requesting owners not to use motors in attending the meet; nevertheless, the practice steadily increases, more particularly in the fashionable Midland countries, and the prejudice against it is dying away.

But Often a Nuisance to the Hunt

It is all a question of common sense. When the car is thoughtlessly driven, it becomes a nuisance to hunting people; yet it may be handled so as to cause no trouble at all. In the interests of all concerned, the motorist should not drive beyond a limit of two hundred yards of horses and hounds at the meet. Hunting people who use cars understand this well enough. The trouble comes chiefly from people who do not hunt. Indeed, the notices alluded to in the preceding paragraph are directed, not so much to hunting-men whose covert hacks are driven by petrol as against the rapidly increasing number of folk who motor to the meet, not for the purpose of riding to hounds, but merely for the pleasure of witnessing the exhilarating spectacle of the Hunt muster. In some of the Southern countries it is by no means an uncommon thing to see several motor-cars driven right up to hounds and horses by thoughtless owners. Raucous "hooters" are continually sounded, and the machinery kept in motion, with the result that horses (and their riders, too) are thrown into a nervous state, and often there is general confusion. Then, when hounds move off, the cars make for the most convenient spot from which to view the fox and the pack, and occasionally they interfere with sport by heading the quarry. Further, accidents are caused by motorists endeavouring to follow the track of the hunt along the high roads and lanes. Obviously, Masters of Hounds cannot be expected to countenance this sort of thing; and it will be well for those who have taken up this new sport of "hunting by motor" to remember that their want of discretion may make them a positive danger and a nuisance.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*
Mr. Charles McNeill
Acknowledged to be one of the best amateur huntsmen of the day. He has been appointed to succeed Lord Southampton in the Mastership of the important Grafton country

Ladies and Riding Astride

In the past fifty years of hunting nothing has been more remarkable than the increase in the number of ladies who come out with the hounds. Improvement in saddles and safety skirts have undoubtedly had much to do with the growth of popularity of hunting with the fair sex, and when the day comes—if it has not already arrived—when it shall not be considered unwomanly to ride astride, we may look for an even more notable advance in the number of hunting ladies. A photograph was printed in last week's

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The Famous Quorn at Kirby Gate

issue of THE BYSTANDER of Mrs. M. H. Salaman, the wife of the Master of the Exmoor Foxhounds, taken when riding astride with those hounds, while some time ago a charming portrait of Viscountess Castlereagh similarly mounted was reproduced in these pages. In each case the costume worn was exceedingly becoming as well as workmanlike. It is certain, therefore, that so far as the dress is concerned there is nothing to wound the most delicate susceptibilities.

Advantages of the Masculine Seat

A notable sportswoman, the Duchess of Bedford, is in favour of riding astride, and so, I believe, is the Duchess of Westminster. They aver that the style is more comfortable and safer than side-saddle riding, and there is no question that there would be fewer sore backs for horses if the man's saddle were more generally used. Every horsewoman would not, of course, find herself suited by the masculine seat, and one or two who have tried it say that it puts a greater strain upon them than their ordinary method. But there certainly promises to be a vogue for riding astride, and it will be interesting to watch its progress. Meanwhile, there are a great many ladies who go marvellously well to hounds under orthodox conditions, and it would hugely surprise the thrusters of Osbaldeston's time if they could see so many of the sex brilliantly holding their own in the Shires and elsewhere.

In the Shires

Thanks to the courtesy of officials and correspondents in nearly every hunting country, THE BYSTANDER is enabled to give a complete survey of the prospects of the season. In the opening paragraph of this article it was stated that the general outlook is bright, and it is now proposed to go more closely into a subject which is of such great interest to followers of hounds on the eve of the regular season. With this object in view, it will be an advantage to take at once the district known as the Shires, a "magic circle" whose chief centres are Melton Mowbray, Oakham, and Market Harborough. Which is the exact area of the district known to every hunting-man as the Shires has often been questioned, but one authority has laid it down that the expression means the country hunted over by the Belvoir, the Cottesmore, the Quorn, Mr. Fernie's, and the Pytchley. This ruling, governed by the law of fashion, may be accepted as correct, though some would urge the inclusion of the Warwickshire and the Atherstone countries. Here it is that the cream of fox-hunting may be enjoyed. Grand sport may be had in the best countries outside this charmed sphere, yet there is nothing quite to equal the superb scent-carrying pastures of the Shires, with their enormous enclosures and wide variety of jumping.

Quorn and Belvoir

The Quorn Hounds have been under the Mastership of Captain Frank Forester for two seasons, and the reputation of the famous pack has not suffered in his hands. Indeed, it has been enhanced, and there is no doubt that Captain Forester's policy in confining himself to the best of the country, hunting four days a week, is a wise step. The greater portion of Charnwood Forest and the country south thereof to the borders of the Atherstone Hunt are lent to Lord Harrington, who brings his hounds from Elvaston to hunt the district two days a week. Tom Bishop is a worthy occupant of the position which Tom Firr held with such high distinction, and now that the value of the new kennels is showing itself in the shape

The Opening Meet of the Quorn Hounds: Foot people waiting at Kirby Gate

In accordance with time-honoured custom, Captain Frank Forester will begin the season with the Quorn at Kirby Gate. The occasion is regarded as a public holiday by the Leicestershire folk for miles around, and big crowds assemble

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A Ducal Master: The Finest Foxhounds

of an improved pack, I think we can anticipate a good time for the Quorn people. Prospects are "excellent," I am assured by one who should know. Their neighbours, the Belvoir, were fortunate enough to have some record sport last season. Still remembered with great satisfaction is that brilliant gallop from Keisby Wood to Folkingham Big Wood—sixty-five minutes of the best and a kill—which ended the season, and these unsurpassable hounds have doubtless other achievements of the kind in store for their followers in the season now starting.

Lord Lonsdale and the Cottesmore

In the Cottesmore country—never more "fashionable" than at the present time—the Earl of Lonsdale reigns in place of Mr. Evan Hanbury, and may be counted upon to maintain that faster system of hunting which was introduced when Arthur Thatcher became huntsman of the pack. Thatcher is now gone back to Mr. Fernie's country, and no doubt will be missed with the Cottesmore. But Lord Lonsdale is a host in himself, and as huntsman he has put on Sam Gillson, who, a well-known Bedale man tells me, is wonderfully quick and clever. In a new country and in a poor scenting season, Gillson did fine work in the Bedale country, and they were very loth to part with him in Yorkshire. Thus he promises well for his difficult work with the Cottesmore. Lord Lonsdale has vastly strengthened the pack by his purchase of Mr. Reginald Corbet's bitches, and the country is full of foxes. Fields are certain to be very large with Mr. Fernie's hounds this season, for it is clear that Thatcher will make things "hum" in this pleasant country. The demand for hunting quarters in and around Market Harborough has been unprecedented since Mr. Fernie made the appointment.

Photo *Littler*

The Duke of Westminster

Who has taken over the Mastership of the Cheshire Hunt. The North and South sides of the country have been re-united, and hounds will hunt six days a week

The Hunt with the Best-Dressed Field

"Very good; more foxes than ever," runs the cheerful report from the Pytchley country, where no fewer than 103 brace were killed last season. In fact, it was a wonderful season for sport with these hounds, and Frank Freeman's reputation went up with a tremendous bound. Lord Annaly has the satisfaction of leading the best-dressed crowd of hunting people in the kingdom, and at the first meet at North Kilworth next month the dazzling muster of immaculate scarlet and white, whose wearers will assemble in the keen hope of more fine sport, will be a sight to be remembered. In the Woodland Pytchley country, where Mr. W. M. Wroughton presides to everyone's satisfaction, there is a very fine show of foxes, and every prospect of an excellent season. Mr. Wroughton has a new huntsman in John Isaac, who was with him when he had the Pytchley Hounds.

"The Finest Foxhounds in the World"

Such is the reputation enjoyed by the Belvoir Hounds, three of whom are depicted above. Belvoir blood is to be found in nearly every foxhound kennel in the kingdom

Mr. McNeill in the Grafton Country

On the borders of the Pytchley domains lies that fine scenting country, the Grafton, always attractive, and additionally so since the crusade against the wi : was so successfully undertaken a few years ago. Here Mr. Charles McNeill has come to the Mastership, and begins with "lots of foxes and good prospects." Sport with this pack has not been up to its usually high standard since the present Lord Penrhyn gave up the country, but Mr. McNeill is the right man to bring it back to its old level, as those who followed him during his brilliant career with the North Cotswold will tell you. But there is a wide difference between Worcestershire and the Grafton country, and it is conceivable that a Master might do very wel. in one district without satisfying the hunting people of the other. Still, Mr. McNeill possesses the best of credentials, and everyone will cordially wish him "Good Luck!"

Some Favourable Reports

With the Bicester Hounds, whose fields are often swelled by the presence of keen young Oxford undergraduates (there is generally a future Master of Hounds among them!), the prospects are good, and an even more optimistic report comes from the Fitzwilliam country, where the outlook is said to be "as good as possible." The Oakley and the Cambridgeshire begin under promising conditions, and Mr. Esmé Arkwright, the Master o' the former, has arranged to hunt hounds himself two day a week this season. We may now pass for the moment into Derbyshire, just tc note that the followers of that grandly turned-out hunt, the Meynell, are likely to have a first-rate season. Mr. Gerald Hardy is a remarkably good M.F.H. The Atherstone have good prospects, and so have the two Warwickshire packs.

Prospects in Lincolnshire

A figure that will be much missed in Lincolnshire will be that of Lord Yarborough, who is now recovering from a very severe illness, and leaves England for the winter in order to recuperate. During his absence, Captain E. G. Pretyman has charge of the Brocklesby Hounds as Field Master, and he has found plenty of cubs during his preliminary work. In the adjoining country, the Blankney, the loss has been mourned of Mr. Edgar Lubbock, whose death occurred a few weeks ago. Lord Charles Bentinck is now sole Master, and also huntsman, of the Blankney, and prospects for the season are put down as "fair." "Good foxes plentiful" comes from the South

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Sport in the Shires

The Grafton Hounds at a Favourite Meet, Tile House, near Buckingham, the home of a former Master, Mr. A. J. Roberts

The Cottesmore Field on the Way to Covert

The ex-Master, Mr. Evan Hanbury (in hunting cap), the Hon. Percy Freke, and Mr. H. Finch (on white horse) are among those to be seen

Photo] **The Pytchley Hounds** *[Topical Agency*

Lord Annaly's Mastership of these famous hounds has been very successful, and last season was one of the best on record, Frank Freeman having made a big reputation as huntsman. Both Master and huntsman appear in this photograph

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Cottesmore Foxhounds, with their late Huntsman, Arthur Thatcher

Thatcher has this season gone to Mr. Fernie's Hunt, and Lord Lonsdale has appointed Sam Gillson (from the Bedale) to be the new huntsman

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Earl Fitzwilliam's—The Bramham Moor Hounds

Wold Hunt; and in the Lincolnshire Marsh, hunted by Mr. W. A. Ewbank's small private pack, one hears of "plenty of foxes and all signs of a good season."

Earl Fitzwilliam Succeeds Lord Galway

It seems strange to find the list of hounds without the name of Viscount Galway. For thirty-one seasons that keen sportsman hunted the historic Grove country, and what is even more noteworthy, acted as his own huntsman in the field. His father was also Master for many years before him. Now Lord Galway has retired from active service, and, for the first time in half a century, the list of Masters does not include one of the most famous names in hunting history. Fortunately, the Grove country—it is satisfactory to know that the name by which it was called in Mr. George Savile Foljambe's time is not to be discarded—has fallen into excellent hands. Earl Fitzwilliam is the new Master, and that is equivalent to saying that the country will be thoroughly hunted and satisfactory managed.

Earl Fitzwilliam's Hounds at Wentworth

This season Lord Fitzwilliam has taken over the Mastership of the Grove (Viscount Galway's) Hounds, and will hunt them in addition to the family pack kennelled at Wentworth. Six days a week will be devoted to the combined countries

Hunting on the Grand Scale

Anything on the grand scale seems to appeal to Lord Fitzwilliam, and whether it is hunting a couple of packs—in England and Ireland—during the same season or searching for treasure in some far-off Pacific island, the head of the great house of Fitzwilliam is nothing if not thorough. In purchasing Lord Galway's hounds, he has undertaken to hunt the country four days a week, and also to maintain his old pack at Wentworth. This necessitates going out six days a week, so that with fifty-six couples of hounds at Serlby and another thirty couples at Wentworth, Lord Fitzwilliam is the Master of probably the biggest establishment of its kind. The Duke of Beaufort, Lord Harrington, the Duke of Westminster, and Lord Leconfield are the only other Masters who will hunt six days a week during the coming season. Collieries, railways, and barbed wire have helped to render Lord Fitzwilliam's country much less attractive than it was when his grandfather established it, and the Master will find much greater scope for his enthusiasm in the Grove district.

With the Yorkshire Packs

The Bedale, one of the most sporting countries in Yorkshire, though rather short of foxes lately, has lost, as has already been mentioned, Sam Gillson's services, but Peter Farrelly promises to be a capable successor, and, in any case, the combination of Mr. J. J. Moubray and Captain Frank Reynard is strong enough for any emergency. Mr. Scrope, whose hounds hunted an outlying part to the west of the Bedale country last season, has been obliged to give up his pack for various reasons. Among them is

Photos *Leonard Willoughby*

The Bramham Moor Hounds, one of the most famous Yorkshire Packs

At the gates of Bramham Park, the residence of the Master, Mr. George Lane-Fox, M.P. With the hounds is Tom Smith (in centre), one of the best and most experienced huntsmen in the kingdom

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Well-known Lady Riders to Hounds

Mrs. John Watson and Lady Diana Allison
At the meet of the Meath Hounds at Summerhill Village. Mrs. Watson on the right) is the wife of the Master

Lady Cowley (with Captain Beatty)
One of the best lady riders in the Shires, at the meet of the Quorn at Kirby Gate

Photo *Whitlock*

Countess Bathurst
Wife of the Master of the Vale of White Horse (Cirencester) Hounds

The Duchess of Newcastle
Who formerly hunted a pack of harriers at Clumber, and rides regularly with the Grove, Quorn, Cottesmore, and other packs

Mrs. W. Gore Lambarde
Wife of the Master of the West Kent Foxhounds, at the meet at Bradbourne Hall, Sevenoaks

The Hon. Mrs. Stanley and Lady Edith Villiers
Two ladies who hunt in the Vale of Aylesbury. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild is seen on the right

Mrs. Frank Forester
Who usually drives to the meet, and on the social side has had much to do with the success which has attended Captain Frank Forester's Mastership of the Quorn

SOME OF THE MOST BRILLIANT HORSEWOMEN OF THE DAY

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"The Bystander" List of Foxhounds, 1907-8

ENGLISH PACKS

Name of Hunt.	No. of Couples.	Regular Hunting Days.	Name of Master.	Address of Kennels.
ALBRIGHTON	55	M, Tu, Th, S ..	Lieut-Col C E Goulburn ..	Albrighton
ALLEN'S, MR S ..	30	Tu, F	Mr Seymour Allen	Cresselly, Pembroke
ATHERSTONE	60	M, W, F, S ..	Mr J C Munro	Witherley, Atherstone
BADSWORTH	55	Tu, Th, S, occ M..	Mr H J Hope Barton ..	Badsworth, Pontefract
BARLOW	30	Tu, F	Mr W Wilson, Jun ..	Holmesfield, near Sheffield
BEAUFORT'S, DUKE OF ..	75	6 a week	Duke of Beaufort ..	Badminton, Chippenham
BEDALE	45	M, W, S, occ bye	Mr J J Moubray	Low Street, Bedale
BELVOIR	65½	Tu, W, F, S ..	Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart	Belvoir, Grantham
BERKELEY, OLD (E) ..	27	M, Th	Mr R B Webber	Chorleywood, Herts
BERKELEY, OLD (W) ..	45	W, S	Mr R Leadbetter	Hazlemere Park, Bucks
BERKSHIRE, OLD	45	M, W, F	Mr W Tyrwhitt Drake ..	Kingston Bagpuize, Ab'g'dn
BERKS, SOUTH	45	M, Tu, Th, F ..	Mr Seymour Dubourg ..	Purley, Reading
BICESTER & WARDEN HILL	52	M, Tu, Th, S ..	Mr J P Heywood Lonsdale ..	Stratton Audley, Bicester
BILSDALE	10	Tu, F	Mr F Wilson Horsfall.. ..	Bilsdale, Yorks
BLACKMORE VALE ..	56	M, Tu, Th, S ..	Col Percy Browne	Ch'lton Horthorne, Sh'tu'ne
BLANKNEY	52	M, W, Th, S ..	Lord Charles Bentinck.. ..	Blankney, Lincoln
BLENCATHRA	11	Tu, Th, F	Rt Hon J W Lowther, M P ..	Threlkeld, Penrith
BORDER	12	3 a week	Mr J Robson and Mr E Dodd	Byrness, near Otterburn
BRAES OF DERWENT ..	26	Tu, S	Mr Lewis Priestman	Tinkler Hill, Shi-dley Bge
BRAMHAM MOOR	53	M, W, F, S ..	Mr G R Lane-Fox, M P ..	Bramham Park, Tadcaster
BROCKLESBY	22	M, W, F, S ..	Earl of Yarborough	Brocklesby Park, Lincs
BROWNE'S, MR A C ..	16	F	Mr A C Browne	Hall Court, Bromyard
BROWNE'S, MR SCOTT ..	40	M, Tu, Th, F ..	Mr A Scott Browne	Buckland Filleigh, N Devon
BURSTOW	38	W, S, & M aft Xmas	Mr Gilbert F Sturdy	Bletchingley, Surrey
BURTON	40	M, W, S	Mr T Wilson	Riseholme, Lincoln
CAMBRIDGESHIRE	45	M, Tu, F	Mr Douglas Crossman ..	Caston, Cambridge
CANNING'S, MR. GORDON	25	M, Th	Mr W Gordon Canning.. ..	Hartpury, Gloucester
CARMARTHENSHIRE ..	25	Tu, F	Mr R H Harries.. ..	Travellers' Rest, C'rm'rthn
CATTISTOCK	74	Tu, W, F, S ..	Rev E A Milne & Mr W F Fuller	Cattistock, Dorchester
CHESHIRE	30	3 a week	Duke of Westminster	Sandiway, Northwich
CHIDDINGFOLD	32	Tu, F till Xmas, then W, S	Mr G H Pinckard	Chiddingfold, Surrey
CLEVELAND	48	Various	Mr W H A Wharton	Skelton-in-Cleveland
CONISTON	9½	As weather permits	Rev E M Reynolds	The Green, Ambleside
COQUETDALE	15	2 a week	Mr R B Hoare	Whittingham, RSO Northumberland
CORNWALL, EAST	25	Tu, F	Mr W N C Marshall and Mr W Philipps Williams ..	Trewergey, Liskeard
CORNWALL, NORTH ..	25	M, Th	Mr R H Baskerville	St Breward, Bodmin
COTSWOLD	50	M, W, F, S ..	Mr H O Lord	Whaddon Lane, Ch'lt'nh'm
COTSWOLD, NORTH ..	45	Tu, Th, S	Sir J Hopton-Campbell, Bart	Broadway, Worcestershire
COTTESMORE	55	M, Tu, Th, S ..	Earl of Lonsdale	Ashwell Wood, Oakham
CRAVEN	50	M, alt W & Th, S	Mr W F Yorke Stephens ..	Kirkbury House, Horsham
CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM	50	M, W, Th, S	Mr G Godman	West Grinstead, Horsham

ENGLISH PACKS—*Continued*

Name of Hunt.	No. of Couples.	Regular Hunting Days.	Name of Master.	Address of Kennels.
QEORN	52	M, Tu, F, S ..	Captain F Forester	Barrow-on-Soar, Loughboro'
RADNORSHIRE & WEST HEREFORDSHIRE ..	40	M, W, F	Captain Roland Haig ..	Titley, Herefordshire
RUFFORD	50	M, T, Th, S ..	Earl Manvers	Wellow, Newark
SHROPSHIRE, NORTH	52	M, Tu, Th, F ..	Mr F Bibby	Lee Bdge, Preston B'ck'st
SHROPSHIRE, SOUTH ..	30	M, Th	Mr J C Dun-Waters	Plaish, Church Stretton
SILVERTON	20	Tu, Th, S	Mr C L Wilcocks and Mr H G Rew	Bradninch, Devon
SINNINGTON	25	M, Th	Viscount Helmsley, M P ..	Kirbymoorside, Yorks
SOMERSET, WEST.. ..	41	M, W, F	Lieut-Col Dennis F Boles ..	Carhampton, Taunton
SOUTHDOWN	40	M, W, F, alt S ..	Mr R W McGregor	Ringmer, Lewes
SOUTHWOLD	52	M, Tu, Th, S ..	Mr E P Rawnsley and Mr J St Vigor Fox	Belchford, Horncastle
STAFFORDSHIRE, N ..	55	M, W, F, S ..	Mr W W Dobson	Trentham
STAFFORD-SHIRE, S ..	31	Tu, F, alt S ..	Mr F Villiers Forster ..	Longdon, Rugeley
STAINTON DALE	15	Tu, F	Sir William Austin, Bart ..	Burniston, Scarborough
STEVENSTONE	32	M, Th	Mr David Horndon	Rotheron Bdge, Torringt'n
SUFFOLK	24	Tu, S	..r R Guy Everard	Bury St Edmunds
SURREY, OLD	25	Tu, S	Mr Henry W Hoileau	Garston Hall, Kenley
SURREY UNION	44	Tu, S before Xmas; Tu, Th, S after	Mr F Gordon Colman	Great Bookham, Surrey
SUSSEX, EAST	30	M, Th	Mr A Neven du Mont	Catsfield, Battle
TAUNTON VALE	35	Tu, W, F	Captain H A Kinglake.. ..	Henlade, Taunton
TEDWORTH	50	M, Tu, Th, S ..	Captain Henry Connop ..	Tedworth, Andover
TEME VALLEY	30	W, S	Mr T A Lole	Brook House, Knighton
TETCOTT	20	M, Th	Mr G Halifax and Mr C H Calmady-Hamlyn	Holsworthy, North Devon
TICKHAM	45	Tu, Th, S	Mrs Ewing Paterson and Mr G Evans	Wren's Hill, Faversham
TIVERTON	35	M, Th	Mr L Unwin	Bolham, near Tiverton
TIVYSIDE	27	M, Th	Lieut-Col A C Newland ..	Penylan, Boncath
TREDEGAR'S, VISCOUNT ..	29	M, Th	Viscount Tredegar	Tredegar Park, Newport
TYNEDALE	50	M, W, F	Mr J C Straker	Stagshaw, Corbridge
ULLSWATER	13	M, W, S	Mr J E Hassell	Patterdale Hall, Penrith
UNITED PACK	29½	W, S	Mr S V Thomas	Bishop's Castle, Salop
VINE	50	Tu, S	Sir K Rycroft, Bart	Overton, Hants
V W H (CHICHESTER) ..	45½	Tu, F	Earl Bathurst	Deer Park, Cirencester
V W H (CRICKLADE) ..	45	Tu, Th, S	Mr F Butt Miller	Cricklade, Swindon
WARWICKSHIRE	73	M, Tu, Th, F, S..	Lord Willoughby de Broke	Kineton, Warwickshire
WARWICKSHIRE, N ..	50	Tu, W, F	Mr J Arkwright and Lord Algernon Percy	Knilworth, Warwick
WESTERN	32	Tu, F	Messrs T R and W F T Bulitho	Madron, Cornwall
WHADDON CHASE	50	Tu, F	Mr W Selby Lowndes	Whaddon Park, Hatchley
WHARNCLIFFE	30½	M, F	Mr C H Hamilton-Russell ..	Cowbury North, Bolsover'ch
WILTON	37	M, Th, S	Mr H Herbert	Wilton, Salisbury

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Tavistock, Mr ..	19½	Various	Mr David Dudley, M F
Tedburn, East ..	20½	W, S	Sir Lionel J. Darvall .. ..
Teviot, Mid	28	M, Th	Mr Gilbert R H Spillar ..
Teviot, South ..	48	Tu, Th, S ..	Mr Robert Ker Brunskill ..
Dorset, South ..	19	M, F	Mr J A Radcliffe .. ..
Durham, North ..	26½	M, Th	Mr J R Rogerson .. ..
Durham, South ..	30	M, W, F	Hon G W Hamilton-Russell ..
Eastbourne	26	Tu, S	Colonel W A Cardwell ..
Eggesford	25	M, Th	Mr A W Luxton .. ..
Enniskillen	25	Tu, S	Lord Henry Nevill .. ..
Eskdale & Ennerdale	12½	2 a week	Mr Thomas Dobson .. ..
Essex	50	M, W, F, S ..	Mr John Swire .. ..
Essex, East	40	Tu, Th, S ..	Mr Edmund Deacon .. ..
Essex and Suffolk ..	37	M, F	Mr Arthur Bowyer .. ..
Essex Union	50	M, Tu, Th, S	Mr E T Mashiter .. ..
Ewbank's, Mr ..	10	Tu, S	Mr W A Ewbank .. ..
Exmoor	24	3 a week	Mr M H Salaman .. ..
Farndale	9	Tu, S	A Committee .. ..
Fermoy's, Mr ..	34	M, Th, alt F & S	Mr W H Fernie .. ..
Fitzharding's, Lord	60	M, Tu, Th, S	Lord Fitzhardinge .. ..
FitzHerbert's, Sir Hugo	26	Tu, S	Sir Hugo FitzHerbert, Bart
Fitzwilliam's, Mr G ..	50	M, W, Th, S ..	Mr G C Fitzwilliam .. ..
Fitzwilliam's, Earl ..	50	M, W, F	Earl Fitzwilliam .. ..
Fitzwilliam's, Earl (The Grove)	56	M, Tu, Th, F ..	Earl Fitzwilliam .. ..
Flint and Denbigh ..	35	5 a fortnight ..	Mr O J Williams & Mr R W Vynn
Four Burrow	35	Various	Mr S H Christy .. ..
Garth	64	M, W, F, S ..	Mr R R Gosling .. ..
Gelligaer	12	Tu, Th, S ..	Mr David Jones .. ..
Glamorgan	45	M, W, F	Mr H R Homfray .. ..
Glendale	16	M, Th	Mr J C Fenwick .. ..
Goathland	12	Tu, F	Mr H Wilson (Field Master)
Grafton	53	M, W, F, S ..	Mr Charles McNeill ..
Hambledon	33	M, W, F	Captain W P Standish ..
Harrington's, Earl of	80	6 a week (4 in own country & 2 in Qu'rns)	Earl of Harrington .. ..
Haydon	30	W, S	Mr C T Maling .. ..
Herefordshire, N ..	35	M, Th, S ..	Captain R Heygate .. ..
Herefordshire, S ..	32	Tu, F, alt Tu, Th, S	Mr F Gibson Fey .. ..
Hertfordshire ..	56	M, W, F, S ..	Mr T F Harrison .. ..
Heythrop	55	M, W, F, S ..	Mr Albert Brassey .. ..
H.H.	56	M, Tu, Th, S ..	Mr F Corbett, Mr A Jervoise
Holderness	50	M, Tu, Th, F ..	Mr Charles Brook .. ..
Hursley	25	M, F	Mr Walter V Long .. ..
Hurworth	33	Tu, Th, S ..	Mr W Forster .. ..
Isle of Wight ..	25	Tu, F	Colonel R Howard Brooke ..
Kent, East	55	M, W, F, S ..	Mr H W Selby Lowndes ..
Kent, West	45	Tu, Th, S ..	Mr W G Lambarde .. ..
Lamerton	25	3 a week	Mr J A Cooke Hurle .. ..
Leconfield's, Lord ..	90	6 a week	Lord Leconfield .. ..
Ledbury	50	M, W, F	Sir Weston Cooke, Bart ..
Llangibbon	15	Tu, F	Mr W Lewis .. ..
Llangibby	25	Tu, F	Mr Evelyn Waddington ..
Ludlow	45	Tu, Th, S ..	Mr Frederick Milbank ..
Martindale's, Mr ..	12½	2 a week	Mr J J L Martindale ..
Melbrake	12	2 a week	Mr John Benson .. ..
Meynell	55	M, Tu, Th, S ..	Mr G H Hardy .. ..
Middleton's, Lord ..	50	M, W, F, S ..	Lord Middleton .. ..
Monmouthshire ..	30	M, Th, occ S ..	Mr E Curre .. ..
Morpeth	50½	Tu, Th, S ..	Mr Frank B Atkinson ..
Nell's, Mr H	24	M, Th	Mr H W Nell .. ..
Neuadd Fawr	20	M, Th	Mrs T H R Hughes .. ..
New Forest	42	Tu, Th, S ..	Mr Walter de P Carew ..
Newmarket & Thurlow	25	M, Th	Mr Richard Bower .. ..
Norfolk, West ..	45	M, W, F	Mr Albert Collison .. ..
North Tyne	10	Various	Mr T Robson .. ..
Northumberland, N ..	21	Tu, F	Mrs Burrell .. ..
Oakley	55	M, Tu, Th, S ..	Mr Esme Arkwright .. ..
Oxfordshire, South ..	33	M, F, alt W ..	Mr W Henry Barber .. ..
Pantglas	25	M Th	Captain C Spence-Jones ..
Pembrokeshire ..	28½	M, Th	Mr Ernest Ince Allen .. ..
Percy	50	M, W, S	Mr J B Pease .. ..
Portman's, Lord ..	48	M, W, F	Viscount Portman .. ..
Puckeridge	63	M, Tu or W, F, S	Mr E E Barclay .. ..
Pytchley	57	M, W, F, S ..	Lord Annaly .. ..
Pytchley, Woodland ..	45	M, Th, S ..	Mr W M Wroughton .. ..

York and Ainsty ..	60	M, Tu, Th, S ..	Mr Lionel Cohen and Mr M Beer
Ystrad and Pantycoch	34	Tu, F	Colonel H Lewis .. ..
Zetland's, Marquis of	53	M, Tu, Th, S ..	Marquis of Zetland .. ..

IRISH PACKS

Name of Hunt.	No. of Couples.	Regular Hunting Days.	Name of Master.	Address of Kennels.
Brooks's, Mr George ..	18	2 a week	Mr George Brooke	Ballyfad, Co Wexford
Carbery West	17	Tu, F	Miss Edith C Somerville ..	Drishane, Cork
Carlow	30	Tu, S	Mr W E Grogan	Moyle, Carlow
C C H	22	Tu, F	Captain R H Smyth	Ballynatray, Youghal
Dalgan	35	Tu, F	Lord de Clifford	Dalgan Pk, Tuam, Galway
Duhallow	41	Tu, Th, S ..	Mr Nigel Baring	Avondhu, Mallow
Galway, County ..	58	M, Tu, Th, S	Mr Isaac Bell	Craughwell, Co Galway
Galway, East ..	38	M, Th	Mr W L Bell	Ballinasloe, Co Galway
Island	60	M, W, Th, S	Lieut-Col Mosley Leigh ..	Coolattin, Co Wicklow
Kildare	50	M, Tu, Th, S	Mr A Pollok	Jigginstown, Naas
Kilkenny	44	M, W, F, occ S ..	Mr H R Langrishe	Knocktopher, Kilkenny
Kilkenny, East ..	23½	Tu, S	Lord Southampton	Dysertenon, New Ross
King's County	45	Tu, Th, F	Mr Assheton Biddulph ..	Moneyguyneen, Birr
Limerick, County ..	42	M, W, F	Major F H Wise & Mr A Warren	Adare, Co Limerick
Louth	40	5 a fortnight ..	Mr W de Salis Filgate	Lisrenny, Ardee
Meath	72	M, Tu, F, S ..	Mr John Watson	Rective, Co Meath
Muskerry	40	M, W, F	Mr T Donovan	Forest, Coachford, Co Cork
Ormond	40	M, W, F	Mr T Cradock	Sharavogue, King's Co
Queen's County and Castlecomer	32	Tu, Th	Mr H Knox-Browne	Castlecomer, Kilkenny
South Union	24	Tu, F	Captain F J Hodder	Ballea, Carrigaline
Tipperary	55	M, Tu, Th, S ..	Mr Richard Burke	Grove, Fethard, Tipperary
United Hunt Club ..	45	M, W, F	Captain R H Collis	Middleton, Co Cork
Waterford	50	M, Th, S	Marquis of Waterford	Tramore, Waterford
Westmeath	50	M, W, F, alt S ..	Mr H Whitworth	Culleen, Mullingar
Wexford	40	M, W, F	Mr G H Lambert	Enniscorthy, New Ross

SCOTTISH PACKS

Name of Hunt.	No. of Couples.	Regular Hunting Days.	Name of Master.	Address of Kennels.
Berwickshire	50	Tu, Th, S	Mr Fred Usher	Brierybill, Edrom
Buccleuch's, Duke of ..	57	M, W, Th, S ..	Duke of Buccleuch	St Boswells, Roxburgh
Dumfries-shire	33½	Tu, Th, S	Sir R W B Jardine and Mr K J Brook	Lanfield, Lockerbie
Eglinton's, Earl of ..	50	M, W, Th, S ..	Earl of Eglinton	Eglinton, Kilwinning
Eskdale	12	Tu, S	Mr A Hay Borthwick	Whitshiels, Langholm
Fife	44	M, Th, S	Mr T H Erskine	Harlaw'nd, Ceres, Cupar
Jed-Forest	18	W, S	Mr T Robson Scott	Lanton Tower, Jedburgh
Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire ..	30	Tu, S	Mr George Barclay	Houston, Johnstone, N B
Liddesdale	6	2 a week	Mr John T Dodd	Riccarton, Newcastleton
Linlithgow and Stirlingshire ..	35	Tu, S	Sir Robert Usher and Mr A Gillon	Golfhall, Corstorphine
Scott Plummer's, Mr ..	21	Tu, F	Mr C Scott Plummer	Sunderland Hall, Selkirk

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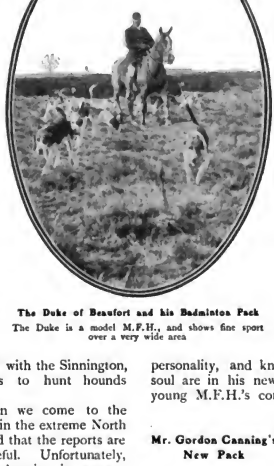
The Command in Cheshire

ill-health, I am sorry to say. Mr. Scrope made a plucky attempt to carry out a difficult work, but conditions were all against him. The Bedale's neighbours, the York and Ainsty, go on in the same way as last season; while Mr. G. R. Lane-Fox, M.P., continues with the Bramham Moor Hounds, Tom Smith, one of the oldest and best huntsmen in the kingdom, being still with the pack. "Any number of litters and prospects good," is the report from the Bramham Moor, and the returns from the Marquis of Zetland's, Lord Middleton's, the Holderness, and the Badsworth countries are similarly encouraging.

Two New Masters

An interesting change occurs in the country hunted until recently by Mr. Penn Sherbrooke, the Mastership having been taken over by Sir Hugo FitzHerbert, and, in accordance with the custom of the country, the pack will be known by the new Master's name. Last year, Sir Hugo hunted the North Cornwall Hounds. He enjoys bright prospects of a successful first season, there being plenty of foxes in this part of Yorkshire. Another new Yorkshire M.F.H. is Sir William Austin, who has taken the command of the Stainton Dale, a pack hunting rather a rough moorland country between Filey and Whitby. This reminds me that Miss N. Pyman, who belongs to the well-known Whitby family of that name, is to act as Deputy Field Master of the Goathland Hounds this season. Prospects with this trencher-fed pack are thought to be "fair," and it is the same with the Bilsdale. In the Cleveland district the outlook is brighter than for some time past, while it was actually "never better" with the Sinnington, where Lord Helmsley intends to hunt hounds himself.



The Duke of Beaufort and his Badminton Pack
The Duke is a model M.F.H., and shows fine sport over a very wide area

Where Mange is Rampant

It is when we come to the countries in the extreme North of England that the reports are less hopeful. Unfortunately, mange, that bitter scourge of fox-hunting, is rampant here. Once the disease gets a firm hold upon the foxes it is good-bye to really good sport for a number of seasons. Thus the followers of the Northern packs cannot regard the future with equanimity. The Tynedale, a fine hunting country, is one of those affected by the mange, and the Percy is another. The Morpeth have found a fair number of cubs, but mange is still in their district, while hunting material is the reverse of plentiful in some parts of the Border country. In the Braes of Derwent mange appears to be less virulent, though there is still a good deal in places; while prospects with the South Durham are somewhat better than for some years past, owing to an apparent slight abatement of the scourge. Mr. J. C. Fenwick reports favourably from the Glendale country, and in Cumberland and the Lake District the prospects are fairly good. Unfortunately, fox-stealing still goes on in a disgraceful way in the district covered by some of the Lake District packs, and Mr. John Benson, the veteran Master of the Mellbrake, sends us a strongly worded protest against this reprehensible practice, which means the loss of much good sport in the area from which the cubs are taken, presumably to be turned down in the South of England.

Duke of Westminster as M.F.H.

Prominent among the new Masters of Foxhounds is the Duke of Westminster, under whose command North and South Cheshire are brought together, and become a six-days-a-week country. Like all the Grosvenors, the Duke is passionately devoted to fox-hunting. No day which could be spared for the sport has been wasted by him, and the Duchess is equally enthusiastic. The Duke can be depended upon to turn out the hunt in splendid style, and it would really seem that no more suitable Master could have been found for Cheshire. It was unfortunate, perhaps, that the amalgamation of the two sides of the country, bringing it back to its original state, should unavoidably have involved the abandonment of Mr. Reginald Corbet's fine pack; but the Duke is determined to do his best for both sides, and happily no obstacles will be placed in his way in South Cheshire. Much interest will attach to the working of the new arrangements. Knowing something of his charming personality, and knowing, too, that his heart and soul are in his new work, I look forward to the young M.F.H.'s complete success.

Mr. Gordon Canning's New Pack

We have seen that the South Cheshire Hounds no longer exist as a separate establishment, and the list of hounds is further reduced by a new arrangement in the Hambledon country, where the Hunt becomes re-united under the leadership of Captain W. P. Standish. But to set against these changes we are able to record the birth of a new pack. The Ledbury have never been able to do full justice to the extreme South of their domains, and, therefore, no objection was entertained by Sir William Cooke and the Ledbury Hunt Committee when Mr. W. Gordon Canning sought permission to establish a separate country in that direction. Himself Master of the Ledbury for a number of seasons, and a thoroughly good man to hounds, Mr. Gordon Canning is

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Hunting in Western Countries

well liked in the district concerned. This, of course, is half the battle when a pack of hounds is to be founded, and the new M.F.H. is fortunate in starting with the cordial support of landowners, covert-owners, and the farmers. Mr. Canning has built kennels for the hounds at his residence, Hartpury House, near Gloucester. From the Ledbury country the report is, "Prospects very good; there are plenty of foxes."

Photo *Miss Agg*

The Cotswold Hounds and their Huntsman, Charles Travess

Mr. H. O. Lord shows excellent sport with these hounds in the Cheltenham district

Prospects in Wales

There are ominous signs of mange in a corner of Sir Watkin Wynn's country, and it is feared that it may spread into the neighbouring Flint and Denbigh district. Several of the Welsh countries have known what it is to be ravaged by mange of late years, but, generally speaking, the prospects for the ensuing season are satisfactory enough. Mrs. T. H. R. Hughes, one of the keenest of lady Masters, expects to do well with the Neuadd Fawr Hounds; hopeful reports have reached us, too, from countries like the Pantglâs, the Monmouthshire, the Carmarthenshire ("exceedingly good outlook, any number of healthy foxes; we have one of the most genial and best M.F.H.'s in the kingdom, always with his hounds and loved by his field"), Mr. Curre's, Viscount Tredegar's, the Tivyside, the Glamorgan ("excellent prospects"), and the Llangibby ("most encouraging, no dearth of foxes, and a splendid young entry, the number of couples having been increased to meet the wants of the country"). A change of Mastership has been made in the Pembrokeshire Hunt, where Lord Kensington is succeeded by Mr. Ernest Allen, the youngest son of the late Mr. C. H. Allen, who was Master of these hounds from 1871 to 1881, when he showed excellent sport and was very popular with all classes.

In the West Midlands

On the other side of the Welsh border, and throughout the West Midlands generally, prospects are bright. In the command of the Ludlow Hounds, Mr. F. Milbank, formerly Master of the Radnorshire and West Herefordshire, has succeeded Sir William Curtis, who retires after twenty years' most successful management. Mr. Milbank, who showed great sport with his old pack (of which Captain Roland Haig is now the Master), has already been busy among the cubs, and bids fair to be an ideal huntsman for the country. His former dog-pack have been purchased by the Master of the Teme Valley Hounds, whose followers look like having an excellent season. In Herefordshire, foxes are said to be plentiful both in the North and the South countries, and the same is reported of both sides of Staffordshire. Mr. F. Villiers Forster enters upon his twenty-third year in the Mastership of the South Staffordshire, but there has been a change in the North pack since last season. Lord Huntingdon has retired, and Mr. W. W. Dobson goes on single-handed. The two Cotswold packs are in a flourishing condition in every respect, and there is a prospect of a most successful season for them.

Photo *Dixon*

Cubbing with the South Devon Hounds: Putting the pack in to covert

These hounds, which hunt a picturesque country, are now under the Mastership of Mr. Hubert Brunskill, who has succeeded Mr. W. M. G. Singer

A Magnificent Hunting Arena

In the Duke of Beaufort's country, one of the grandest fox-hunting arenas in the world, the outlook is very good. The Duke is a model M.F.H., and hunting can never really decline so long as sportsmen of his stamp are ready to devote so much time and energy in promoting its interests. The Duke hunts the hounds two days a week, and on the other four Will Dale officiates. The Berkeley Hounds go on as before, and so do both packs in the Vale of White Horse. Our report of

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With the Whaddon Chase

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Whaddon Chase Foxhounds

Which hunt in the delightful Vale of Aylesbury and have a large following. Our illustration was taken just after the kill, and hounds are eagerly awaiting their reward

prospects from the Blackmore Vale country says: "Very good; a fine show of cubs up to date"; from the Cattistock, "Excellent"; from Lord Portman's, "Good in most of the country, but short of foxes in parts of the woodland and hill country"; and from the South and West Wilts, simply "Very good." In the Wilton country there is a very fair entry, despite the ravages of distemper and yellows. The stock of foxes is excellent and well distributed, and it is hoped that the efforts of the Wire Committee recently formed may be successful. There is a change in the Tedworth country, Captain Henry Connop having taken the place of Mr. J. W. Fleming in the Mastership. So far as can be judged at present, the prospects here would seem to be fairly good, as there are plenty of foxes in most parts of the country.

In the Far West

From the extreme West—Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall—nothing is reported that is likely to interfere with the success of the season. Mange, which was prevalent in West Somerset two or three seasons ago, is now nearly stamped out, and foxes are more plentiful. Several new Masters are starting in this part of the kingdom Mr. S. H. Christy has taken over the Four Burrow Hounds from Mr. John Williams, and Mr. R. H. Baskerville has succeeded Sir Hugo FitzHerbert with the North Cornwall. In the South Devon country, Mr. Hubert F. Brunskill has taken the place vacated by Mr. W. M. G. Singer, Messrs. Wilcocks and Rew now hunt the fox in their Silverton country, while Mr. J. A. Cooke-Hurle has taken over the sole Mastership of the Lamerton. The death has occurred since this time last year of that noted West-country sportsman, the Hon. Mark Rolle, whose hounds were bequeathed to the country, and under Mr. David Horndon's Mastership they are now known as the Stevenstone.

With the Hampshire and Sussex Packs

The New Forest Foxhounds have found an excellent new leader in Mr. Walter de P. Cazenove, who was formerly Master of the Woodland Pytchley and previous to that of the Wilton. He is a thorough hound man, and was judge of the dog-hounds at the last Peterborough Show. Other Hampshire packs, as well as Colonel Howard-Brooke's Hounds in the Isle of Wight, start the season with good prospects of sport, and the outlook throughout Sussex is equally satisfactory. A notable enterprise is being started by Lord Leconfield, who, in addition to his own very extensive district around Petworth Park, intends to cover the historic old Goodwood country, which has not been hunted by foxhounds since the Duke of Richmond gave up his pack.

Good Sport Promised in the Home Counties

Sport in the Home Counties promises to be good. While the remorseless march of the builder is constantly threatening the very existence of packs within a radius of twenty miles of the Metropolis, no necessity has yet arisen for any foxhounds to be given up on that account. Indeed, from the old Surrey country, one of those whose days are supposed to be numbered, we have received a most cheerful report, and no doubt the renting by the Hunt of some valuable fox coverts in the centre of their best vale will prove of great advantage to these hounds. Then from the Surrey Union the report runs: "Prospects particularly good; more general desire to provide

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Cub-Hunting in the Home Counties

Photo *J. T. Newman*

A CUBBING SCENE IN THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE WOODLANDS

The Old Berkeley (West) Hounds, hunted by Mr. Robert Leadbetter, on their way to an early morning meet

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Hunting in Ireland

sport throughout the country." The outlook is likewise good with the Chiddingfold, though distemper has wreaked sad havoc among the young hounds. Again, prospects are excellent with the Burstow, whose Mastership has been taken over by a very keen sportsman, Mr. Hubert F. Sturdy, who has spent a lot of time and money in adding to the strength of the pack. He has introduced the famous Meynell blood in the shape of some of that pack's beautiful bitches. Mr. Sturdy has purchased Felcom House with 600 acres of land and coverts, in the interests of the Hunt, and hopes soon after Christmas to take up his residence there.

Well Cleared! A typical jump in the Kildare Country

In Kent and Essex

"Prospects are good. Strong litters of cubs reported from most parts of the country." This from the East Kent, and it may be taken as typical of all hunting returns from the Kentish packs this season. One hears, unfortunately, of too much wire in the Tickham country, whose hounds have been purchased from Mrs. Paterson by a great supporter, and generously presented to the Hunt. Mrs. Paterson and Mr. Evans remain as joint Masters for this season. In Essex the general outlook is satisfactory. Mr. Arthur Sowler has taken the Essex and Suffolk from Mr. Norman, but with this exception the packs are in the hands of the same leaders as last season. This applies to other East Anglian countries like the Suffolk, the West Norfolk, and the Newmarket and Thurlow. Prospects with the Hertfordshire are very favourable. There is a good supply of foxes, and the Hunt is well supported by a first-class lot of sporting farmers. It is the same in the very attractive Whaddon Chase country, while all through Berkshire the outlook appears to be as favourable as can be expected.

The Popularity of Irish Hunting

At the present moment fox-hunting in Ireland enjoys greater popularity than ever it did before, and the prosperity of the sport can scarcely fail to be of great benefit to the country at large. With the Meath Hounds, for example, a great many strangers ride every season, and the majority of them seem to hail from America. Next to the Shires, there is no more popular hunting country with sporting Americans than the Meath; many, indeed, seem to prefer the Irish country to Leicestershire. This season I hear that nearly all accommodation is bespoken, though some is still to be had at the first-class hotels in Navan. There

Photo *Hughes*

In East Kilkenny, where Lord Southampton is the new M.F.H.

From the Grafton country Lord Southampton has gone to hunt the above pack, which last season were known as Mr. Lambert's Hounds

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Prospects in Scotland

Miss Edith Somerville and the West Carbery Foxhounds

Miss Somerville is the only lady M.F.H. in Ireland, and an exceedingly keen and practical sportswoman

is a large supply of foxes everywhere, and Mr. John Watson is sure to continue his splendid record with the pack. Similarly, prospects with the Kildare Hunt Club are very good. Litters have been plentiful and cubs strong. A determined effort to combat the wire question has met with much success. There never was a more practical Master of Hounds than Miss Edith Somerville, who continues in the leadership of the West Carbery Hounds, and it is satisfactory to learn that the chances of sport are good in this wild sporting country. Lord de Clifford still hunts the Dalgan Hounds, and there are more foxes in this country than for several seasons past.

New Masters in Ireland

Lord Southampton is prominent among the new Masters in Ireland. He has taken over Mr. Lambert's country, which, under this *régime*, is to be known as the East Kilkenny. Ireland has also come to England and Wales for her other new M.F.H.'s, Colonel Mosley Leigh having gone from Cheshire to hunt the Island country, and Mr. G. H. Lambert from Anglesey to manage the Wexford. In all these countries prospects of sport are bright, and a growing account comes from the Galway "Blazers," whose Master, Mr. Isaac Bell, has proved himself to be a good huntsman and is popular with all classes. Mr. W. de Salis Filgate, the veteran Master of the Louth, is likewise always popular and well received by the farmers. Cubbing is late in Ireland as well as in England, but reports have been sent to us from the Carlow, the Duhallow, the Kilkenny, the South Union, the King's County, the County Limerick, the Queen's County, and the Tipperary countries, which show that there is an abundance of foxes in Ireland, and a tip-top season is expected everywhere.

The Outlook in Scotland

In Scotland one learns with regret that mange has crept over the Border into the Berwickshire country, but, apart from this, the prospects for the season are excellent. Here is a brief summary of the reports on the outlook: "First-class" from the Dumfriesshire; "A good stock of foxes, and hounds fit and well," from the Earl of Eglinton's; "Rather moderate," from the Eskdaill; "Fairly good," from the Fife, where Mr. T. H. Erskine has succeeded Colonel Sprot in the Mastership; "Good," from the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire; and "Plenty of foxes and bright prospects," from the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire.

Bright Promise of Sport

Altogether, then, the season of 1907-8 may be said to open under bright and cheerful conditions, and we hope that hounds may be able to realise the happy promise of sport which, as we have seen in this survey, prevails in the great majority of countries.

A. W. C.

Photo *J. F. Newman*

A Study in Expression

A nice litter of foxhound puppies at Haslemere Park

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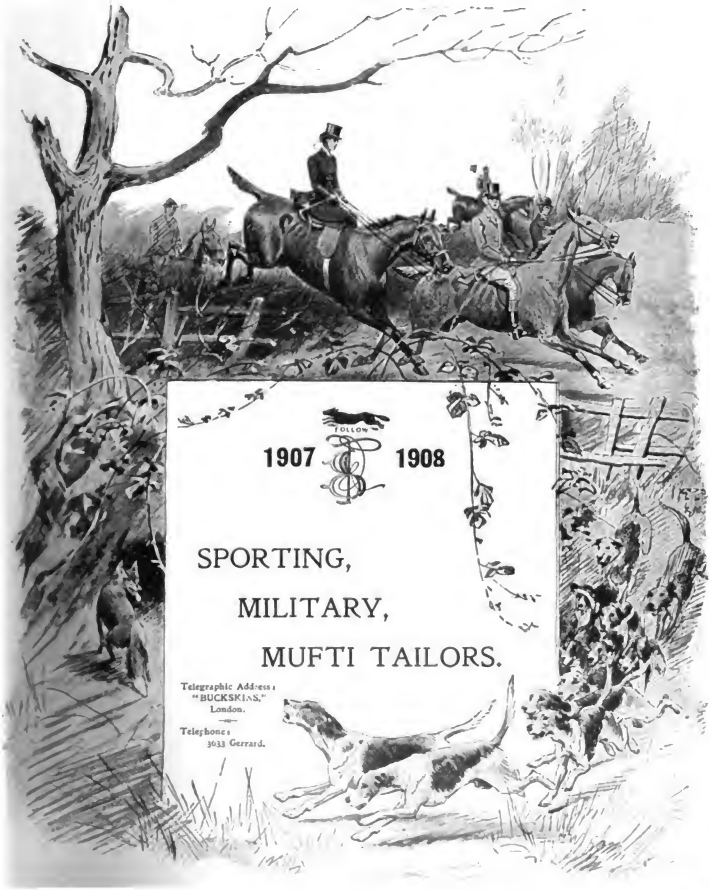

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"THE MOTOR TRIUMPH OF THE EDWARDIAN ERA."

—*Vide* "SMART SET."

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The BYSTANDER.

No. 202.—Vol. XVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 16, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS ELSIE KAY

Now playing in "The Gay Gordons" at the Aldwych

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No. 202.—Vol. XVI. Wednesday, October 16 1907

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Frontispiece	97
Bystander Comments	99
The World's Pageant	103
The Paris Councillors' Visit	107
The King's Friends—Various	108
Pheasant Shooting Prospects	109
A Castle with Historic Traditions ..	110
Young Landlord and Oldest Tenant ...	114
The Playhouses	116
Continental Chat	119
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 100.—"A Matter of Business." By Reginald Rayner	124
Humorous French Sculpture	127
Trapping in the Rockies	132
The Library	134
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	137
The Garden	138
Automobile Topics	144
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows . ..	148
A Woman's Note Book	X

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 472 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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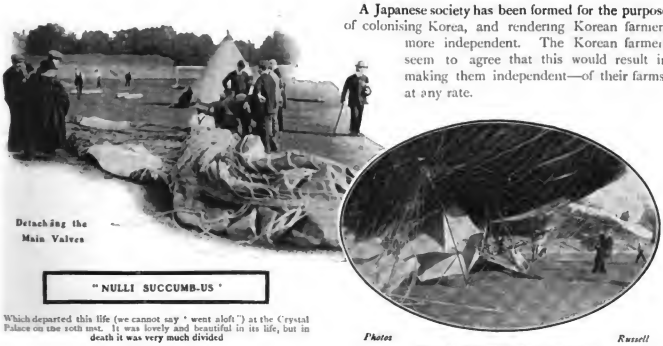
Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday October 16, 1907

Politicians are to have a strenuous autumn. "Speeches, speeches everywhere, Nor any pause to think"—if we may paraphrase the Ancient Mariner. In view of all this activity, the suggestion that forthcoming speeches should be announced more strikingly than they are at present seems an excellent one. "The Premier on The House of Lords" sounds dull. Some people say that he is. But, at least, the inhabitants of Dunfermline, for example, would be more expectant if it were given out that Sir Henry would address them on the subject of "THE VIPERS OF WESTMINSTER."



Which departed this life (we cannot say "went aloft") at the Crystal Palace on the 10th inst. It was lovely and beautiful in its life, but in death it was very much divided

Photos *Russell*

View of Damaged Front Aeroplanes

Any competent journalist could arrange a list of attractive titles. Mr. Long on Socialism might select as his title, "The Grip of the Octopus"; Mr. Grayson would deal with the same subject as "Peeps at Paradise." The arguments would remain the same (unless, perhaps, Members had changed their Private Secretaries lately). So would the jokes. Political jokes rarely change. But the titles would give an air of freshness to the speeches that would surprise even Members themselves.

* * *

After the French Municipal Councillors, the German Emperor. It serves to show that we are getting a more tolerant country than we used to be. Well, it is nice to be friends with everyone, and now that M. Opportun and his comrades from Paris have gone back, we are very pleased to welcome M. Inopportun (as he might occasionally be termed) —from Berlin.

The report that the Kaiser, in order to emphasise the German-American *entente*, intends to send a powerful fleet to visit New York, under the command of his brother, Prince Henry, has already greatly excited the memento-hunters. Prices are not exactly quoted in Wall Street, but we understand that fifty dollars will be given for locks of the Prince's hair, ten for face-clippings, five for coat-buttons, and a dollar apiece for trouser-snips.

* * *

By the way, the most fashionable tailor in Paris is said to have disappeared in a mysterious way. Can it be that he is preparing the Prince for his trip?

* * *

A Japanese society has been formed for the purpose of colonising Korea, and rendering Korean farmers more independent. The Korean farmers seem to agree that this would result in making them independent—of their farms, at any rate.

"In how many journalistic ways," writes a correspondent, "do you suppose that the quarry can be slain in cub-hunting? I have gathered the following from less than a single column of the *Telegraph*:—

(1) 'Two cubs failed to survive the racket.'
(2) 'A capital show . . . resulted in the discomfiture of a brace.'
(3) 'One was despoiled of his brush.'
(4) 'The downfall of a brace.'
(5) 'They ran bang into a very tired cub.'
(6) 'A gap was made in their ranks.'
(7) 'Hounds . . . were not cheated of a cub.'
(8) 'The cub in due course fell on evil times.'
(9) 'Wolvey Gorse yielded an old warrior only.'
(10) 'He very quickly lost his brush.'
(11) 'Another cub joined the list of the slain.'
(12) 'Accounted for a leash.'
(13) 'Triumphed over another brace.'"

It sounds all very dreadful, but there was no vivisection—except of the language.

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The Lawyers' Holiday

The alteration in the Long Vacation has been an immense success, and the Lord Chancellor has earned the gratitude of the Bar by presenting them, in effect, with an extra twelve days' holiday without any injury to their pockets or their clients. In former years they used to sit in Chambers for the first twelve days of August and October, grumbling at the fine weather, with too much work to allow them to go away, and not enough to keep them fully employed; while this year they have been in full work to the end of July, and in full holiday during August and September, and have returned to full work on October 1. In other words, the barristers' real vacation, which used to be from August 13 to October 1, now covers the whole of August and September, and has been made to coincide with the usual holiday time of solicitors and litigants.

The New Judge

Everyone will be glad that Lord Coleridge has received his long-expected Judgeship. The only appointments which ever meet with the unanimous approval of the Bar are those of acknowledged leaders of the profession like Mr. Justice Bigham and Mr. Justice Pickford, and it cannot be said that he comes within this category, for his practice in London was neither large nor particularly distinguished. To a great extent, however, he was the victim of bad luck. The career and reputation of a new silk depend very largely upon his success in his first few cases in London, and Lord Coleridge had the misfortune to be briefed by several clients for whom no human skill could have secured a verdict. But he has done well as a Commissioner of Assize, especially in criminal cases, and if there is anything in the principles of heredity, the son and grandson of two very distinguished Judges ought in his turn to prove an ornament to the Bench. He has two other qualifications which are not possessed by all modern Judges, for he is a real orator, whose speeches read nearly as well as they sound, and, as one would expect from his name, he is a scholar and a gentleman. He is probably the first peer who has held a puisne judgeship, and there is some uncertainty in the minds of the Bar as to what his proper official title is. "Mr. Justice Coleridge" sounds too democratic, "Mr. Justice Lord Coleridge" is too clumsy, and appears to involve a contradiction in terms, while "Lord Justice Coleridge," as most laymen will probably call him, would indicate a premature promotion to the Court of Appeal. Will the Duke of Norfolk or Garter King-at-Arms kindly solve this knotty problem?

Photo *Whitlock*

Lord Coleridge, the New Judge

His lordship is the son of the famous Lord Chief Justice, and is a descendant of the poet

Those Arrears Again!

The new legal year has opened with about the usual number of arrears. The case of the Court of Appeal seems hopeless; but in the King's Bench Division the appointment of an additional Judge, and the rearrangement of the Circuit dates, give promise of better things. According to present arrangements, there will never be fewer than seven Common Law Judges in London, and during the last three weeks before Christmas, practically the whole staff of sixteen will be available. I can't imagine where they will all sit, for there is not nearly room enough at the Law Courts. But sixteen Judges sitting together are not an unmixed blessing, and I expect to hear many complaints before the end of the term. Cases will come on before the solicitors or witnesses are ready, and popular counsel will be engaged in six or seven Courts at the same time. It is a bad thing to do your work too slowly, but still worse to get through it too fast.

To a Correspondent

A correspondent has asked me for some information as to the marriage laws of Greece. I regret to inform him that the only authorities upon the subject to which I have access are written in modern Greek, a language which the remnants of a classical education have not enabled me to interpret, and I can only recommend him to apply to the Greek Legation or the nearest Greek Consul.

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The Brampton Obsequies

REQUIEM MASS AT WESTMINSTER ON FRIDAY

ST. BRIDE'S FOUNDATION LIBRARY

[Photo] THE SCENE IN THE CATHEDRAL [Illustrations Bureau

Very fitting was it that Mass for the late Judge should have been sung—with intense solemnity, and in the presence of representatives of the Bench, Bar, Politics, Society, and Sport—at Westminster Cathedral, an edifice which Lord Brampton did much in his lifetime to benefit. The Mass was that of Vittoria (seventeenth century). Archbishop Bourne offered up the special prayer. The Cathedral was filled, and the entire scene—the first great public funeral to be celebrated in the Cathedral—was intensely impressive

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TRAINING FOR THE AUTUMN HANDICAPS

A Newmarket Gallop

"Snowie," a Well-known Tout at Newmarket

Mr. Richard Marsh, the Trainer of the King's Racehorses

"Darkie," another "Man of Observation" on Newmarket Heath

Mr. J. Ryan, the Veteran Trainer

Mr. W. Jarvis, a Successful Trainer

Photos] **The King's Horses Returning from Exercise** [*Graphic Photo Union*

Newmarket is aptly termed the headquarters of the Turf. Hundreds of thoroughbreds are trained on the magnificent expanse of Heath, and the trainers are now particularly busy in "winding up" their horses for the Cesarewitch, Cambridgeshire, and the other big autumn handicaps

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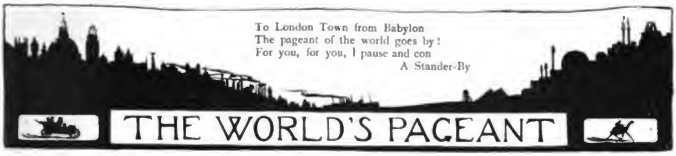

The King

"The King at Newmarket" is a piece of fashionable intelligence with which the diligent student of the social columns of the Press must be, by now, fairly familiar. The King loves Newmarket; he is nowhere more truly in his element, and it is to his Majesty's marked preference for the place that the little town owes its present exclusive position in the racing world. Life at Newmarket, in every detail, is that to which the King more and more inclines. Racing by day—in October over the Rowley Mile, one of the finest courses in the kingdom — friendly (though elaborate) dinners, and cards by night — at which counters do not compose the stakes—and the entire absence of that abhorred element: The Unknown; so runs the world at Newmarket. It is merry enough if you are "in." It is a sufficient Inferno if you are "out."

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Latest Convert to the Current Craze

King Alfonso plays Diabolo

• • •

The Outsider at Newmarket

At Newmarket, the way of the outsider is not only hard; it is impossible. Inaccessible, expensive, unpopular, devoted soul and body to the Turf, Newmarket is the place marked out by the racing elect for their very own. The ignoramus and the tyro — even when, as usually happens, they provide the necessary picturesque element — are barred. At Newmarket one must race, just race; though even then, unless you belong to the smart racing set, you stand alone, indeed, upon the "blasted Heath." You are an intruder—almost a trespasser; anyway, a fine, fair target for snubs unmerciful. The meetings, especially those in October, are gatherings of social intimates with but one mind and one purpose in view — the racing. Nothing else is allowed to intervene. There is a lovely view from the course; on clear days the towers of Ely Cathedral are, to lapse into racing jargon, "quite viewy"; and the air is of the champagne variety. But one takes no notice of either. Serious racing permits of no side-issues. Those are for Ascot and Goodwood.

The History of Newmarket

It was King James I. who first made Newmarket fashionable. He built a house there and often travelled thence, but for coursing, not for racing. It was left to Charles II. to bring fame to Newmarket. The Rowley Mile was so christened after one of his Majesty's nicknames, "Old Rowley," and often, though he stood 6 ft. high and weighed nearly thirteen stone, did the Merry Monarch, who "could not think God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of his way," ride a fine race there himself. It must have been rather amusing, racing in those days. Well-mounted spectators galloped alongside the competitors on the course, and the King, followed by all his brazen Court—that Court to which so much of our aristocracy owes its being — would sometimes ride full gallop abreast of the jockeys, all cheering and shouting their hardest. William III. was constantly at Newmarket. He would race all day and gamble all night in approved Newmarket fashion, though of these little propensities on the part of his hero Macaulay makes no mention. Queen Anne only visited Newmarket once—it was never, any more than the Derby, a "Ladies' Meeting"—and though George II. never went racing, it was, nevertheless, during his reign that Newmarket reached the summit of its prosperity.

• • •

The Emperor Francis Joseph

It is to be sincerely hoped that the illness of the Emperor of Austria will not prove to be serious. I am not one of those creepy people who believe that the peace of Europe depends on the continued life of the Austrian Sovereign. Francis Joseph has always been a great pacificator, but circumstances have changed since M. de Blowitz made his famous prophecy that "the signal for the next European war would be the death of the Emperor of Austria." The era of universal *ententes* and Hague Conferences has pretty well assured the fact that the Austrian succession would be peaceful.

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Another Anglo-American Wedding

Lord Brampton's Funeral

Few men excelled the late Lord Brampton in the art of making friends in every class and stratum of society. At his funeral, which took place from the Catholic Cathedral last Friday, all sorts and conditions of men gathered together to render the last tokens of respect. The Church, the Stage, the Turf, the Law, the Press (Lord Burnham, proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, was one of Lord Brampton's most intimate friends), Society, Commerce, and last, but not least, that great mass of the people which loves a sportsman and respects a fearless man—all were represented. The Requiem Mass was celebrated by Bishop Johnson, while the final absolution was pronounced by the Archbishop of Westminster.

* * *

Kempton

Was it the absence of the King at Kempton Park on Friday, or was it the strange mixture of thunder, lightning, and sunshine which made everyone seem a little depressed and "nervous," as our American cousins say? Whatever the cause, the world and his wife hardly seemed up to the mark. The racing was excellent, but there was not much to notice in the way of "dress." On Saturday, with the sun shining brightly, a goodly crowd assembled, chairs in the members' enclosure being at a premium—a sign of the numbers present—there was plenty of time before the Duke of York Stakes to study everyone. Oh! the hats, and *oh!* the waists!!! The enormous size of the one and the poor little pinched appearance of the other made one alternately gasp in horror and shed tears of pity. French-mustard seems the new shade, and when a small brunette wears a huge hat with upstanding masses of feathers of some unknown bird of this colour, making her look like an enraged cockatoo, it is not becoming. Bright purple comes next. Mrs. Hall Walker was, on Friday, wearing a large hat of this colour trimmed with convolvulus, and a smaller shape of paler mauve on Saturday, her tight-fitting dress of prune cloth being particularly becoming. It was a rest to the eyes to see Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild in neat blue serge and small velvet toque, and Lady Alice Stanley in a dark blue-grey dress and small black hat and coloured wings. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh and Lady Carnarvon, who wore a pale blue costume and toque to match, with small grey wings, always look nice, and Comtesse d'Hautpoul looked charming in a long, tight-fitting coat and skirt of bright dark blue. These long, tight-fitting coats are *the* thing now, and while fashion does not insist on *too* tiny a waist, they are most becoming. The cold snap in the air gave an excuse for some good furs to appear. Lady de Bathe had a lovely stole and large muff of dark sables. Her dress on Saturday was mole-coloured cloth and lace to match, with a beautifully fitting little chemisette of plaited chiffon—a most uncommon "get-up." A lovely ermine stole-cape and muff was walking with a white cloth dress and pointed mantle, the latter covered with chiffon and lace and handsome raised *appliqués* of white velvet flowers, and trimmed with ermine—a beautiful garment not quite unsuitable for a race meeting in October.

A Martial Bridal Arch

Lord Alastair Innes-Ker and his wife (Miss Anne Breese) leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after their wedding on Thursday. The officers of the bridegroom's regiment, the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), made an archway of their swords over the heads of the happy pair

Photo *Topical Agency*

Crowds outside St. George's, Hanover Square, witnessing the wedding of the autumn season—that of Lord Alastair Innes-Ker with Miss Anne Breese (of New York)

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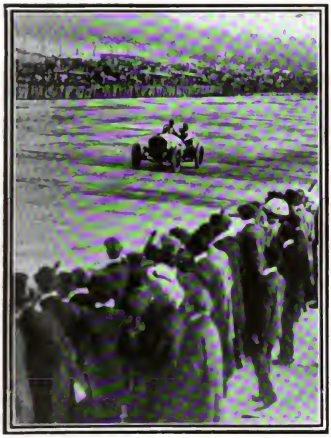
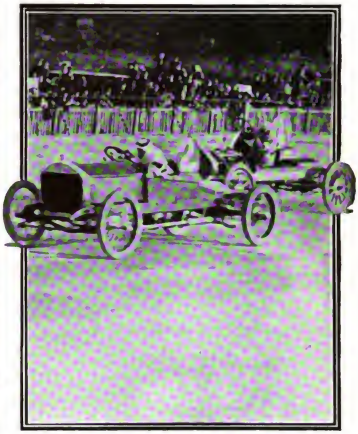
Racing at Brooklands

THE SEASON CLOSES WITH A MOST SUCCESSFUL MEETING



Mr. F. R. Fry's Mercédès Wins the 90 h.-p. Race

This car, driven by D. Resta, won the race, which was 21 miles in length, at an average speed of 92½ miles an hour



An Exciting Finish

Lieut.-Col. C. D. Carleton-Smith's 38 h.-p. Napier, driven by H. C. Tryon, wins the Private Stakes by a length, after an exciting neck-to-neck race of 51 miles

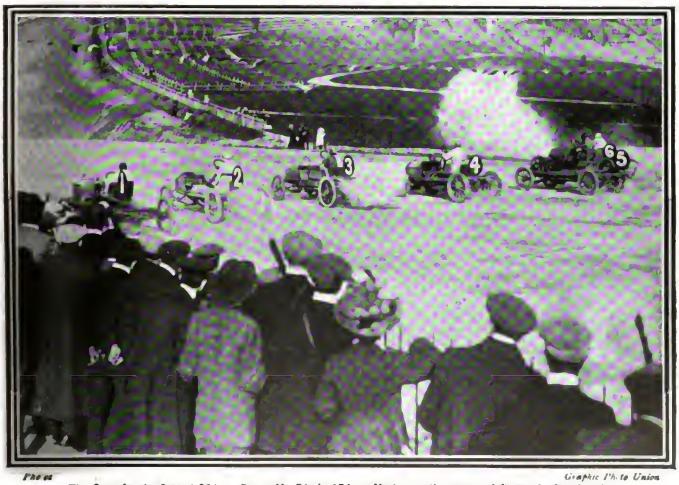


Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Start for the Second 26 h.-p. Race: Mr. Edge's 25 h.-p. Napier, on the extreme left, won by four lengths

The fifth and last meeting of the season, which took place at Brooklands on Saturday, was one of the most successful yet held. The weather was ideal and there were many exciting finishes. Next season there is every prospect of the Brooklands meetings vying in popularity with the oldest-established and best-patronised horse-racing events of the year

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Mid-Ocean Opera

REALISTIC EFFECTS IN THE SCENE BETWEEN THE LOVE-SICK LOVERS

(Mr. Frohman has proposed that ocean-going liners should each be endowed with theatres)

BY TONY SARG

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The Paris Councillors' Visit

Civic Hospitality

November is near. Already the voice of the turtle is, as it were, heard in the land. Municipal orders for consignments of paper roses, Venetian masts, and red twill have broken the record in their immensity. The ball started rolling last week, when the City Corporation entertained for four days the members of the Municipal Council of Paris. It looks, indeed, as if the hapless citizens will spend most of the ensuing weeks either unable to get into, or unable to get out of, their offices; and, as for the City traffic, goodness only knows what will happen to that. On Monday week quite a function (the last during the Mayoralty of Sir William Treloar) is to be made of the presentation to Lord Cromer, in the usual 100-guinea gold box, of the Freedom of the City. In the following week the Lord Mayor's Show is, I fear, inevitable; and, four days later, the German Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, will pay his second visit to the Guildhall. No less than £1,300 has been voted by the Corporation for their Imperial Majesties' entertainment—it seems a lot, but I suppose the City must live up to its reputation!—and the Kaiser is to be presented with an address of welcome and another casket worth upwards of three hundred guineas.

* * *

The King and Queen of Spain

Our other Royal visitors, the King and Queen of Spain, are making a purely private visit to England, and will, therefore, not include a journey to the City among their engagements. They are to stay with the King and Queen at Sandringham, with Princess Henry of Battenberg at Kensington Palace, with Mr. and Mrs. Willie James (to whose infant son and heir the King is standing sponsor) at West Dean, and with the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey. At this latter mansion, great preparations are on foot for the Royal visit. The famous underground ballroom, some four hundred feet in length, which is also the picture gallery, is being re-painted and decorated.

* * *

A Vegetarian Duchess

Although the Duchess of Portland and her daughter are strict vegetarians, the *chef* at Welbeck is quite excellent. "I always feel so greedy when I dine with her Grace," confessed a friend of the Duchess's to me once; "she drinks no wine and eats only vegetables. It makes one appear a perfect cannibal." At lunch, however, it is even worse, so far as flesh-eating guests are concerned. Skim-milk, biscuits, butter, and cheese are the only items on her Grace's menu, while, invariably for breakfast, more skim-milk, lettuce, and a boiled egg form her daily repast year in year out. Charming manners, a beautiful complexion, inexhaustible amiability, and a perfect horror of being photographed may or may not be the result of this sparse diet.

Learning Our Language: The Paris Municipal Councillors' Visit to Billingsgate

The picture affords an admirable idea of the appearance of the backs of our distinguished and genial visitors, whose figures have the air of prosperity which one expects of Municipal officials. The half amused, half respectful expressions on the faces of the fish-porters on the right will be noticed. The expressions on their tongues we cannot record, but believe they greatly impressed the visitors

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The King's Friends—Various

Anyway, they are all the outstanding characteristics of her Grace of Portland. The Duchess's portrait, by the way, occupied, some ten years ago, a prominent position in the shop window of a Society photographer. It was removed, suddenly and for ever, and the Duke is said to have paid a large sum for the destruction of the negative. Mr. Waldorf Astor did the same when once a photograph of the marble fountain in his park at Cliveden was published.

* * *

The King and Sir Ernest Cassel

Wealth and social kudos, which are the perquisites of a Royal favourite, cannot, it seems, achieve everything. Sir Ernest Cassel is marked out by the King as the object of his particular friendship and his companionship, and is a man whose influence over Royal proceedings is as welcome as it is marked. Sir Ernest is enormously wealthy, and he is a great sportsman. Purely for the fun of the thing, he keeps a large stud at Newmarket. Yet the Jockey Club, more than half of whose members take no interest at all in racing, and certainly spend nothing on it, excludes him from membership. In less exalted circles there might, perhaps, be a certain awkwardness in the fact that, while the King stays at the Jockey Club, he visits and associates so constantly with a non-member thereof. But King Edward knows very well how to avoid even the suggestion of a *gaucherie*. Sir Ernest Cassel, it is rumoured, intends to reduce his Newmarket stud considerably. Indeed, he has talked of retiring altogether from active participation in the affairs of the Turf. But there has been no more talk of the presentation of Moulton Paddocks to the Prince of Wales.

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To Entertain the Heir-Apparent

The Marquis of Northampton, who is to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales at Castle Ashby next month, has for five years been one of the most important landlords in England. He owns land—over thirty thousand acres—in Northants, Bucks, Warwickshire, and Argyllshire, and his London property, which embraces a great part of Clerkenwell and Canonbury, and came into the family through the marriage of the first Earl Compton with a Lord Mayor's daughter, brings in, of itself, a not inconsiderable fortune. Lord Northampton confesses to an entire absence of interest in things political. He has attended the House of Lords three times in his life, and has voted only once. He is an excellent speaker, cultured, widely read, and keenly interested in the social and religious questions of the day. As a landlord he is generous and popular, and the recent announcement that he intended to let Castle Ashby was received with great regret by his Northamptonshire tenants of all classes. Lord Northampton, who is President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has written a book on Compton Wynyates, his ancient and historic seat near Kineton in Warwickshire.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley

Only daughter of Sir Ernest Cassel, the King's intimate friend and host at Newmarket. As Sir Ernest is a widower, Mrs. Ashley does the honours of hostess at Moulton Paddocks

Photo *Allis and Walery*

Sir Ernest Cassel

The King's close friend, and Newmarket host. Though not of the Jockey Club, Sir Ernest keeps a large stud at Newmarket, where he owns Moulton Paddocks

* * *

Lord Northampton's Daughter

Lord Northampton's only daughter, Lady Loch, will act as hostess for her father during the Royal visit to Castle Ashby. Lord Loch, whose barony was conferred on his distinguished father twelve years ago, at the end of his term as High Commissioner in South Africa, is at present a Major in the Grenadier Guards. He served with distinction both in the Soudan War and in South Africa, and is not yet thirty-five. At his wedding, which took place in the Guards' Chapel a year or two ago in the height of the London season, the scarlet coats of Lord Loch's brother-officers and men were rivalled by the unconventional bouquet of crimson flowers which was carried by the dark-haired, dark-eyed bride. By the way, the Castle Ashby party will consist very largely of men.

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The Start of Pheasant Shooting

"October 1—Pheasant Shooting Begins" Thus runs the familiar entry in the sportsman's calendar; yet there is precious little pheasant shooting nowadays in the first week or two of October. Birds which have strayed from the coverts may be killed on the edge of estates without loss of time, otherwise they would be lost irrecoverably, and the hedgerows and small spinnies may also be lightly worked in the early days of the month. But the main woods cannot, as a rule, be tackled until November, one reason being the amount of leaf which still clings impenetrably to the trees in covert. Another important reason is the general desire of all good sportsmen to give the birds as long as possible to come to their full maturity and strength of wing.

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Pheasant Shooting Prospects

In the present season the start is bound to be later than ever. Rarely has foliage been more profuse and greener at this time of the year; rarely has there been so much undergrowth in the coverts. Rarely, again, have pheasants been more backward, a result that can be attributed to the cold, damp, inclement weather of the summer. But under modern conditions the pheasant is not nearly so much the victim of unfavourable weather as the partridge is. For the latter, it is certainly one of the worst years on record. Few people, in fact, can remember such a scarcity of these very sporting birds. But prospects for pheasant shooting are bright enough in most places, and much good sport is promised next month. The accompanying illustration was taken on Sir Hugh McCalmont's estate, where the coverts are plentifully stocked with good strong birds. Hopeful reports come from other quarters, and it is safe to say that it is generally expected among shooting people that the pheasant will afford compensation for the grievous disappointment which has been caused by the lack of partridges.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Marchioness of Linlithgow

Entertaining a large pheasant-shooting party at Hopetoun House, West Lothian

The Marchioness of Linlithgow

Lady Linlithgow, who has been entertaining a large party for pheasant shooting at Hopetoun House, West Lothian, is the third of the four daughters of Lady Ventry, one of the most beautiful women of her generation, and sister of the late General "Andy" Wauchope. Her eldest son, whose title—that of Lord Hopetoun—was borne by his father for upwards of thirty years, attains his majority next year. Since the Liberals came into office, Lord Linlithgow, a staunch Conservative, has been enjoying a well-earned rest, and both he and Lady Linlithgow have considerably benefited in health by their unwonted leisure. Lord Linlithgow is still a year or two short of his half-century, yet he has held a record list of appointments, all with distinction, some with renown. Directly after doing his Grand Tour in Turkey, Egypt, and America, he was appointed Whip in the House of Lords, and then, in rapid succession, Lord-in-Waiting, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church in Scotland, Governor of Victoria, Paymaster-General, Lord Chamberlain of the Household, Governor-General

Photo *Crawford McFial.*

Rearing Pheasants at Mount Juliet, Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny, Sir Hugh McCalmont's Irish Seat

In spite of the wet summer, which has prejudiced pheasant shooting over the country generally, there are at Mount Juliet over 2,000 birds in splendid condition

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A Castle with Historic Traditions

of the Commonwealth of Australia, and Secretary for Scotland.

* * *

A Month of Engagements

A good crop of Society engagements is always expected in October, and this year is proving no exception to the rule. One of the most interesting is that of Lord Ronaldshay, M.P., eldest son of Lord Zetland, whose marriage to Miss Cicely Archdale, niece of Mrs. Harry Lawson, is to take place early in the new year. Lord Ronaldshay has travelled extensively in India, Ceylon, Persia, Japan, and China, and has written two interesting books on his travels.

Ever-Open Door" and "Greatest of These?" He is an Englishman, in spite of his name, and is the grandson of that Mr. Bentley who "discovered," and bought for some £50, the celebrated Gainsborough "Duchess," for which five years later Mr. Pierpont Morgan paid £30,000.

* * *

The Royal Engagement

Although no one believed more firmly than old "Monte Carlo Blanc" in the almighty power of the dollar, yet even he, I imagine, would have felt slight astonishment had he

Photo Mills **Castle Ashby** *Photo Whitlock*

Castle Ashby, where the Prince and Princess of Wales will stay next month, and which the Marquis of Northampton is seeking to let, has been in the possession of the Compton family since the reign of Henry VIII. It was built by the first Lord Compton (one of the Commissioners on the trial of Mary Queen of Scots) with the fortune he acquired through his runaway marriage with Lord Mayor Spencer's lovely daughter. Inigo Jones added the façade, chapel, and picture gallery. It contains, in addition to a good many texts, many treasures, among them some priceless Etruscan vases and some ancient Italian tapestry. In the park are some of the oldest and finest cedars in England. Insets are photographs of the Marquis of Northampton and his daughter, Lady Loch, who entertains for her father at Castle Ashby during the Royal visit

Photo H. Walter Barnett

The Holder of the Diamonds

On the 26th Captain Darell, of the Coldstream Guards, holder of the Diamond Sculls, and second son of Sir Lionel Darell, of Fretherne Court, Gloucestershire, marries Miss Jeffie Bainbridge; and this month, too, the marriage of Miss Leila Paget, only daughter of General Sir Arthur Paget, with Mr. Ralph Paget, British Minister at Bangkok, son of the late Sir Augustus Paget, British Ambassador to the Court of Vienna, is to take place at Coombe. Mr. Sigismund Goetze's engagement to Miss Schweich, niece of Dr. Ludwig Mond, is announced. Mr. Goetze will be remembered by his popular sensation pictures in the Royal Academy, his two last being "The

lived to see one of his grand-daughters the daughter-in-law of a King by a match that allies her with some of the greatest Royal Houses in Europe. The betrothal of Prince George of Greece to Princess Marie Bonaparte is as amazing in its way as was that of the King of Spain and Princess Ena of Battenberg. Prince George is the son of a King, and related to nearly every Royalty in Europe. Princess Marie is not even mentioned in the "Almanach de Gotha," and has the merest tinge of Royal blood in her veins. Her large fortune came, through her mother, from the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo. Her paternal grandmother, "a daughter of the people,"

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Arundel as the Forest of Arden

MR. OSCAR ASCHE EXPLORES IT TO GAIN SCENIC IDEAS FOR "AS YOU LIKE IT"

Photo] **THE USES OF ARUNDEL** [*White, Littlehampton*

In order to gain inspiration for the delightful scenes of woodland loveliness which abound in the production of *As You Like It*, now being presented by Mr. Oscar Asche at His Majesty's, Mr. and Mrs. Asche, accompanied by Mr. Harker, the painter, lately spent some time wandering through the Duke of Norfolk's beautiful park at Arundel, which is, as all the world knows, regularly open to the public

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Engagements—A Varied List

Photo Illus. Bureau

Miss Gladys Vanderbilt

To marry Count Szechenyi

Photo Russell

Lord Ronaldshay, M.P.

To marry Miss Cicely Archduke

Count Szechenyi

To marry Miss Gladys Vanderbilt

was repudiated as a relation by the late Emperor of the French. The Princess, whose fortune is estimated at some ten millions sterling, is an attractive, clever girl, with a strong will of her own. She speaks German, English, French, and Italian fluently. It is probable that she will one day inherit, in addition to her mother's money, the millions of her uncle, the genial Edmond Blanc, of racing fame.

* * *

The Vanderbilt Engagement

The engagement of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, one of the richest heiresses in the world, to Count Laszlo Szechenyi, a young Hungarian nobleman, argues a sad lack of initiative on the part of our British titled and unappropriated manhood. Miss Vanderbilt is the possessor of some three millions sterling and a beautiful voice. The Count, too, is musical, very rich, very gay, and very popular in Vienna and Budapest Society, where he goes by the pet name of "Lalla." His career has not been wanting in romantic episodes. The match, however, is declared by Mrs. Cornelius to be purely one of love. The marriage is to take place in a few weeks' time at Trinity Church, Newport.

* * *

A Chance for Amateur Photographers

"There are three things," said the King once, "which I cannot escape. Death, the photographer, and Mrs. ——" (referring to a well-known "Royalty-bagger"). It occurs to me that less than ever now will his Majesty be able to escape at any rate the second-named. For the Graphic Photo Union, particulars of which are to be found elsewhere, aims at enabling amateurs to sell their photographs to the Press, and thus adds a new and welcome feature to the joys of amateur photography. It meets, too, to use a terribly hackneyed expression, "a long-felt want." Often, with a camera in hand, one takes a lot of photographs which, though perhaps of no particular interest to oneself, might very well be of interest to a certain section of the Press and public. In these circumstances, all one has to do after becoming a member of the G.P.U. is to send one's photographs up to the Union,

Photo Langfier 234, Old Bond Street

Miss Leila Paget

(*A New Portrait*)

Daughter of General Sir Arthur and Lady Paget, who is shortly marrying her cousin, Mr. Ralph Paget, British Minister at Bangkok.

Captain Darell (of the Coldstreams)

Engaged to Miss Jeffie Bainbridge. The bridegroom is the holder of the Diamond Sculls, and the son of Sir Lionel Darell

Photo Graphic Photo Union

Mr. Sigismund Goetze

The well-known painter of "sensation" pictures in the Academy, who is engaged to Miss Schweich

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The Coming Royal Wedding

Photo *Boissonnas and Taponier*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF T.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE AND PRINCESS MARIE BONAPARTE

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Young Landlord and Oldest Tenant

whereupon a market is discovered for them and they are sold in it. The Union should, I think, appeal especially to the globe-trotter and the man or woman with wide social connections. Picturesque places and prominent people are always good subjects for one's camera; and there is a pleasure in seeing one's photographs printed in the papers, which is enhanced when a cheque afterwards follows for the contribution.

* * *

A Rothschild as a Wrath's-child

It is rumoured that Miss Alice Rothschild, by her refusal to allow the King's men to work over her estate of Waddesdon during the recent manœuvres in Buckinghamshire, has incurred displeasure in very high quarters. The Duke of Connaught, writing to Sir John French with regard to the manœuvres, made pointed reference to the fact, and it seems the affair is not to be allowed to be forgotten. In a way, one can sympathise with the delinquent. The grounds of Waddesdon are among the most beautiful in England. A large army of gardeners work constantly upon them. Trees and shrubs of the utmost value and rarity abound. In the park, cattle are bred, and there are many strange, half-savage animals such as so many of the Rothschilds love to keep. Miss Rothschild, however, is one of the richest women in England. Any damage which might conceivably have been done by the troops could easily have been repaired. This is the second time, by the way, that Waddesdon has come uncomfortably into prominence. It was there that the King broke his knee-cap some years ago. Besides Waddesdon Manor, Miss Rothschild owns the beautiful Villa Victoria at Grasse (where seventy gardeners are kept), and a great house in Piccadilly. She inherited a large fortune from her brother, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild; she is a stern and exacting mistress, and a fine business woman. Her charity is wide, but always discriminating.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Coming of Age Epidemic

Lord Torrington, on his recent coming of age, shakes hands with one of the oldest dwellers on his estate near Maidstone—Mr. John Holmes, forty years a tenant

* * *

Royal Hosts in Scotland

In Scotland, the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia are paying their annual visit to Lord and Lady Wemyss at Gosford House, Haddingtonshire. Lord Wemyss is the Duke of Connaught's most intimate friend. His grand-daughter, Miss Pelly, is the Duchess's Lady-in-Waiting, and he himself is one of the wonders of the age. He married for the second time, when he was eighty-two, a lady a good deal less than half his age. He is now eighty-nine, but he is in the best of health and strength, motors, drives, shoots, fishes, plays golf, and not infrequently takes a seat in the House of Lords and puts in a word for the "Old Nobility." Lady Wemyss, who was a Miss Grace Blackburn, was not particularly well known in Society until she married her aged and wealthy husband, whose five seats in Scotland, place in Gloucestershire, and fine town house in St. James's Place made him a great *parti*. She is dark, extremely cultured, and very artistic. Sculpture is her hobby, and she is a member of the remnant of that social clique which was once known to fleeting fame as the "Society of Souls."

* * *

The Autumn Opera

Apart from the fact that there is altogether too much of the Italian element, the autumn opera is, in all essentials, at any rate, every bit as good as the Grand season, and at moments a vast deal better. The accidentals which make the difference are the tiaras, the toilettes, and, last but not least, the prices. And if it be less fashionable, this autumn season is often more full-blooded. Take *Carmen* the other night for instance. Madame Gay's interpretation is a masterpiece. She combines the dramatic and operatic arts with a rare talent. Herself a Spaniard, she is typically a daughter of the hot, sweet South—passionate, dominating, alluring, an ideal Carmen, with the reserve of the artist happily added.

* * *

The Autumn Audience

As to the intermediate parts of the house—the stalls and boxes—well, of course, an autumn Covent Garden audience is emphatically not a Grand Opera audience. A few keen operagoers of the *haut monde* are generally present, Lady de Grey, the Marquis de Soveral, Prince Francis of Teck, the Duchess of Bedford, Lord Duncannon, and a few others, but the expensive, fashionable world—the world which prefers to pay thirty shillings for its stall and is prepared to fight if need be for the possession of the most conspicuous boxes—that world is conspicuous by its absence. It is still in Scotland, paying country-house visits, shooting pheasants; emphatically, it is not at the Opera. In its place come (1) the vast Hebraic element of London Society, and (2) the music-loving element, which would go to the opera, even Italian opera, all the year round, were it only possible. There are no Cartier tiaras, no diamond necklaces, very few Worth gowns. But there is unbounded enthusiasm both behind and in front of the footlights, and there is a display of good manners by no means as conspicuous during the "Grand" season.

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At Last a Carmen!

Photo *Histed*

Mme. Maria Gay, now playing the rôle of Carmen to full houses at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden

Many critics regard Mme. Gay as by far the greatest Carmen of modern times

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

THE HAYMARKET

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs"

Sometimes the play makes the actress; sometimes the actress makes the play. All hope for *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, Mr. David Belasco's adaptation of Mr. Egerton Castle's "The Bath Comedy," is bound up in Miss Eva Moore. She worked miracles. She is here, there, and everywhere, propping up this poor play when it threatens to fall, hiding its failings, making the most of its virtues. It is not easy to conjure up the spirit of the eighteenth century upon the boards, however liberal the playwright may be with his expletives—"pink me," "monstrous," "vastly," etc. Nor is the *séance* a success merely because the spirit appears. The wraith must have the human quality of being entertaining, else we vote the function a bore. Mr. Belasco has worked hard over his medium—Mr. Castle's novel. Result, a manifestation hardly worth the labour of the summons.

Photo *Goodyer*

Miss Annie Hughes

Who is at present acting as her own manager on tour. Miss Hughes, whose *Country House* will never be forgotten by playgoers, will shortly appear in London

The story is of the slightest. Mistress Kitty Bellairs descends upon Bath, turns the heads of the men and generally upsets the community. Meddling between Sir Jasper Standish and his wife, Kitty becomes the cause of a duel between Sir Jasper and Lord Verney. In order to repair the mischief she has wrought, Kitty, accompanied by Lady Standish, goes to Lord Verney's rooms at four in the morning. It so chances, of course, that everybody else who could possibly matter is making a night of it in these lodgings. The girls are forced to hide in a curtained bed. It is a question how long it will be before they are discovered. The playwright spins out his little situation to the point of tedium. First, a shoe is discovered. The roysterers twit the bashful Lord Verney about the fair unknown. They drink bumpers from the shoe and toast the fair unknown. Business of songs and revelry. They surge up and down, but, of course, are sportsmen, so would not dream of drawing aside the curtains. The shoe is passed round. It reaches Sir Jasper. He starts violently. "The shoe of my wife!" Why he should recognise his wife's satin slipper among the many thousands which decorate the fair feet of the Bath ladies is not made clear. But his minute inspection of the slipper leads one to believe that he is reading a name written in the lining. So, perhaps, this particular pair of shoes, from the heavy price he has been forced to pay for it, remains in his memory. Now, at last, is the cue for which we have so long waited—viz., the sudden drawing of the curtain by—Kitty Bellairs. She will save her friend's reputation at the price of her own. The rest of the play is taken up with the slow recovery by Kitty of her reputation. There is a protracted scene at the Regimental Ball, where Kitty, basely deserted by Lady Standish, who refuses to confess her part in the escapade at Lord Verney's rooms, holds her own against her hated rivals of Bath. She refuses to be "frozen out" of the room, and her brilliant sallies are received by her little band of detractors with groans, gesticulations, and physical evidences of feeling—each tongue-lash more commonly associated with ladies of far lower social standing than my lady Bab Flyte and her supporters. The "business" of this scene is ludicrous. Surely, ladies of such high degree have learned that first lesson in social warfare: how to receive the most deadly insults with a smiling countenance.

The last act is taken up with the departure of Lord Verney's regiment and the anguish of sweet Kitty Bellairs, the curtain falling upon the comforting assurance that "he will return."

In a play based on such a cumbersome and transparent story, we look for grace and humour of dialogue, for subtle touches of character-drawing. It would be unfair to say that we looked in vain. The dialogue, especially in the parts which fell to Miss Eva Moore, was often pointed and witty. Needless to say, Miss Moore's delivery of these lines was inimitable.

But most of the character-drawing was left to the players, of whom Miss Moore and Mr. Loring Fernie made the best of their tasks. To the latter fell one of those faithful swains for whom the heroine can spare no more than a cousinly attachment. In nine

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New Play at the Haymarket

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

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cases out of ten the actor is to be congratulated if he prevents his rôle from being numbered among the "also appareeds." Mr. Fernie, the tenth actor, made his rôle stand out like a cameo. It was a performance distinguished no less by graceful bearing than by sincerity of expression. Mr. Owen Roughwood seemed a little uncertain of his playing of the hero. On the one hand, Lord Verney is a bashful youth, far removed in temperament from his roystering brother-officers. On the other, he is just as much a man of spirit, when roused, as they. When he gets into the part, Mr. Roughwood will strike a better balance. The other rôles were mere sketches. It is the charm and the daintiness of Miss Eva Moore which will act strongest upon the fortunes of the play.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"As You Like It"

This is a very interesting production of Mr. Oscar Asche. The actor-manager has steered a middle course between all scenery and no acting on the one hand, and all acting and no scenery on the other. There have been notable examples of both extremes. Every modern playgoer can recall the first, but he must be an aged man who can recall the second. The impression made upon the thoughtful man by this latest production of Shakespeare is that acting can more than hold its own against scenery. The productions which have set the public raving about the scene-painter's art are generally found, on analysis, to be productions in which the acting has been of a kind not sufficiently arresting to distract us from rapt contemplation of the "sticks" of furniture in a two-pair back. Mr. Asche has given us a setting of the Forest of Arden so natural that some of the critics have picked out bits of real England to which to liken it. It is, indeed, a glade to linger in the memory. Still, when Orlando and Rosalind commence their dallying, Touchstone his philosophising, the banished Duke his lamenting, and Jacques his moralising, my attention is distracted from brake and bracken, from slender, silver-lichened boughs silhouetted against the sky, from mossy bank, from meandering leaf-strewn path, from mantles of bluebells spread beneath stripling oaks. So does the acting at His Majesty's worthily withstand the scenery.

Mr. Henry Ainley is the best conceivable Orlando. He is unaffected, self-unconscious, full of fun and high spirits. He is of the kind that love makes joyous. He fills the Forest of Arden with his transports. Best of all, there is no hint of a melancholic strain in his wooing. The lover is often a dismal fellow. Not so this well set-up, dashing, chivalrous Orlando, who looks love in the face without quailing, this Orlando gifted with the two senses so seldom united in one being—the senses of romance and of humour. Of this idyll in the Forest of Arden, Miss Lily Brayton nobly bears her share, else it were no idyll. But Miss Brayton has not yet succeeded in shaking off the mantle of tragedy which she has worn so long in recent productions. Tricks of bearing, like the widely distended eyes, the scornfully curving lips, the delivery of the lines upon one note, are ill-suited to the rôle of Rosalind. Not until the play is well advanced do we note the welcome signs that tell us Miss Brayton is going to prove a most pleasing and acceptable Rosalind. Roguishness and mischievousness do not sit quite well upon her. As she leaves tragedy farther behind her, she will be more at home in the realm of comedy. Mr. Courtice Pounds's Touchstone is a complete success. The touchstone to the success of Touchstone is humour. That actor only is a good Touchstone who, like Mr. Pounds, can make us laugh. And, as any comedian will tell you, Shakespeare's clowns are by no means so easy to play as would appear.

Mr. Oscar Asche, whose burly figure is not a good start for the rôle of the melancholy Jacques, gives a capital performance. It is a triumph of mental qualification over physical disqualification. There is no mistaking the sincerity of his disgust for the world. Never have I heard the Seven Ages speech turned into such a diatribe against the meanness of man and the insignificance of his little span of life.

E. C. S.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Belly Ohles

Who has made a great success at the Empire, and is described as the American Yvette Guilbert

PALACE THEATRE

On the Tuesday of last week, a special gala performance was held at the Palace Theatre in honour of the President and Members of the Paris Municipal Council, who attended in full force. The theatre was, without, gay with bunting; within, overflowing with enthusiasm. Much of the programme was in French. Malcolm Scott rose to the occasion by several subtle allusions in that language, and the Palace Girls, wearing red, white, and blue, endeared themselves to the hearts of the Frenchmen, as much by their fair grace as by their rendering of a *chanson* with a somewhat nondescript accent. Mr. Finck composed a special selection for the occasion, in which the strains of the "Marseillaise" and "Rule Britannia" were conspicuous. Then the Lord Mayor and the President of the Paris Council said a few words from their respective boxes. After them, "God Save the King," "The Marseillaise," and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" were all sung by the audience.

R. M.

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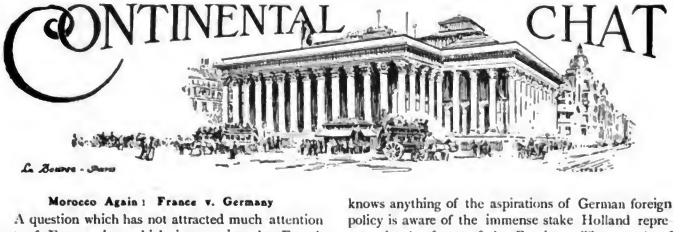
CONTINENTAL CHAT



Morocco Again: France v. Germany

A question which has not attracted much attention out of France, but which is worrying the French official world a great deal, is the attempt which is being made to introduce German Consols on the French money market. It is thought that the desire to do this may account for the remarkably genial attitude shown by German diplomacy towards France in Morocco. On the spot, however, things are far from satisfactory between the rival Powers. The personal hostility between M. Regnault, the French Minister, and Herr von Rosen, the German Minister, is so great that, though in public they have to salute each other, in private they are not even on speaking terms. This cannot be a good thing in itself, and it is to be regretted that the Republic has not chosen a man better able to conceal his feelings. I say this because Herr von Rosen is notoriously conciliatory. He has many personal friends in Paris, his wife is an Englishwoman, and whatever scheming he is ordered to do, open hostility is not in the least likely to be shown by him to a fellow-diplomatist. His family being connected with the Russian Rosens, he has also, on that side, personal sympathies which make him a useful and interesting man. French diplomacy in Morocco has been far from adroit. At the same time, the German Foreign Office is not above making use of private agents to foment trouble, when trouble suits its purpose. It is possible that these agents are just now stirring up the opposition to France. Anyhow, the situation is unfortunate for all concerned.

The Latest Photograph of M. Rostand

Author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, whose recent illness has resulted in a successful operation

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

Mme. Edmond Rostand

The talented wife of the author

• • •

Wilhelm and Wilhelmina!

The coming visit of the Emperor William to Holland is, contrary to the official statements, no mere act of courtesy. Anybody who knows anything of the aspirations of German foreign policy is aware of the immense stake Holland represents in the future of the Empire. The mouth of the noble river on which Germany's great industrial centres, Westphalia and the Frankfort and Mannheim districts, have grown up, is under foreign dominion. The Rhine and the Meuse join in Holland and then spread into a delta, on which stands Rotterdam, at the receipt of German custom. Had Bismarck been able to carry out his policy to the bitter end, the Rhine would have become German along its whole navigable length, and he would have thus rounded off the Empire as he conceived it. But the old Emperor William had had enough of bloodshed, and his son Frederick was a man of peace. The present Emperor, in spite of his bellicose speeches, is also decidedly a man of peace, and he no doubt thinks that, if the present Dutch Sovereign remains childless, the problem of the mouth of the Rhine will be solved by itself through the succession to the throne of a Prince of Reuss.

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Intriguing Against Britain?

The Emperor is exploiting to the full the ill-feeling of the Dutch against the English. He wishes to show the Dutch that he is their friend, and we shall certainly hear a great deal during his visit of the common origin and language of the two Teutonic nations, their joint interests and the immense possible development of Holland's carrying trade through a closer union with Germany. Is not Queen Wilhelmina herself unconsciously playing into the hands of Germany? She makes absolutely no attempt to win the hearts of her people, although she must surely see how indifferent they have grown towards her. Not to have an heir is hardly her fault; but in view of this she ought to do all the more to make herself agreeable to her subjects instead of disappointing them.

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Miss Gladys Vanderbilt's Engagement

It is not only the Americans who will be disappointed at Miss Gladys Vanderbilt's choice of a husband (Count Szechenyi). All the Italian Princes, Marquises, and Counts who are seen every Spring "waiting on the doorsteps," as it were, of the big hotels for an American heiress to turn up, will be exasperated at the time and attention they wasted on Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and her daughter. To every Roman tea-party, where there is a chance of meeting an heiress, they swarm, unrivalled in the spotlessness of their linen, the brilliancy of their ties, and the exquisiteness of their gloves and boots. They are all equally handsome, all equally inane, all have the same fascinating smile, and the same contempt for anybody who sinks to the degradation of work. I have never met Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, but if she is as distinguished as her mother, she will pass muster in fashionable Society. Last Spring her mother's renowned black pearl necklace was coveted by many an Italian Count. One pearl of it would have been a godsend to most of them. Like her *fiancé*, Miss Vanderbilt is well known in Parisian Society. She has had the usual education of a millionairess: singing lessons from Jean de Reszke at 150 francs (£6) an hour, riding, painting, skating, motoring, and all the other so-called accomplishments. Miss Vanderbilt is well prepared for her new position, and although Austro-Hungarian Society is the most exclusive in Europe, an old Knickerbocker family like the Vanderbilts has a *prestige* which many distinguished European families could not claim. Count Szechenyi will probably leave the nomad life of the diplomatic service and settle down in Vienna. He will have enough of Hungary during the shooting season. It is to be hoped that he will follow the public-spirited traditions of his family, and not give himself up merely to the pursuit of pleasure.

* * *

M. Rostand's Indisposition

M. Edmond Rostand, the famous author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, after having had all sorts of ailments and having been prevented from keeping a number of his contracts, has at last fallen a victim to the fashionable complaint of appendicitis, and has undergone the equally fashionable operation which removes the refractory organ. It is to be hoped the bulletins will continue to be favourable. Rostand, although he does not impress one personally as the clever man he really is, has had one of the most marvellous successes on record, yet he began life with a sort of disaster. A few months before his studies should have come to a natural end at the College Stanislas, he committed a breach of discipline, which the authorities would not overlook, and he was expelled. The indignation of the other boys almost caused a revolt; they tore up his cap and divided it into shreds, one of which each boy wore in his button-hole as a decoration for the rest of the term. His wife is almost as well known in the literary world as himself. It is quite possible that a great deal of his success is due to her. In any case, she knew *Cyrano* by heart from beginning to end, and could discuss every *nuance* as if she had been responsible for it.

Anglo-Spanish Relations: Our new Embassy in Madrid

Inaugurated with great ceremony early in the month, the new British Embassy is the finest in the Spanish capital. Its interior decorations are magnificent, and one of the most interesting annexes is that set apart for the bachelor secretaries and attachés, an exceedingly elegant suite of apartments. These furtive attempts to discourage matrimony among the younger members of the Corps Diplomatique are not regarded with much favour by the fair denizens of the various capitals

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The Charms of Saharan Scenery

THE "GATE OF THE DESERT" NEAR BISKRA

Photo *Rawlence*

The Sahara is growing more and more popular, thanks largely to the industrious efforts of Mr. Hichens and other novelists, and also to those of railway and steamship companies, which every year bring its barbaric beauties nearer within reach of the ordinary winterer abroad. Biskra is deservedly popular as a desert-side resort, for it is situated in a green oasis of great charm, beautifully wooded and watered. It is accessible by steamer and rail, and has an excellent hotel in the Royal. Its season is November to April, and, while very central for the barbaric delights of the Sahara, with its barren prospects and its wild inhabitants of the human and animal species, it possesses all the amenities of civilisation. The "Gate of the Desert" above depicted is geographically known as the Gorge of St. Kantara. It is traversed, as will be seen, by railway

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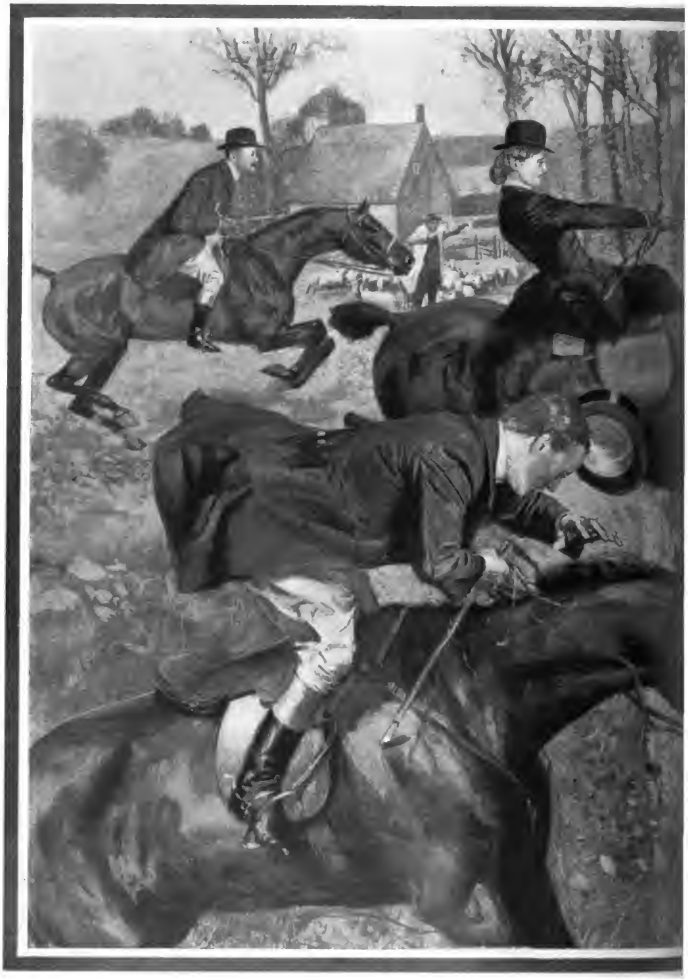
The Hunting Season: A Rousing



Happily, farmers still have a welcome for hounds and their followers in most hunting countries, but in some places the deadly wire is steadily gaining ground. Farmers have found it to be a cheap and convenient means of repairing

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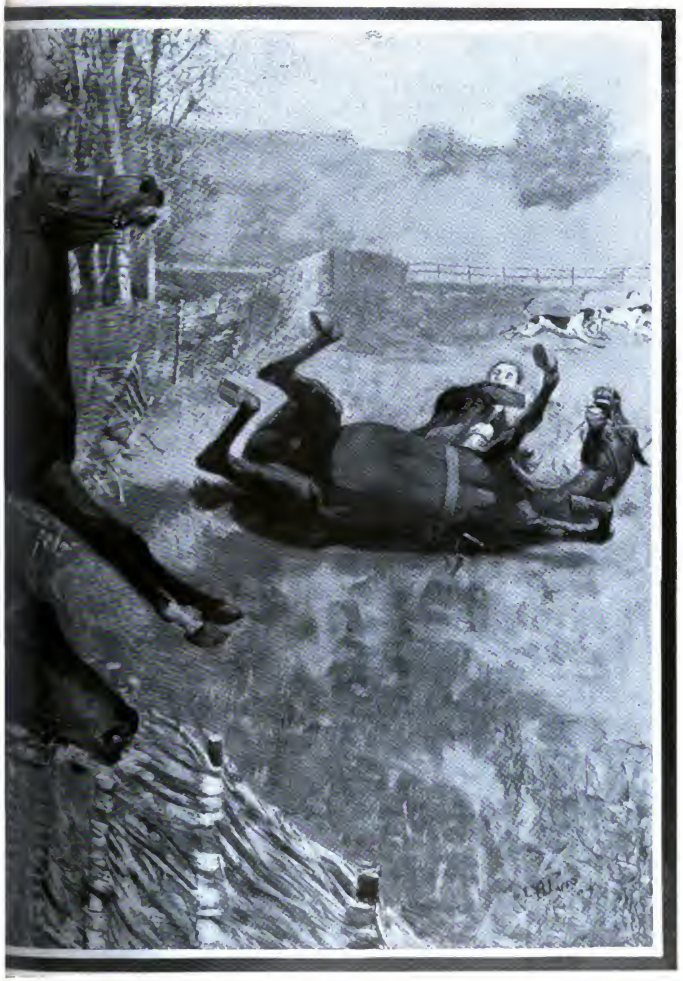
allop Over an Awkward Country



thern fences, and its use is a constant menace to hunting people, who have, accordingly, to make elaborate arrangements for its removal during the season.

BY C. H. TAFFS

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OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 100

A MATTER OF BUSINESS

BY REGINALD RAYNER

THE greatest happiness is often found in the sudden enjoyment of an unanticipated blessing. With this truth in view, it is not to be wondered at if Bill Letchworth was experiencing a somewhat exaggerated fit of self-satisfaction. Certainly, had you told him two years before the particular May morning with which we are concerned that, in a short time, he would become possessed of a colt which, given his rights and due publicity, would become the hottest favourite that ever started for the Three Thousand Guinea Stakes, he would have laughed in your face; and you could not in reason have blamed him, for he was a comparatively poor man, who did not habitually go in for the luxury of breeding first-class racehorses. However, the fickle lady called Fate had taken it into her head to be kind to Bill Letchworth, and there could be no doubt that the big black, which had just finished his morning exercise under his owner's eyes, was one of the very best. Undoubtedly, this was Bill's own opinion, and a very sanguine grin wreathed his honest brown face as he turned to the girl standing beside him, and said:

"My aunt! Kitty, isn't he grand?"

For a moment, pretty Kitty Barron stood looking at the strapping great colt as he was led into his box by the groom, and then:

"Yes, he is a beauty; but do you really think him good enough to win the Three Thousand, Bill?"

"Well, that's the verdict of Travers and Billingborough, and you won't find two better judges of form in the country. I know they're both backing him for all they're worth. By Jove! what a bit of luck it was for me picking him up for a song as I did! When I bought him I'd no more idea of putting him in this race than I had of flying him up to the moon, bless him!"

Struck by the silence of his habitually talkative companion, he turned his head and glanced at her profile outlined against the surrounding hills.

He knew immediately that she was in some distress, and, even had she wished it, she could not have hidden her feelings from him, for Letchworth had been at some trouble to study Kitty Barron's features almost since they had been capable of any expression at all.

"What's wrong, Kitty?" he asked.

"Nothing," she faltered, with somewhat transparent mendacity.

"Oh, nonsense," he said, quickly; "there's something gone wrong. What is it, Kit?"

Letchworth noticed, as she turned her dark head towards him, that her big black eyes were filled with tears, and her lips were trembling sorrowfully.

"Oh, Billy, dear, he's such a beast!"

Now, according to the cold but correct code of duty and honour, Bill should have maintained a respectable coldness of demeanour and proceeded to give his companion a little wholesome advice as to keeping her private feelings decently concealed in a manner befitting the acknowledged custom of our enlightened twentieth century, but, unfortunately, Kitty, always pretty, became in her distress positively lovely. And honest Bill lost his head.

Before he realised what he was doing he had opened his arms and closed them with Kitty's slender form in their protecting embrace, what time his lips wandered ardently over her fragrant hair, babbling out an incoherent stream of sympathy, interspersed, it must be feared, with expressions of his most lively affection.

"Oh, Bill, stop; you mustn't!"

Somewhat tardily, Kitty pulled herself free with a little wrench.

"Good Lord, Kitty!" burst out Bill. "I beg your pardon. I do, indeed. What a beast I am!"

"Oh, you couldn't help it. It was my fault. I was a mad fool to come out this morning; it'll make it ten times worse."

"Make it worse? Make what worse?" he asked dazedly.

Kitty, with her bent head turned from him, traced a pattern in the gravel with the toe of her boot as she said in a choked voice, "It's—it's almost too awful to tell you, but—oh, Bill, Vernon is a brute, he's—he's suing us in a divorce."

"Divorce! You and me?" he gasped.

"Yes, you and me—me and you," she reiterated wearily.

"Great Heavens!" said Letchworth simply.

He stood as if turned to stone, and as the full sense of her words sunk into his brain, the Devil, who never misses an opportunity, saw his chance, and obligingly pulled open his hitherto half-seeing eyes to their fullest extent; so that, whereas he had up till now seen Kitty only through blinds of long familiarity, he now saw her through the uncurtained windows of his awakened understanding, and lo! she was passing fair—and he loved her.

In fact, to such an extent did his sable majesty work upon his victim's usually well-ordered feelings, that poor Bill jumped to the wild conclusion that, if a man might but hold this lovely woman called Kitty in his arms, he might safely consider the rest of the world as of no account at all.

It is very possible that the same subtle agency also penetrated the recesses of Kitty's feminine and, therefore, complicated mind. At least, one hopes so; otherwise, there is no excuse for the look she gave Bill as she turned towards him and said simply:

"Well?"

Which short remark was peculiarly inappropriate, for he promptly stepped forward and, taking her in his arms for the second time, kissed her on the mouth.

(Continued on page 126)

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"Joy" at the Savoy

Mrs. Gwyn (*Miss Wynne Matthison*) to Maurice Lever (*Mr. Thatherg Corbett*): "Love me! Oh, love me!"

Joy (*Miss Dorothy Minto*): "Is love always like this?"
Dick Merton (*Mr. Allan Wade*): "It has never been like this before"

The above two photographs practically tell the story of the play. Joy, a young girl, learns with horror that her mother has taken a man into her life. There is a very painful scene between mother and daughter, in which each argues the case from her point of view. The inconclusive finale of the play is the consolation Joy finds in her own love for the man she is about to marry

Mr. A. E. George (*Colonel Hope*) Miss Wynne Matthison (*Mrs. Gwyn*) Miss Florence Haydon (*Miss Beech*)

Miss Henrietta Watson (*Mrs. Hope*) Mr. Thatherg Corbett (*Maurice Lever*) Miss Dorothy Minto (*Joy*)

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Joy: "I am very well, thank you!"

Joy, at the very first meeting with Maurice Lever, shows her dislike for him. She is jealous of the regard which her mother has for Maurice Lever

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(Continued from page 124)

Which was very wrong indeed.

"Kitty," he said huskily, "do you care?"

. . . . .

"I really think I must stop you two piling up any more evidence. It makes the thing too absurdly easy, y'know."

There was no mistaking the studied insolence of the voice. The culprits leapt apart and stood awkwardly in the presence of their appreciative audience—Vernon Barron.

"It's all very touching and dramatic, but I fancy it's about time I shoved in my oar. You see, I am a somewhat interested party," he said, calmly. "May I suggest that you retire, Catherine, and leave us to discuss this somewhat complicated situation," he continued. "I can assure you there will be no violence so far as I am concerned."

Kitty looked hopelessly at her husband, who, leaning elegantly upon his stick, watched her, much as a man might watch a rabbit released from captivity into a strange field, where it crouches miserably, wondering whither it may fly. It was evident to Kitty that she would get no quarter in that direction, so, with a confused glance at Letchworth, she turned on her heel and left them together, to settle her fate between them as they might see fit; and Bill, seeing her bowed shoulders shaking with suppressed and hysterical sobs, ground his teeth and became filled with jealous hatred for Vernon Barron, upon whom he now turned savagely.

"Well," he growled. "What d'you mean to do now?"

"My dear Letchworth, you seem to think I habitually keep a nice little plan all ready for emergencies such as the present, but really there is no necessity; my wife, whom you appear to misjudge sadly, does not make a hobby of this sort of thing. Still, perhaps, you're not altogether mistaken—but might I suggest we move indoors before discussing the matter further; it is a little chilly standing out here?"

"Oh, I don't mind," muttered Letchworth, surlily, as he turned and led the way to his modest abode.

Neither man spoke again till they were together in Letchworth's little study, with carefully closed door.

Barron lolled backed in his chair and watched with critical interest the restless movements of his companion.

"Look here," broke out Letchworth suddenly, "I don't see why you need take much notice of this wretched business. I swear, before Heaven, I never so much as touched her hand in guiltiness before this morning—and, what's more, you know it, don't you?" he added savagely.

"And if I do?" drawled Barron at length.

"Then what, by all that's evil, does she mean by telling me this morning that you're naming me in a divorce?"

"Why shouldn't she tell you—since it's true?"

"True! What d'you mean? You know there's nothing wrong between her and me."

"How do I know?"

"Common sense. Anyway, you'd have to prove it; and as there's nothing in it, you can't."

"You silly fool. You despicable young fool," jeered Barron. "Hasn't she been out with you every morning for the last fortnight while I've been away, watching Heart o' the West's exercise, and hasn't your man always ridden him lately, and haven't you and she regularly walked home alone at an early hour when no one's about, and does it generally take an hour to walk down from the moor?"

"You know my knee's been bad. It's all right now, as it happens, and I shall ride again to-morrow. But it has been bad, as you know."

"Tell that to the Marines—or the Judge," scoffed the other. "Besides all this there's something else, my friend; d'you mean to tell me you forget a certain unseasonable thunderstorm last month, during which my excellent wife sheltered in your house and got home at the respectable dinner hour of half-past ten? Oh, my simple young friend, I shall have abundance of evidence."

"Look here, Barron," said Letchworth, stopping his restless pacing and speaking very seriously; "are you merely rotting me for your own amusement, or are you in earnest?"

"I'm in sober earnest."

"But why—why—why? You *know* there's nothing wrong."

"Now then, young man," said Barron, "you sit down opposite me and listen to what I've got to say. I hate talking to a man who's standing when I m sitting. That's right. Now for my little story. A certain man of my acquaintance has been trying for years past to win a certain big race—it's the Three Thousand, as a matter of fact—how that chair of yours does creak! This year my friend had a most promising youngster which goes by the name of Long John—yes, I've got a colt of that name myself—well, anyway, this pal of mine was certain of doing pretty big things with Long John, in fact he stood first in the betting, when all of a sudden a story goes round that some young fellow in the West Country has, by a stroke of pure luck, got hold of something that, according to all accounts, can beat Long John on three legs. So all my friend's years of trouble and expense look like going for nothing, just because this young chap has, by a most undeserved stroke of luck, got possessed of a better beast than his; rotten bad luck I call it!"

"But——" began Letchworth.

"Don't interrupt. Now, my pal isn't the sort of chap to take a facer like that lying down, so he set to work to find a way out of his difficulty, and being pretty well off, he came to the conclusion that he would offer his young, and I believe somewhat impecunious, rival no less than £500 for his horse."

"Five hundred pounds for Heart o' the West! Why it's absurd," burst out Bill.

"Who mentioned Heart o' the West?" said Barron, with elaborate surprise. "Still, as it happens, you're quite right, and the offer's open to you. Take it or leave it."

"Bah! I've no great difficulty in choosing."

"Well, which is it to be?" asked Barron quietly.

"Leave it, of course; why, I wouldn't sell that horse for—for——"

"Yes, for what?" queried Barron, as the other tailed off rather lamely under his mocking glance.

"Oh, for anything then. But what the deuce are you staring at me like that for?"

"I was just wondering."

"Wondering? What about?"

"Whether you really wouldn't sell Heart o' the West for—anything."

"Look here, Barron," said Letchworth impatiently; "what the devil do you mean? Why can't you speak straight?"

"My dear fellow, you've no idea how much pleasure I am taking in our little interview, and if I spoke straight, as you call it, the whole thing would be over so soon—such a pity."

"Damn you!" shouted Letchworth, jumping up

(Continued on page 128)

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Humorous Sculpture: THE LATEST FRENCH FAD

Colette Willy

"C.-B."

The British Premier (well known to Parisians) as a victim of "humorous sculpture"

Yvette Guilbert

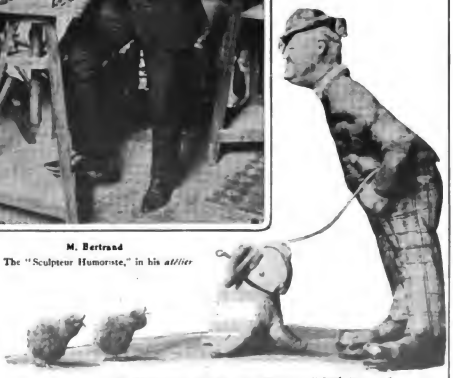
Paris possesses at the moment a new craze—humorous sculpture. There are three well-known exponents—MM. Bertrand, Gugraud, and Paquemal. Herewith are some specimens of the work of these artists. Whether their "humour" will convulse British critics is doubtful—having so much humorous sculpture in our own streets

M. Bertrand

The "Sculpteur Humoriste," in his *atélier*

M. Fallières, "au naturel"

An unusual aspect of the worthy President



M. Dranem, the Parisian comedian, at a "Café Concert"

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(Continued from page 120)

from his chair. "See here, I take no pleasure in this interview, and I've had enough of it. You've got some infernal scheme up your sleeve; but you shan't have Heart o' the West, and that's my last word."

"And what about Kitty, my wife, you know?" drawled Barron, from his seat.

"Heavens! I—I'd forgotten," stammered Letchworth.

"So I supposed."

"I say, Barron, I'm sorry if I let myself go a bit just now. Fact is, I'm set heart and soul on taking that race with Heart o' the West, and I forgot myself."

"Ah, I suppose that means you will reconsider your opinion."

"Certainly not. Why on earth should I?"

"Then back we come to Kitty. Why will you keep going round in a circle—especially as you say you don't care for my company over much?"

"Kitty! What's she got to do with it—with my selling Heart o' the West, I mean?"

"Everything."

Barron leaned back in his chair, drumming irritatingly with his fingers on the table beside him, and narrowly watching Letchworth, who had moved over to the window, and with his back to his uncongenial companion was trying to collect his scattered wits. Suddenly he swung round so sharply, and with such a threatening air, that Barron leapt hurriedly from his seat.

"Great Heaven!" cried Letchworth. "You don't mean to say you're such a swine as to want to swop Kitty for Heart o' the West?"

Barron, safe behind a heavy chair, laughed pleasantly.

"My dear chap," he said coolly, "I'm not quite such a fool. Kitty's a very pretty young woman, y'know, and, what's more, she'll be a sight handsomer at thirty than she is to-day. No, no, my young friend, I hold all the cards, and it's not my way to let an opponent down too easily; though, honestly, I'm rather sorry for you—you're in such a hole. But I'm a selfish beggar; you see, one has to be in this hard world."

"What exactly do you mean?" asked Letchworth, very calm.

"'Pon my word, I don't think you'd better know till you've had something to eat," said Barron, moving towards the door. "Bad temper seems to go with an empty stomach in your case. Take my advice and make a good breakfast, and, meanwhile, think over these three little hints from one who knows. One: Kitty's county bred, and doesn't fancy the idea of a Divorce Court. Two: I've got eight thousand a year——"

"Will you go?" roared Letchworth, starting forward.

"And, thirdly:" said Barron, standing a moment in the doorway—"thirdly: You're jolly badly hit, old chap."

The door closed quietly, and Letchworth was alone. He rushed towards the door, but, remembering that he owed it to Kitty to avoid doing anything rash, he restrained himself, and throwing himself into a chair endeavoured to unravel this unpleasantly complicated knot which had suddenly made its appearance in the hitherto smooth and even thread of his life.

His thoughts wandered back to that dimly remembered day, many years ago, when, a sturdy youngster of three, he saw Kitty Melhuish, as she then was, for the first time. A pink, uproarious object in a mass of lace, she had not at first greatly attracted his notice, but as she grew older she gradually made her presence felt, and began to take a permanent place in his existence, successively serving him as obedient playmate, admiring companion of his school holidays, and, at last, as the object of his first and most serious attack of calf-love. The secret engagement between Mr. Letchworth, Senior's, fourth son, aged eighteen, and the fifteen-year-old daughter of an impecunious baronet having been brought to light, they parted amidst much secret and fairly genuine lamentation. He to Oxford and she to a Paris school, whence, emerging some three years later to take a kindly aunt's offer of a London season, she met Vernon Barron, and falling an easy victim to the glamour of his personal brilliance as well as his undoubted wealth, married him after a very short engagement.

All might have been well had not Bill Letchworth, unfortunately, rented a small farming property adjoining Barron's west-country estates, so that when the newly married pair arrived there to settle down, a year after their marriage, they found Letchworth already comfortably installed and making laudable endeavours to squeeze money out of a modern farm.

Barron was not displeased to find that Kitty and his neighbour were old and intimate friends, for he was a person of an altogether worldly mind, and reflected that Kitty would have some employment for the idle hours accorded to her by the frequent intervals of absence on business in which her husband found it necessary to indulge.

Barron's selfish suppositions were not without rather more foundation than he either suspected or required.

Kitty and her old friend Bill were wont, in the absence of her busy spouse, to pass many pleasant and innocent hours in one another's company. Indeed, so enjoyable did they mutually find their companionship, that while Kitty allowed herself pleasantly to drift along the rosy stream of semi-flirtation, the serious-minded Bill was beginning to ask himself whether he had after all been right in somewhat contemptuously condemning his former attachment as an attack of common calf-love.

This morning's events had effectually answered his question, and so clouded was his brain by the sudden flare of the smouldering embers of his passion, as well as his angry jealousy of Barron, that he sat long, breakfastless and miserable, without coming to any conclusion as to the meaning of Barron's spitefully veiled threats.

Once during his long sitting, old Mrs. Mead, his housekeeper, had appeared to see when he would commence his neglected breakfast, but the poor old lady had been chased forth by such a volley of tempestuous and ugly words that she had not ventured again to disturb her usually placid and good-tempered master. It was past noon when she once more approached his room, and, with a timid tap at the door, announced that Mrs. Barron wished to speak to him.

"Oh, yes. Show her in," said Letchworth, hurriedly.

A silent and subdued Kitty entered, and her great black eyes, dark-circled from heavy weeping her white, tired face, and the sadness of her pretty mouth formed a picture, very miserable, it is true, but also eminently lovable. As she moved towards him every line in her face, every movement of her supple figure, seemed to Letchworth to be pleading for his support and protection; driven by his passion, he flung good resolves to the winds and was ready for anything.

"Kitty," he cried, huskily, "so you've come to me!"

"No, no," she cried, recoiling from him, "not

(Continued on page 130)

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A Welcome Return

Miss Ellis Jeffreys as Grace Pemberton in "The Sugar Bowl," produced at the Queen's

This is the first appearance in London of Miss Ellis Jeffreys since her lengthy visit in America. She is appearing, together with Mr. Frederick Kerr, in the season inaugurated by her husband, Mr. Herbert Sleath, at London's latest and beautiful playhouse just opened by Mr. J. L. Vedrenne

Photo *Lallie Charles*

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(Continued from page 128

that—oh, Heaven, not that! I—I've brought this from Vernon."

Letchworth silently took the note she held out and read it carefully.

I expect to know by six o'clock to-night at the club, whether or not you accept my terms for the sale of Heart o' the West. I strongly advise you, in your own interest, and in that of others, who need not be mentioned, to comply.

Yours,
VERNON BARRON.

"Curse him!" he said. "Curse him for the meanest, the dirtiest, the most contemptible cur that has ever been allowed to disgrace a man's body." Suddenly his manner changed, and his words came pouring out in a torrent. "But we'll beat him, Kitty, won't we? You love me—me—don't you, Kitty? You as good as said so this morning. Let him go and get his divorce — we'll win the Three Thousand with my sweet Heart o' the West and we'll laugh at him." He put out his hand towards her. "Why, Kitty, what?"

"Oh, Bill," she cried out, shrinking back, "no, no! Oh, don't you see—I can't stand it—I should die if I were divorced—I can't, I can't!"

Beside himself, Letchworth seized her roughly by the shoulder.

"What d'you mean? D'you mean to say you love that beast still?"

"Oh, no, no, but——"

"There is no *but*; either you love him or me."

"How dare you say such a thing," she flared out. "I never said anything of the kind."

"My God!" he cried, towering over her in his wrath; "haven't you been telling me all this last month, by glance and by touch of hand, what I, in my stupid honesty, have been too blind to see till now? D'you mean to say you didn't mean to make me love you? If not, what in Heaven's name did you mean?"

"Ah, ah," she whimpered, her face in her hands, "can't you see it's all so different now?"

"Different—what's different?"

"I—I didn't realise what it would all mean."

"In fact, you're a common, light flirt."

"No," she half screamed, as if he had hit her, "I did really think I loved you, but—but——"

"But?"

She was silent.

"But?" he questioned inexorably.

"Oh, I don't know," she whimpered miserably.

"But I'm too poor—is that it?" he said bitterly.

She looked up into his face and he saw her eyes were swimming with tears. With a piteous little gesture, she flung out her hands.

"Oh, you are cruel to me," she wailed. "Bill, I didn't think you could be such a brute."

Poor, simple Bill Letchworth couldn't stand this

"Kitty, Kitty, my darling," he cried, "good heavens, I am sorry. Kitty, forgive me!"

He would have taken her in his arms, but she repelled him with, "No, you mustn't. I should make a fool of myself—forget myself."

"And so you shall," he cried, stepping towards her, but she eluded him, and, skipping round to the other side of the table, stood breathlessly watching him.

Letchworth pulled himself together with an effort.

"Look here, Kitty," he said, trying to keep his voice calm, "we must consider this matter coolly. Sit down in that chair, and I'll sit over here, and we'll try and think it out."

"Now, then," he went on, when she had obeyed him, "the position seems to be this. You do not love your husband, and you know he does not love you; yet you ask me, who do love you with my whole soul, to make a tremendous double sacrifice in order to save you the discomfort of appearing in the Divorce Court. Looking at it coldly, and from a worldly point of view, does it strike you as a reasonable thing to ask of me? By my refusal I gain the two things I want most in the world at the present moment. Almost certain victory in the Three Thousand and—your sweet self."

He had been looking away from her purposely while speaking, and now turned to find her with her head between her clenched hands on the table, silently crying.

"Kitty, Kitty," he cried, leaning over and touching her hand. "Life wouldn't be so very bad with me, would it?"

"Ah, ah," she cried hysterically, "it would kill me—it would kill me!"

He looked at her dark head buried in her hands, her slender frame shaken by the tearing sobs, and then said slowly:

"So I must make my sacrifice, Kitty."

She sobbed more violently.

"Kitty," he went on, a little brokenly—"Kitty, I'm not good at making sacrifices. I shall muck my life after this."

"Oh! no, no," she whispered, her face still hidden.

"Yes," he replied heavily.

For a few seconds he sat watching her, waiting for her to speak; and then, as she made no sign, his face suddenly stiffened, and, throwing back his chair, he walked steadily over to the writing-desk. He found a block of telegraph forms, wrote a hurried message, and, tearing off the sheet, walked across to Kitty and touched her shoulder.

She looked up and, seeing the cold aloofness of his manner, began again to sob weakly.

"Come, come," he said roughly, "here's your reprieve. Read it out and make sure you have it right."

She took the form and read wearily:

Barron, Opposition, London.

I accept your terms, you cur.—LETCHWORTH.

"That's correct," he said; "and now—I hate to hurry any visitor of mine away, but I—er—I have some packing to do. Good-bye."

She rose from her chair and moved slowly to the door, which he was holding open for her, but as she was passing through, and endeavoured to return his cold bow, she broke down and turned to him impulsively—

"Oh, Bill," she cried, piteously, "why must we part like this? Won't you be kind to me?"

He looked at her dully—then gravely thrust his hand into his pocket—

"Oh, I forgot," he said, "the wire will cost sixpence."

"Oh, Bill, Bill, how cruel you can be!" she cried, and then the door slammed and she was gone.

Letchworth heard her cross the little hall, the fumbling of a latch, the crash of the front door, and—silence.

"Oh, my God," he cried, in a broken sob, and reeling to the sofa, flung himself down and buried his face among the cushions.

He was still in the same position when, twenty minutes later, the curious young postmistress looked up from scrutinising a telegram just left at the little office by Kitty Barron, and said to her husband—

"She's been very careful to black over these last two words—I cant read 'em at all."

REGINALD RAYNER.

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Riverside Halting-Places: Whitchurch

Photo *Calleott*

Whitchurch Lock is familiar to river-goers as the halting-place for Pangbourne, which it adjoins. The church shown in the photograph is a very quaint building, with a wooden steeple of unusual appearance

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Trapping in the Rockies

DIFFICULT SNAPSHOTS OF SOME RARE SPECIMENS

A Fine Specimen of the Wild Cat
The creature has been caught in a trap set up in a tree

Trapping a Lynx
Both the Lynx and the Wild Cat have huge "pads," which are easily discernible in the snow

Photos supplied *Graphic Photo Union*

A Young Bear Caught in the Springtime

Trapping wild animals is an exciting pastime, but so valuable are the skins of many of them, that the prizes which fall to the successful hunter are well worth the risk and trouble involved. The above photographs of wild animals in a state of captivity are interesting, having been taken under great difficulties in a very wild region

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Inaccessible !

Photo Graphic Photo Union

A PICTURESQUE SNAPSHOT

The kid has been trapped into an almost inaccessible position. The great height at which it crouches may be gauged by glancing at the dark spots on the bottom right-hand corner, which are the tops of tall fir trees

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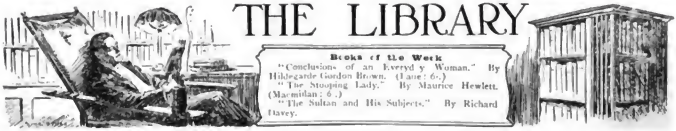

Mary Stuart's Re-trial

Mr. Andrew Lang's recent article in *Blackwood's*, "New Light on Mary Queen of Scots," has, it seems, reopened the perennial controversy as to the unfortunate Queen's complicity in the murder of Darnley. Mary, one would think, endured enough in her lifetime of trial and punishment; in re-stating the cause and re-sifting the evidence, Posterity is not behaving exactly as a gentleman towards a beautiful and long-suffering lady. Mr. Lang's attitude, however, proves that there is, at any rate, one chivalrous man engaged on the trial. Black as history has left the case against Mary, whose deliberate complicity in the murder of her husband by Bothwell, whom she subsequently married, has never been satisfactorily controverted, Mr. Lang has not been deterred. The new light he has discovered is—Queen Elizabeth. Most people have associated the "Virgin Queen" with Mary's career subsequent to the death of Darnley rather than previous to it. Mr. Lang boldly suggests that she was not merely the avenger of Mary's wrong-doing, but the first cause of it. Darnley, the handsome fool, was, it is suggested by study of some papers in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, deliberately thrown into Mary's path by Elizabeth to tempt her. Glad as I am to see Mary's character championed so valiantly and so cleverly by so eminent a man as Mr. Lang, this revelation of Queen Elizabeth in the new rôle of *agent provocateur* does not seem to help Mary much. I expect that lady would rather figure before posterity as the deliberate accomplice to the murder than as the mere dupe of her Royal rival and persecutor.

"Conclusions of an Everyday Woman"

Conclusions of an Everyday Woman! (Lane: 6s.). Truly a fascinating title, and a no less fascinating book. When an everyday woman has the ability to come to conclusions, and the energy and the courage to express them in writing, then depend on it we have something that gets as near to the truth about things as it is possible to get in a complex age. Mrs. Hildegarde Gordon Brown, writing as a woman experienced in the domesticities, has a good deal to say that is shrewdly sensible on a wide variety of subjects. She descants wisely and gracefully in defence of middle-classdom, of marriage, of middle age, of "shop"—in fact, on a score of topics usually regarded by her clever sisters as too utterly *bourgeois*. Mrs. Brown convinces us that there is a good deal of philosophy to be extracted from the commonplace experiences and the mundane duties. She is, withal, witty; she has a lot of anecdote; and, altogether, seems to have a breezy, delightful personality. Her book is one of the brightest collections of essays published since Mr. John Lane issued the "Champagne Standard."

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER, THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN"

From a photograph taken specially for "The Bystander"

Tom Hood's Birthplace at Wanstead, immortalized in the well-known poem above quoted, is now being demolished

It is difficult to glance at the picture of the house without a tear of regret at its disappearance, to make way, probably, for some outrage in red brick

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Concerning Mary Stuart

WAS SHE WICKED?
WAS SHE BEAUTIFUL?

QUESTIONS WHICH CONTINUE TO VEX THE HISTORIANS

The Night of Riccio's Murder *(From the painting by E. M. Ward, R.A.*

Darnley, accompanied by Murray, Ruthven, Morton, and other Protestant chiefs, break into Mary's private room, and hold her back while Riccio, her chief Minister, is murdered. In this picture, the artist, Mr. E. M. Ward, conveys the impression that Mary was decidedly beautiful. Whether she was or not is the subject of a keen controversy; judging from portraits of the period, many people have concluded that the Queen was not. Mary's guilt of the murder of Darnley, her husband, has also long been discussed. Mr. Andrew Lang has, lately, been endeavouring to clear the Queen of odium, attributing her connivance, if it existed, to the malevolent promptings of Queen Elizabeth, her subsequent persecutor

From the painting by Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

John Knox Preaching Before Mary Stuart in St. Andrews

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Twaddle in Literature

Mr. Keble Howard's little books, such as *The Jester's Window* (Hodder: 6s.), have a wonderfully restraining influence on the individual who might be led into the momentary delusion that the world is getting wiser. Mr. Howard's method is to reproduce, exactly as he hears them, the little everyday conversations between the people that pass among us. To secure them, he must spend quite a lot of time on the tops of 'buses and at railway stations, must tarry in tea-shops, and keep an almost inquisitively open ear for the little nothings dropped by those near whom he lunches and dines. He must be a dangerous man to ask to one's house; the "silly nonsense" he has set down here and there may have been overheard between the bacon and the marmalade of one's own breakfast-table!

Mr. Hewlett Becomes Nearly Modern

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is coming—coming nearer and nearer to the age in which he is pleased to live. Leaving Chaucer and Mary Stuart and mediæval Italy, he has, in *The Stooping Lady* (Macmillan: 6s.), swept over the centuries, and effected a safe landing at the beginning of the last of them. But, though almost modern in period—this is a story of high life in the days of the Regency, telling of the robust passion of a high-born young woman for a brave and handsome butcher lad—Mr. Hewlett retains throughout that air of detachment, that strongly personal style which has earned him the admiration of the critics of to-day. The manner in which the high-born young woman—Miss Hermia Mary Chambre—gains the aforementioned passion for the butcher is that she is the witness of a scuffle outside Caryll House, Pall Mall, wherein the butcher righteously chastises a dissolute peer (Lord Morfa, the heroine's own uncle) for wickedly killing a horse. The young fellow is sent to jail and badly treated for doing what any right-minded man would have done, but he is released, and lives to be made aware of the devotion of his aristocratic admirer, also to win his political spurs as a Reformer, in which cause he suffers, ultimately, a sort of martyrdom.

An Interesting Book About Turkey

Many books have lately been written about Turkey. These have, on the whole, been either brief tourist impressions or political propaganda. Sympathetic sidelights on Turkish life and the national character are so rare that I am glad to receive a second edition of Mr. Richard Davey's *The Sultan and His Subjects*. I know of no recent volume which understands the Turk so intelligently, which allows for his peculiarities so sympathetically. Mr. Davey gives us one of the few really reliable descriptions of life in the harem, and of matrimonial conditions in Turkey. His descriptions of life in Pera, Stambul, and Galatia appreciate nicely the differing conditions of life in the three divisions of Constantinople. Politically, the author is fair to the Turk, yet Christianist in his hopes as to his ultimate reformation:—

> A Protectorate [he says] of some kind, or dismemberment and practical elimination, must, before many years have gone by, be the inevitable fate of the once proud and powerful Ottoman Empire.

VIVIAN CARTER.

At the Dairy Show: Miss A. L. Nisbet participating in the milking contest

The competitions in milking and butter-making excited wide-spread interest, and men and women, boys and girls, came from all parts of the kingdom to take part in them. For butter-making there were just 200 entries, and for milking 135, of these latter sixty-six being men and sixty-nine women. The Lady Mayoress, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, presented the prizes at the conclusion of the contests on Friday afternoon

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Golf Notes and Notions

The Revision of the Rules

I do not envy the task upon which a sub-committee of the Rules of Golf Committee are at present engaged. As in the case of the government of Ireland, the history of the rules of golf is a history of failures. Whether this is the fault of the governed or the governing I must leave to wiser heads than mine to decide. It is in either case a "fine point," as the Gilbertian Chancellor observed. One has the melancholy feeling at each fresh revision of the rules of any game that some point has been overlooked or not foreseen, which in a short time will render obsolete the labours of the reviser, however cunningly and finely he may have woven his network of rules. Some fish is sure to splash through an opening some fine day, and then the whole business of revision has to be taken in hand again. We have apparently reached such a stage in golf, and no doubt before long we shall all be discussing the proposed new code of rules, and doing our best to pick holes in it. For the moment there is a brief breathing space, and I take the opportunity of airing some pet grievances of mine, in the remote hope that the august eyes of the revisers may see these notes and find some food for reflection in them.

The Casual Water Rule

First and foremost, I do hope that the rule about casual water will be made a logical whole, and that the difference between the treatment meted out to casual water on the course and on the putting green will be eliminated. Personally, I should have no objection to casual water being treated throughout as an ordinary water hazard. But if a man is to be allowed to drop to the side of casual water throughout the course, then I think he should be accorded a similar privilege in the case of casual water on the putting green. The rule which was proposed a few years ago by the Rules of Golf Committee, and which was rejected by the General Meeting of the Royal and Ancient, struck me as a very fair solution of the difficulty. But the present rule is a miserable and unsatisfactory patchwork and compromise. Let us go back to the older rule, or make the present rule a fair one.

The Line of the Putt

The next point I should like made clear is the rule about pointing out the line of the putt. It seems to me monstrous that a man should be liable to the loss of the hole if his partner or caddie puts his club on the ground on the further side of the hole. I would suggest that the difficulty might be met by defining the line of the putt as only applying to any ground between the ball and the hole. Such refinements as putts which have to be made up a slope on the further side of a hole may well be left out of consideration. But I feel very strongly that the much-discussed decision of the Rules of Golf Committee has given an extension of meaning to the words, "line of the putt" and "must not touch the ground" in Rule 19, which was never contemplated by the compilers of the rule.

Rule 24

My next quarrel is with Rule 24, which says that "When a player has holed out and his opponent has been left with a putt for the half, nothing that the player can do shall deprive him of the half which he has already gained." A case arose in which the ball of a player who was playing the odd struck the opponent's ball, lying within a few inches of the hole, set the opponent's ball in motion, and went into the hole itself. The player then rushed up and struck away his opponent's ball while still in motion. Now, under Rule 21 the player would clearly lose the hole, and I hold that, even with Rule 24 taken into consideration, he still loses the hole. But then he may say, "I have secured the half by holing out, and nothing I can do can deprive me of that half." It would surely be best to excise Rule 24 altogether, and rely upon Rule 21, which makes ample provision for all proper cases.

Rules 26 and 27

Finally, I come to Rules 26 and 27, which strike me as very confused and complicated in wording. The point I would like to put is this. What, under those rules, is the proper penalty in the following case? A player in a foursome has a long run-up putt to negotiate. He has addressed himself to the ball, and is in the act of striking. Instead of his club going back from the ball, it slips forward and sets the ball in motion, but his mind is so intent on making the stroke that he is unable to desist from hurriedly striking the ball. I have seen two decisions given. In the one case my partner and I were the sufferers to the extent of the loss of the hole. I was the criminal, and our adversaries at once claimed the hole on the ground that the moment I had set the ball in motion I had made a stroke, and that by again striking the ball I had played when my partner ought to have done so. Therefore, under Rule 4, which says, "If a player play when his partner should have done so, his side shall lose the hole," we had lost the hole. We had no option but to admit the penalty. I was, therefore, interested to see an exactly similar occurrence in a foursome competition this year at Sandwich. None of the players seemed clear as to the proper penalty. The partner of the offending player opined that his side had lost the hole, while the adversaries contended that the proper penalty was the loss of a stroke. Ultimately, the loss of a stroke was settled upon as the penalty. I have a very clear opinion that the right penalty was inflicted in my case, but as one of the players in the more recent Sandwich case was a member of the Rules Committee, and opted for the stroke penalty, it is fairly evident that Rules 26 and 27 merit the careful scrutiny of the revisers.

The confusing words are, "when not intending to make a stroke" in Rule 26, which might well be altered into "when not in the act of making a stroke." An intention can never be accurately defined, but an act can. ERNEST LEHMANN.

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Plant Growing by Electric Light

It is to be hoped that the experiments concerning the growth of plants under electrical influence, which the Royal Botanic Society is undertaking at Regent's Park, will throw a little light on this fascinating subject. Hitherto, such experiments have been carried out in a more or less desultory way by private individuals, often with little scientific knowledge. Wires have been stretched along rows of plants, in some cases the electricity being provided by metal plates buried in the ground, and in others by tall conductors intended to draw supplies from the atmosphere. The electric light has also been used at night to lengthen the hours of growth, and many other devices have been tried. But owing to the want of system, the results have so far been very indefinite. That electricity plays an important part in the vegetable world is certain. Over thirty years ago M. du Moncel described before the French Academy some interesting experiments in connection with trees, arriving at the conclusion that they are all conductors, and that their conductivity is proportional to the amount of fluid which they contain. Under such circumstances, we should naturally expect that the plants most susceptible to electrical influence would be those of a sappy nature, and this appears to be in accordance with facts, notably in the case of lettuces. Moreover, when these plants are kept growing at night by means of artificial light, their progress is remarkably rapid. They reach marketable size, apparently without loss of crispness or flavour, in far less time than if they were allowed to develop naturally. The chief point to determine here is the cost. If the gain in time is more than sufficient to compensate for the additional expense, the cultivation of lettuces in this way will commend itself to large growers.

Photo *Bastin*

The New Electric Light Culture Experiments at the Botanic Gardens: View showing the light apparatus

Electricity and Flowering Plants

Some years ago, M. Lucien Harancourt tried the effect of the electric light on lilacs which he was forcing, and he found that by its means he was able to make them flower in about fifteen days, instead of twenty-five. Probably, similar results might be obtained with other plants. But this treatment has the serious disadvantage that they are practically useless afterwards. Unable to get their natural rest at night, they necessarily make very weak growth; and, though this does not matter much in the case of such plants as lettuces, it utterly spoils plants which are cultivated for their flowers. For this reason electric radiators, sometimes recommended for conservatories, must be condemned. I speak from experience, having given them a fair trial. They give out so little heat that they are very expensive, and so much light that the plants, deprived of their nightly rest, are kept growing incessantly, and are injured in consequence. In this direction the Royal Botanic Society cannot hope to succeed, but if it experiments with such plants as lettuces, or explores the mysterious connections between electricity and the various vegetable processes, it may perform a valuable work. How strange these connections sometimes are may be seen, for example, in Phytolacea electrica, a plant which gives a sensible shock to a person who touches it.

H. C. Davidson.

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RACING NOTIONS

DUKE OF YORK STAKES AND CESAREWITCH By CARBINE

Tirara's Surprising Success

Those connected with Tirara's stable may not have been surprised at her easy success at Kempton Park on Saturday, but nearly everyone else was. When the filly ran at Manchester she was well beaten into third place, All Black finishing two lengths in front of her; but in the Duke of York Stakes her display was vastly different, and the form with All Black was reversed in an extraordinary way. Most people were agreed that Roseate Dawn was "well in" at the weights. He looked very fit, was heavily supported by the public and the people associated with his stable, and was undoubtedly expected to have much to do with the finish. Yet he ran very badly, and never once looked like winning. Dinneford, also freely backed, threatened danger until the weight told upon him, but there was really nothing to trouble Tirara.

Advance, Australia!

The outsider was practically always in front, and this "20 to 1 chance," to the disgust of backers, rolled home with a lot in hand. This much can be said, that she comes from the same stable as Malua, whose chance last week I ranked next to Roseate Dawn's, and the fact that Tirara had beaten Malua in a trial a few days previously, and was started in preference to him, may have given a few people a hint as to the result. The race was really a triumph for Australia, from whence hails the winner's owner, Mr. Spencer Gollan, a very well-known figure in the world of sport. Tirara's jockey, Bullock, is also an Australian, and she was bred from an Australian mare. Will she win the Cambridgeshire as well? She has to put up a 10lb. penalty; but that may not stop her. Perhaps, however, Malua will be the stable's choice for the Newmarket race. In any case, the chosen one will have to be reckoned with, while All Black will also come into further favour by reason of his bold display on Saturday. Personally, my faith is still with **Sagamore.**

An Exciting Two-Year-Old Race

The Duke of Westminster is not so keen about racing as his grandfather was, not at least about flat-racing, and I know that he would far rather ride a winner of the Grand National—did only his weight permit—than see his popular "yellow and black" carried to victory in the Derby. Yet he has the notable Turf traditions of the Grosvenors behind him, and he is bent on breeding the best horses that he can. Very satisfactory is it, therefore, to find him with a real smasher like Vamose, who, I believe, will turn out even better than Troutbeck. True, the colt could only make a dead-heat with Lesbia at Kempton on Friday, but he would have beaten her had he not lost a little ground at the start. Anyway, I am sure there is more scope for improvement in Vamose than there is in the compact and "set" Lesbia. What a grand finish it was! For the last quarter of a mile Vamose and Lesbia struggled desperately for the mastery, and then the Minera colt came pelting along at a terrific pace when it was just too late. We have not seen a grander two-year-old race this year.

Cesarewitch Forecast

And now a last word or two about the Cesarewitch. We have seen Baltinglass become a stronger favourite than ever, and many people seem scarcely to entertain the idea of his defeat. Anyone with the merest knowledge of racing must recognise that the colt holds a very big chance at the weights, and the way he has covered the ground in his recent gallops on the Heath engenders still greater confidence in him. But it is asking a great deal of the youngster to meet a four-year-old like Demure, whose staying powers are undoubted, at even weights. We know that Demure is in grand fettle just now, and in spite of the rage for Baltinglass, the filly has been heavily backed, and I, for one, believe in her as firmly as ever. Madame de Soubise is the latest Newmarket "tip" for a place, but I should prefer Radium. Such as Wuffy and Royal Dream ought, as the handicap goes, to be beaten by **Demure,** and I expect this filly to win. BALTINGLASS will surely be good enough to run into the first three, and RADIUM may also get a place.

The Middle Park Plate

That historic race, the Middle Park Plate, looks like being an interesting affair on Friday. Miranda and Araminta can take on the Kempton rivals, Vamose and Lesbia, and other good youngsters can compete. My selection is **Miranda.** On Thursday I hope to see **Sagamore** win the Challenge Stakes, **Larig** should secure the Lowther Stakes, and **Kilcarbry** the Prendergast Stakes.

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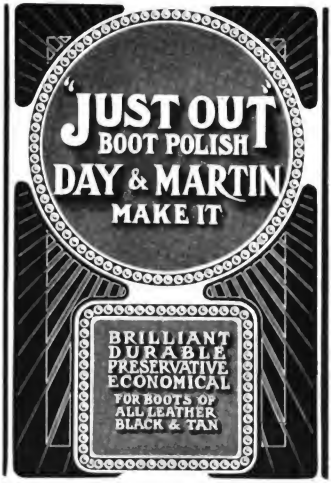

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RUGBY FOOTBALL

Rugger and the Paying Public

I have often noticed that Rugby footballers, as a class, are remarkably intolerant of the suggestion that the welfare of their game depends in any way upon the support of the outside public, and, therefore, when "Judex" wrote in the *Sportsman* of Oct. 7 that Rugby football is "kept alive by a paying public," I wondered how long the statement would be left unchallenged. Nor was I left to wonder for long. The expected letter, repudiating the suggestion of "Judex," and inviting him to withdraw it, was at once forthcoming, and duly appeared in the *Sportsman* two days later. The writer (himself an old player) asserts that the game is kept alive "by boys and young men who want healthy and pleasurable exercise in their leisure, and by those who remember the good fun they had when they were able to play themselves. And," he adds, "the paying public is merely an incident, and is by no means as essential as your contributor seems to insinuate." All this is perfectly true, so far as it goes. Every game depends primarily for its existence upon those who actually play it, and upon the amount of benefit, in the form of healthy exercise, enjoyment, or what not, which its votaries derive from it. If it is a good game, and satisfies their wants, it lives. And, therefore, "Judex" was, perhaps, not quite happy in the choice of an expression when he said that the game is "kept alive" by the paying public. What he probably meant was, that the game depends for its position as one of the leading games—one might say *the* leading winter game—of England upon the support of the paying public; and if that was his meaning I think he is undoubtedly right. In these days, no game, if it wishes to attain, or keep, a foremost place, can afford to dispense with public support.

Sir Herbert Mackworth-Praed, Bart.

Who has just offered a handsome challenge trophy for miniature rifle shooting, to be competed for by members of the clubs affiliated to the Association of Conservative Clubs, of which organisation he is Chairman. Sir Herbert represented Colchester in the House of Commons from 1874 to 1880, and played a leading part in the formation of the Association of Conservative Clubs some thirteen years ago

A Protest and a Warning

It has always struck me that Rugby Unionists might, with very little trouble, double and even treble the amount of public support which they receive, especially in matches of comparatively minor importance. They charge the public for admission, but on many grounds the public get nothing at all in return for their money beyond the privilege of watching the game itself, and for this they often have to wait for a quarter of an hour or more beyond the advertised time for beginning. Nor, when play has begun, is there any means of telling who the players are, or, if the teams' names happen to have been published in the papers, whether there are any changes from the advertised list. Sometimes reserved seats are available, but even these are seldom under cover; while, for the Press, a trestle table and a few chairs out in the open are regarded almost as a refinement of luxury, and there are many enclosures where there is absolutely no Press accommodation at all. Of course, there are well-appointed grounds, like the Athletic Ground at Richmond, though these form quite a small minority. But the Athletic Ground managers, having adopted the policy of doing something more for their public than letting them walk in and look on for an outlay of 1s., have secured a more or less regular following which is not solely attributable to the prowess of their tenants, the Richmond and London Scottish Clubs; and I cannot understand why their example has not been followed (in however tentative a fashion) more largely elsewhere.

A New Paper for the World of Games

I have been asked to acquaint my readers with the fact that a new illustrated paper, entitled *Amateur Sport*, will make its first appearance on the 24th inst., and will be published weekly, thereafter, every Thursday. As its name implies, it will be devoted to Amateur games and pastimes according to their season, and during the forthcoming winter will deal principally with Amateur Football (Rugby and Association), Hockey, Golf, and Lacrosse, as well as with Lawn Tennis, Tennis, Racquets, etc. Besides news and criticism of current events, it will contain articles by experts in the various games enumerated, and will be printed on art paper and well illustrated. Its price will be threepence, and it will be published by Odhams, Ltd., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

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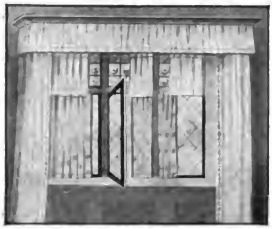

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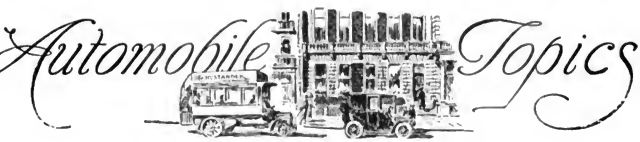

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-icature—No. XLVIII.: Mr. A. Huntley Walker

One of the most indefatigable of motorists, Mr. Huntley Walker, who is the subject of this week's Car-icature, is noted for the strong pertinacity with which he pursues the various objects engaging his attention. A few weeks ago a car he was driving at Brooklands ran off the track and overturned, its driver being severely shaken in consequence. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Walker set out a few days later for Paris, and, *en route*, had the misfortune to crash through the gates of a level crossing while travelling at high speed. This time the motorist fractured several ribs, but, although swathed in bandages, was to be seen again at the steering-wheel, guiding his favourite Darracq round the course as cheerfully as ever. More recently, Mr. Walker's name has been much in evidence in connection with a certain £10,000 challenge which has been freely advertised by a certain section of the Press, but from which, so far, no practical result has emanated. D. M.

Car-icature—No. XLVIII.: Mr. A. Huntley Walker

The indefatigable motorist, whose car was recently overturned at Brooklands. The interest Mr. Walker has taken in Mr. S. F. Edge's £10,000 challenge has lately attracted much attention (By ALECK P. F. RITCHIE)

The Olympia Show, which opens on November 11, will contain some important new departures, and it is already apparent that the 1907 Show will mark a pronounced advance in the history of British automobile construction. Formerly, the motor-car was the rich man's plaything, and manufacturers laid themselves out to pander to the taste for expensive luxury. But this phase has passed. The "rich man market" has been exploited to the full. Fortunately, the British manufacturer is unusually long-sighted, and for some time almost every important British house has been turning its attention to the cheaper car, with the object of selling to the thousand where before it sold to the hundred. The wisdom of this step is evident from the growing importance of the industry in England, while, in most foreign countries, through neglect of this, embarrassment is becoming apparent.

* * *

True, the Americans have been busy at the same game, and, with their usual energy, have flooded foreign markets with cheap cars. But the American cheap "runabout" is not the type of car that Europeans hanker after; and, indeed, in no part of the world outside of the United States is there very much enthusiasm displayed towards cheap American designs. They sell because they are cheap, and because Yankee push enables them to get placed in the remotest parts, where the purchaser has only Hobson's choice. Leaving out the American cheap car, therefore, from our calculations, it is important to note that no other country of any pretensions in the world of automobilism has yet realised that the demand for motor-cars, though growing rapidly, is for a less expensive vehicle, less expensive in its primary cost and more economical in its upkeep and consumption.

* * *

The Olympia Exhibition will reveal some astonishing advances in the art of motor construction, astonishing because in nearly every instance the exhibits will display really high-class engineering, offered at a price which gives most marvellous value to the purchaser. At from £300 to £500, first-rate cars can be purchased—superior to those offered only three years ago at double the price—and below those figures will be found many excellent little cars, and fast ones, too. The day of the freak car has passed, so that purchasers are not made to feel that they are having the privilege of paying for the experiments of the manufacturer. There is every reason to believe that the 1907 Exhibition will break every past record, aye, in spite of bad times, for the Olympia Show has become the Mecca of the motor world, and the pilgrims hasten thither from all parts.

* * *

That the British motor industry is proceeding generally on healthy lines is extremely satisfactory, considering the state of the industry on the Continent. In France many firms are in a shaky state—in fact, just managing to exist until after the Grand Palais *Salon*, where their last forlorn hope lies. The French manufacturers have enormous stocks on hand through having over-produced, while they have

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confined their energies too much to the expensive car. They hope, through having altered the date of the Paris Exhibition so that it clashes with Olympia, to kill the London Show—a daring move, by-the-by, but let them be careful, for the weapon they use may, like a boomerang, recoil on themselves. Italy has produced the most powerful cars of anyone for the last couple of years, but she again is suffering from over-production, as there are not enough rich people wanting cars to go round. Germany is, so far, fairly well absorbing her own manufactures of cars, but there do not seem to be any desperate attempts on her part to appeal to the man of moderate means. Great Britain started late in the race of automobile construction, and it is to be noted, *en passant*, that she has not yet achieved any very dramatic successes in International races. But she has learnt that the market requires a sound car at a cheap price rather than a magnificent creation at a very high one.

* * *

Thanks for this are largely due, one must feel, to the Royal Automobile Club. The Club has been greatly reviled in the past, but it has displayed a business-like foresight which is beginning to bear fruit. The Tourist Trophy races, the various reliability trials, and the many hill-climbing competitions held under its auspices, have taught manufacturers far more than do Continental races, where the element of luck is so prominent a feature. At the moment, the Club is largely occupied in managing the Commercial Motors Trial, a feature of the industry destined to have a very important influence in the future, and in this Great Britain is in the forefront of the nations.

* * *

In company with, I dare say, many others, I should be glad to see Mr. Huntley Walker or anyone else race with Mr. S. F. Edge, if only to put a stop to the interminable correspondence which has taken place. Everyone likes to see a sporting race between men who believe in the superiority of their separate cars, but when their different opinions are aired day by day through the columns of the public Press, it becomes a *leetle* tedious. Mr. Edge challenged originally anyone to race his team of six Napiers, but the challenge from that point has got so altered that no one reading the correspondence between these two gentlemen can find out exactly what they do want—except it be not to race!

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

Owing to the improved methods of manufacture and to the increased plant put down at their works in Hanover and Willesden, the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company (Great Britain), Ltd., announce that a substantial reduction in the price of their motor tyres has taken place.

We have received a useful and well-got-up booklet from the Daimler Company, which they call their instruction book. It is bound in black morocco leather, with a flap, has a pencil and space for notes, a pocket for one's licence, and full instructions for everything to do with the Daimler car, its object being to aid non-mechanical purchasers to recognise easily the various parts of the Daimler car. Owners of Daimler cars can obtain a copy on writing to the Company at Coventry.

We have just learned that Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, the richest millionaire in the world, has purchased one of the first 1908 models of the 30 h.-p. White Steam cars. This purchase comes after his having had two years' experience with an 18 h.-p. White Steam car. We congratulate the White Company on possessing the most wealthy customer in the world.

One of the new model 35 h.-p. four-cylinder Sunbeam cars has been entered for the Reliability Trials promoted by the Motor Union of Western India, which take place from Bombay from December 26, 1907. The car will be driven by Mr. H. C. Dignasse, of 15, Greek Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W., who holds the Managing Agency for Sunbeam cars for the Indian Empire. After visiting his already established agencies in Bombay and Calcutta, Mr. Dignasse will proceed to Rangoon, Madras, and Colombo with a view to establishing agencies in those districts. Cars will be shipped out to these places to await Mr. Dignasse's arrival.

The Staff of the 20th Division in the recent German Army Manœuvres

Undoubtedly, motor-cars are destined to become an important factor in warfare of the future. The car shown here is a 45 h.-p. Daimler, belonging to Mr. Paul Brodtmann, managing director of the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd., who will be noticed on the extreme left of the photograph. Needless to say, the car was fitted with Continental Non-Skids, which went through the whole of the German manœuvres without any trouble whatever

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Shadow Frock

There seems to be small doubt but that the shadow frock will prove one of the big successes of the season. It is not wholly novel, having been tentatively essayed many times before, though never under auspices in any way approaching the present. As an instance, now here is a pinkish-mauve chrysanthemum scheme that was adorably carried out in a strange shade of mauve chiffon over pink chiffon—quite a strong pink—the key-note being found in one Brobdingnagian chrysanthemum bloom catching up the corsage draperies over an embroidery of pearl-worked gold *galon*. Supremely original, again, was a mole-grey silk net, disposed over a white foundation veiled in a veritable Japan blue of quite pronounced order. And this unique affair was rendered still more noticeable by a quantity of narrow mole *chenille* fringe.

But, perhaps, really the most characteristic evolution was a dress of rose-pink veiled with an imperceptible green transparency, which formed an under-dress to draperies of black chiffon, stitched round with lines of black satin ribbon, continued over the shoulder to cross at the back, brace-wise, over one of the favourite barbaric bodices of jewelled gold *galon*. A concluding note quite fascinating was then afforded by long floating sleeves of black chiffon which fell almost to the hem of the skirt at the back. And just one more—such a dream of a dress—a Redfern dream, to be accurate—and entitled a Reception Robe, which will, perchance, denote the classical style of garment presented. The over-dress of black chiffon, heavily embroidered all over in detached *motifs* of gold, was arranged in full panels from a deep round-shoulder embroidery of gold, over a petticoat of the tiniest ring-spot net, encrusted to the knees with beautiful tapering lines of lace, the net and lace again occurring in short puff sleeves and a chemisette relieved by touches of pale blue. So much, in brief, of the shadow dress, a conviction that persuades one enormously as to its claims and elegant possibilities.

The Modern Tailor-ma e

A dainty model sketched at Nicoll's, 114, Regent Street. (*See next page for description.*)

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Messrs. H. J. Nicoll, 114, Regent Street

The services of Messrs. Nicoll are ever with us, although there their resemblance to the poor ceases. They are verily prodigal in their offerings, particularly in the realms of tailoring, of which, as all the world knows, they are veritable monarchs. To the present

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exhaustive demand, full response has been made, an extraordinary choice ranging in the three-quarter length coat and skirt costume. Commencing with the simple, close-fitting morning coat in striped tweed, bound with braid—a suit Messrs. Nicoll are turning out under their particularly admirable and individual auspices at seven and a half guineas—a gradual upward grade in the matter of elaboration finds consummation in some exceptionally *habillée* designs, in which the raised waist plays a conspicuous part. There is one striped grey and green, on a dark-blue ground, that is mightily effective, the skirt pleated and the coat fashioned with a deep yoke or a short bodice part—either description serves—the sleeves being modelled in one with this. The braiding employed is peculiarly heavy and handsome in effect, the front of the coat opening on a vest of mole grey embroidered in dull silver and gold, and concluding in smart cravat of emerald silk, the ends drawn into gold tassels.

On the inevitable blue serge of exceedingly fine quality, decorative frogging effects are produced in black braid. In fact, Messrs. Nicoll are disposed to riot in braids and braiding, bringing to bear on the vogue all the taste and understanding for which the firm are noted.

Illustrating in a marked degree the heights attained by elaborated tailoring is the model sketched by our artist, a model carried out in a soft powder-blue, the skirt of cloth braided in a tree design, the elegantly long coat of corduroy velvet, strapped with the cloth and cut away in front to display a short vest of green velvet, worked with self shades of silk, finishing with an infinitesimal collar over a blue band at the neck.

Then, too, of most immediate interest, is a new wrap-coat, built of serge on approved classical lines, with great armholes, into which are fitted capacious sleeves. Thus the frame-work—perfect taste being exercised in the relieving touches afforded by an embroidered collar and singularly effective pierced concave buttons—is so arranged that the practicability of the wrap is not in the least minimised. Those responsible for the house of Nicoll are genuine artists.

The Evergreen Shirt, at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road

The same with a difference is the Shoolbred shirt, the subject of our second illustration. That this simply invaluable adjunct shall be prepared for the day of its vogue, there has been selected for its expression one of the effective Tattersall checks in finest Saxony flannel, the concluding note afforded by a hunting stock and bowler hat obviously hinting the pursuit. Also, the stock serves to eradicate a small error, to the effect that the detachable turn-over collar is part and parcel of the shirt, whereas it is an accessory, one that can be dispensed with at will, and is only provided when especially ordered. Now that has been made clear, there remains to be pointed out the latest expression of the Anglo-American yoke, a tiny back view depicting the graceful undulating appearance now devised.

The season's choice in these Tattersall checks is more than ever persuasive, and includes a good red, powder-blue, and mauve.

In the always covetable Ceylon flannel, so beloved of golfers by reason of its light weight, some serviceable dark mixtures have been produced which will doubtless find advocates, although, of course, æsthetically, they are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the more delicate *nuances*. Also, there are assuredly matrons who, indulging in the comfort of a shirt, will be gratified to learn that in the fine cashmere wool, called Cardinal flannel, there is an excellent black, which builds up admirably and looks indescribably smart worn with a white turn-over collar and coloured cravat. Over the unshrinkable virtue of Queen's wear, apart from the delightful texture of that fabric, one could write a tome, the neat stripes in which the fancy is offered, together with the plain colours, fulfilling the highest expectations. And, naturally, the test of continuous effort has brought the fitting of these shirts to a pinnacle of perfection, a guarantee being given if the self-measurements are accurately taken. The form is the epitome of simplicity.

The "Shoolbred Shirt"

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road)

"Modes Gracieuses"

A delightful title to a delightful booklet, to wit, the autumn brochure, prodigally illustrated, just issued by Peter Robinson, Regent Street. The sketches are of incomparable excellence, and at once please and instruct the eye. The ten whole pages devoted to the cause of blouses are rich in suggestion, a choice selection calculated materially to enhance the blouse cause.

Furs are most illuminative, and include a host of possessions possible to the average purse. There is one coatee, in natural grey squirrel, with wing sleeves and detachable stole, a veritable bargain at ten guineas. I have seen the original, so I know. Exhaustively represented, for such a booklet, are the costumes, the whole ground being covered from knockabout tweed suits to lovely picture frocks, which are replete with *La Mode's* latest decrees. Indeed, a consistent perusal of "Modes Gracieuses" from cover to finish puts the whole dress question into a nutshell.

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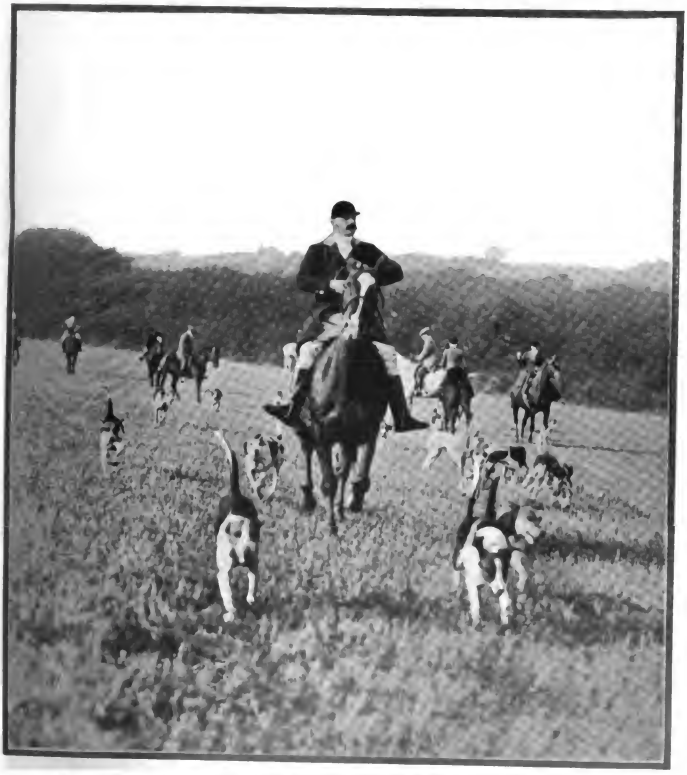

CUB-HUNTING WITH THE EAST KENT FOXHOUNDS AT WALDERSHARE PARK

The Master, Mr. Selby-Lowndes, off to draw

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No. 203.—Vol. XVI

CONTENTS

Wednesday, October 23, 1907

	PAGE
Frontispiece	149
Bystander Comments	151
The World's Pageant	154
One of Our Two Women Composers ...	160
Rampolla to Resign?	163
Some Popular Sportswomen	164
Those "Romantic" Weddings	166
Continental Chat	167
The Playhouses	170
Ranching Out West: Remarkable Photographs of Cowboy Life in Montana	173
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No, 101.—"The New Generation." By E. Temple Thurston	177
Field, Stream, and Covert	183
Cubbing in Northumberland	184
The Library	187
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	189
Automobile Topics	194
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	200
A Woman's Note Book	VIII

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

Amusements

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQ. MLLE. ADELINE GENEE in the new Ballet, BELLE OF THE BALL. Campbell and Johnson, The Cattaneos. EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

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"The Stooping Lady." By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan: 6s.)
"The Messenger." By Frankfort Moore. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"The Call of the Sea." By F. G. Aflalo. (Grant Richards: 4s.)
"A Practical Guide to the Game Laws." By Charles Row. (Longmans: 5s.)
"Tales of Troy and Greece." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans: 4s. 6d.)
"English Society." By Randall Davies, F.S.A. (Seeley: 7s.)
"Dumas' Paris." By F. Milhoun. (Sisleys: 7s. 6d.)
"The Law of Motor-Cars." By J. B. Sandback. (G. E. Cornish: 2s. 6d.)
"British Country Life." Edited by Edward Thomas. (Hodder and Stoughton: 8s. 6d.)
"The Great Skene Mystery." By Bernard Capes. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The Jester's Window." By K. Howard. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)
"The Golliwogg's Christmas." By F. K. Upton. (Longmans: 6s.)
"The Diary of Master William Silence." By D. H. Madden, M.A. (Longmans: 6s. 6d.)
"A Lindsay o' the Dale." By A. G. Hales. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"Purple Heather." By A. St. Aubyn. (Long: 6s.)
"Bright Ideas for Entertaining." By Mrs. H. B. Linscott. (Hodder and Stoughton: 3s. 6d.)
"The Abductors." By Joseph Prague. (Greening: 6s.)
"A Shepherd of Kensington." By Miss M. B. Saunders. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"The Little Wonder." By Nat Gould. (Long: 2s.)
"The Master of Means." By Herbert George. (Greening: 6s.)
"The Scoundrel." By Ernest Oldmeadow. (Grant Richards: 6s.)
"The Halo." By Baroness von Hutten. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The Meddler." By H. de Vere Stacpoole and W. A. Bryce. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
"The Hidden Victim." By Headon Hill. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday October 23, 1907

At Peebles, lately, the Premier confessed that he had never before been to that town. We ken the noo what it is that's wrang wi' the mon.

* * *

London, you may say, is beginning to palpitate at the thought of her Royal visitors. The Westminster City Council, ever original, hopes to present an Address to the German Emperor. This should appeal to a lover of novelties like the Kaiser.

* * *

The same Council will spend "not more than £220" on street decorations. It is hard to know precisely how gay one can get Westminster to look for £220, but in view of a possible fog, it seems unwise to spend more. Street decorations always seem to be a difficulty with the ordinary Councillor, with whom fancy scarcely runs riot. "Hang the bath-mats from the windows," he apparently says to the decorator, "and—and—stretch the usual red baize across the road at intervals. Sprinkle with flags." The result is — but we had better suppress the word that rises to our lips.

The Very Idea!

"If I gave you a penny, you'd only spend it on cigarettes"
"Me? No fear! I chucked smoking a year ago"
By J. Hammer

* * *

It is said that the accommodation of Windsor Castle will be "somewhat strained" when all the three Royal suites, British, German, and Spanish, are present. One can almost picture General Count von Halsen-Haeseler saying to Admiral von Senden-Bilrau, "Keep your boots off my head, will you?" while Professor Schiferning (German Court doctor) threatens to chloroform the Spanish medical attaché if he doesn't leave off snoring.

* * *

A leading railway director has stated to the Press that, even if the strike comes off, it will make no difference to his company's train service. Passengers by this railway (which shall be nameless) fear that this is only too true.

* * *

Meantime, preparations for a struggle are being made. At some stations "dormitories are being erected for non-union men," apparently to prevent them from being harassed by the strikers. We cannot help thinking that dormitories ought to be erected for passengers also. Nothing passes the time like a good nap. But, perhaps, a Cox and Box arrangement would do as well.

* * *

The activity of Bishops is becoming a by-word. Many people say that the Bishop of London's Wall Street sermon of last week was the best they had ever heard delivered from a soap-box; while others are all for the Bishop of Ely's megaphone exposition. There is no truth in the rumour that an Archbishop, not to be outdone, intends to preach a sermon by wireless telegraphy from an aeroplane.

* * *

Civil servants continue to take a great interest in the career of the German Crown Prince as a clerk at the Ministry of the Interior. The general opinion, however, seems to be that, no matter how much intelligence the Prince may show, the year he is to spend in a Government office is not enough to make him a really first-class chess-player.

* * *

The old saying that women have no sense of humour was shown to be fallacious last week, when it leaked out that a young American girl had married a man for fun and afterwards gone off with another man. The husband is said to be an American, but, as he has not yet seen the joke, some people are inclined to think he must have some Scotch blood in him. In that event he will, perhaps, see it later.

* * *

Much satisfaction is felt in Spain over the gift made by a Vigo shoemaker to the Prince of Asturias. This consists, it may be remembered, of a pair of boots, with the name "Alfonso" and a crown stamped on them, and Spaniards are convinced that should the little Prince at any time get lost or strayed, these boots will lead to his ultimate discovery.

* * *

So October has come out on top as the wettest month of the year. It is not yet known what recognition the authorities propose to make to it for this well-nigh incredible feat.

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RACING NOTIONS

CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE By CARBINE

How the Cesarewitch "Certainty" Went Down

I don't think I have ever seen owner and trainer more confident of success than Major Loder and Mr. Peter Gilpin were on the day of the Cesarewitch. Baltinglass's fine form in the St. Leger was alone sufficient to make them hopeful; but, in addition, they had proved him to be practically a certainty. Hammerkop, the trial horse, had been so utterly vanquished by the youngster that it was thought quite unnecessary to start her. Now, no doubt, Major Loder is sorry that he did not let the old mare take her chance, as she would probably have finished in front of Baltinglass as the race was run. They say that Howard was unable to extend the favourite, but I thought the boy did quite as well as could have been expected. At the Bushes, the jockey called on him very vigorously for a big effort, but Baltinglass was absolutely done with. He could not go the pace. He struggled on, but it simply wasn't in him to overhaul Demure and The White Knight. And so this raging favourite, this most certain of all certainties, went ignominiously down.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Entering the Paddock After the Cesarewitch

The winner, Mr. W. Clarke's Demure (Wootton up), in front, followed by The White Knight and Wuffy, who were second and third respectively

Champion Two and Three-Year-Olds

Following the defeat of Baltinglass, the failure of Miranda in the Middle Park Plate was another knock-down blow for Major Loder and his friends. Hopes were entertained that this filly would prove something like as good as Pretty Polly, but apparently she is not of the same class as her distinguished sister. The race was a triumph for Lesbia, who fairly established her right to be considered the champion two-year-old filly of 1907. It was rather regretted that Vamose was not brought out against her, but the Duke of Westminster's colt is in reserve for the Dewhurst Plate next week, which he ought to win. One good feature the Newmarket meeting had for Major Loder, and that was the brilliant success of Galvani. Nobody now seems to be decided as to whether Wool Winder or Galvani is the best three-year-old of the year, and while I, personally, have a leaning in favour of the last-named, I should certainly not care to lay odds one way or the other.

Sagamore's Form

Demure and Sagamore was the double we recommended for the two big autumn handicaps, and thus after the first had got home in such good style, we were keenly disappointed to see Sagamore fail abjectly against Succour last week. Of course, the latter is a great horse just now, but the three-year-old was beaten so easily that it would be absurd not to recognise that his Cambridgeshire chance is not so rosy as it looked to be on the form displayed in his preceding race. Had Sagamore beaten Succour, he would now be challenging Malua for favouritism, but instead he is quoted at long odds, and his moderate display leads me to look elsewhere for the winner. However, for the sake of our double, we hope that Mr. Raphael's colt will be seen at its best on the Cambridgeshire day.

Cambridgeshire Prospects

The longer one studies the Cambridgeshire prospects, the more open the affair seems to be. There are at least half a dozen candidates whose chances appear to me to be excellent. Malua, the stable companion of Tirara, is bound, I think, to run well. Land League is favourably weighted, and did well in a trial last week. Lally is such a first-rate horse that it is impossible to ignore him. All Black is in wonderfully good form at the present time, and must have a big chance on his recent performances. Carnegie has got in with a very small weight, and the Whatcombe people may be meditating a *coup* with him. Finally, I have not lost all faith in Sagamore. These, then, are the half-dozen between whom I think the Cambridgeshire rests. Best of them all I like **All Black,** and he will probably be my final selection next week.

Selections for Sandown

We shall see the best racing of the present week at Sandown Park on Thursday and Friday, and at the same meeting venturesome folk will endeavour to find winners "over the sticks" on Saturday. I cannot see anything likely to beat **Baltinglass** in the Sandown Stakes on the first day, when the Temple Handicap may be won by **Nero.** For the Coombe Plate on the following afternoon my selection is **Madame de Soubise,** while the Great Sapling Plate may be won by Mr. Gilpin's best, probably **Siberia.**

LOOK OUT FOR

CARBINE'S SPECIAL

FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

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Professional Golfers' Tournament

BRAID'S THIRD VICTORY — TAYLOR'S FINE FIGHT

Braid Approaching the Tenth Green

Braid's victory (by 4 up and 2 to play) is his third within the five years in which the Tournament has been in existence. His reward was a gold medal and £100

Taylor

As second in the Tournament, he won a silver medal and £30. His play was greatly admired

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Crowd of Spectators (about 800 in number) Watching the Play at Sunningdale

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An Actress-Peeress

(From a painting by Ellis Roberts

THE COUNTESS OF CLONMELL

Formerly Miss Rachel Berridge. Her ladyship is now one of the keenest devotees of hunting and sport generally in Ireland. She is at present visiting London

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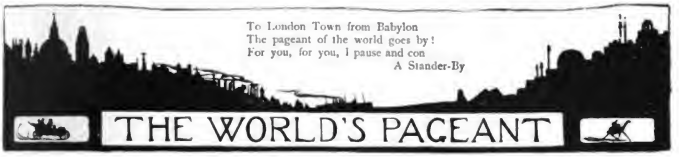

Royal Movements

The grave news from Vienna, where, for many weeks past, Francis Joseph II. has been engaged in a struggle against the most sinister foe that has crossed even his troublous path, has, of course, caused a general disturbance in the plans of Europe's travelling monarchs. That the German Emperor's visit to England next month will take place goes, we hope, without saying, though political trouble in Austria might, conceivably, compel him to remain near at hand. Let us, however, hope that such a contingency will not arise. As to other Royalties, it looks very much as if London is to be the recipient of Vienna's lost visitors. King Alfonso and Queen Victoria, King Haakon and Queen Maud, will, it seems, spend with us the days originally booked up for the Austrian capital. The Prince and Princess of Wales have also abandoned their projected visit to Vienna.

* * *

The King

The King, in the unexpected fashion which characterises the Royal movements of to-day, remained at Newmarket, as the guest of Sir Ernest Cassel at Moulton Paddocks, after the Second October Meeting. His Majesty returns to Town to-day in time to receive the Queen, who arrives in London from Denmark to-morrow. Queen Alexandra will make but a short stay at Buckingham Palace, leaving almost immediately for Sandringham, where preparations are already on foot for the reception of the King and Queen of Spain early in November.

* * *

The Week

The week between the Second October and the Houghton Meetings at Newmarket is always a pleasant one in Town. November darkness has not yet enshrouded us, and, with the King at Buckingham Palace, many people come to London. Most of them, however, are birds of passage, on the wing to various shooting-parties, and as few of the big houses are open, the restaurants and hotels reap the benefit. Bond Street, on a fresh October morning, is no bad place for a stroll and a meeting-place. The autumn opera is becoming quite fashionable—it blossomed out into tiaras the other night—and all the theatres are presenting something new for our gratification. Thanks to the kind offices of the *Daily Mail*, which declared the piece unfit for review in its columns, the most-talked-of play of the week is undoubtedly Miss Lena Ashwell's *Irene Wycherley* at the Kingsway. It is a most artistic production—unpleasant in parts certainly, but so is life, in parts—and it is wonderfully written and perfectly acted.

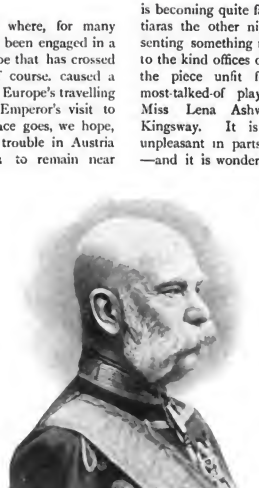

Photo *Skolik, Vienna*

The Emperor Francis Joseph II.

The most recent portrait of the Austrian Sovereign

* * *

The Late Queen's Letters

The most-talked-of event of last week was the publication of the long-awaited letters of Queen Victoria. Almost wholly political in character, they reveal most clearly, nevertheless, as, perhaps, a series of letters confined to personal and domestic affairs could not have done, the mind and disposition of the late Queen. It is, in fact, from what the Queen did *not* write that we can judge her personality in these letters. She had a horror of the conspicuous, the abnormal. Her own point of view was the matter-of-fact point of view. Moderation in thought, deed, and word, a middle course in all things, it was her aim to secure. She had little sympathy with the brilliant and the decorative—of politicians of the strongly individual type she was suspect. Peel and Palmerston were neither of them in her good books. "Sound" is, perhaps, the best adjective to apply to her views—and it has been good for the country that it was so. As a woman so largely political in her interests, it is not, of course, surprising that the Queen noticed so little in her letters the names of men great in literature and philosophy. Save in music, where Queen Victoria showed pronounced sympathy for Mendelssohn, and was one of the very first to detect the genius of Wagner, she was not a patron of the arts, except when directly under the tutelage of the Prince Consort. "The Prince Consort," wrote Lord Melbourne once, "is bored with the sameness of his chess every evening. He would like to bring literary and scientific people about the Court, vary the society . . . but the Queen has no fancy to encourage such people." Of woman's

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The Ghostly Gems: A Strand Phantasm

Startling the Jewel Thief: The Shop in the Strand where a Robbery was Frustrated by the "Vanishing Shield"

The shield is so arranged that, at the touch of the thief, it is made to fall backwards and vanish into the shop. The premises are those of the Association of Diamond Merchants, and the victim of the dodge was one Alec Taylor, now on remand at Bow Street on the charge of attempted shop-breaking

place in the world, she had the strongest views. Lucky for the Suffragette that she is of the Edwardian, rather than the Victorian, era, for "I am every day more convinced," wrote the Queen, in her exclamatory and much-italicised style, "that *we women, if* we are to be *good* women, *feminine* and *amiable* and *domestic*, are not *fitted* to *reign;* at least it is *contre gré* that they drive themselves to the *work* which it entails."

• • •

The Ghostly Gems

Glittering before his hungry eyes, he saw gold and silver, and gems of priceless worth. Crash! In a moment the glass which kept him from them was shattered. His nervous, twitching fingers were on the eve of grasping a shield decked with opals, and emeralds, and diamonds, pearls, and rubies, to say nothing of gems of lesser water. Then, suddenly, the unbelievable happened. Directly his hand had touched it, the shield, in a twinkling, vanished from sight. I am not here anticipating our Christmas Number by an attempt at a premature fairy tale, but am merely setting forth in appropriate style an actual fact recorded, last week, in the Police Courts. Alec Taylor, a hawker, was charged with attempted jewel robbery, but was frustrated by the "Vanishing Shield," which is no figment of Stevensonian fancy, but a stern reality of Strand shopmanship. To anticipate the attempts of Alecs in general, Mr. Margrett, manager of the Diamond Merchants, Jewellers, and Silversmiths, Ltd., had arranged a contrivance by which trays and other things, when touched, fall, not forwards into the streets, but backwards into mysterious depths. To explain the mechanism of the thing is no place of mine. I prefer to dwell on the delicate memory of the "Vanishing Shield," and to congratulate Alec Taylor on being one of the few modern men to enjoy, for a few brief moments of actual life, a sensation worthy of Fairyland at its very best.

• • •

An Actress-Peeress

The Countess of Clonmell, who is making a rare visit to Town before the Irish hunting season sets in with severity, married the young Earl of Clonmell nearly seven years ago, when he was only twenty-three years of age. Miss Rachel Berridge, as she then was, had adopted the dramatic profession, but being the daughter of a farmer and horse-breeder on the Duke of Buccleuch's Cawston estates in North Warwickshire, she was able to vary her stage labours with frequent jaunts in the hunting-field. It was while hunting that she met the Earl, and as both are as keen on hunting as that other peer-and-stage couple, Lord and Lady de Clifford, they are among the keenest followers of the hounds in Ireland. Lady Clonmell, who is very pretty, but who seldom leaves Co. Kildare to breathe the air of the town on the Liffey, has two daughters. The heir to the earldom is the Hon. Dudley Scott, Lord Clonmell's uncle.

• • •

The Clonmell Earldom

Although the earldom of Clonmell is only a little more than a century old, there was a Viscount

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A Wild Week-End

GALE AND FLOOD DEVASTATE COAST AND COUNTRYSIDE

Photo] **An Attack on Portsmouth: The defences flooded by tempestuous seas** [*Cribb*

The gales have been responsible for many wrecks round our coasts, and many liners proceeding up the Channel at the end of last week reported some of the heaviest weather they had ever experienced.

Photo] **The Havoc in the Midlands: An inn inundated** [*Topical Agency*

The Railway Inn, Matlock Bridge, which was so flooded that the ground-floor furniture had to be carried upstairs. The Midlands, generally, have suffered enormous damage and inconvenience by the torrential rains. The streets of towns and villages have been converted into canals. Food and bicycle traffic has been made impossible. So great, further, has been the volume of water in Derbyshire that many of the stone walls so general in the county have been actually washed away

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M.P.'s Abroad—In Very Different Rôles

Ligonier of Clonmell in 1757, the title being given to one of Marlborough's field-marshals. With the second Viscount the title became extinct. He married Penelope, the beautiful seventeen-year old daughter of Lord Rivers. The marriage was an unhappy one. In the end, after fighting a duel, *à cause de* Penelope, with Count Alfieri, the poet, in the Green Park one fine morning, the Viscount divorced the lady and died childless.

• • •

Politicians on Their Travels

Anglo-Indian and military circles continue to mutter the name of Keir-Hardie in tones of execration. Since, however, his speech to the Babu agitators, that politician has discreetly kept his mouth shut. This may be because he has been convinced of the error of his ways in condoning sedition, or it may be because the hon. member is busy drafting the speeches he hopes to make to the discontented Maoris whom he will meet in New Zealand. I don't know that it really matters what Mr. Keir-Hardie is doing or saying. I am inclined to think that a great deal of unnecessary limelight has been thrown on him from the first. It is really difficult to believe that so mild and unassuming a gentleman (see photograph) could create any other feeling in the mind of the intelligent Babu than amused toleration. Side by side with the photograph of Mr. Hardie on his travels, we are publishing one of "Winston" on his. Mr. Churchill is shown sitting with the staff at the Governor's Palace, at Valetta. Nothing could, I am sure, be more suggestive of British official dignity and reserve than the expression on Mr. Churchill's face, and the general "tone" of his attire.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*
For the Disruption of the Empire: Mr. Keir-Hardie
Photographed on the quay at Hong Kong

• • •

In Memory of Grieg

The first of the "In Memoriam" Concerts in honour of Edvard Grieg took place on Wednesday last. A crowded hall listened with rapt attention to the strains of the late composer's Funeral March, which had not previously been heard on an English orchestra. It is a conventional work of its kind, opening with the usual muffled monotones, but its climaxes are a little unusual, and its trio is quaint to a degree unfamiliar in a funeral march. The concert was notable for the fine performance of the pianoforte concerto—the composer's finest work—by Miss Johanne Stockmarr; and some of the familiar songs were rendered by Herr Anton Sistermans. However, Grieg is not a composer for the concert-room. His music, to be ideally appreciated, should fall quietly on the ear from some hidden corner of some drawing-room at twilight. It is too tiny, too timid, and too ingenuous for a large concert-hall.

Photo *Ellis*
L. to r. right: Lieut.-Col. N. G. Biancardi, C.V.O., Colonial A.D.C.; Mr. Marsh, Private Secretary to the Mr. Churchill; Mr. Churchill; Major-Gen. H. Barrow, C.V.O., Officer Administrating the Government of Malta; Major Gordon Wilson, M.V.O., Horse Guards; Major Cadell, R.A., Acting-Assistant Military Secretary to the Governor Administrating

For the Consolidation of the Empire: Mr. Winston Churchill at Malta
(Photo taken at the Courtyard of the Governor's Palace, Valetta, Malta)

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A Lady Landscape Gardener

Mrs. Grosvenor Digging in her Garden at Horrisburne House, Woking

Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

THE HON. MRS. RICHARD GROSVENOR IN HER STUDIO

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Grosvenor has evolved a new profession for women, in the shape of professional landscape gardening. She has all the practical qualifications for her work, and is, in addition, very artistic. The enterprise is a sound one, and in these days of the making of beautiful gardens, is sure to be a signal success. Mrs. Grosvenor is the wife of the Hon. Richard Grosvenor, brother of Lord Ebury

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One of Our Two Women Composers

A Woman Composer

Miss Ethel Barns, the violinist and composer, who produced at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concert last week her new work for violin and orchestra, shares with Miss Ethel M. Smyth the distinction of being the only English woman composer. Miss Barns (who, by the way, is, in private life, Mrs. Charles Phillips, wife of the baritone) does not, however, resemble Miss Smyth in other ways. Miss Smyth affects an almost entirely masculine garb, loves country, and loathes Town. Miss Barns dresses in feminine fashion and lives in Town, from which, however, she sometimes escapes in a motor. Miss Barns has written two violin concertos, as well as several piano pieces and songs; and the series of Chamber Concerts given by her and her husband every year are among the most artistic of the autumn and winter musical season.

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Autumn Marriages

The marriage of Viscount Curzon with his cousin, Miss Mary Curzon, is, owing to mourning in both the bride's and the bridegroom's families, to take place very quietly on one of the last days of the month. Colonel Montagu Curzon, the bride's father, died very suddenly only a month or so ago; Mrs. Curzon, who is in very delicate health, was doing a rest-cure at the time of her husband's death; and Viscount Curzon and his father are not yet out of mourning for the late Lady Howe. Viscount Curzon's title, by the way, it is interesting to note, marks the connection between the families of Lord Scarsdale and Earl Howe. The first Lord Howe was the representative of Nottingham in the Convention Parliament, and his grandson was the famous Admiral who was raised to the rank of an earldom.

Photo *Lena Connell*

Miss Ethel Barns

The well-known composer and violinist, who played the solo part of her new composition for violin and orchestra at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concert on Thursday last

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"Let Curzon Holde What Curzon Hath"

The Admiral left no sons, and his daughter inherited the barony on his death. She married the Hon. Penn Assheton Curzon, son of the first Viscount Curzon, who was a brother of the first Lord Scarsdale. The eldest son of this marriage, in addition to the Howe title, inherited the Viscounty of Curzon on the death of the first holder, and, acting on their motto of "Let Curzon Holde What Curzon Hath," the family have retained both titles since.

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A Lady Landscape-Gardener

The cult of the garden, as I have before remarked in these pages, is very much, especially for women, the cult of the hour. It is a fashionable hobby, though, I venture to think, a lasting one, and, in several cases, the cult has developed into serious business. Lady Limerick, for instance, cultivates shamrock for her league; Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin runs a thriving violet farm; Lady Desart is endeavouring to establish the tobacco plant in Co. Kilkenny; and the Hon. Frances Wolseley has a school for gardening and a market-garden at Glynde, in Sussex. It has been left, however, to the Hon. Mrs. Richard Grosvenor, of Woking, to evolve the profession of landscape-gardening for women. Mrs. Grosvenor is taking up, professionally, the business of a landscape-gardener. She has all the practical qualifications for the work, and, in addition, is very artistic. Thus, when you place your garden or land into her hands for architectural improvement, she will, before beginning the work, paint a sketch of the anticipated result for your approval and suggestions. The enterprise is a sound one, and likely, in these days of building and the enlarging and beautifying of gardens, to be a signal success. Mrs. Grosvenor is the wife of the Hon. Richard Grosvenor, brother of Lord Ebury, and a daughter of the late Rev. Charles Clarke, of Esher.

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Cardinal Rampolla

Cardinal Rampolla, who is, it is rumoured, owing to his divergence of opinion with the foreign policy of the Pope, to give up his dignity as a Cardinal and retire into a monastery, was formerly Secretary to the Vatican, in the post now occupied by Cardinal Merry del Val. He is one of the strongest men in Rome. Clever, ambitious, diplomatic, with powerful intellect and strong passions, he hoped to succeed Pope Leo XIII. Had he done so, or remained Secretary, there would have been no split with France, and no Papal Encyclical against Modernism. His sympathies are French, his tastes advanced, and he is not of the school which divorces religion from science. But he was too clever and too strong. The Cardinals—and also the Powers—like an amiable figure-head on the Papal throne. Hence Austria's veto, the appointment of Pope Pius X. and Cardinal Rampolla's resignation of his ministerial post in 1903.

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Sinister Strength

I met Cardinal Rampolla often, in Rome, in the last years of the late Pope's reign. He is reputed to be the son of a butcher. Tall, dark, and powerfully built, he has a very strong face, with the drooping eyelid which produces a sinister appearance. It was a face carved ruggedly out of granite, yet it could light up on rare occasions with the charming tender smile which is so

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More Autumn Matches

Princess Louise of France

Prince Charles of Bourbon Caseria

The Princess is a daughter of the late Comte de Paris, and a sister of the Duc d'Orléans, while Prince Charles is the brother-in-law of the King of Spain

A ROYAL ALLIANCE

Photo *Thomson*

Viscount Curzon

To marry, this month, his cousin, Miss Mary Curzon. He is the eldest son of Earl Howe

Photo *Downey*

Miss Mary Curzon

The daughter of the late Colonel Montagu Curzon, who is shortly to marry Viscount Curzon

Photo *Weiss, Bermuda*

Miss Lucy Lyon Playfair

The only daughter of Lord Playfair, who is engaged to Captain Soltan-Symonds

Photo *K. Colling*

Miss May Violet Blyth

Who is marrying, on November 16, Captain Richard Pulteney-Pulteney, of the Oxford Light Infantry. She is the only child of Mr. Carlton Blyth

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Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

LAST WEEK'S DREADFUL RAILWAY DISASTER AT SHREWSBURY: THE WRECKED ENGINE AND CARRIAGES ON THE FATAL CURVE

A terrible accident occurred at Shrewsbury in the early hours of Tuesday last week to the West of England express from Crewe to Bristol. The express, composed of North-Western and Great Western rolling stock, left the metals at a sharp curve leading into Shrewsbury Station, and the whole of the train excepting the last two carriages, was splintered to atoms. Eighteen persons, including the driver, fireman, and one of the goods were killed on the spot, while thirty more were seriously injured. Mr. Lloyd-George, on receipt of the news, proceeded at once to the scene of the disaster, and ordered an open inquiry on behalf of the Board of Trade, at which was divulged the fact that the train, though the signals were all at danger, took the curve at a speed of no less than sixty miles an hour. It was, in fact, literally running away.

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Rampolla to Resign?—Comings-of-Age

compelling in those who are habitually grave. I hear from Rome that his failure in the Papal race shattered his ambition. It must, indeed, have tortured his pride to assist at the Coronation as a super when he had hoped to be the head and front of all. His hair has, since then, turned grey, though he is still one of the younger Cardinals. Laszlo painted a magnificent portrait of him clad in his scarlet robes, and depicting with consummate skill that *beauté du diable* which is the Cardinal's salient physical characteristic.

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More Majorities

The Hon. George Herbert, who recently attained his majority, is the second son of Lord Pembroke, and is a Lieutenant in the Oxfordshire Volunteer Light Infantry. Both he and his brother inherit the good looks for which their father, one of the handsomest men in the House of Lords, and their mother—a Lambton—are celebrated, and all the Herberts are extremely youthful-looking. Lady Beatrice Herbert, sister of the Marquis of Anglesey, and wife of Lord Pembroke's eldest son, looked, at the recent manœuvres in Wiltshire, about sixteen, and was laughingly referred to as the "Mother of Two." She rode about, splendidly mounted, her hair tied up "flapper" fashion behind, with her great friend, Princess Patricia of Connaught.

The Hon. George Herbert

Second son of Lord Pembroke, who came of age the other day. He is a Lieutenant in the Oxfordshire Volunteer Light Infantry

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A Peer in the Carpet Trade

Both Lord and Lady Pembroke take practical interest in the carpet factory on their Wilton estate. Lord Pembroke, a year or two ago, with Lord Radnor, Sir J. Dickson-Poynder, and one or two others, formed a private company and bought up the Wilton Carpet Factory. The carpets produced give much employment. They have about 186,000 knots of wool in every square yard, and the cost works out at about £6 6*s.* a yard. Lord Pembroke, who still bears a reputation for good dressing, has twice been Lord of the Treasury, and was for ten years Lord Steward of the Household. The Herbert family, on the distaff side, is partly Russian by descent.

Photo *Le Lieure*

Cardinal Rampolla

Whose resignation of the dignity of Cardinal is rumoured. He is alleged to have differences with the Pope on matters of foreign policy

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Lord Clifton of Rathmore

There have been great rejoicings at Cobham Hall, Gravesend, for the coming of age of Lord Clifton of Rathmore, son and heir of Lord Darnley. He is, like his father, an old Etonian—I saw him take, very creditably, the part of Sir Christopher Hatton in *The Critic* at a recent Fourth of June "speeches"—and he is immensely tall—something like six-foot seven, I believe. He is a nice boy and clever, and is very musical, with a gift for composition. Lady Darnley is one of our few Colonial peeresses. Lord Darnley, as Ivo Bligh, met her when in Victoria with his British team. Affability and amiability are her watchwords, and she is very nice-looking, generally wearing brown, to correspond with her brown hair and eyes. She dabbles in letters, perpetrated a novel, "Elma Trevor," and contributes sometimes to the monthlies. Cobham Hall is a most interesting old place. King Charles and Henrietta Maria honeymooned there, and Queen Elizabeth, the Duchess of Kent, and Queen Victoria, as a girl, visited there.

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Two Hunting Women

Mrs. Lionel Walrond and Lady Garioch are two ladies well known in the hunting field. Mrs. Walrond is the well-dowered daughter of Mr. George Coats, of Belleisle, Ayr, and is married to the eldest son and heir of Lord Waleran (late Sir W. Walrond). Lady Garioch (pronounced "Geery," by the way) married, four years ago, the

Photo *Lafayette*

Lord Clifton of Rathmore

Heir of Lord Darnley, who also came of age the other day. Like his father, he is an Etonian, but has artistic and musical tastes. He is about 6 ft. 7 in. in height

MORE MAJORITIES ATTAINED!

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Some Popular Sportswomen

future Earl of Mar. Lady Garioch, who is extremely musical and plays both the violin and piano very delightfully, was a Miss Sybil Heathcote, and her girlhood was spent at Manton, near Oakham, in the very hub and centre of the fashionable hunting world. Lord Garioch is a typical Scot, both in appearance and pursuits. Sport and travel are his hobbies. He is a first-rate shot with grouse and pheasants, and sometimes shoots chamois in Austria. He is not wealthy, but he owns a "lang pedigree," the Garioch title dating back to 1336. The origin of the Earls of Mar is lost in antiquity; one of the earliest known records of the family relates to a Ruadri Mormaer of Mar, who is mentioned in the "Book of Deer" as one of the seven Earls *temp.* Alexander I.

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A Derby Race-Party

Lady Noreen Bass, who has been entertaining a large party at Byrkley Lodge, Burton-on-Trent, for the Derby races, and who also had a small party of friends staying with her at Godolphin House, Newmarket, for the "Second October" last week, is a daughter of the late Earl of Huntingdon. She married into the "Beerage" four years ago, her husband, Mr. William Bass, being nephew and heir to Lord Burton, of brewery fame, whose only child is Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour. Lady Noreen shares her husband's taste for racing (he is the owner of Sceptre and Cyllene), and both are members of the keen Newmarket racing set. Lady Noreen does not entertain very much in London at 145, Piccadilly, but when she does, the occasion is usually made one of the events of the season.

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Changing Owners

Two well-known London houses have lately changed hands. Warwick House, St. James's Palace, the Town residence of the Earl of Warwick, has been acquired by an American lady (Miss Dodge); and Sussex Lodge, Regent's Park, better known as Annesley Lodge, has been bought by Colonel Hall Walker. Warwick House, which is comparatively modern and quite small, is being much decorated and improved for Transatlantic feminine occupation. It stands rather hidden away in the corner of Stable Yard, facing Stafford House, and it adjoins the official residence of the Lord Chamberlain. It has been leased, direct from the Crown, for about twelve years, and is not one of the assets of the Warwick Estates, Ltd., the Company formed eight years ago to acquire the estates of Lord Warwick.

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"Annesley Lodge"

Annesley Lodge, Regent's Park, which Colonel Hall Walker, of racing renown, has purchased, was for many years the residence of Lord Annesley and his first wife, to whom her eminent grandfather, Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy, bequeathed the house. Since his second marriage, to Miss Priscilla Moore, a Dublin beauty, Lord Annesley has resided in Dublin, using one of the big hotels as his London headquarters. Colonel Hall Walker is the third son of the late Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, who made an enormous fortune out of beer, and Mrs. Hall Walker is a lineal descendant of Sheridan. Mrs. Hall Walker is a great Bridge player and golfer, and will find the charming gardens which surround her new house very useful for the exercising of her innumerable tiny black Pomeranians with which she constantly takes prizes. She has been very much to the fore in the Royal set at Marienbad during the last year or two.

Photo Keturah-Collings

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Walrond

The wife of the heir to Lord Waleran and daughter of Mr. George Coats, of Belleisle, Ayr. She is a well-known figure in the hunting world

Taken at Sandown, July 10, 1907

Mr. William and Lady Noreen Bass

Entertaining at Byrkley Lodge for the Derby races

Photo Thomson

Lady Garioch

A well-known figure in the hunting world

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Discovered at Last

FESTIVE GENTLEMAN: "So you're the shcoundrel that's turning the shtreet round, are you?"

BY CHARLES CROMBIE

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Those "Romantic" Weddings!

£20,000 Damages

Mrs. Atherton, who is bringing an action for breach of promise against the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, son and heir of Lord Churston, claiming £20,000 damages, is the divorced wife of Colonel Atherton, C.B., late of the 12th Lancers, and a sister of Sir Aubrey Deane Paul. Captain Yarde-Buller, who is thirty-three years of age, has been married since early in the year to Miss Smithers (Denise Orme, the actress), but the marriage has only lately been publicly announced. In the Atherton divorce case, Captain Yarde-Buller was the co-respondent. Mrs. Atherton, who has masses of red-gold hair and is very tall, and her little son, have for several years been well-known figures on the river between Taplow and Cookham. Colonel Atherton's house, Amberley Lodge, overlooks the towing-path, and faces Cliveden Woods and the grounds of Taplow Court, Lord Desborough's seat. Captain Yarde-Buller is one of the finest punters on the Thames, and is very well known in the riverside-world.

Photo *H. W. Barnett*

Mrs. Atherton

Who is bringing an action for breach of promise (and £20,000 damages) against the Hon. John Yarde-Buller (son and heir-apparent of Lord Churston), recently married to Miss Denise Orme, the actress

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More Hapsburg "Romance"

The new Frau Wölfling, *née* Lene Ritter, is, a letter from Berlin informs me, a familiar figure in a certain class of society in that city. She came to Berlin some years ago and took a situation as a servant. She soon, however, abandoned that profession for one rather more lucrative, if less respectable. Her husband, Herr Wölfling, ex-Archduke Leopold of Austria, and brother of Signora Toselli, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, met her in Munich, before his divorce from his first wife, the actress Adamovitch, was made absolute. Lene Ritter is well over thirty, but still handsome. The ex-Archduke, it is said, had to strike a bargain to get her, another gentleman having just then a prior claim. Leopold and his sister, Marie Antoinette, seem, in fact, to be striving to outdo each other in the squalor of their domestic affairs. *Noblesse oblige* would appear a dead letter to them, and their anxiety to unite and mingle with the lower classes is only equalled by their success in doing so.

Photo *Deritte*

The Countess Montignoso's Brother Marries a Housemaid

The Geneva newspapers announce the marriage of the ex-Archduke Leopold of Austria, better known as Herr Wölfling, a brother of the Countess Montignoso, to Fraulein Ritter, who was once a housemaid in a Berlin family. The Royal romance has culminated in the little village church of Regensdorp, a few miles north of Zurich

The Shrewsbury Disaster

The weather seems to be asserting itself in a new and unfamiliarly sinister light. Latterly, it has taken up the rôle of railway-wrecker with a thoroughness hitherto unknown in this country. As the last serious railway disaster in these isles—that of Arbroath—was caused by the unexpectedly severe snowfall of last January, so the even more terrible accident at Shrewsbury seems to have been traceable, in the first instance, to the heavy rainfall, and the consequent greasiness of the metals. Shrewsbury's toll of human life was terribly severe, and none the less sad because the majority of the killed and injured were of humble rank. Coming, as it did, at a moment when we are threatened with a railway strike, the disaster is a lurid reminder of the power over life and death which the railwayman has in his hands, and which makes it trebly important to the public that his relations with his employers should be on a footing of mutual trust and esteem.

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To Dress or Not to Dress

The question as to whether or not the rule of evening dress is to be enforced in public dining-rooms is still very much on the *tapis*. It will be remembered that, a short time ago, a peer and his wife were refused admittance to the Savoy Restaurant on the ground that they were not in evening dress. The affair caused some excitement and public interest. The management of the Savoy, therefore, whose rules, it must be conceded, are made and enforced only in the general interest, have decided to canvass their patrons on the subject. They have sent out five hundred postcards to different patrons, asking whether the rule should be maintained or abandoned. The result will be made known this week, and the decision abided by. Without doubt, the evening-dress rule is one which not only contributes greatly to the harmony and brilliance of the scene, but also provides one of the great attractions of the smart restaurant in the eyes of its public.

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King Alfonso's Unknown Lovers

The visit of the King and Queen of Spain to Austria, which was postponed owing to the illness of the Emperor Francis Joseph (to which reference is made on another page), had no political significance. It was to have been merely a visit of courtesy, the houses of Spain and Austria being intimately connected. Of all the European monarchs, King Alfonso is the one round whom the most idle romances are woven. His irresistibly boyish frankness lends itself thereto. Were he or his secretaries to attempt to reply to the numerous love epistles he receives during the year, they would have little else to do. I am acquainted with one correspondent who has written regularly for two years to the King of Spain without receiving an answer, but who has never lost hope since Edward VII.'s Secretary acknowledged her letter of sympathy on the death of his favourite hound. Alfonso XIII. has one great admirer in Paris, a kitchen gardener in the Rue Guy de Maupassant, at Passy. In spite of bombs and other State festivities, which were thrust upon him during his short stay in the French capital, Alfonso had time to notice this picturesque little corner of Paris, the hobby of one of the signalmen of the *ceinture* railway. The fruit and vegetables in this little garden are arranged as if they were the flower-beds of a palace, and in such an original manner that Alfonso at once asked for all particulars concerning the owner. Nothing succeeds like success. Royal patronage has given the signalman courage to attempt even the cultivation of exotic plants, and to the King of Spain are sent the first fruits of his little land.

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Troubles of Queen-Mothers

The lot of a Queen-Mother is never a happy one. Queen Christina of Spain has, it is known, but little influence over her daughter-in-law in matters domestic. Another Queen-Mother whose advice is neither appreciated nor followed is the Dowager-Queen of Italy. For months now this Royal lady has been travelling in her motor-car — *incognito*, of course —

Nice Greatly Improved!: The Promenade des Anglais

Nice is very pleased with itself these times. Thanks to an energetic municipality, the works which have been going forward to re-pave and re-drain the town are now practically completed. This looks promising for the season, which is now drawing near

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and never does she express the slightest inclination to return to her beloved Rome. The truth is that Queen Marguerite and her daughter-in-law are not on very good terms. The mother has never quite forgiven her son's marriage, and the fact that the Italian Court has become extraordinarily *bourgeois* The King is economical, the Queen devotes herself exclusively to her children, and the noble Roman lords who paid homage to Queen Marguerite have ceased to frequent the palace. The Dowager-Queen considers such neglect an insult to herself, and for this reason she travels and travels, and on no account will she read an Italian paper.

* * *

King Leopold and His Daughters

The sale of the jewels of the late Queen of the Belgians, which is to take place shortly, is providing the Congo agitators with splendid material against their opponent. Everywhere the news has created the most unsatisfactory impression, and not even the most biased partisans of Leopold II. approve of his allowing these jewels to be sold. It is useless for outsiders to discuss the private affairs of the Belgian Royal family, and although this unfatherly father's conduct seems incomprehensible, he is so sure his attitude is right that he is willing rather to brave the criticism of the whole world than give way to his daughters. Princess Louise's liabilities amount to £180,000; her millionaire father could pay that sum over and over again, but this he refuses to do. The only object that the King has decided to purchase is the Brussels lace veil, which is embroidered with the arms of Belgium and the escutcheons of the nine provinces of Belgium. The King will purchase this to prevent its becoming the property of the City Council. Of the other jewels, I am informed on very good authority that they will be sold, and then re-sold to the King, who will in this manner be the possessor of the family jewels, and, at the same time, master of his daughters.

Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg

Daughter of King Leopold. Her debts and misfortunes are again before the public

The Crown Princess of Denmark

About whose health serious rumours are current. She is the daughter of the late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and, therefore, the sister of the German Crown Princess

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The Crown Princess of Denmark

The Crown Princess of Denmark, who, it is feared, is developing all the symptoms of rapid consumption, is the elder of the two daughters of the late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, her only sister being the German Crown Princess. Despite the fact that the late Grand Duke, their father, died by his own hand, and that their mother, the Grand Duchess Anastasia (born a Russian Grand Duchess), is one of the most lively and unconventional of European Royalties, these two daughters have made the most brilliant marriages of their day. Both are the mothers of prospective Sovereigns, the Crown Princess of Denmark having two little sons. Their only brother is married to Princess Alexandra of Cumberland. The German Crown Princess, before her marriage, never dared to spend a winter in the North. The Kaiser, it is well known, viewed with mixed feelings his son's alliance with so delicate a girl, the daughter of a fashionable and anything but domesticated mother and an ailing father. However, the Princess has gone through the first year or so of married life without being ordered South, and both she and the Crown Princess of Denmark have managed to win the love and approval of their respective husbands' people.

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"Winston" on his Travels

Mr. Churchill has been covering himself with laurels on his tour of the Island Colonies, prior to penetrating the heart of Africa. It is difficult to realise that the "Winston" who has been giving those discreet and statesmanlike replies to the Maltese and Cypriot deputations which have waited on him to ventilate their religious and political difficulties, is the Winston of the Natal affair, of Chinese "slavery" renown, and of door-slamming celebrity. "Ah, yes?" "Really!" "Dear, dear!"—in words to that effect has he received the proposals put before him, committing himself to nothing, promising nothing, save always that, come what may, the British Government is going to maintain its rights wherever flies the British flag. Mr. Chamberlain himself could not have done better, from the "Office" point of view, than the once wayward and wilful Winston on this, his first official tour.

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Improvements at Nice

My Nice correspondent writes enthusiastically of the immense municipal improvements, which are now completed after four years of hard labour. The main thoroughfares have been completely re-paved, the Avenue de la Gare has been asphalted, and all gas-pipes, electric cables, and wires have been placed under the side-walks. The drainage has been vastly modernised, and, as a result, the health of Nice continuously improved. Thanks for the work are being enthusiastically proposed to the Mayor (Senator Honoré Sauvan) and the Municipality.

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Winston the Wise Visits Cyprus

SCENES IN THE ISLAND COLONY

Nicosia, the Capital: View taken from a Mosque

MR. CHURCHILL'S Colonial tour, though of an official character, is being taken very seriously by the Under-Secretary. His speeches, in Cyprus particularly, were models of discretion. Mr. Churchill received deputations galore, and assured the Cypriots of the Government's goodwill, emphasising its intention to "respect the national sentiments of both races," and resolutely repudiating any desire on the part of Britain to abandon the Island.

Street Scene at the Annual Fair at Nicosia

Moslem Women of Nicosia

Photos

A Turn-out of the Cyprus Police

Miss Craven

Scene Outside a Café in the Capital

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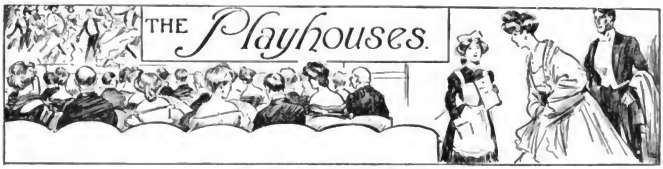

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

COMEDY THEATRE

"The Barrier"

Mr. Sutro's new and original play is an ill-constructed affair. Having shown himself in *John Glayde's Honour* a master of construction, Mr. Sutro whimsically sinks back to his novitiate stage. Many hundred plays as clumsily written are gathering the dust upon the shelves of beginners. A sentimental interest attaches to these sour fruits of the beginner's harvest. But the sentiment is best enjoyed in private. Occasionally, an officious admirer of the great man disinters them. Then does the great man weep over his early indiscretions.

Every seven years, we are told, man sheds all his old ideas, points of view, ideals—his very personality. It is not fair to the new man to show him a picture of the old. Many a great author must marvel that ever he produced some of his early works. It is conceivable that Mr. Sutro, like others who have come into their kingdom, sometimes fondles the tattered brown-covered manuscripts which represent the work of those eleven years during which, as he told us, he knocked at the doors of managers. It is astonishing that he should have the hardihood to allow Mr. Charles Frohman to present Miss Marie Tempest in one of these jejune productions. *The Barrier* is so far inferior to Mr. Sutro's latest work that I am assuming it is the work of his earlier years. Anyhow, Mr. Frohman or Mr. Sutro, or both, must have an exaggerated idea of the importance attaching to a name.

The Barrier is discursive and disjointed. It sets out to tell the difficulties which beset Lord Ronald Dumaray (Mr. A. E. Matthews) in his courtship of the actress, Margaret Verrall (Miss Marie Tempest). If aristocratic parents, by the way, seriously object to these unions, there must, of late years, have been many aristocratic houses divided against themselves.

Mr. Sutro arrests the development of this theme. Margaret Verrall is invited to Dumaray Castle to be looked over by her prospective relations-in-law, and then the Ronald-Margaret affair is switched off to make room for another theme—the engagement of the innocent young thing, Lady Alma, with Eustace Marrillier, whom she loathes. The connecting link between the two themes lies in the fact that Marrillier and Margaret Verrall have shared the same past. But Mr. Sutro has made the very roughest job of his joinery. His treatment of these two subjects is prolix and discursive. It is true he is clever enough to leave the final issue in doubt. But long before the solution is reached we have become thoroughly tired of the problem. "Tell us how the play ends and let us go home" is our cry. Mr. Sutro irritates rather than stimulates our curiosity. There are certain problems which do not admit of more than the bare statement. Of this nature is the riddle set forth in *The Barrier*. We say "Give it up" almost before the propounder has finished his question. And it seems as though Mr. Sutro were never likely to make an end of his propounding. Margaret Verrall, for instance, is touched by the tragedy which must follow swiftly upon the marriage of Lady Alma with Eustace Marrillier. We know that, to save the girl, she is going to pay the price of her own happiness — confession. We sit waiting for that confession to be made. Early in the third act the scene is laid for the confession. All the characters in the play have crowded into the sanctum

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks and their little daughter at their Surrey cottage

Miss Ellaline Terriss is seated at the wheel of their 30-40 h.-p. Fiat, on which she and her husband travel nightly to the Aldwych Theatre from Merstham, Surrey, where they have a delightful country retreat

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SKETCHED AT TERRY'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

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of the simple-minded, bird-fancying old Duke of St. Edmunds. Then follows a scene which is so artless as to cause the least sophisticated house to titter. Everyone tries to talk, and is immediately interrupted. No one will give Margaret a chance to speak. The unhappy Lady Alma alone is tongue-tied. A picture of abject misery, her attitude is a mute protest against her approaching marriage. Her brother Ronald, stung to fury by her unhappiness, attempts to go for Marrillier. The elder brother, the Marquis of Studland, intervenes, and the impetuous Ronald is soothed up stage. All is confusion and hubbub. The strong-minded and cordially disliked sister-in-law, Lady Studland (a travesty of a character, played with no certain touch by Miss Lillah McCarthy), at last restores order. Margaret Verrall is given the floor for her confession. More hubbub and confusion.

In the last act occurs the best scene in the play. Lord Ronald, chivalrous boy, makes a brave effort to tell Margaret that "it makes no difference." She, womanlike, pierces through the pretence, and finally marries her faithful and devoted friend, Captain Erquen (Mr. Allan Aynesworth), who has been hovering round ready to protect Margaret from everything and everybody. We felt convinced that his exit for India, after saying good-bye to Margaret, was not the last we should see of him.

Miss Marie Tempest is not often called upon to play a rôle without a single laugh in it. The same observation may be made of Mr. A. E. Matthews. Both made what they could of the slender chances afforded them. Miss Muriel Beaumont has not, so far, been given a character to play which rises much above the lightest of comedy relief. We generally see her as the sunny English girl who lolls about in hammocks, swings her picture-hat by the ribbons, and is altogether delectable. The rôle of Lady Alma Dumaray is quite another affair. She is the young girl, indeed, but she has to face the prospect of marriage with a man she detests. Miss Beaumont played with great sincerity and artistic restraint. Without a single exaggerated touch she made us feel the horror of her position.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Lena Ashwell

Who has opened her career as manageress at the Kingsway Theatre with a striking play, *Irene Wycherley*, by a new author, Mr. Wharton

CRITERION THEATRE

"The Mollusc"

People asked what is a mollusc? How can anyone write a play with only four characters in it? The answers were given at the Criterion Theatre. A mollusc, as explained by honest, indignant Tom Kemp (Sir Charles Wyndham), from Colorado, is a clinging sea animal that, washed by the tide, wriggles and works desperately hard—to stick in its place. As for the second question, Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, in a comedy vein, is not bound by the number of his characters. In this irresistible mood he is far above convention. Around Mrs. Baxter (Miss Mary Moore) he has written a comedy as delicate as gossamer—a play that will draw the town, a play instinct with such a spirit of mirth that it is almost as difficult to catch and describe as Puck.

Mrs. Baxter has been a mollusc from infancy. She possesses the terrible strength of the supine. For years she has ruled the roast with the rod of weakness. Her husband and the impulsive governess, Miss Roberts, are at her beck and call at all hours of the day. Her brother, Tom Kemp, fresh from the wide plains of Colorado sizes up the situation in a moment. He will take his lackadaisical hypochondriacal sister in hand and rouse her to healthy energy. He will dissipate the enervating mists of molluscery (the word is by now all over London). His first attempt is the apparently simple one of making his sister fill three vases of flowers. The comedy of this scene has a cumulative effect. The audience commence with ripples of laughter; at the end of the scene they are almost hysterical. Of course, the brother is utterly routed. In the gentlest fashion his sister makes him fetch the vases, then draw the water. Still he fights for victory. He takes out the flowers from the vase he has filled and throws them on the table. Exit Mrs. Baxter and enter her husband. The two men are anxiously discussing the first attack upon Mrs. Baxter. Enter Miss Roberts. "Mrs. Baxter has just asked me to arrange the flowers."

And so the play progresses from one comedy scene to another. The climax is reached when Mrs. Baxter, with a delightful *moue* of injured innocence, complains of her brother's efforts to rouse her. "What!" cries the husband, "you knew of this plan?" "Of course, the stupidest woman could see through it."

There is little story in the play. The author is very discreet with his love passages between Tom Kemp and Miss Roberts. It is the humorous exploitation of Mrs. Baxter's character that is his chief business. Miss Mary Moore's performance of Mrs. Baxter is almost as difficult to describe as the play itself. But one can get round the difficulty: her performance is perfect. Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Sam Sothern, and Miss Elaine Inescourt made up a delightful quartette. Miss Inescourt is a newcomer of rare promise. Here is a young lady with good looks, a pleasing voice, and that which ranks above everything—brains.

E. C. S.

Owing to pressure upon our space, notices of "The Sugar Bowl" at The Queen's Theatre, and "Irene Wycherley," at the Kingsway, are unavoidably held over.

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RANCHING OUT WEST

Remarkable Photographs of Cowboy Life and Work in Montana

Photo *C. E. Morris*

"BRONCO-BUSTING": A UNIQUE SNAPSHOT

One of the most lively and interesting phases of cowboy life is the breaking in of untrained and almost wild horses, which, as shown above, is anything but an easy task. In the great struggle to test who is to be master—the man or the beast—the bronco exercises almost demoniacal ingenuity in order to unseat his rider. The photographing of one of these struggles for supremacy is no trivial matter, and Mr. Morris tried for nine years and exposed nearly one hundred plates before being successful in obtaining this striking picture, which is probably the best and most realistic ever "snapped" of bronco-busting

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Branding an Outlaw Steer after a Round-up

"FREE A
FIRST
The Cowboy's
His Herds or

Photos

A MAGNIFICENT HERD

Few careers vie in fascination with that of the cowboy in the Wild West. The photographs here reproduced give, at a glance, a graphic impression of the immensity of the herds which are under his daily observation. Those of us who know only the meagre little English meadows, with their modest, peacefully browsing herds, can only glance in awe-stricken amazement at such a vista as that presented in the photograph above, where one "cowboy" sits, in solitary state, watching thousands and thousands of beasts, worth thousands and thousands of pounds, as far as the eye can reach. A splend over the broad landscape, which seem colours, from the little unweaned hundreds of hills and gulches whence up," first the beef steers have to be

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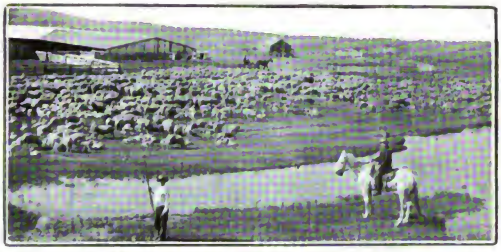
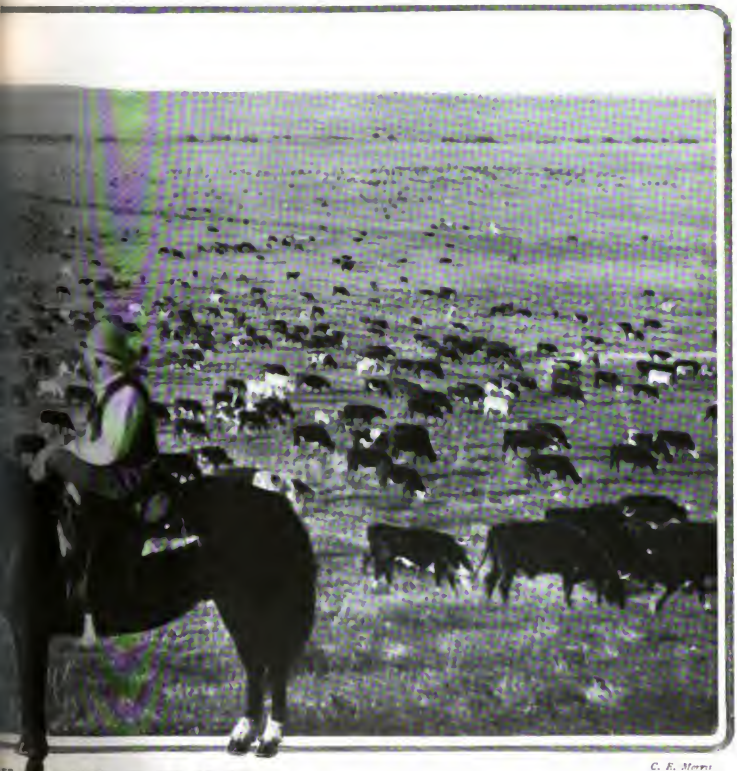
NATURE
ADE MAN"
orious Life with
e Open Prairie .



A Pastoral: in Montana: A Sheep Ranch in Lambing Time



EP STEERS ON THE PRAIRIE

C. E. Morris

prairie alternately black and white almost
n to look down from some rising ground
ally alive with cattle of all sizes, ages, and
kedly old bull, brought together from
wandered. In the work of "rounding-
, then the cows with calves for branding,
and lastly the strays. This means days of hard work under a broiling sun, while the dust raised by the animals almost turns day into night. The great thing to be feared during the course of these operations is a stampede, to which the cattle are very liable owing to their nervous state after the excitement of the rounding-up. Very little will cause a panic, and then woe betide the unfortunate man or horse who comes in the track of the onrushing wave of pitiless horns and hoofs!

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The Cowboy's "Home Life"

A Typical Cowboy's "Shack" in Montana

Rough and ready as may appear the western bachelor's home, where there are no womenfolk to insist on better quarters, there are many far less comfortable quarters than a cowboy's log cabin. Humble as it is, however, some of the residents are able to write cheques for very substantial amounts, which are, furthermore, *not* "returned to drawer" on presentation

Photo *C. E. Morris*

The Six-Shooter at Work: An "argument" over a game of poker

As is generally known, the six-shooter is, in the West, the equivalent of the "retort courteous" of more polite countries. The above photograph shows it in use over a game of poker (the players having obligingly posed for the photographer)

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No 101 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories

The New Generation

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Let the great book of the world be your principal study. Chesterfield

ANYONE can have a theory about women. It is one of the most harmless amusements in life. But when you come across the man who believes that his theory is capable of proof, you may just as well show him the error of his ways, always supposing that you waste no valuable time of your own in doing so.

Bailey Page was interested in women, and he had a theory about them. How he proved it is more the matter in hand.

"There's a new generation of women springing up," he used to say, "who care as much about the fetterdom of marriage as a deceased German cares about washing. They want their freedom, I mean, and they're going to get it. I know any number of girls who are looking out like ferrets for their own emancipation, and before you're many years older you'll find that they've got it between their teeth, and then, I mean, they'll stay down the hole and you won't be able to get 'em out again till they've taken their fill of blood, I mean."

The repetition of that phrase, "I mean," was so characteristic of Bailey Page's conversation that it is impossible to render any of his remarks without its constant insertion. It also conveyed his attitude of mind. There is no doubt that he did conscientiously mean every word he uttered. When, for example, he said that he knew any number of girls who were looking out for their emancipation, he meant it. He did know the girls. His interest in women led him to seek them out, and, moreover, though he was as far removed in appearance from a lady's man as one might well imagine, he found them right enough.

"I haven't the instincts of a courtier," he used to say, "and I've no desire to acquire them now."

He certainly never did acquire them to the end of his life, but he managed, nevertheless, to find women ready to give up their time to his company. That was mainly due to the domination of his personality. He could sweep a roomful of people with the terror of him, as a housemaid whisks out the parlour before the arrival of visitors; and so, though with all these girl friends of his there arose no question of emotional attraction, he could more or less wield them at his will.

His method of procedure in these matters was characteristic of a just and legal mind. He offered them the amusement of dining out in fashionable restaurants in return for an open discussion upon their various views of life. It was impossible for a breath of scandal to blow over such harmless entertainments, and the girls came forward to the offer like bees to a drop of honey. With a younger and more suggestive type of man, they might have hesitated more than once before they accepted his invitations. But with Bailey Page the matter was entirely different. He never made love to them. His treatment of them was unimpeachably honourable from every point of view, but he sifted their moral standards and ideas much as you shake the chaff out of a sieveful of barley. After an acquaintance of some weeks, they lay, stripped of all social hypocrisies and narrow conventions, on the dissecting-table, exposed by the inquisitive steel of his lancet.

You might say almost that he founded a school where he encouraged a certain philosophy of life. These girls were his pupils. If, in their ideas, they were not fully emancipated when he first came across them, five or six months under his tutelage completed the process. In the height of his career as their leader, he could have named thirty or forty girls, ranging from the ages of twenty to thirty, to whom the idea of the slavery of marriage presented a condition of existence which was too terrible to contemplate.

The fact that Bailey Page himself was married had little or nothing to do in the way of lessening his authority, or reducing his theory to the suspicion of impracticability. The thought that he had once been swept by the flames of an enslaving passion himself, and had basked for some years in the enduring heat of it, left him imperturbable and unmoved.

"It's impossible for intimate relations to continue between people," he said, in the presence of his wife, "for more than five or six years. And that's putting it pretty high, I mean. At the end of that time they know as much of each other as it's possible to know, I mean—they know as much of each other as I know of the fit of these boots that I've been wearing for the last nine months."

"And is that where you think that the contract should terminate?" Mrs. Page asked him.

"That's where I think the contract should be capable of termination at the discretion of the parties concerned," he replied. "And that's what all these girls of nine think. They're setting up, I mean, to make a new generation of women who'll be a power in the land, I mean, and they'll have things done their way or not at all. The modern young girl sacrifices the whole of her life upon some altar of virtue which is hollow, so far as I can make out. These girls aren't going to put up with nonsense of that sort. They're out for their emancipation, and

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they'll get it as sure as a horse gets left alone, I mean, if he kicks hard enough, I mean."

"Well, what's to prevent your setting them all an example and separating from me?" she suggested. "We've been married a good deal more than six years, and, according to you, all our intimate relations are at an end. Why don't you act up to your philosophy and separate from me?"

He found no difficulty in answering that attack. There was never a man more ready with a reply to defend his point of view than Bailey Page. Words dropped from his lips like pearls from the mouth of the little girl in the fairy tale. And, if ever—a case so infrequent that it is scarcely worth mentioning—he was driven into a corner where not even logic would help him out, his method of retiring from the fray was such that it covered his opponent with confusion. "Very well, very well," he used to say, with an amiable smile, as though he were pacifying a child—"very well, if you think that, all the better for you; it's very nice for you that you're able to think it, only don't expect me to agree with it." You could say nothing to that; but you got no satisfaction from your victory.

"Why don't I separate from you?" he asked, in retaliation to her attack. "Well—firstly, because we've got used to each other. We suit each other—or, at least, you suit me, I mean—you suit me wonderfully well. But, then, you're a white woman—you're an amazing white woman; I think you're the whitest woman I've ever come across."

"Does it never strike you that a woman wants to be something more than white to the man who is her husband?" she suggested.

"Oh, may be, when she's young; but she gets over it, I mean, like the measles or the mumps, and if she takes care of herself and doesn't go into infected districts I mean, well, it's not likely that she's going to catch it again."

"But how about these various girls whom you are interested in? They haven't had the measles at all. And if they don't go through it when they're young, you say yourself that it has got to be gone through some time or other."

"Oh! pardon me, I said nothing of the kind. I said if they didn't go into infected districts it was very unlikely that they'd get a second dose of it. It's questionable in my mind whether they really have it at all; and, certainly, if they do, it's not fair to shove them into quarantine for the rest of their lives. That's the point, don't you see. The modern young girl, when she gets a dose of the measles of infatuation, there's only one cure for her, I mean, and that's to thrust her into the quarantine of matrimony for the rest of her natural existence. Well, these young girls that I'm interested in are just beginning to wake up and think differently—like people began to wake up to the fact, I mean, that vaccination was not all it offered to be as a cure for small-pox. I don't propose to say whether they were right or not—but it's like it, I mean."

"But you think these girls are right?"

"Yes, I do; I think they're voicing the feelings of a new generation that'll fight its way, and have a marked influence on people in general. How long they'll take over it is another matter, but eventually they'll find their place in the sun."

This, then, in its briefest aspect, is the definition, in his own words, of Bailey Page's New Generation of Women. He believed in them as a father believes in his own son. With eyes of approval, he read the articles which they contributed to magazines of advanced thought. With smiles of gratification, he listened to them over *tête-à-tête* tables in fashionable restaurants as they warmed to the expression of their views, and it scarcely entered his mind that, had they, in their hearts, found him desirable in himself, the conversation might have been conducted on vastly different lines.

How Bailey Page found that every woman intuitively seeks her freedom, and of what he found that freedom to be composed, is the slender thread of story that follows.

. . . . . .

Among the thirty or forty girls in various walks of life who were promising pupils in the Philosophical Academy of Bailey Page, there were two in particular who claimed his especial regard. He called them, and alluded to them in his conversation, by their Christian names—Phyllis and Amy. Both were possessed of considerable attraction. He admitted himself, with his customary candour, that it gave him considerable pleasure to partake of their company, apart from the interest of their conversation.

"If I go out and have lunch with a girl," he said, on one occasion, "it may be that I don't get really what I like; but if she's pretty, I thoroughly enjoy it, however many courses of indigestible stuff there may be."

His wife had her retaliation for that.

"But if you stay at home and have dinner with your wife," she said, "a chop will surfeit you."

He admitted her point with shouts of laughter. The retort amused him, and he was perfectly ready to give it its full value.

It was little more than a year after Phyllis had first come under his notice, and been admitted into that sacred circle of the new generation, when he took her out one evening to the weekly dinner, which he ascribed as the portion of entertainment due from him to her in payment for the interest in life she afforded him. They sat in the glow of a little red-shaded lamp and sipped wine, while the waiters hung about like tug boats waiting for a job.

"You're in a bad mood to-night," he said, after he had watched her in silence for a few moments.

"I don't think I am."

"Then what's the matter?"

She took the plunge valiantly. "I'm going to be married!"

"Good heavens! what on earth did you want to go and do that for?" In moments of excitement his voice rose like the sudden burst of a gale. The waiters turned and gazed at him. But having said that, he gazed at her for a few moments in silence. "What on earth did you want to go and do that for?" he repeated with the quietness of suppression.

"Well—I suppose I'm in love."

"Yes, but, by heavens, you can get that sort of amusement without tying up your personality like a mummy in a dime museum, can't you? There's no fun, I mean, in selling birthrights for messes of pottage, I mean, when you know that the jar's got a bottom to it, and your spoon's going to strike it sooner or later, I mean. There's no harm your being in love, if it amuses you—if it develops your personality, it'll do you all the good in the world—but, good heavens, getting married! I never heard such a tale! Well, of course, it's your business; only don't say I didn't warn you. I deny all responsibility in this affair. You come to me and look to me to conduct your business in the way it should go, and then you go and buy up stock like that, I mean. Well, if you find you've got it on your hands and can't dispose of it—don't blame me, I mean."

(*Continued on page 180*)

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Frae Bonnie Scotland

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

MISS JEAN AYLWIN

Who is playing in *The Girls of Gottenberg* at the Gaiety Theatre. She has also recently delighted large audiences at the Palace Theatre

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(Continued from page 178)

He shelved all responsibility. There was no doubt about that. But with the marriage of Phyllis snapped one of the strands in the rope. Yet he was still undaunted; he still upheld his belief, unshaken, that there was a new generation of women in the making which, by the force of its personality, would secure some change in the slavery of the matrimonial system.

"There are as good fish in the sea," he said. "You're not going to bring about a new movement without some of the followers dropping out of the ranks when the whole artillery of convention is levelled against them."

He even refused to lose heart when Amy wrote him a short letter, telling him that she, too, was engaged to be married.

"If you want to go on taking me out to dinner," her letter concluded, "you'd better come and make friends with Arthur and be inspected. I've told him all about you."

He went—doubting—doubting that the new generation was such a tangible movement after all. If this was the result of the emancipation of her personality, for which he had so conscientiously striven, that she had to submit to an inspection of her friends by her husband, he felt that his theory about the modern woman was losing ground.

It was at this moment of his mental attitude, when his mind was balancing on the tip-top of apprehension, that the last blow came which brought his conviction that he was right.

Arriving home late one evening from having entertained a promising pupil at supper at the Savoy, he found a letter from his wife, telling him that she had left him for the companionship of a man with whom she had recently become acquainted.

For half an hour he sat in his study with the letter outspread on his knee. He never moved. Only the deep breaths that he took, swelling out the white front of his shirt with a creaking noise, showed that he was possessed of animation.

"I was right," he said—"I was right. They hate the slavery of marriage. They're going to strike out a line for themselves. They're going to get their emancipation——Good God!"

Then he read through the rest of the letter.

"You say women want their freedom," it continued, after the definite details of the fact had been announced. "You're quite right. A woman wants the freedom to love and to be loved. She wants the freedom to give all that she may receive much."

He put the letter down.

"Oh, yes, of course," he murmured; "but that's all nonsense—that's her sentiment. She wanted to be quit of being married to me, and she did it."

He crumpled the letter up in his hand, and toiled slowly up to his room. As he passed her bedroom, he stopped. The door was open. He walked in. Everything was quiet and silent. On the floor by the bed was a pair of satin slippers—just as she had discarded them. He picked them up and looked at them.

"She was a white woman," he said, aloud to himself. "She was wonderfully white, I mean—she was amazing white. Wonder if she'd come back now if I offered to take her?"

E. Temple Thurston.

ART AND THE CAMERA AGAIN

Photo *Paymaster J. S. Place, R.N*

A GATHERING STORM

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Memories of "The Belle of New York"

RECALLED IN THE NEW EMPIRE BALLET—"THE BELLE OF THE BALL"

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Fred Farren as Blinky Bill (of the Bowery) and Miss Elise Clerc as Mamie Clancy

Mr. Farren is, as ever, the life and soul of the production. He dances as nimbly, and is as amusing as ever. The above scene will be recalled by all who saw the *The Belle of New York*. It is reproduced, with music, of course, in the new Empire Ballet

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"Three Fishers"

Photo *Wrightson*

Herring Fleet Leaving Yarmouth in the Mist of an October Morning

Though the herring is one of the humblest of fish, eaten under the most prosaic of circumstances, the securing of it is one of the most picturesque pursuits known to working man. Putting off from Yarmouth in the mist of an autumn morning, idly drifting hither and thither until such time as the nets shall be cast—a day with a herring boat in the North Sea is, given smooth weather, a delight to be indulged in by everyone once in a lifetime. Herring fishermen are among the most genial of men, especially when they return to port with a good haul. And theirs is a business which, year in year out, yields a pretty substantial profit, for whatever befalls the nation in other ways, we are likely, as long as we last, to eat the herring, if only for the ecstasy of its soft roe

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Capping with the Belvoir Hounds

Hitherto the capping system has been unknown with the Belvoir Hounds, but the example set by the Quorn, Cottesmore, and other Midland Hunts is, at last, to be followed in this historic country. THE BYSTANDER is able to announce that the Belvoir Hunt Committee have decided to adopt the capping system next season, and that a £2 cap will be taken. This item of news can scarcely fail to arouse much interest throughout the hunting world. When neighbouring Hunts were deciding to make every follower contribute something towards the expenses of the Hunt—excepting, of course, those people whom they had reason to exempt from payment—the Belvoir declined to fall into line. I well remember a member of the Committee remarking to me at that time: "With the Belvoir there is not the same necessity for capping as with some packs, and there is not the slightest prospect of its being established." That was four years ago, and now we see a complete change of attitude. The number of hunting countries in which people can get their sport entirely at other folks' expense is decreasing every season, and who can wonder?

A Notable Northern Hunt

While not fashionable in the same sense as Leicestershire is, the Morpeth is an uncommonly attractive hunting country, and a good many people from various parts of the North of England come every season to settle down in convenient centres for the excellent sport which these hounds afford. As was stated in our Hunting Supplement on October 9, the mange epidemic in a severe form has, unfortunately, visited the Morpeth district, and the disease still exists among the foxes in some parts; but on the whole the prospects for the ensuing season are a great deal brighter than they were a year ago, and it is hoped that before long the scourge will be entirely stamped out. Cub-hunting was interfered with during September by the want of rain, yet since then it has been tolerably satisfactory. Collieries and a network of railways have rather spoilt the southern border of the country for hunting purposes, but elsewhere there are fine scent-carrying grasslands, which yield the best of firm galloping, and the district is pleasantly free from the wire nuisance, active measures having been adopted to hold this evil in check.

Photo **Shot at Sight by the Gamekeeper** *Newman*

The British pole-cat with one of its victims. The creature is a notorious pest of the countryside, and there are few districts in which it is not to be found. It is one of the gamekeeper's privileges to shoot the creature at sight

The Hounds and Their Master

It is satisfactory to the followers of the Morpeth to know that, in the troublous time caused by the mange, they have in the leadership so keen a sportsman as Mr. Frank B. Atkinson, who is ready to take the rough with the smooth, and see the country through the difficulties inevitably brought about by the comparative scarcity of foxes. This is Mr. Atkinson's sixth season in the Mastership, and he has more than maintained the high reputation of the beautiful pack of hounds which he took over from Mr. R. Clayton Swan. He bought them for close upon £3,000, and there are very few finer packs in the kingdom. Nor has the fame of the Morpeth as a crack riding country suffered during his term of office. His huntsman, Frank Dare, is wonderfully quick, and Mr. Atkinson himself is one of the best horsemen who ever rode across country. Some years ago he was frequently seen in the saddle at the best steeplechase meetings, and it wants an extraordinarily good and well-mounted man to beat him when hounds are running.

A. W. C.

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Cubbing in Northumberland

SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE MORPETH HUNT

Miss Greene
The daughter of one of the secretaries of the Morpeth Hounds

Two Keen Pony Followers

Frank Dare, the Huntsman of the Morpeth Hunt

Photos
Two Well-known Lady Followers: Miss Rayne and Miss E. Rayne in Miniding Wood

Lyson
Mr. Frank B. Atkinson, the Master

The Morpeth is an uncommonly attractive hunting country, and many people from various parts of the North of England settle down in convenient quarters for the excellent sport which these hounds afford. Though the mange epidemic has, unfortunately, recently visited the district, the prospects for the season are encouraging, and the cub-hunting has, on the whole, been satisfactory. This year the hounds enter upon their sixth season under the Mastership of Mr. Frank B. Atkinson

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An Ambassador Extraordinary

"I've come fer them pills fer the Dook o' York"

BY CHARLES CROMBIE

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A Graceful Farceuse

Photo *S. Elwin Neame*

MISS MAUDI DARRELL

Now playing in the successful revival of Sir Francis Burnand's farce, *Mrs. Ponderbury's Past*, at the Vaudeville

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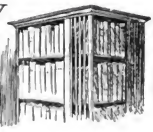

Books of the Week

"Furze the Cruel." By John Trevena. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
"The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe." By Ernest Young. (Constable: 5s. net.)
"Old Friends with New Faces." By Susan, Countess of Malmesbury. (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net.)

L'Enfant Cordiale?

Is it to be the phenomenon of the festive season? Presumably, if Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, have her way. The Countess is not content that grown-up England and grown-up France should exchange kisses and compliments and county councillors: she would have young England and young France more in touch the one with the other, and has decided that a good way to bring this about would be to translate our nursery rhymes into the Gallic tongue. Hence, *Old Friends with New Faces* (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net). Bold Countess! The very idea of finding the French equivalents for "Hickory Dickory Dock," "Hey Diddle Diddle," "Ride a Cock-Horse"! However, her ladyship has grappled manfully with her task. If she scarcely succeeds in making the French as quaint and curious to the ear as the English, it is no mean thing to have introduced young England to "Marie, Marie, Qui Contraire," "Mouton Noir," "Les Cinq Petits Porcs," and "Mlle. Pouffe," which are easily recognisable as "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," "Ba! Ba! Black Sheep," "The Five Little Pigs," and "Little Miss Muffet." The Countess may be accused, perhaps, of juggling with the names of our little nursery friends in order to make them rhyme. I certainly refuse to believe that our old friends Jack and Jill will ever be recognised as "Paulin et Pauline." Even were it conceivable that a young gentleman of the name of Paulin could so far lower himself as to fall down and break his crown, I cannot admit that a young lady named Pauline would commit so grave a breach of decorum as to come tumbling after. In fact, it is my fear that the Countess has created Paulin and Pauline chiefly because they rhyme with "colline," and not as the rightful French prototypes of Jack and Jill. They have, then, to me, no definite existence. I cannot know them. Should they present their prim little persons at my nursery, nous ne serons pas chez nous.

Photo *Ketwish-Collings*

Susan, Countess of Malmesbury

Author of "Old Friends with New Faces" (Longmans), a translation into French, with new music, of familiar English nursery rhymes

"Furze the Cruel"

"Oh, loathed Devon!" The sentiment which the poet expressed in a phrase—hatred of the country he loved—has served Mr. John Trevena for a novel. *Furze the Cruel* (Alston Rivers: 6s.) is about the cruellest story that could have been written about the Furze (by which, please, understand Dartmoor). While it apostrophises Devon's natural beauty—it opens with a highly picturesque fairy story as to the origin of the county as told by the "pixy-grandmother" to the little ones, in which Dartmoor is acclaimed as the beginning of things and the fount of human life—it is lurid in its damnation of Devon's people. The story reveals a community in which hypocrisy vies with vice, cant with cruelty, snobbery with starvation. Centreing round the personality of one "Varmer Pendoggett," in whom are concentrated all the devilries, it follows, with dreadful realism, the careers of those whom he victimises. There is a poor, starving pedlar, Brightly. Pendoggett gets him to gaol, convicted of an offence committed by himself, and sends him to his death. There is Eli Pezzack, the poor weak "Ebenezer" parson. Pendoggett leads him by the nose into a swindling enterprise, and to consequent ruin. Then there is poor Thomasine, a farm maid. Pendoggett betrays her to *her* ruin, and lets her go to the usual perdition of wronged womankind. And there are others. The story hovers round Pendoggett's villainies until such time as retribution falls upon him—he is burnt in the very furze which has assisted his crimes. The story of sordid moorland misery is relieved by one romance—that of the illegitimate baby-girl, Boodles, left on the doorstep of one Weevil, and adopted by him. "Boodles," nameless but shameless, falls in with young Aubrey Bellamie, gentleman, of the Navy. Theirs is a pure, sweet love affair. Frustrated it is, of course, by Bellamie's "people"—the usual Devonian snobs—who will have none of "Boodles" for their boy. However, the latter is made of the right stuff, and does the right thing at the last. This romance is, in its turn, slightly stained. It is clearly hinted that Boodles's parent is none other than Aubrey's own mother, who sinned as a girl. Here, not only is the author guilty of needless melodramatic coincidence: by allowing the couple to mate, as he does in the end, he leaves an unpleasant suggestion of consanguinity. Admitting this, however, and reasserting that the story is a cruel one, it is none the less one of the most vivid and powerful books of recent years. Morbid it certainly

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is not. It smacks of the open air, of flesh and of real red blood. Its types are true, and if Mr. Trevena casts misery as their lot, he never fails to bring out such bright spots as are allowed them by "the Brute"—poor old Weevil's epithet for Fate.

Queen Victoria's Early Letters

The chief "revelation" in the three volumes of *Queen Victoria's Letters*, published by Mr. Murray last week, is the revelation of the wondrous discretion on the part of the editors, Lord Esher and Mr. A. C. Benson. There is little of a sensational nature in the letters, which reveal what, after all, history has already made clear enough: that the young Queen had very strong ideas of her own dignity; that she had firm likes and dislikes; a measure of commonsense, and plenty of patriotism. It is a little curious to reflect that the men most highly eulogised by the Queen are those who have left the least mark on history; while those most roundly taken to task by her are those subsequently admitted (even by herself) to have been great statesmen. The statesmanlike qualities of Melbourne and the Duke of Wellington are greatly extolled by the Queen; those of Peel and Palmerston equally greatly censured. For neither the great Tory nor the great Whig had the Queen much to say. Peel offended her over the "Bedchamber" question; Palmerston over foreign policy. It was, of course, to the Queen that he owed his dismissal. However, if the young Queen Victoria estimated the value of public men according to their *complaisance* towards herself and the Prince Consort, she lived to revise many of her judgments. In what language she did so, however, can only be revealed in the later volumes, which we are all most eagerly awaiting. The volumes are three in number price £3 3s.

Some Celtic Verse—and Another

I imagine it will suffice to introduce to the world the poems of Dora Sigerson Shorter (Hodder: 6s.) that Mr. George Meredith has himself written a preface to them. Whether, however, Mr. Meredith commits himself to an approval of the poems—or, in fact, of Celtic verse generally—is a matter which I prefer to leave to the Meredithians to unfathom. In suggesting that "the mind of the Celt is generally taken to be overpoweringly emotional, vapourish as well, and fantastical, remote, divorced from reality," Mr. Meredith certainly does hit off the Saxon's view. The uniform gloom of Irish poetry is one of its weaknesses from that standpoint. The Celtic muse suckles itself on sadness: it finds habitation in legend-lore, among phantoms and banshees, grey sisters, white witches, and the like; it never ventures into the realm of actuality. It derives no nourishment from life. Mrs. Shorter's poems are true Celtic. She relates, with what Mr. Meredith calls the gift of metrical narrative, a number of legend-stories, more or less uniformly gloomy, but uniformly tasteful in expression, if, also, uniformly monotonous in metre. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Shorter's volume, opened at random, yields one sweet thing to the opener. Here is its first verse:—

> Pardon give to Monica,
> She is so very fair;
> Though soft eyes give promises,
> Rosy lips forswear.
> From the shy droop of her head
> You a hope might take,
> The dainty dimples wake,
> Pardon give to Monica.

VIVIAN CARTER.

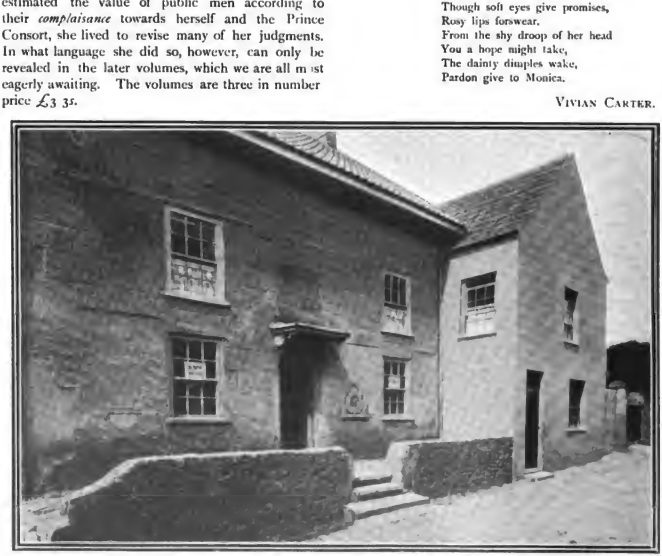

Photo **Is Coleridge's House to Become National Property?** [*Frith*

An influential movement is now being made, the purpose of which is to acquire Coleridge's house at Nether Stowey for the nation. The King has expressed his sympathy with the object in view, and the subscribers include the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, Mr Balfour, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mr. George Meredith. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has promised the last £200

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Golf Notes and Notions

The Royal and Ancient and Mr. John Ball

In my account of the Autumn Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club I omitted to mention one of the most notable incidents. The Committee of the Club, acting under the rule empowering them to invite distinguished strangers to become honorary members of the Club, announced that they proposed to extend such an invitation to Mr. John Ball. This proposal, I need hardly say, met with the unanimous assent of the meeting, and thus the most distinguished living amateur golfer has been added to the list of members of the premier Club. It would be a work of supererogation to mention the many golfing claims to this honour which Mr. Ball possesses, for his deeds of "derring do" on all the famous links of the kingdom are a household word among golfers. But, in addition to his prowess as a player, Mr. Ball has all those qualities which go to the making of a truly lovable nature. His is a singularly modest personality, and it would be difficult for a stranger unacquainted with his powers as a player (if such an individual by any stretch of the imagination can be supposed to exist) to gain an inkling from his conversation that he was talking to the greatest amateur golfer of his generation. He has always been most popular at St. Andrews, where his quiet methods, combined with his brilliant exposition of the game, have made him hosts of friends. This was thoroughly attested by the enthusiastic reception at St. Andrews of his sixth success in the Amateur Championship this year, when, for the first time in his career, he secured the coveted honour on the glorious old course. I trust that Mr. Ball may add to the interest of future meetings of the Club by competing for its medals, and that he may long live to enjoy his new privilege of membership, in according which the Committee and Club have conferred equal honour on him and on themselves.

Mrs. F. W. Brown

The winner of the Medal Play Competition and Challenge Cup at the Wimbledon Park Ladies' Club Autumn Meeting

A Prophet Honoured in His Own Country!

His own club, the Royal Liverpool, many years ago conferred on him the honour of life membership, in view of the lustre he had shed on it by securing both the Open and Amateur Championships. This dignity is also enjoyed, if I am not mistaken, by Mr. Hilton and Mr. Charles Hutchings. I am delighted, therefore, that the Royal and Ancient has shown that it considers that great golfers, like Mr. John Ball, are to be considered as true sons of the *Alma Mater*. In a word, this is one of the pleasantest facts in recent golf history which the chronicler of golfing events has been called upon to record.

The Failure of Light at Burnham Beeches

By the time these lines appear, the *News of the World* Tournament will have been decided. But, although the matter is already, in a sense, ancient history, I feel impelled to make a few observations on the recent qualifying competition for the Southern Section at Burnham Beeches. I am not going into the details of that event, which the daily papers have duly recorded, but I will confine myself to one feature of the meeting which holds an excellent lesson for those golfers who are constantly agitating for a change in the date of the Open and Amateur Championships. These good people wish one of these tournaments to be relegated to the autumn. I have always objected to this proposal on account of the want of light at such a time of the year. I maintained that the first days of either the Open or Amateur Championship require the longest possible days' light on account of the vast entries for either event.

Shall We Have Luminous Caddies?

I fancy that the recent occurrence at Burnham Beeches has put the final nail in the coffin of this proposal for a change of date. Poor Tom Vardon suffered individually, but he is a martyr in a good cause. Towards the end of his afternoon round, the light failed so badly that during the last four holes torches had to be held near the holes to indicate their whereabouts. It is hardly necessary to add that, under such murky circumstances, Tom took so many strokes on those last few putting greens that he failed to qualify. Imagination quails before the terrifying vision of an Open Championship conducted under such gloomy difficulties, and the fore-caddies would, indeed, be veritable "link-boys" armed with flaring torches, while the joys of reporters trying in vain to follow the flight of the ball in the darkness, the efforts of the players to keep their eyes on the dim ball, and the risks of the attendant crowd, must be left to some golfing Dante adequately to describe. On one famous occasion in winter, when snow was lying on the links, Andrew Kirkcaldy anointed his caddie's hair with grease so as to enable him to keep his ball clear of snow by rubbing it in his caddie's hair at each tee. The resourceful Andrew would, no doubt, be equal to a championship round in the dark by smearing luminous paint on his caddie's head and rubbing his ball on it at successive tees, and sending him forward as a sort of pillar of fire by night to indicate the line to the hole. No, I think we must keep to the spring and summer for both our Championships, and continue to rely on the sun for light.

ERNEST LEHMANN

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YACHTING

A Forlorn Hope

A correspondent in Stockholm assures me that the Royal Swedish Yacht Club's challenge for the America Cup is quite likely to materialise, for the Swedes are, apparently, not making any of the stipulations varying the terms of the Deed of Gift which Sir Thomas Lipton deemed it advisable to make, and the New York Yacht Club deemed it equally advisable not to entertain. Of course, this shows a fine sporting spirit on the part of the brave Swedes, but their plucky attempt can only be regarded from the very outset as something of a forlorn hope. As I have said more than once in these columns, the onerous conditions imposed on the challengers by the Deed of Gift precludes the possibility of their winning except by an accident or a fluke, and although it took Sir Thomas Lipton some years (to say nothing of the huge sums which it must have cost him) to make certain of this, he is fully alive to it now. The Swedes are fine sailor-men, but they are hardly likely to succeed where Sir Thomas has failed, especially as their experience of designing and building 90 ft. freak sailing machines is practically *nil*. As the accompanying illustration shows, there are plenty of up-to-date racing yachts in the Royal Swedish Yacht Club's fleet, but they are all small boats; even if Sweden can produce a *Shamrock* at her first attempt it will be something of a miracle, and what she has got to produce is something better than a *Shamrock*. I am informed that the Swedish challenge owes its origin to the fact that when the *America* paid her epoch-making visit to these waters in 1852, she would have been beaten by the Swedish schooner *Sveriga* if the latter, when leading her home by nearly ten minutes, had not carried away a halyard. It is, as it were, a sort of *in memoriam* challenge. All this is very pretty; but, personally, I would much sooner see the America Cup left severely alone and an International Championship instituted on rational lines, in which substantial boats of the type produced by the new International Rules could compete on equal terms. That would be something like sport, and if a trophy is wanted in connection with it, THE BYSTANDER is quite prepared to offer one. Meantime, it is cheering news that Sir Thomas Lipton, having had enough of the *America* game, is turning his attention to the legitimate side of the sport, and has ordered a new boat to race in the 23-metre class next season against Mr. Kennedy's *White Heather* and Sir James Pender's *Brynhild*. She is to be built by Fife, and will form a welcome addition to the class.

Sweden and the America Cup The Clubhouse of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club at Sandhamn, near Stockholm

It is extremely probable the challenge of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club for the America Cup will materialise. Though, as the above picture shows, there are plenty of up-to-date racing yachts in the Club's fleet, they are all small boats, so that Sweden has a hard task before her if she has to produce something even better than the *Shamrock* at the first attempt to fight for the Cup

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FRESH ASPECTS OF THE ANTIPON TREATMENT.

From whatever point of view regarded, the famous Antipon treatment for the permanent cure of obesity exhibits merits—proved merits—entirely its own. As a wonderful absorbent of superfluous adipose; as a destroyer of the obstinate tendency to excessive fat development; as a tonic of a high order, promoting appetite and assisting digestion and assimilation, Antipon, the pleasant and perfectly harmless liquid, is recognised by all competent authorities as one of the most important contributions to modern science. There are, however, a few fresh aspects of the treatment which it is wise to call attention to.

Pure, rich blood is the very fount of life and health, and it is useless to try to cure any disease without freeing the vital fluid from effete matter. Now, the old time methods of reducing weight not only impoverished the blood by some drastic dietary regimen which amounted to partial starvation, but they also resorted to mineral and other injurious drugs, which too often caused chronic dyspepsia, the result being that the blood became poisoned with ill-digested food and uneliminated waste matter, and the whole organism suffered accordingly. Obesity is a disease in itself, but treatments which thus starved and poisoned the system in the way we have described were worse than the disease.

The Antipon treatment, then, enriches and purifies the vital fluid by wholesome food in plenty, well digested and properly assimilated; also by toning up the whole system. Antipon has a remarkable tonic action on the skin, which plays a most important part in the elimination of impure or waste matter from the blood. When the millions of pores of the skin are not in a condition adequately to perform their eliminative work, the worst evils may ensue.

Then, again, Antipon absorbs and removes the masses of superfluous matter that interfere with the natural action of the vital organs, and so another danger to life and health—fatty degeneration of the heart, liver, and kidneys—is got rid of. The circulation of the blood becomes normal, the lungs have free, natural expansion, and breathing becomes natural, the blood being thus freely supplied with oxygen.

In considering these fresh aspects of the Antipon treatment it will be seen that increased health, strength, and vitality, and the renewal of mental and physical energy are essential factors in the cure. That is why Antipon gives entire satisfaction in every case where the simple and pleasant home treatment is conscientiously followed.

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Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Covered Court Championships: M. J. G. Ritchie and Max Deengis, the French Champion (beyond the net), playing R. F. Doherty and G. M. Simond

Of the four events in the Covered Courts Lawn Tennis Championships, played at Queen's Club last week, the most interesting were the Doubles, in which Norman Brookes, the champion, and R. F. Doherty, ex-champion, were taking part. In the final, Doherty and G. M. Simond were successful in beating Brookes and G. W. Hillyard by 3 sets to 1

LAWN TENNIS

The Last Meeting of the Year

Of the four events in the London Covered Court Championship meeting at Queen's Club last week, the Doubles came in for the largest share of public recognition, by reason of the fact that the champion, Norman Brookes, and an ex-champion, R. F. Doherty, were taking part therein. Both these are names to conjure with. Brookes's partner was G. W. Hillyard, and Doherty's was G. M. Simond, with whom, by the way, he won this event last year; and the prospect (ultimately fulfilled) that these two strong pairs would finally meet made things quite exciting, especially as there were several other good pairs engaged, notably M. J. G. Ritchie and the French Champion, Max Deengis, who originally entered under a pseudonym. Apparently, the secret of his identity became such an open one that he recognised, like the villain in the play, the futility of further disguise, and consented to the publication of his real name. Several of the matches in the eliminating rounds were interesting, and the defeat of W. V. Eaves and L. H. Escombe by A. E. Beamish and H. Pollard, an individually weaker pair, was noteworthy. It was unfortunate for the latter that, after winning this match in fine style, they were obliged to tackle Brookes and Hillyard on the same day, though I don't say that they would have beaten them if they had been fresher. Doherty and Simond v. Deengis and Ritchie in the semi-final was a fine game. In the first two sets the Anglo-French combination more than held their own, but a marked improvement in the play of Simond completely changed the aspect of affairs in the third, and he and Doherty won brilliantly by 3—2 after being two down. Brookes and Hillyard, in the course of their progress to the final, were not so highly tried, and there were indications that Brookes was not as formidable as he is on grass. This is not to be wondered at. Brookes does not profess to be a covered court player, and the courts at Queen's, particularly the East Court, take a lot of knowing; so that, although it is easy to be wise after the event, I cannot help saying that I expected Doherty and Simond to win the final. For one thing, they are both more familiar with that terribly fast court than either of their opponents; and, for another, I am a great believer in Simond. He is a referee and tournament manager, and therefore too busy a man to devote much time to public play. Consequently, the fact that at the present time he is one of the best and soundest double players in England is apt to be lost sight of. He proved it on Saturday, when a large share of the credit of defeating Brookes and Hillyard by 3 sets to 1 belongs to him, although his partner, Doherty, was also in one of his happiest moods. On the losing side, Brookes and Hillyard both played well at times, and individually, but seldom managed to do it together—a perverse condition of affairs which is curiously common in double play.

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RAZORS.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The *Standard* reports that, after an unusually acrimonious debate, the Lower Austrian Diet has passed a Bill taxing motor-cars. The tax is based on the horse-power of the car, and is at the rate of ten crowns (8*s.* 4*d.*) for every unit of horse-power, reckoned at three-fourths of the power stated by the manufacturer. A similar tax will, sooner or later, come to be placed on motors in this country, and if motorists receive any benefits from the tax they are likely to welcome it rather than otherwise. It is, however, open to question whether the basis of taxation should be the horse-power of the car alone, for such a measure would cause the owner of a light but powerful car to contribute a sum many times greater than would be payable for a heavy motor-lorry; and there is no doubt as to which of the two damages the roads the more. Probably the tax will be considered, when the time comes to levy it, on the basis of the weight of the vehicle as well as on its horse-power.

* * *

Of course, when the question of taxation does come up for discussion in Parliament, it will be an occasion for the motoring world to put forth its strength to obtain the redress of many standing grievances. A tax on motor vehicles, both for pleasure and for commerce, will bring in several millions a year to the Treasury. In return for this, the present absurd speed limit, which does nobody any good, except, perhaps, policemen yearning for easy promotion, will have to be swept away. A speed limit within the radius of towns and villages is reasonable enough, but on the open highways the public will be well enough protected if the inconsiderate motorist can be charged with driving to the common danger. Such a prosecution, if proved, is very different from the prosecutions which, under the present law, convict persons who are not driving to the danger of their fellow-countrymen, but are only breaking a technical law. But a more important demand than even the repeal of the speed limit will be the request that a Traffic Board be formed, under a responsible member of the Government. The Traffic Board will have vitally important work to accomplish. It will need to take over the entire care of the highways all over the country. The various district authorities who neglect their roads more or less, according to their lights, will be relieved of all responsibility on this score. They will contribute a sum for their district, and the Traffic Board will show them, for the first time, what scientific road-making means. On the strength of the revenues derived from the new tax, the Traffic Board will be able to raise a large loan sufficient to make fine highways throughout the length and breadth of the country, which will then, once properly made, cost far less to keep up than at present, when tinkering is usually in progress—not an astonishing state of affairs when you see that the most important commodity in most road-making seems to be mud! Alas! It all reads very well, but will it happen in our time?

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Photo *Topical Agency*

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DAIMLER

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September 12th, 1907.

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(Signed) L. E. LOWTHER.

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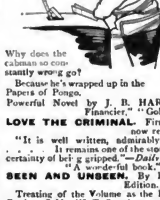

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On November 6 and 13 THE BYSTANDER, whose very intelligent readers take a lively interest in motoring, will publish Special Show Supplements on the Olympia Show. There will be complete guides to everything worth seeing there, all the novelties being fully explained. There is no doubt that the London Show is *the* motor show *par excellence*, and that Paris has now been relegated to the second place. It is a significant fact that the Itala car on which Prince Borghese won the famous Pekin-Paris race will be exhibited at Olympia, as will also the Spyker, driven by M. Godard, and one of the De Dion Bouton cars. Had this race taken place three years ago, there is little doubt where the cars would have been on view. The cars will be shown on the stands of their British representatives, and are bound to attract great attention.

* * *

The 40 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier undergoing a 3,000 miles test on a consumption of Simcar benzol is running very admirably, from all accounts. The test is being conducted by the Royal Automobile Club. The average distance during the first week's running was twenty-two miles to the gallon, and last week, in spite of high winds and heavy roads, twenty-four miles to the gallon were accomplished. The sparking-plugs were examined one day last week and appeared to be perfectly white and clean. With petrol at 2*s.* 4*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.* per tin, according to your luck, it really seems as if benzol may prove a very fair substitute. Benzol may be bought at any local gasworks and is cheap.

COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-icature—No. XLIX.: Captain Orr-Ewing

A first-class sportsman, the gallant Captain is also the Chairman of the Fiat Motors, Ltd., and is convinced that in a remarkably short space of time the car will entirely supersede the horse as a means of locomotion

(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

Miscellanea

The other week, when mentioning Messrs. Colin Defries, we said that they were undertaking to run their customers' cars, all found, for £350 per annum. As there appears to have been a misconception in some people's minds as to whether the car was itself included in the figure, I beg to state that such is not the case. The Porthos car, for which Messrs. Colin Defries (2, Denman Street, W.) are the sole concessionnaires, is worth a little more than £350, thank you! No, you must buy one of these "p-ems in petrol" first, and, if you like to pass on all the trouble and responsibility to Messrs. Colin Defries, they will run the car for you at the price named. If your usual custom is to take a short spin on Sunday afternoons and shut the car up through the week, the offer is not worth thinking over; but if you are a kind of Lord Mayor Treloar—everywhere at once—the offer is worth serious consideration.

It would seem that Messrs. Hampton and Sons' sales of motor-cars by auction on the Brooklands course, the first of which takes place on Saturday, October 26, meet with the approval of motorists in general, as, in addition to the very large entry of forty high-class cars, they have had to decline further entries. Included in the catalogue are cars to suit all buyers: high-powered, medium, and low-powered cars, open cars, landaulettes, limousines, and racers. Many of the cars are fitted with expensive accessories, such as speedometers, etc. Before acceptance for the sale every car has had to pass Messrs. Hamptons' expert.

To get the best return out of one's motor-car, it is necessary to understand the engine entirely, which means that one must thoroughly learn its principles. For the benefit of those who have not yet acquired this knowledge, we can recommend "Motor Schools Ltd.," of 10 and 12, Heddon Street, whose methods are to run the whole of the movable component parts of the motor vehicle by electricity; these parts being sectioned, the pupil can actually see what takes place inside his engine, gear-box, and differential while they are in motion. Our readers are cordially invited to inspect the lecture-rooms between the hours of 9.0 and 10.0 a.m. and 5.0 and 6.0 p.m. The cost of a lecture is 2*s.* 6*d.*, and that of a course 15*s.*

The "G.P.U."

Amateur photographers will be interested to hear of the formation of the Graphic Photo Union.

"Ubiquity" is a common term when applied to the camera, and of the thousands of amateurs who take photographs a large majority are not averse to selling a portion of their work to the Press, thus obtaining some return for money laid out on costly apparatus as well as on expensive materials.

It needs special knowledge to sell photographs, as it does to sell other things, with success, and this special knowledge is usually wanting in the amateur. The Graphic Photo Union is formed to supply this deficiency. Its canvassers are in daily communication with the principal illustrated papers, and so no time is lost. Photographs can be shown by the Union to as many papers in one day as would take the ordinary amateur a month to get in touch with, by which time the photograph would be hopelessly out of date. Amateurs should write for full particulars to the Secretary, Graphic Photo Union, Tallis Street, E.C.

To buy a Motor-Car go to THE MOTOR SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD., 111, Piccadilly, London, W. New and second-hand cars of all makes always in stock. Expert advice given without any charge. Tyres, spare parts, accessories, and motor clothing.

A New Use for the Motor-Car!

At a recent wedding at Wargrave, many of the guests who arrived in cars, in changing the more serviceable but less attractive motor hat for the fashionable *chapeaux* due to the occasion, made use of the glass shield in front of the car as a looking-glass

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The Treatment of Palms

Palms are such handsome plants that it is a pity they cannot be more generally used in the garden. There is only one species, Trachycarpus excelsus, which can be considered fairly hardy, but even in sheltered districts in the Southern Counties, where it would be likely to succeed, it is rarely seen. Many species, however, are employed in tropical bedding, or in pots and tubs, or grouped around the entrance. It will very soon be time to return them to the greenhouse. Many of them, especially those in pots, will probably be looking the worse for wear. The sun, beating fiercely against the pots, often heats them so much that the delicate roots inside are injured, if not destroyed, even when great care is taken in watering. This is also a frequent cause of the withering of the lower leaves of chrysanthemums and other plants turned out during the summer, and the best way to avoid it is to plunge the pots, if possible, in such material as ashes. In a moist, warm atmosphere under glass the palms will soon begin to make fresh roots. In any case, they should not be re-potted now; that operation, if necessary, should be deferred until next Spring. As the temperature falls the supply of water should be reduced, but palms must never be allowed to get quite dry, even in winter.

Preparing the Greenhouse for Winter

One of the most important tasks at this season is the preparation of greenhouses for the plants with which they will shortly be filled. Unfortunately, it is often neglected; yet it is impossible to grow plants properly unless the houses are thoroughly cleaned at least once a year, and this can only be done when they are practically empty. If there are no plants of any kind in them, it is an excellent plan to burn some sulphur, for the fumes will destroy, not only all insects, but also all fungoid germs. The glass should be cleaned inside and out, in order to let in as much light as possible during the winter months, and the woodwork should be scrubbed with soap and water, or, if necessary, re-painted. In the latter case it may be advisable to remove for a few days any of the more tender plants still left in the house. For as the paint dries, the oil in it evaporates and, being deposited on the comparatively cold surface of the plants, clogs the pores, and so causes the leaves to wither. The mischief is very common in small conservatories warmed by lamps, the amount of oil given off being much greater than from paint; but, even in the latter case, it is often sufficient to injure delicate foliage. Its presence may easily be detected by means of a bowl of water. So long as a film of oil is deposited on the surface of the water, the atmosphere cannot be considered safe for plants. Finally, all houses which cannot be emptied of their contents should be thoroughly vaporised before they are filled up.

H. C. Davidson.

Palms as a Garden Decoration

Palms are such hand-some plants that our climate forbids their more general use in the garden. One species, however, Trachycarpus excelsus, is fairly hardy, and may be grown with comparative ease in the Southern Counties

Nature and the Cinematograph

Mr. Charles Urban, encouraged by the enthusiastic reception accorded the recent "Urbanora" exhibition of pictures in motion of wild bird life, is now presenting at the Alhambra a further series of animated Natural History scenes—vivid, picturesque, alert, and eminently fascinating—illustrating the intelligence and sagacity of various birds and animals. The collection of these films in all quarters of the globe has extended over a period of four years, and the value of their teachings is inestimable. Fifteen years ago Lord Avebury said that the man who expended a few sovereigns in good books might see all the living wonders of the world; to-day "Urbanora" puts them before stallite and galleryite alike.

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By MRS. JACK MAY

The variety of clothes about just now is truly amazing. On the one hand, we have women clinging distractedly to their summer dresses, and on the other, advanced souls, who, having taken time by the forelock in the matter of furs, are not in the mind to consider any such trifling incident as atmosphere. Meanwhile, the ostrich feather boa goes on its way rejoicing, and those cleverly inspired in colour contrasts achieve some strikingly good schemes, through the medium of an ostrich boa and hat, in tone.

Myself, I am a little weary of purple, saving only as a relief to navy blue. For the ubiquitous grey-striped tailor-made, given that the colouring of the wearer permits, a peculiarly effective contrast is found in a deepish shade of cinnamon, the hat preferably one of the small crushed felt shapes, lavishly adorned with feathery fantasies. While, for a darker suit, there is a rather pale shade of green that comes into the wide category of *vert ancien*, and is at once uncommon and of a peculiar *cachet*.

The plagiarism of the ostrich boa, in barn-door varieties, has inevitably carried the taste into more or less inaccessible realms of colour. Only the unexpected has the slightest chance of existence, and those having the wherewithal and aspirations to reach the topmost pinnacle are invited to conclude the ostrich story with a large Granny muff. As someone suggests, there is a dangerous similitude to-day to the primitive ages in the prevailing craze for feathers, furs, and baubles. And but for certain conventional laws and regulations, there is no telling to what extent we might have been tempted to resume primeval garb and decoration.

A Neat and Graceful Coatee

Composed of moleskins, this model is arranged with kimono sleeves and folded satin belt, drawn through a decorative gilt buckle

(SKETCHED AT SHOOLBRED'S BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

Furnishing Schemes of Refinement and Character

Some people are born to furnishing, others have furnishing thrust upon them. The latter is my case, and having found infinite assistance from an illustrated booklet, recently issued by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, I am pleased to pass on some information about it to others. From its dainty cover to the finish this publication is in no way comparable with the ordinary catalogue, and will prove veritably irresistible to such as are able to recognise genuine artistic worth when they see it. Admittedly among the first to realise the demand for furniture of quiet taste and refinement, in lieu of the pretentiousness and superficiality inaugurated during the Victorian era, Messrs. Hampton have steadily pursued the culture of means towards this end, a proceeding that has culminated in a style entitled "Colonial Adams."

Encouraged by an immediate and unqualified approval of their inspired departure, the firm have recently completed a specimen house on these lines, the entire cost whereof is only £250. As may be surmised, the Colonial Adams style lends itself to a certain individual freedom of thought and skill, the art lying in the combining of the latter-day demand for comfort with the old-world sense of charm and simplicity. Colonial Adams, as a style, has come to make history, and will, without doubt, in the far future, attain the dignity of being quoted as a period.

Furs at Shoolbred's

A department, unostentatious as to size, but of most admirable virtues, is the one devoted to peltry at Tottenham House. Taking, and very wisely, as their initial aim the meeting of popular demand, Messrs. Shoolbred are making a speciality of moderately priced coatees, and, as is common knowledge, where specialising is, there also is worth. As an instance, take the accompanying pictured model of moleskins, arranged with kimono sleeves and folded satin belt, drawn through a decorative gilt buckle. There is something exceptionally neat about this coat, and yet it is eminently graceful of form. Lined through with satin, and of that fine, fastidious finish always forthcoming in the best workmanship, the cost of this smart little fur garment is only fifteen guineas.

Of similar moderation is the much-sought-after cravat of the season, the one that clasps the throat with a small head, and has four pendant ends hung with close lines of little tails, a fancy that Messrs. Shoolbred are offering in squirrel at 30*s*. Well within the limits of the quite average income is a mole tie, 12*s*. 6*d*., and muff, 19*s*. 6*d*. This is a perfect set for schoolgirl wear, and the like. Additionally to which, Shoolbred's have any number of more regal offerings, and are most justifiably elated over a close-fitting musquash coat of a particular *cachet*, that they are able to do at ten guineas. Before definite decision be made in any fur purchase, it will well repay anyone to visit Tottenham House.

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WHAT JURY COULD RESIST?

Mlle. Miropolsky, the Polish lady who has just been admitted a member of the French Bar

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No. 204.—Vol. XVI. Wednesday, October 30, 1907

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Frontispiece	201
Bystander Comments	203
More Health-Giving Games.—No. I	205
Wig and Gown	206
The World's Pageant	208
The U.S. Navy's Pacific (?) Cruise	209
The Playhouses	219
Continental Chat	222
Photographing Wireless Messages!	226
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No 102.—"The King's Messenger." By F. Marion Crawford	228
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	235
Field, Stream, and Covert	238
Automobile Topics	242
The Library	246
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	252
The Garden	VIII
A Woman's Note Book	X

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"Adventures of a Dodo." By G. E. Farrow. (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d.)
"Benita." By H. Rider Haggard. (Cassell: 1s.)
"Harry Roumtree's Annual." (Cassell: 3s. 6d.)
"Lisheen." By Rev. P. A. Sliceman. (Longmans: 6s.)
"The Collected Poems of Dora Sigerson Shorter." With Introduction by George Meredith. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"The Adventures of Count O'Connor." By Henry Stage. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
"The Pleasures of Life." By Lord Avebury. (Macmillan: 2s.)
"The Little Guest." By Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan: 4s. 6d.)
"The Convert." By Elizabeth Robins. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The Purloined Prince." By E. Turner and R. Hodder. (Sisleys.)
"Old Friends with New Faces." By Susan, Countess of Malmesbury. (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net.)
"The Matrimonial Market." By Mabel E. Sawny. (Simpkin, Marshall: 1s.)
"The Gentlest Art." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen: 5s.)
"Fairies I Have Met." By Mrs. Rodolph Stavell. (Lane: 3s. 6d.)
"Champions of the Fleet." By Edward Fraser. (Lane: 6s.)
"The Magic Whistle." By Frank Nesbitt. (Longmans: 2s. 6d.)
"The Square Peg." By W. E. Norris. (Constable: 6s.)
"Sonnets from the Portuguese." By Mrs. Browning. (Jack.)
"Rubáiyát of Omar-Khayyam." Illustrated by R. T. Rose. (Jack.)
"Poems of Wordsworth." By W. MacNeill Dixon. (Jack.)
"The Fairyland of Living Things." By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. (Cassell: 3s. 6d.)
"Fancy and Humour of Charles Lamb." Selected by George Sampson. (Seeley: 1s. 6d.)
"Wit and Imagination of Benjamin Disraeli." Selected by George Sampson. (Seeley: 1s. 6d.)
"Vignettes from Oliver Goldsmith." Selected by George Sampson. (Seeley: 6s.)
"The Garden Beautiful." By W. Robinson. (Murray: 7s. 6d.)
"The Welsh Fairy Book." By W. Jenkyn Thomas. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"A Stroke of Luck." By Nat Gould. (Long: 1s.)
"The Yoke." By Hubert Wales. (Long: 6s.)
"Songs for Little People." By Norman Gale. (Constable: 3s. 6d.)
"The Court of Philip IV." By Martin Hume. (Nash: 18s.)
"The Shadow Show." By A. St. John Adcock. (Mathews: 1s. 6d.)
"Bunkum." By Frank Richardson. (Nash: 6s.)
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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday October 30, 1907

One of the consequences of the recent gales was that a pier was cut in two. Unhappily, however, for the Liberal autumn campaign, it was only a wooden one, at Grimsby.

* * *

The three Kings who are to be at Sandringham in November will make several shooting excursions. Partridges there, according to the *Daily Graphic*, are scarce, which seems like disloyalty on the part of the partridges. But it does not matter. "The coverts are well stocked," and there are sure to be lots of photographers about. The Kings should get some capital snap-shooting.

* * *

By the way, the rumour that an interview will take place in this neighbourhood between Prince Olaf of Norway and the Prince of Asturias is correct. No political significance, however, need be attached to the meeting, which will be purely of a personal character.

The Princes are, in fact, likely to meet more than once, and the only thing that worries the official mind in this connection is the question of precedence. Ought the Prince of Asturias to go out first in his pram, and get first choice of the Sandringham toys? Suppose he and Olaf both covet the same cloth elephant? If both begin to scream at the same moment, which should have priority in being carried to bed? To the ordinary man these questions seem unanswerable; but, no doubt, they will be duly solved by the tact of the Royal nurses.

* * *

If there had remained any doubt as to the complete indifference of the present Government to the interests of the democracy of this country, the Prime Minister has now removed it. He has openly professed that he knows nothing whatever about Limericks.

* * *

Mr. Cadbury's explanation of why he and the other cocoa manufacturers go on buying from the

"THE OYSTER ROYSTERERS": GUESTS AT THE FEAST AT COLCHESTER

The Marquis of Londonderry The Duke of Marlborough

"We weep for you," the gourmets said,
"We deeply sympath se":
With sobs and tears they sorted out
Those of the largest size.

The Mayor of Colchester

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Annual Oyster Feas took place at Colchester last week, at which many well-known personages were the guests of the Mayor and Corporation

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Portuguese slave-islands is lucidity itself, whatever his critics may say. By bringing a steady pressure to bear upon the planters, he hopes to make them Quakers

• • •

Sixty thousand Munich beer-drinkers went on strike last week, because the brewers raised beer by a farthing per quart. This strikes us as one of the most pathetic occurrences in the history of strikes. But it seems to be over now. It is rumoured that the strikers subscribed largely in order to bring in a body of strike-breakers. The latter soon prevailed.

• • •

In view of the agitation in favour of the inspection of engine-drivers, at present so casually done, several old ladies are said to have banded together with the object of insisting upon inspecting the engine-driver personally before starting with any given train. It is believed that hitherto they have assured themselves that, at least, the driver's lungs are in good order.

• • •

The indignation caused by the rumour that the Giant's Causeway is to be exported piecemeal to America has by no means subsided. Ulstermen are of opinion that this gradual removal of Ireland to the States is a subtle attempt on the part of the Nationalists to repeal the Union.

• • •

Mulai Hafid, the Pretender to the Sultanate of Morocco, is said to be marrying wives in order to increase his military following. It appears that, in return for his marrying into it, a tribe will march to war for him. If this is the case, Eastern women must have more influence of a kind than is usually attributed to them, and Mulai Hafid should have no difficulty in raising an army corps in due time.

An appeal to patriotism is never without its perils, as nothing seems to divide fellow-citizens more than the question of what patriotism is. But we hope and trust that Sir Lauder Brunton's appeal for the suppression of a national enemy—made last week—will not be made a question of Party politics. It is one upon which Imperialists and Little Englanders might well come together. We refer, of course, to the appeal made by Sir Lauder against "Fleas—a National Danger."

• • •

There is no need, perhaps, to be Jingoistic on the subject. Sir Lauder himself did not suggest that the Legion of Frontiersmen should be called upon to deal with it. But a steady, persistent objection to the landing of these alien immigrants, and to their working—for starvation wages—at the expense of the British labourer, would undoubtedly end in success. In the meantime, a statue should be put up to Sir Lauder Brunton. He might be depicted in a classic attitude, popping one of the little creatures into a basin of water.

• • •

There is not much of a future for criminals, it seems. Hypnotism—according to Dr. Forbes Winslow—is to find them out, even when finger-prints fail. This is good news, if true. But might not hypnotism be a double-edged tool? Suppose the burglar hypnotised the policeman, or the jury, or even the judge, instead of being himself hypnotised? We do not, of course, know all the possibilities; but it would be a painful thing if one suddenly heard Mr. Justice Darling confessing, in court, that he had forged the cheque, while the real forger calmly made a joke which caused repeated laughter.

• • •

The New Table Game, Bligatel

A combination of billiards and bagatelle, played on a small table with cups instead of pockets

A New Table Game

As is suggested by its name, this new game is a combination of billiards and bagatelle, and the billiard element in it is calculated to give it an advantage over bagatelle—which, when all is said and done, is not a very inspiriting amusement. Bligatel is, in reality, billiards on a small table, with cups substituted for pockets at its corners for the winning and losing hazards. An imitation of pool or pyramids can also be played on a bligatel board. The main advantage of the game is that, unlike billiards, it needs no special room or "fixings," and can be played in a small space. The size of the board (which is square) can be adapted to purchasers' requirements, but four feet square is the size recommended by the makers as quite large enough. The board will stand on any table, provided it is level, but, of course, a regular kind, like a billiard table, can be supplied. Another point is that the game is played with full-sized balls and cues. Further particulars may be obtained of Fraser Brothers, Ltd., 9, Denmark Street, Charing Cross Road.

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More Health-Giving Games

SUGGESTED SEQUELS TO THE DISCOVERY THAT DIABOLO IS A "CURE"

("*Each day brings fresh testimony to the utility of Diabolo. The latest thing in its favour is that it cures sleeplessness.*"—DAILY EXPRESS.)

NO. I.—FOR CORPULENCY, ETC.: THE SKIPPING CURE IN THE PARK

A well-known Duchess takes the course of 172 short skips before meals, prescribed by Dr. Winley, of Harpole Street

BY LAWSON WOOD

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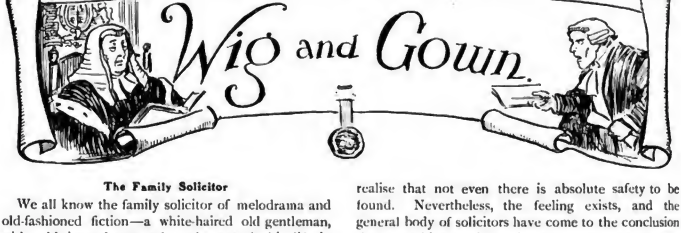

The Family Solicitor

We all know the family solicitor of melodrama and old-fashioned fiction—a white-haired old gentleman, with gold-rimmed spectacles, who spends his life in doing deeds of disinterested benevolence to all the deserving characters, and appears in the fifth act to unmask the villain (unless this has been already done by the comic man), and produces the will which confers a house in Park Lane and £50,000 a year upon the heroine. I have never met his exact counterpart in real life; but everyone who is fortunate enough to have a good solicitor will agree that there is a good deal of truth in the portrait. Of course, his actions are not entirely disinterested, for, as we realise when his annual bill comes in, he makes a very good income out of them, yet no money can be better spent, for there are a hundred things which he can do for us much better than we could do them ourselves. When things are not going well with us, he keeps us out of litigation, composes the family differences, extricates the prodigal son from the clutches of the comedy actress, and finally ships him off to the Colonies on an allowance, and takes care that we never see him again; while, when things are prosperous, he manages our estates, collects our rents, and finds capital investments for our spare cash.

Photo] **Mr. E. K. Blyth** [*Elliott and Fry*
President of the Incorporated Law Society, which has lately issued a report on the question of the financial transactions of solicitors.

The Solicitor Turned Thief

The result of all these operations is that a solicitor in large practice always has in his possession very considerable sums of money belonging to his clients. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand they cannot possibly do better than leave it there, but, during the last ten or fifteen years, there have been an unpleasantly large number of cases where he has turned rogue, bolted with the money, and left his clients penniless, and there can be no doubt that public confidence in the family solicitor has been a good deal shaken. I do not think there is any real cause for alarm. There are always a few black sheep in every profession, and it is impossible to dispose of money in such a way as to render it perfectly secure against theft and fraud. We all consider it safe enough in the bank, but those who are old enough to remember the cases of the City of Glasgow Bank, and Greenways at Warwick, will realise that not even there is absolute safety to be found. Nevertheless, the feeling exists, and the general body of solicitors have come to the conclusion that something ought to be done to restore the confidence of the public, and, if possible, to prevent the occurrence of such misappropriations in the future.

Compulsory Honesty

For this purpose a special Committee of the Incorporated Law Society was appointed to consider the whole question and suggest a remedy, and their report was presented in July. It began by recommending a number of obvious precautions, which are probably already taken by almost every solicitor in large practice, such as having a periodical audit and keeping clients' money in a separate account at the bank; but a majority of the Committee desired to make these recommendations compulsory, by refusing to allow any solicitor to practice unless he made a statutory declaration every year that he has complied with one or other of them, and over this part of the report a storm has been raging in Chancery Lane. A great part of the profession object to compulsion altogether, on the ground that it is derogatory and insulting to make any man solemnly declare in writing, once a year, that he is not a thief, and they point out that the Committee's proposals cannot prevent a dishonest man from stealing his clients' money if he wishes to. There is a good deal in these objections, but I think the recommendations would be well worth adopting if it were possible to confine them to the wealthy family solicitors. It has several times happened that a man with no intention of defrauding his clients has suddenly found himself insolvent, simply through careless account-keeping and an insufficient audit. But how about the poor man's lawyer, and the young solicitor just starting practice? They cannot put their clients' money into a separate account, for they often have none to put there, and sometimes do not keep a banking account at all, while they could ill-afford the expense of an annual professional audit of their books. Unless some means can be found for discriminating between these people and their wealthier brethren, compulsion appears to me impossible.

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Of Rome and London

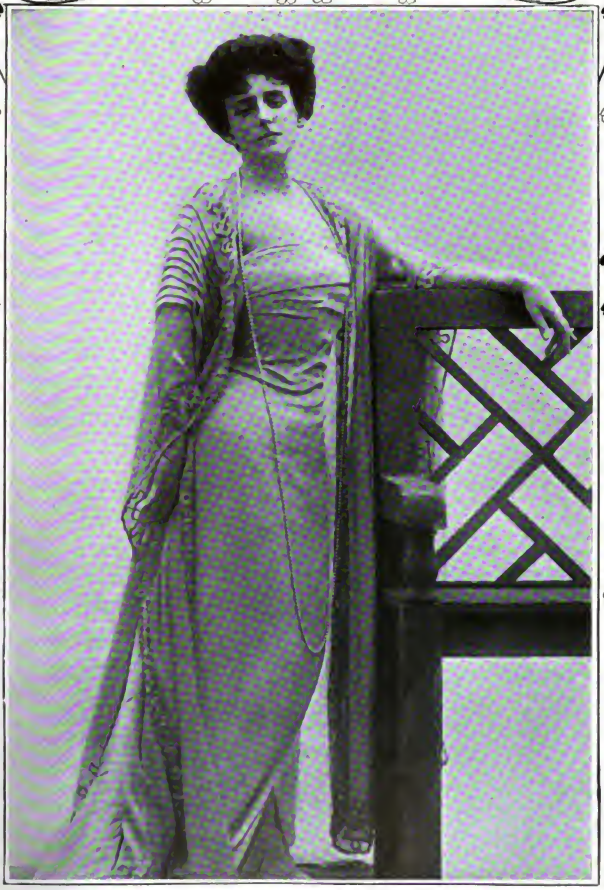

Photo *Lallie Charles, 304, Curzon Street*

THE PRINCESS DI TEANO

The beautiful Anglo-Italian, grand-daughter of the late Lady Walsingham, who is well known as a sportswoman and a lover of adventure

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To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Waiting Game

The pulse of the world is beating just a little swiftly. Little happens, but much portends. The Hague Conference at an end, European politics lie quiescent, waiting on the trend of events in Vienna. In the Pacific, the American Fleet — outwardly stern and bellicose, inwardly, says Washington, purely strategic and political—is cruising around the Philippines and putting into Manila with an apparent inconsequence quite delightful to behold. At home, in England, the railway crisis and our Royal visitors absorb public interest for the moment, while steeple-chasing at Sandown, the race for the Cambridgeshire at Newmarket, the opening of the hunting season, and a dog show or two engage the undivided attention of that unknown quantity, the "Smart Set."

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Tars in Two Sizes

A little Jack Tar giving a donation to a big (and real) Jack Tar, for the Sailors' Home, on Trafalgar Day

Visiting Monarchs

This week the King and Queen of Spain arrive in England, and will spend, *incognito*, nearly a month in this country. They will attend the wedding of Don Carlos of Spain and Princess Louise of Orleans at Wood Norton, and spend some time at Kensington Palace and at Sandringham. I hear, by the way, that King Alfonso has expressed himself as "dying to try the Brooklands track." Is there a speed limit for visiting Kings in England? I trust so. Otherwise, sundry smashes-up would seem inevitable. King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway are over here for the celebration of the King's November birthday at Sandringham on the 9th; and the German Emperor and Empress arrive at Windsor Castle, according to present arrangements, on the afternoon of the 11th. They

Photo) **The Annual Nelson Orgies: The decoration of Nelson's Column for Trafalgar's 102nd Anniversary** [*Park*

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The U.S. Navy's Pacific (?) Cruise

will travel from Bremen in the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, and will be met at Portsmouth by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. On leaving England, their Imperial Majesties will proceed to The Hague on a visit to the Queen of Holland.

• • •

Improvements at Buckingham Palace

The King's headquarters from now until Christmas will be at Buckingham Palace, where the improvements which have been so long in progress are at last completed. Those who knew the Palace under the old *régime*, when Queen Victoria used it only as a place wherein to spend unwillingly a night or two, tell me that the interior is modernised and made comfortable almost out of recognition. Several lifts—a modern institution to which the late Queen had an unconquerable aversion—have been installed. Bathrooms, a necessity not recognised as such during the early Victorian era, have been added in large numbers, and their Majesties' personal suites have been entirely refurnished and redecorated.

• • •

The Royal Suites

A feature of the suites of both the King and the Queen is that all the rooms have communicating doors, so that when all the doors are opened one looks through quite a vista of beautiful apartments. All the King's rooms have green as their predominating colour. His sitting-room contains some beautiful eighteenth-century furniture, but his writing-room is severely modern and business-like, a large flat writing-table with drawers down each side, not yet having been superseded in the Royal favour by the American and very undecorative roll-top desk. Queen Alexandra's suite of rooms is rather French in character. Her bedroom is panelled in old rose silk, with hangings of white satin, the great low bed surmounted by the Imperial crown. The sitting-room is panelled in ivory silk, with gold edgings, and the furniture and carpet is Louis XVI., while there is some beautiful Beauvais tapestry. Her Majesty's bathroom, which is quite new, and was specially designed for her, is fitted with a bath of Grecian marble, taken from quarries which had not been worked for a thousand years.

• • •

Naval America in the Pacific

Washington, on the subject of the naval demonstration in the Pacific, has been so delightfully naïve, so engagingly innocent, that really one has grown thoughtful, sometimes even suspicious. The cruise of the American Fleet, we have been told, not once, but several times, has no connection whatever with the existing difficulties between America and Japan. The Fleet, it seems, is merely in want of change of air and exercise. It is purely a coincidence that the Pacific Slope, and the present unfortunate moment, should have been chosen to supply those wants. And, a little far-fetched as it may seem, all this may quite well be. Next year, it should be remembered, the Presidential election takes place. On such occasions it is quite the recognised thing in America to wake up the people with war-like talk and business-like preparations. In 1895, it is not yet forgotten, Mr. Cleveland sent his Venezuelan message to England. Nothing happened. Nothing was ever meant to happen. Yet quite as many people then thought that war between England and America was inevitable as now think that war between America and Japan is.

Photo] **Admiral Evans** [*Cribb*

In command of the American battle fleet which is now passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific—for reasons a little vague, perhaps, but, of course, *quite* unconnected with Japan

• • •

The Open Question

Electioneering manœuvres quite apart, however, there is the question between America and Japan, which must, sooner or later, be settled. It is the well-worn one of Asiatic immigration, and it involves a score of side-issues—predominance, racial prejudice, the economic necessity for cheap labour, the impossibility of assimilation, the different standards of life, for

East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet—

and a hundred other vital points. Meanwhile, harbours and barracks, fortifications and great ships, guns, and dry docks so vast that Hong Kong's great basin sinks into comparative insignificance, have been slowly, but surely, evolving at Manila. The Philippines are bankrupt, yes. They are over-taxed, discontented, eaten up with petty internecine warfare, just as restless as ever they were before the intervention of the philanthropic United States. But the harbour is completed, a great naval base is established, and President Roosevelt's darling project—the establishment of the United States as the predominating Power in the Pacific—is well in hand. Time alone can worthily, if at all, solve the Asiatic problem. War would only widen and embitter it. Meanwhile, however, light dawns on the unwonted generosity of America in taking the poor little Philippines under her great protecting wing. It was, so to speak, two for herself, one for the Far East, and nothing at all for the Philippines.

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Honouring Great Statesmen: For Fearlessness

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT RECEIVES THE CHEERS OF MISSISSIPPI ADMIRERS

From stereograph copyright 1907 by Underwood and Underwood, N.Y.

The President, on his recent trip down the Mississippi, acknowledges the enthusiastic cheers and demonstrations of crowds on a passing steamer

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For Probity and Industry

LORD CROMER RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON

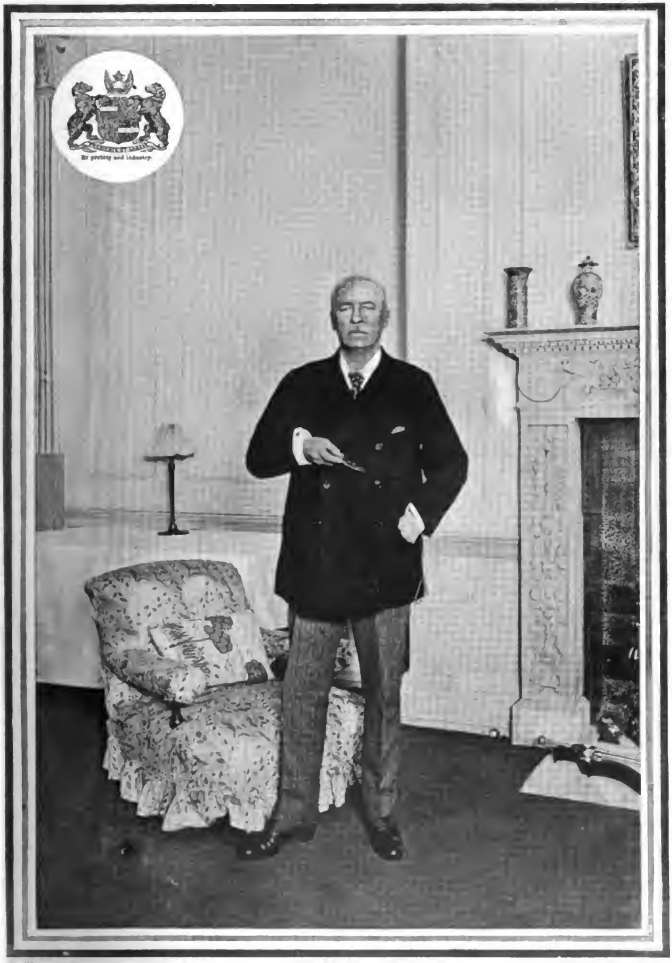

Photo Graphic Photo Union

LORD CROMER AT HOME

The late British Agent-General at Cairo received, on Monday last, the great honour of the Freedom of the City. In the corner is the Cromer crest, which has, as its appropriate motto, the words "Probitate et Labore"—essentially the secret of his great success

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A Change of Pastimes

The Panic in New York

American finance is in a state approaching chaos. Panic reigns, and the prices of some of the railway stocks have decreased by one-third—in some instances, by one-half—since the beginning of the year. Over-speculation, engineered by methods the reverse of scrupulous, has caused the drop, as it had already caused inflation beyond proper limits. On top of the railway crisis came the copper crisis, the bosses of both being allied or identical, and the value of copper has dropped one-half since January last. The copper combines and trusts have suffered relatively, and the reflex of gambling in both railway and copper stocks is apparent in the crash which is now being witnessed. The schemes of the bosses have "ganged agley," and their wealth also. By what miraculous means they can find the hundreds of millions sterling which they had guaranteed for their ventures under the mistaken anticipation that the public would step in to relieve them of their obligations, is a question for the gods. And until this, the crucial question, is solved, bad can only become worse and failure beget failure.

* * *

"Rot Americanus" Again

Eight months ago I pointed out the dangerous condition of American finance, and we are now furnished with President Roosevelt's diagnosis of the disease. He says it is cancer. There being no known permanent cure for this malign growth, it is to be hoped that the complaint is of a less virulent type, probably a form of what I have taken the liberty to term *Rot Americanus*. That the disease is of a cancerous variety may be inferred from the fact that, during every succeeding crisis, financial doctors (with American degrees) assure us that as soon as the fungoid growth is eradicated, a healthier state of finance will prevail. Relapse having followed relapse, and it being plain that former surgical operations were futile, Dr. Roosevelt is adopting heroic methods. His nostrum is like that supplied by the chemist for destroying insects on plants. It not only kills the insects but the plants also. With an amount of self-satisfaction that is difficult to grasp, the President flatters himself upon having "turned the light" on "successful dishonesty." Now, that which may be proper and becoming for a financial journalist may also be so for a President of the United States of America, though I doubt it. Had he probed the sore and provided a remedy he would not have exposed his motive to misconstruction. He did the one, which was quite unnecessary, and not the other, which was. In punishing "successful dishonesty," he is visiting vengeance upon dishonesty's dupe. The *New York World*, by way of justification or apology for the President's conduct, says: "To trip the policemen and let the thief escape is not a prudent part." Of course it isn't! But I fail to

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Huntswoman and Motorist: Mrs. Gordon-Howard in her Napier car

Mrs. Gordon-Howard is well known in the hunting field. She follows the hounds regularly with the Cambridgeshire and other packs, but this year her doctor has forbidden her to hunt, and she is seriously thinking of going on the stage. Mrs. Gordon-Howard is a most enthusiastic motorist, and has three cars—including a Napier and an Argyll

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Before the Crash Came

WALL STREET RECEIVES SOME MUCH-NEEDED SPIRITUAL ADVICE FROM BISHOP INGRAM

Photo *Topical Agency*

"To you of Wall Street I say, make a resolution to pray every day to God!"

But a little while before the frenzy caused by the financial panic, the same "bulls and bears" who were, last week, tearing their hair in the anguish of ruin, were listening to the Bishop of London (mounted on a soap-box) delivering a striking sermon, which culminated in the above words

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Touching that Druce Tomb

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Mr. Herbert Druce

Alleged to have sworn a false affidavit as to the burial of his late father, Mr. T. C. Druce, of the Baker Street Bazaar, who, according to the plaintiffs, was none other than the fifth Duke of Portland

grasp the intent of the homily as bearing upon the present position. To punish the thief by despoiling his victim is infinitely less prudent; but that is just the effect which President Roosevelt's onslaught has managed to bring about. He is shooting wildly, and whilst pinking "successful dishonesty" is also hitting dishonesty's victim as well as the innocent bystander. Running amuck is no cure for frenzied finance.

* * *

The German Court Scandal

Once again we are, through the case of Von Moltke *v.* Harden, amazed by "revelations" of dark doings in Court circles; once again should we be amazed that we are still capable of being amazed at such revelations. For what decade passes but does not unearth some similar scandal—somewhere? Too often has one been divulged in our own country for us to hold up hands of holy horror at the evidence of German aristocratic depravity brought to light, with, it seems to me, somewhat unnecessary ferocity, by Herr Harden. That Moltke was of abnormal inclinations seems to have been proved, but the measure of his practice of them is by no means established. Similarly, with Prince Eulenburg, it is proven that this man exercised, from the first, a baneful influence over his Royal master, as a result of which Bismarck was dismissed, Caprivi overthrown, and the external position of the Empire disturbed. In tracing these undoubted evils to their right source, Harden has done Germany a political service. But could he not have done this without mud-throwing? By all means let him fight a political foe, but with political weapons. The private views on morality of these persons

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Fateful Druce Tomb

The controversy as to the contents of which again rages, and is now before the Police Magistrate in connection with a new action by the claimants. The tomb, as everybody knows, is alleged to contain, not the remains of the late Mr. T. C. Druce at all, but something quite different

may interest the police; they do not concern politics. Even had the Kaiser shown some special favour to men of the Moltke-Eulenberg type, there can be no suggestion of his sympathy with their personal eccentricities. The men denounced with such malignant bitterness by Harden may have been entirely qualified for diplomatic and military duties, and as entitled to advise the Sovereign as others of sterner morals. They happened to mislead him—true. But they might have done that no less had their morals been made of marble. Strict personal virtue has never yet been a necessary accompaniment of statemanship. Nations have often enough, Heaven knows, been led to their doom by plaster saints.

* * *

The Druce Case Again!

That hardy perennial, the Druce case, has cropped up again, though on this occasion quite a startling development has made its appearance, in the shape of yet another claimant. This gentleman, in quite the approved style, hails from Australia, that land of long-lost relatives, and last week opened his campaign at the Marylebone Police Court. He charges Mr. Herbert Druce, of St. John's Wood, with perjury for stating that he saw his father, Mr. Thomas Charles Druce, the proprietor of the Baker Street Bazaar (also the alleged Duke of Portland), lying dead in his coffin in 1864. The new claimant is the grandson of Mr. T. C. Druce by his first marriage, his father being Mr. George Druce. The defendant is the son of Mr. T. C. Druce by a second wife. The case was adjourned for a fortnight, so for the next few days we must hold our breath, and interest ourselves in other topics—of which there are plenty.

Photo *Park*

Mr. George Hollamby Druce

The new claimant in the famous case, who has instituted the action against Mr. Herbert Druce

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The Moltke-Harden Case

THE "SWEET ONE" AND HIS FELLOW ACTORS IN THE DRAMA

Count Kuno von Moltke (the "Sweet One"), the Plaintiff, and the Countess Dunckelmann on their way from the Court

Photo *Kester*

Maximilian Harden, the Defendant. He is the Editor of "Die Zukunft," and was an intimate friend of Bismarck

Photo *Hassel*

Frau Lili von Elbe, the Divorced Wife of the Plaintiff, Von Moltke (accompanied by her son), whose evidence of her matrimonial experiences caused so painful a sensation

The most sensational trial of recent years came to an end in Berlin on Saturday, when the Court decided to suspend their judgment on the guilt of Harden. Public opinion decisively favours the defendant, though it is generally felt that the plaintiff has been handled with somewhat unnecessary ferocity. Attention mostly centres round the Kaiser, who is alleged to have been unduly influenced throughout his reign by the "Camarilla," one of the results of which was the summary dropping of Bismarck from the Ship of State

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The Youngest British Baronet

"Sir Gawaine"

The new Sir Gawaine Baillie comes "full young and tender of age" into possession of his heritage. So, too, according to Malory, did his namesake, that valorous Sir Gawaine, Knight of King Arthur's Round Table, to whom was early apportioned not only the task of avenging King Lot, his father, upon King Pelinore, but also that, by ordinance of Queen Guenever, of being "ever while he lived for all ladies, fighting for their quarrels, and never to refuse them mercy." Sir Robert Baillie died suddenly at Colchester a week or so ago at the age of forty-nine. His romantically named little son is in his fourteenth year. The late baronet spent the greater part of his life in Australia, though he belonged to a very old Midlothian family, an ancestor of his, Lord Polkemmet, having been a notable judge of the Court of Session in Edinburgh. Lady Baillie, who was a Miss Wilkie, is also descended from a Midlothian family. She was, however, born and brought up in Melbourne, and has also lived there most of her life.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Our Youngest Baronet, Sir Gawaine Baillie

Who, at the age of thirteen, succeeds his father, the late Sir Robert Baillie, in the baronetcy

* * *

Sir Maurice de Bunsen

Sir Maurice de Bunsen is the descendant of a man who was a great favourite with both Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Baron de Bunsen, for so long Prussian Minister to the Court of St. James's, stood so high, indeed, in the Royal favour, that he was for some time regarded with distinct suspicion over in Berlin. Sir Maurice is still rather German in appearance and character, though he is English on the distaff side, and was brought up in England. But he has the diplomatic "bedside" manner to perfection, is very tall, and well-built, and a splendid linguist. He was Councillor of the Paris Embassy in the days of "Mimile," and went on from there to Lisbon, and from thence to Madrid, where ever since his arrival things Moroccan have not ceased from troubling. Both he and Lady de Bunsen are already popular in Madrid. Like her sister-in-law, the beautiful Baroness Deichmann, Lady de Bunsen has great faith in the gastronomic appeal. Her *chef* is a dream, her dinners frequent, the new Embassy very splendid, and Spaniards are no *dilettantes* in the art of how to dine, bad though the national cooking can be.

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Photo *D. Knights-Whitlome*

A Diplomat at Work: Sir Maurice de Bunsen, British Minister in Madrid, in his Study

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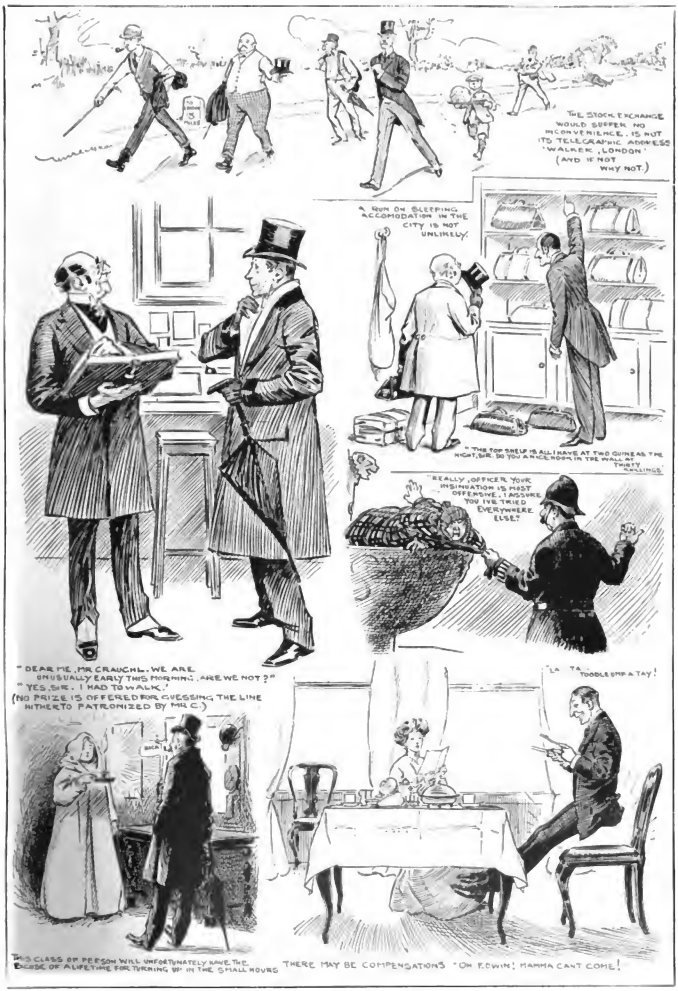
In the Event of a Railway Strike



A FORECAST OF LONDON'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS IT IF IT HAPPENS

BY FRANK GILLETT

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An Impression of Sarah Bernhardt

IN "LE REVEIL"

DRAWN AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE BY CHARLES R. SYKES

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THE PLAYHOUSES

BY ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

TWO PROMISING PLAYWRIGHTS

KINGSWAY THEATRE

"Irene Wycherley"

What are the odds against the success of a new play by a new author in a new theatre, presided over by a new manageress? Long odds. I went to the Kingsway Theatre, tenderly nursing the little flame of hope which I never allow quite to die within my breast. I saw a most depressing play, but the occasion was joyful. Not since the sudden appearance of Mr. Sutro upon Mount Olympus has there appeared one more qualified than Mr. Anthony P. Wharton to take his place among the gods. He has not yet laid bare his secrets under the deft probing of the interviewers, but I swear Ibsen has been his master. He has Ibsen's rather uncanny power of suggestion; his way of telling truths in an exceedingly unpleasant manner; his way of making our disgust appear a mean, middle-class emotion beside his own cleverness and knowledge of human nature.

The relations between Philip Wycherley (Mr. Norman McKinnel) and his wife (Miss Lena Ashwell) are dissected with such astonishing skill that, though we are tempted to cry out, "Hold! Enough of this sickening spectacle!" we are compelled against our will to sit still until the operator has finished. The new dramatist is often, alas! painful, but not in the sense that Mr. Wharton is painful. In the first case, the word "painful" is slang; in the second case, the word carries its true meaning. Mr. Wharton inflicts pain by his ability to draw a set of characters so dreadfully true that we are fascinated by them; that we are unable to withdraw our gaze from them. "What a picnic!" cries slangy Muriel Wycherley (Miss Doris Lytton). Used satirically, this phrase might serve as a text to the notice of the play. A picnic it is of the most unpleasant description.

The play reveals the mental sufferings of a wife married to a beast. In good, honest, old melodrama the house cries "Oh!" when the villain knocks a woman about. Philip Wycherley's treatment of his wife causes us even greater thrills of disgust. Miss Lena Ashwell's performance of the unhappy wife is haunting. She moves through the play a figure of sorrow, and there is many a case where the actress gives the final touches to the creation of the dramatist. Her silences are more eloquent than her outbursts.

The "support" to the new actress-manageress was ably provided by Mr. C. M. Hallard (Harry Chesterton, the devoted lover of Irene Wycherley), Mr. Norman McKinnel (Philip Wycherley), who revelled rather in the horrors of his rôle, Miss Muriel Wylford, and Mr. Henry Vibart. The two last players are cast for the rôles of Mr. and Mrs. Summers, who provide the pivot upon which the tragedy turns. Lily Summers has been the mistress of Philip Wycherley. She marries, and reappears in his country-house as a guest. Summers, suspecting the relationship, is responsible for the gunshot "accident" which so disfigures Wycherley. The second time, Summers makes more certain of his aim. He shoots the wretched Wycherley and turns the weapon upon himself. A sordid story, but powerful—most powerful. The closing few minutes of the play strung the audience up to a nervous pitch of excitement. As a rule, at this period of the play, they are making dives for coats and wraps.

Photo *Lever Street Studios*

Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Muriel Beaumont in "The Barrier," at the Comedy Theatre

LADY ALMA DUMARAY (*Miss Muriel Beaumont*): "It's all over now, Maggie, dear"

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APOLLO THEATRE

"The Education of Elizabeth"

Mr. Roy Horniman is a welcome addition to the thin ranks of British dramatists. He has plenty of ideas, and is at home when exploiting them through the medium of the stage. When he has "found himself" we expect to find him figuring often upon the playbills of West End productions. *The Education of Elizabeth* possesses an immense amount of charm. There is good writing in it, and clever characterisation. It is one of those plays which is so good that one is safe to lay odds upon the next one being a hundred per cent. better. The inexperienced writer for the stage finds it difficult to keep upon the plane of comedy. Mr. Horniman kept there for two acts, and then fear had the effect of making him jump off. He was afraid that there was not enough drama about his play, so proceeded to supply the deficiency. When he grew dramatic, he grew obvious. We like Elizabeth, turned by education from a gay, good-hearted, rather common girl into a prude and a blue-stocking; but she begins to bore us when she runs away with the gentlemanly villain, Mr. Whitby (Mr. H. V. Esmond), leaves him at Victoria, goes into Bloomsbury lodgings, and is finally discovered by the hero. There is one terrible bogey which confronts the new playwright—the bogey of convention. He is told that success lies at the end of beaten tracks. The new man soars upon the wings of his fancy, then grows afraid of his temerity and falls to earth. But Mr. Horniman should soon develop into a long-distance flyer. The change in the character of Elizabeth, and especially the wonderfully natural quarrel which her new outlook upon life involves her with her old stage friend, Blanche Macyntyre (Miss Florence Lloyd), could only have been developed by a man of more than ordinary capacity for writing for the stage.

Miss Miriam Clements acted with great charm, both as the old Elizabeth and as the new. She managed to sustain our interest in the character even during the inferior latter half of the play. Mr. H. Marsh Allen, in his quiet, telling way, made a very real person of Elizabeth's *fiancé*, Harry Fairfax. Miss Maude Millett, as Harry's sister, completed this trio of most likeable characters. Mr. Laurence Grossmith was of great assistance in the lighter passages. Miss Florence Lloyd, as the vulgar, good-hearted Blanche Macyntyre, reminded us of Miss Nancy Price's famous shop-girl character, but the rôle, quite as much as the actress, suggested the resemblance.

For some totally inexplicable reason, the gallery booed the author. Surely these ill-mannered young men must have sufficient knowledge of things theatrical to realise the present shortage in dramatic authors. If they do realise this fact, and were unable to recognise in Mr. Horniman a very promising recruit to the writers for the stage, then one can only lament their ignorance.

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Lily Brayton

As Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, at His Majesty's Theatre

QUEEN'S THEATRE

"The Sugar Bowl"

Mr. Herbert Sleath's season opened last week at the Queen's Theatre with a new comedy by Madeline Lucette Riley, *The Sugar Bowl*. The *raison d'être* of the title is given in the first act by the forlorn heroine. Having been neglected for four seasons by those from whom she most expected attention, she suggests to an ex-Ambassador, whose attention she attracts in the ballroom by knocking over a "shrub in tub," that he shall, for a time, act as her decoy fly, merely, of course, to attract others of a similar sex to himself. But there must be nothing serious, merely a game, pure pretence on either part. That's what she says. In the end, of course, the ex-Ambassador proposes and is accepted. There were one or two quite pretty love scenes, very charmingly played by Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Mr. Fred Kerr; Miss Kate Sargeantson, the Grande Dame *par excellence*, had a great deal to say, and said it well and distinctly; also quite a number of ladies and gentlemen otherwise assisted in the performance, but as none of them are allowed to remain on the stage for more than a few minutes at a time, it is difficult to take more than a casual interest in their movements. E. C. S.

An Irish Singer

The success of the recent Pan-Celtic Congress at Edinburgh showed the interest which has recently been awakened in Celtic folk-lore and folk-songs. It is, therefore, interesting to hear that a singer of no small merit and reputation is devoting herself entirely to the interpretation of Irish folk-songs and melodies. Miss Eileen Russell, the lady in question, who has already been heard to great advantage in grand opera, has made a special study of the songs of her native land, and recently gave a most charming and sympathetic rendering of several characteristic melodies at a soirée held under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society. Miss Russell sings with exquisite charm many of Moore's beautiful "Irish Melodies," besides many ancient and traditional airs seldom or never heard beyond the shores of the Emerald Isle. The feeling and depth of the Celtic nature finds its full expression in Miss Eileen Russell's interpretations, and her performance is both delightful and unique.

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A STUDY IN INANITION

Sir Charles Wyndham made a daring innovation when he decided to produce *The Mollusc*, for the cast of the piece only contains four persons. His venture, however, has been amply justified, and now "everyone" is flocking to see the efforts displayed by husband and brother to combat the "molluscery" and supine nature of Mrs. Baxter

DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW

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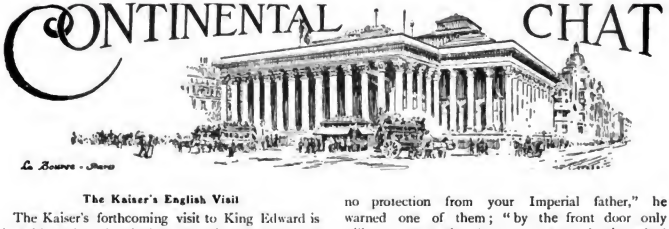
CONTINENTAL CHAT



The Kaiser's English Visit

The Kaiser's forthcoming visit to King Edward is the subject of much quiet but wondering amusement in France, where British anti-German feeling has been watched with some pleasure. The French, who are essentially psychologists, have come to regard that feeling as contributing to the development of Anglo-French amity. Thus, there is no very keen desire to see the hostility to Germany in England abate, and there is much speculation as to how the reception given to the German Sovereign will compare, for instance, with that enjoyed by M. Loubet. The announcement that M. Fallières will be invited to pay a visit to the King next year is probably premature. A very friendly reception to the Kaiser will almost make an invitation to M. Fallières a political necessity. A cold reception given to the Kaiser might relieve the King from any such obligation towards his Gallic friends. The German character is supersensitive and pessimistic in International matters, and the Kaiser's impetuous way of saying what is uppermost in his mind, irrespective of consequences, does not tend to smooth over difficulties when they occur. On the whole, I gather from conversation with my French friends that, though their feelings would be gratified by a cold reception of the German guests, their reason turns them the other way. The French want peace almost at any price, and the anti-militarist movement has taken a strong hold on a large part of the population of the leading towns.

Photo *E.N.A.*

Under Parental Supervision!

Their Imperial Highnesses Princess Victoria Louise and Prince Joachim of Prussia. Prince Joachim, whose likeness to his august parent may be noted, is about to be confirmed, and the Princess is being carefully coached by the Kaiserin in domestic duties, so as to be fitted, one day, perhaps, to keep house for some king or other

* * *

The Education of a Prince and Princess

In spite of the fact that he is overwhelmed with affairs of State, the Kaiser manages to find time to devote to the education of his sons and daughter. With his family, he is the same great autocrat as he is in politics, and it will not be his fault if ever this Imperial household forgets who was its illustrious head. "Imperialism is no excuse for laziness," he would tell his sons when their scholastic progress failed to satisfy him. "You need expect no protection from your Imperial father," he warned one of them; "by the front door only will you enter the Army; no son of mine shall receive favouritism." Thus H.I.H. Prince Joachim knows that, if his sums are wrong, or his Latin is weak, his Imperial father will require some explanation. Princess Louise has also to pass the paternal examinations. In the science of housekeeping she has learnt all that it is possible to know, and to break her of her tom-boy habits and train her for her possible future rôle of Queen Consort, she is now allowed to visit with the Empress and take part in State ceremonies. Deportment, voice-production, and fluency in foreign languages are the branches of education in which William II. desires his daughter to excel. The Emperor and Empress are leaving Cadinen for their charming little hunting-box at Hubertusstock, about two hours' motor ride from Berlin, which has of late years been somewhat neglected.

* * *

The Kaiser's Religion

This is the Kaiser's first visit to Hubertusstock since the renovations, so that the grounds, preserves, and castle are now in the best condition. A new garage and excellent stables have also been built. During his short stay at Hubertusstock, the Kaiser intends to superintend Prince Joachim's preparation for confirmation, which is to take place soon with all the State ceremony such an important step in a young Prince's life demands. In matters of religion, the Kaiser is strictness itself. Irreverence he will never allow, and to the long trusted Dr. Dryander, the chief Court chaplain, every member of the Imperial family looks up with admiration and respect. The Kaiser, as a preacher, is not unknown. I have just re-read one of the sermons he preached at Münster, and no Protestant pastor could better have explained the doctrine of Christian charity. Terminating with a roll of drums and several "*hochs*," these words could not fail to produce their effect, but the greatest and best part of William's knowledge of Christianity has been

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printed in monthly reviews. Some have sneered at his descending to journalism. But to all this the Kaiser is indifferent, for is he not one of those privileged writers who can air his opinions regardless of criticism? The Germans are very pleased with the Kaiser's decision that his eldest son shall work in the Wilhelmstrasse. The Crown Prince himself is also delighted with the suggestion, knowing how invaluable it will be, in his *métier* of Emperor, to know exactly what should and should not take place in the governing of a country. Hunting has begun in earnest in Germany. The Crown Prince hardly ever misses a Royal meet, which is always surrounded by a great deal of ceremony, and it is his particular duty to distribute the sprigs of fir which each hunter proudly places in his hat, and which is the finishing touch to the brilliant *Hof jagd* costume.

• • •

Dr. Liebknecht's Imprisonment

The condemnation of Dr. Liebknecht to eighteen months' incarceration in a fortress for publishing an anti-militarist pamphlet, reminds one that he passed the earliest years of his life in London, where he was born. His father had many friends in both England and France. Liebknecht, senior, was a refugee in England for many years, spoke English perfectly, and French well. One of them told me how, some twenty-five years ago, his son called on him at Leipzig, and was surprised, while waiting for the great leader in the tiny sitting-room of Liebknecht's little cottage, to hear children screaming, whilst romping, in the purest "Cockney" to each other, and the mother, in English of the same pure kind, admonishing them to silence. In London, at that time, there were political refugees from most European countries. They knew each other well, and when the great wave of Liberalism spread over Europe with the consolidation of Italy and Germany, they returned to their respective countries. Many of them, as acknowledged and honoured leaders, remained friends till they died, and now German, French, and Italian Radical extremists are as far from each other as they are from their rival parties at home.

Photo *Hamilton*

Convicted of High Treason

Karl Liebknecht, the Socialist leader, who was recently sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in a fortress for high treason against Germany

Photo *E.N.A.*

Mud as a Cure for Rheumatism: The Salt Mud Baths at Saki, in the Crimea

The Russian newspapers continue to chronicle extraordinary cures of rheumatism, sciatica, hip disease, and even appendicitis, effected by the remarkable mud baths at Saki, in the Crimea. The mud is obtained from the salt lakes in the vicinity, and is heated by the sun to a temperature only a few degrees below boiling point. Patients lie enveloped in the unpleasant mess—if they be strong—for a period of twenty minutes, when they are taken to the washing-room and liberally sprayed with hot water until they are cleansed. They are then clad in luxurious dressing-gowns and hurried to bed, where they perspire freely for a couple of hours. The baths, which are in the open air, are divided into first and second-class, 3s. being charged for the former and 1s. 6d. for the latter. The little girl seen in the foreground of the above photograph has one leg only immersed in the mud, as the rest of her body requires no cure. The stout lady in the white shirt and large white linen hat is a Russian doctor in charge of the baths

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New German Appointments

Alsace-Lorraine has a new Statthalter, and Germany a new Minister of Foreign Affairs. Herr von Tschirschky is leaving the Wilhelmstrasse to become German Ambassador at Vienna, and no one rejoices more at the change than von Tschirschky himself. Herr von Schoen is to take his place. The Count von Wedel replaces the Prince von Hohenlohe-Langenburg in Alsace-Lorraine. Herr von Schoen owes his post not only to his brilliant diplomatic qualifications, but also to his friendship with the Kaiser.

Herr von Tschirschky did all in his power to establish good relations between Germany and France. Herr von Schoen will probably continue this policy. In Copenhagen he was most successful in doing so, and in St. Petersburg it was he who arranged the celebrated interview of Swinemunde, which brought him such universal praise. The Russians considered him an ideal Ambassador, and yet many of his compatriots expected him to work miracles; some even went so far as to expect him to prevent the Anglo-Russian Treaty. Herr von Schoen and M. Isvolsky are intimate friends.

To the Emperor's desire to protect a friend, Herr von Tschirschky owed his position in the Wilhelmstrasse, and he knew it. He was well aware how poor were his speeches, which appeared doubly so after Bülow's brilliant orations. Finally, he recognised the impossibility of continuing in a position for which he was not qualified, and frankly told the Emperor so. He will be far more in his element as Ambassador at Vienna, and declares that, before two years have passed, the long-desired Franco-German *entente* will be established. Perhaps he will be mistaken! But his pacific views can harm no one, least of all himself.

Photo *Le Lieure*
The New Governor of Alsace-Lorraine
Count von Wedel, who is taking up this new position in succession to Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg. He is a personal friend of the Kaiser

* * *

The Hague Conference

So the Hague Conference has finished its work after more than four months' labour. The ladies have, for the last six weeks, been flitting between The Hague and Paris buying clothes, necessary and unnecessary, fitting dresses, trying hats, and spending money, as the last resort of feminine *ennui*. The men are all as ill-humoured as can be, chiefly because they feel their work does not come up to public expectations. Some of the delegates feel very strongly the hardly unjustified criticism which has been lavished on the Conference. A few, however, have scored personally. Mr. Choate and M. Bourgeois remain the popular men they were before the Conference, and the South Americans have made their mark as orators, if not as debaters, and have played much, it is said, to their native galleries. Opinions have changed concerning Baron Marschall von Bieberstein. The Englishmen, who usually distinguish themselves as managing spirits, have failed to do so this time. Had their leader been a younger man, this would probably not have been the case. Why this Britannic preference for men long past the prime of life? It is unique among nations. Another person who has distinguished himself at The Hague Conference is M. Isudjuki, the first Japanese delegate, and, as a reward for his services, his Government has offered him the Embassy at Berlin. As the representative of the country farthest removed from the seat of the Conference, and a Power which has been the latest to taste the horrors of war, it was he who was called upon to thank his colleagues for their humane assistance in the cause of Peace.

* * *

A New U.S. Ambassador for Germany?

I hear that Mr. Tower is to resign his position as United States Ambassador at Berlin. The news is received with very great regret, for Mr. Tower has done all in his power, socially and politically, to make his term of office a success, and he has been repaid. A friend of Mr. Tower's tells me the reason for his resignation is that he wishes to return to America to superintend the education of his sons, who are, later, to enter the diplomatic service. The two possible candidates for the post are Dr. Hill, a Minister at the Hague, and Mr. Nicholas Longworth. Of the two men, naturally, Dr. Hill has had more experience. He is well versed in International law, is a clever speaker, entertains a great deal, and, during the Peace Conference, he and Mrs. Hill were to be seen in every drawing-room. Mr. Longworth was very well received when he visited Berlin. The Kaiser, I have heard, told the President's daughter, when she expressed the desire to become an Ambassadress in Europe, that he would be more than pleased were she sent to Berlin. In Paris, "Princess" Alice did not create such a favourable impression. The Society of the Faubourg St. Germain sneered at what they called her attempts to play the Princess Royal, and, of course, visits of State were, even in the case of actual Royalties, contrary to the ideals of Republicanism. Mrs. Longworth was not altogether to blame. She was young, "untamed," newspaper accounts were probably exaggerated, and there are few persons, of greater age than herself, who would resist such an opportunity of visiting the world as a "personage." Mrs. Longworth has greatly improved since her marriage. She has become more refined in manner and dress, is devoted to her husband, and is busily engaged in preparing herself for high duties.

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Royal Stag Hunters in Tyrol

DUKE CHARLES EDWARD OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA AND PARTY SECURE A GOOD BAG

Duke Charles Edward Members of the Royal Entourage Master of the Hunt

(From stereograph copyright Underwood and Underwood)

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PHOTOGRAPHING W

The Marconi Express!

The miniature train by which communication other than wireless is maintained with the outer world. The supplies have to be brought for miles across boggy country to the isolated station at Clifden, Connemara

The Place whence Transatlantic Marconigrams are T

What Hertzian Waves Look Like: Re tr

Wireless telegraphy, one of the most won fascinating of recent adaptations of natural p has now passed the purely experimental, thoug evolutionary, stage. The establishment by Sign of his regular service between Clifden Bay, C Ireland, and Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, is a ne invisible, bond of union between England and side of the Atlantic, and the institution of a pu of "Marconigraphy," at the rate of 5d. a w public—less than half the present cable r inestimable boon. The above remarkable ph the Hertzian waves, by means of which th

Mr. Entwistle

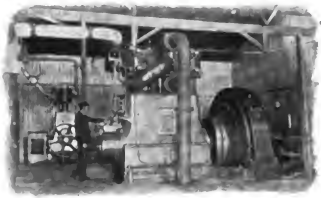
In charge of the Wireless Station at Clifden

Photos

THE NEW MARCONI TELEGRAP

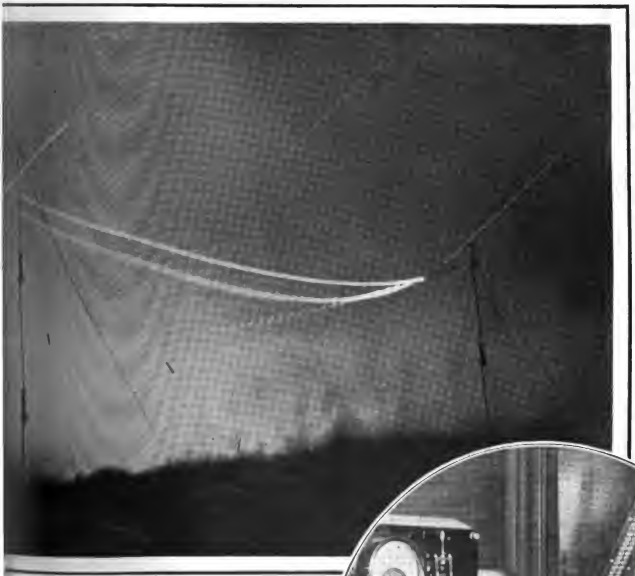
RELESS MESSAGES!

ited: General view of the Clifden Station, Connemara



The Dynamo Room

Where the electric current for the transmission of messages is generated



Mr. Tracey

Receiving the first message

tograph of Marconi messages in the course of from Clifden

are transmitted through space, is also a striking example of the wonders of photography, for the effects recorded by the camera are quite invisible to the human eye. The photograph was taken on a dark and starless night, the moon being visible only once or twice during the half-hour exposure of the plate. Not only do the upright masts stand out prominently, but the wires connected with them are illuminated—to the eye of the camera—by the electric current passing through them, and still more wonderful shafts of light, which the experts contend are the electric rays transmitting a message, are visible.

ICE BETWEEN BRITAIN AND AMERICA

Illustration: Bureau

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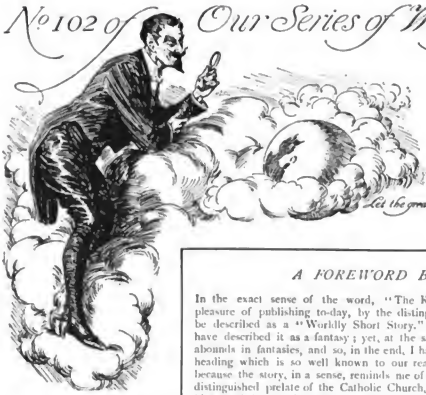

No 102 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories

The King's Messenger

By F. MARION CRAWFORD

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

A FOREWORD BY THE EDITOR

In the exact sense of the word, "The King's Messenger," the story we have the pleasure of publishing to-day, by the distinguished writer, Mr. Marion Crawford, cannot be described as a "Worldly Short Story." It would have been better, perhaps, to have described it as a fantasy; yet, at the same time, to a great many people, the world abounds in fantasies, and so, in the end, I have decided it shall be published under the heading which is so well known to our readers. I am the more disposed to do this because the story, in a sense, reminds me of a conversation I had some years ago with a distinguished prelate of the Catholic Church, a priest whose name is a household word. He was sitting in his study, and, as his wont, was talking earnestly, and in a manner that was sincere and convincing. He made a remark that was so startling that I sat upright. "I cannot believe you mean it seriously," I said. "I was never more serious in my life," was the reply. "There is sin in this world, but those who commit sin are the unwilling victims of the Devil. I believe that Satan has his emissaries in the world, who move in our midst and take any form whatsoever that their Master desires. You may meet them in broad daylight in the streets of Piccadilly. You may meet them as honoured guests at the table of a duchess. They are not confined to one class, and their methods are sufficiently astute always to attain their purpose." When I parted from the Monsignor, I was not certain whether he was the victim of blind superstition, fantasy, or whatever it may be called. I merely state the fact; and since a man reputed for his learning and urbanity could hold such a view, I feel that the manuscript below, by such a distinguished weaver of romance, may properly be called a Worldly Short Story, for who can say to what extent the world is not made up of "fantasies"?—EDITOR.

IT was rather a dim daylight dinner. I remember that quite distinctly, for I could see the glow of the sunset over the trees in the park through the high window at the West end of the dining-room. I had expected to find a larger party, I believe, for I recollect being a little surprised at seeing only a dozen people assembled at table. It seemed to me that in old times, ever so long ago, when I had last stayed in that house, there had been as many as thirty or forty guests. I recognised some of them among a number of beautiful portraits that hung on the walls. There was room for a great many, because there was only one huge window at one end, and one large door at the other. I was very much surprised, too, to see a portrait of myself, evidently painted about twenty years ago, by Lenbach. It seemed very strange that I should have so completely forgotten the picture, and that I should not be able to remember having sat for it. We were good friends, it is true, and he might have painted it from memory without my knowledge, but it was certainly strange that he should never have told me about it. The portraits that hung in the dining-room were all very good indeed, and all, I should say, by the best painters of that time.

My left-hand neighbour was a lovely girl, whose name I had forgotten, though I had known her long; and I fancied that she looked a little disappointed when she saw that I was beside her. On my right there was a vacant seat, and beyond it sat an elderly woman with features as hard as the overwhelmingly splendid diamonds she wore. Her eyes made me think of grey glass marbles cemented into a stone mask. It was odd that her name should have escaped me, too, for I had often met her.

The table looked irregular, and I counted the guests mechanically while I ate my soup. We were only twelve; the empty chair beside me was the thirteenth place.

I suppose it was not very tactful of me to mention this; but I wanted to say something to the beautiful girl on my left, and no other subject for a general remark suggested itself. Just as I was going to speak, I remembered who she was.

"Miss Lorna," I said, to attract her attention, for she was looking away from me towards the door, though she turned when I spoke—"I hope you are not superstitious about being thirteen at table—are you?"

"We are only twelve," she said, in the sweetest voice in the world.

"Yes, but someone else is coming. There's an empty chair here beside me."

"Oh, he doesn't count," said Miss Lorna quietly. "At least, not for everybody. When did you get here? Just in time for dinner, I suppose."

"Yes," I answered, "I'm in luck to be beside you. It seems an age since we were last here together."

"It does, indeed." Miss Lorna sighed and looked

(Continued on page 230)

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"Irene Wycherley" at the Kingsway

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Lena Ashwell as Irene Wycherley and Mr. C. M. Hallard as Harry Chesterton at the Kingsway Theatre

Miss Lena Ashwell has started her venture as actress-manageress at the new Kingsway Theatre very auspiciously with the play *Irene Wycherley*. Though not to be placed in the category of "plays pleasant," the piece is a wonderful study of grim, relentless realism, and of its author, Mr. A. P. Wharton, we shall hear more in the near future

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(Continued from page 228)

at the pictures on the opposite wall. "I've lived a lifetime since I saw you last."

I smiled at the exaggeration.

"When you are thirty, you won't talk of having your life behind you," I said.

"I shall never be thirty," Miss Lorna answered, with such an odd little air of conviction that I did not think of anything to say. "Besides, life isn't made up of years or months or hours, or of anything that has to do with time." she continued. "You ought to know that. Our bodies are something better than mere clocks, wound up to show just how old we are at every moment, by our hair turning grey and our teeth falling out and our faces getting wrinkled and yellow, or puffy and red. Look at your own portrait over there. I don't mind saying that you must have been twenty years younger when that was painted, but I'm sure you are just the same man to-day—improved by age, perhaps!"

I heard a sweet little echoing laugh that seemed very far away; and, indeed, I could not have sworn that it rippled from Miss Lorna's beautiful lips, for though they were parted and smiling, my impression is that they did not move, even as most women's lips are moved by laughter.

"Thank you for thinking me improved," I said. "I find you a little changed, too. I was just going to say that you seem sadder, but you laughed just then."

"Did I? I suppose that's the right thing to do when the play is over, isn't it?"

"If it has been an amusing play," I answered, humouring her.

The wonderful violet eyes turned to me, full of light.

"It's not been a bad play. I don't complain."

"Why do you speak of it as over?"

"I'll tell you, because I'm sure you will keep my secret. You will, won't you? We were always such good friends, you and I, even two years ago, when I was young and silly! Will you promise not to tell anyone till I'm gone?"

"Gone?"

"Yes. Will you promise?"

"Of course I will. But——"

I did not finish the sentence, because Miss Lorna bent nearer to me, so as to speak in a much lower tone. While I listened, I felt her sweet young breath on my cheek.

"I'm going away to-night with the man who is to sit on your other side," she said. "He's a little late. He often is, for he is tremendously busy; but he'll come presently, and after dinner we shall just stroll out into the garden and never come back. That's my secret. You won't betray me, will you?"

Again, as she looked at me, I heard that far-off silver laugh, sweet and low. I was almost too much surprised by what she had told me to notice how still her parted lips were, but that comes back to me now, with my other details.

"My dear Miss Lorna," I said, "do you think of your parents before taking such a step?"

"I have thought of them," she answered. "Of course, they would never consent, and I am very sorry to leave them, but it can't be helped."

At this moment, as often happens when two people are talking in low tones at a large dinner table, there was a momentary lull in the general conversation, and I was spared the trouble of making any further answer to what Miss Lorna had told me so unexpectedly, and with such profound confidence in my discretion.

To tell the truth, she would very probably not have listened, whether my words expressed sympathy or protest, for she had turned suddenly pale, and her eyes were wide and dark. The drop in the talk at table was due to the appearance of the man who was to occupy the vacant place beside me.

He had entered the room very quietly, and he made no elaborate apology for being late, as he sat down, bending his head courteously to our hostess and her husband, and smiling in a gentle sort of way as he nodded to the others.

"Please forgive me," he said quietly. "I was detained by a funeral and missed the train."

It was not until he had taken his place that he looked across me at Miss Lorna and exchanged a glance of recognition with her. I noticed that the lady with the hard face and the splendid diamonds, who was on his other side, drew away from him a little, as if not wishing even to let his sleeve brush against her bare arm. It occurred to me at the same time that Miss Lorna must be wishing me anywhere else except between the man with whom she was just going to run away, and I wished, for their sake and mine, that I could change places with him.

He was certainly not like other men, though few people would have called him handsome. There was something about him that instantly fixed the attention; rarely beautiful as Miss Lorna was, almost everyone would have noticed him first on entering the room, and most persons, I think, would have been more interested by his face than by hers. I could well imagine that some women might love him, even to distraction, though it was just as easy to understand that others might be strongly repelled by him, and might even fear him.

For my part, I shall not try to describe him as one describes an ordinary man, with a dozen or so of adjectives that leave nothing to the imagination but yet offer it no picture which it can grasp. My instinct was to fear him rather than think of him as a possible friend, but I could not help feeling instant admiration for him, as one does at first sight for anything which is very complete, harmonious, and strong. He was dark, and pale, with a shadowy pallor I never saw in any other face; the features of thrice-great Holmes were not modelled in more perfect symmetry; his luminous eyes were not unkind, but there was something fateful in them, and they were set very deep under the grand white brow. His age I could not guess, but I should have called him young; standing, I had seen that he was tall and sinewy, and now that he was seated, he had the unmistakable look of a man accustomed to be in authority, to be heard and to be obeyed. His hands were white, his fingers straight, lean, and very strong.

Everyone at the table seemed to know him, but, as often happens among civilised people, no one called him by name in speaking to him.

"We were beginning to be afraid that you might not get here," said our host.

(Continued on page 231)

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Not Merely Men of Letters

SOME STRIKING EXHIBITS AT THE G.P.O. ART SOCIETY'S SHOW

"A STUDY OF A HEAD." By MR. L. A. PAYNE (LONDON)

"IN FULL SAIL: A THAMES STUDY." By MR. H. W. HIGHAM (LONDON)

"GOLDEN AUTUMN." By MR. H. SCOTT (LEEDS)

The Civil Service has been the training ground of many famous literary men, and to judge by the exhibits to be seen at the G.P.O. Art Society's Show recently opened by Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Postmaster-General, at St. Martin-le-Grand there are artists of no mean merit in the postal service, some of whom would make their mark in another sphere than that of letters

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(Continued from page 230)

"Really?" The Thirteenth Guest smiled quietly, but shook his head. "Did you ever know me to break an engagement, under any circumstances?"

The master of the house laughed, though not very cordially, I thought.

"No," he answered. "Your reputation for keeping your appointments is proverbial! Even your enemies must admit that!"

The Guest nodded, and smiled again. Miss Lorna bent towards me.

"What do you think of him?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Very striking sort of man," I answered in a low tone. "But I'm inclined to be a little afraid of him."

"So was I, at first," she said, and I heard the silver laugh again. "But that soon wears off," she went on. "You'll know him better some day!"

"Shall I?"

"Yes. I'm quite sure you will. Oh, I don't pretend that I fell in love with him at first sight! I went through a phase of feeling afraid of him, as almost everyone does. You see, when people first meet him, they cannot possibly know how kind and gentle he can be, though he is so tremendously strong. I've heard him called cruel, and ruthless, and cold—but it's not true! Indeed, it's not! He can be as gentle as a woman, and he's the truest friend in all the world."

I was going to ask her to tell me his name, but just then I saw that she was looking at him, across me, and I sat as far back in my chair as I could, so that they might speak to each other if they wished to. Their eyes met, and there was a longing light in both—I could not help glancing from one to the other—and Miss Lorna's sweet lips moved almost imperceptibly, though no sound came from them. I have seen young lovers make that small sign to one another even across a room, the signal of a kiss given and returned in the heart's thoughts.

If she had been less beautiful and young, if the man she loved had not been so magnificently manly, it would have jarred on me; but it seemed natural that they should love and not be ashamed of it, and I only hoped that no one else at the table had noticed the tenderly quivering little contraction of the young girl's exquisite mouth.

"You remembered," said the man, quietly. "I got your message this morning. Thank you."

"I hope it's not going to be very hard," murmured Miss Lorna, smiling. "Not that it would make any great difference if it were," she added, more thoughtfully.

"It's the easiest thing in life," he said, "and I promise that you shall never regret it."

"I trust you," the young girl answered, simply.

Then she turned away, for she, no doubt, felt the awkwardness of talking to him across me of a secret which she had confided to me without letting him know that she had done so. Instinctively I turned to him, feeling that the moment had come for breaking the ice and making acquaintance, since we were neighbours at table in a friend's house, and I had known Miss Lorna so long. Besides, it is always interesting to talk with a man who is just going to do something very dangerous or dramatic, and who does not guess that you know what he is about

"I suppose you motored here from town, as you said you missed the train," I said. "It's a good road, isn't it?"

"Yes—I literally flew," replied the dark man, with his gentle smile. "I hope you're not superstitious about thirteen at table?"

"Not in the least," I answered. "In the first place, I'm a fatalist about everything that doesn't depend on my own free will. As I have not the slightest intention of doing anything to shorten my life, it will certainly not come to an abrupt end by any auto-suggestion arising from a silly superstition like that about thirteen!"

"Auto-suggestion? That's rather a new light on the old belief."

"And secondly," I continued, "I don't believe in death. There is no such thing."

"Really?" My neighbour seemed greatly surprised "How do you mean?" he asked. "I don't think I understand you."

"I'm sure *I* don't," put in Miss Lorna, and the silvery laugh followed. She had overheard the conversation, and some of the others were listening, too.

"You don't kill a book by translating it," I said, rather glad to expound my views. "Death is only a translation of life into another language. That's what I mean."

"That's a most interesting point of view," observed the Thirteenth Guest thoughtfully. "I never thought of the matter in that way before, though I've often seen the expression 'translated' in epitaphs. Are you sure that you are not indulging in a little paranomasia?"

"What's that?" inquired the hard-faced lady, with all the contempt which a scholarly word deserves in polite society.

"It means punning," I answered. "No. I am not making a pun. Grave subjects do not lend themselves to low forms of humour. I assure you, I am quite in earnest. Death, in the ordinary sense, is not a real phenomenon at all, so long as there is any life in the universe. It's a name we apply to a change we only partly understand."

"Learned discussions are an awful bore," said the hard-faced lady, very audibly.

"I don't advise you to argue the question too sharply with your neighbour there," laughed the master of house, leaning forward and speaking to me. "He'll get the better of you! He's an expert at what you call 'translating people into another language.'"

If the man beside me was a famous surgeon, as our host, perhaps, meant, it seemed to me that the remark was not in very good taste. He looked more like a soldier.

"Does our friend mean that you are in the Army, and that you are a dangerous person?" I asked of him.

"No," he answered, quietly. "I'm only a King's Messenger, and, in my own opinion, I'm not at all dangerous."

"It must be rather an active life," I said, in order to say something—"constantly coming and going, I suppose?"

"Yes. Constantly."

I felt that Miss Lorna was watching and listening, and I turned to her, only to find that she was again looking beyond me, at my neighbour, though he did not see her. I remember her face very distinctly as it was just then; the recollection is, in fact, the last impression I retained of her matchless beauty, for I never saw her after that evening.

It is something to have seen one of the most beautiful women in the world gazing at the man who was more to her than life and all it held; it is something I cannot forget. But he did not return her

(Continued on page 234)

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"The Devil's Disciple" at the Savoy

THE HANGING SCENE IN WHICH NOBODY IS HANGED

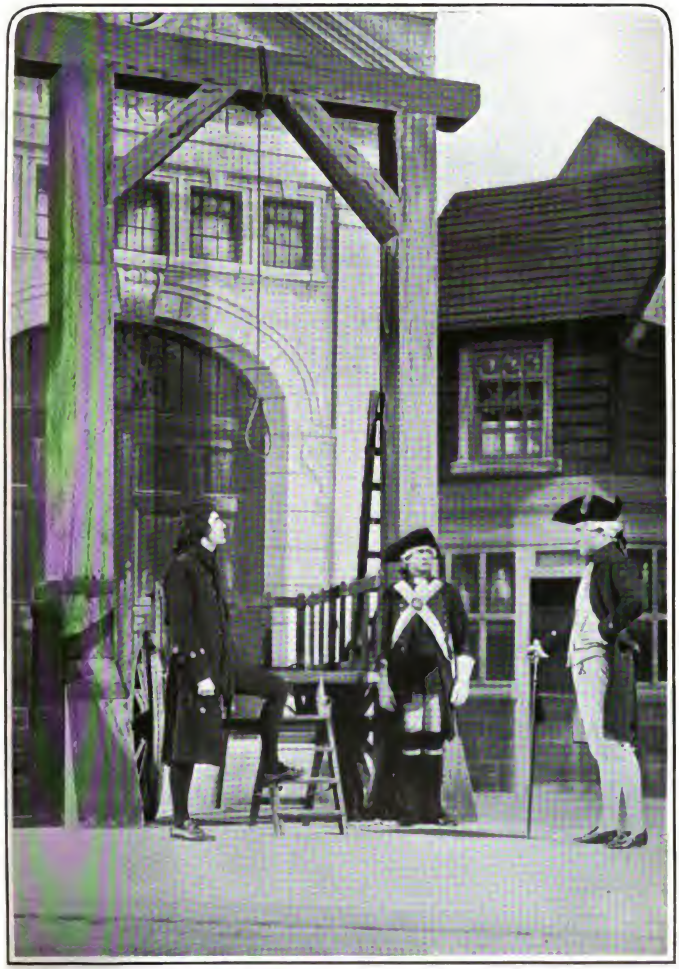

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

The Devil's Disciple is one of the most amusing and picturesque of Mr. Shaw's plays. The above scene shows the gallows in preparation for Dick Dudgeon, sentenced to death by the Court-martial. Though Dick is not guilty of the crime (he has been mistaken for the real culprit, the Rev. Anthony Anderson), he has not troubled to defend himself. His impertinence at the trial causes fits of laughter. The end, be it said, is not tragic, so the play can be seen without anguish

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(Continued from page 230)

look just then, for he had joined in the general conversation, and very soon afterwards he practically absorbed it.

He talked well; more than well—marvellously; but before long, even the lady with the hard face was listening, spellbound with the rest of us, to his stories of nations, and tales of men, brilliant descriptions, anecdotes of heroism and tenderness that were each a perfect coin from the mint of humanity, and dashes of daring wit, and glimpses of a profound insight into the great mystery of the Beyond, and now and then a manly comment on life, that came straight from the heart—never, in all my long experience, did I hear poet, or scholar, or soldier, or ruler of men talk as he did that evening. And as I listened, I was more and more amazed that such a man should be but a simple King's Messenger, as he said he was, earning a poor gentleman's living by carrying his Majesty's despatches from London to the ends of the earth; and I made some sad and sober inward reflections on the vast difference between the gift of talking supremely well and the genius a man must have to accomplish even one little thing in history, in literature, or in art.

"Do you wonder that I love him?" whispered Miss Lorna.

Even in the whisper I heard the glorious pride of the woman who loves altogether, and wholly believes that there is no one like her chosen man.

"No," I answered, "for it is no wonder! I only hope——" I stopped, feeling that it would be foolish and unkind to express the doubt I felt.

"You hope that I may not be disappointed," said Miss Lorna, still almost in a whisper. "That was what you were going to say, I'm sure."

I nodded in spite of myself, and met her eyes; they were full of a wonderful light.

"No one was ever disappointed in him," she murmured, "no living being, neither man, nor woman, nor child. With him I shall have peace and love without end."

"Without end?"

"Yes. For ever and ever!"

After dinner we scattered through the great rooms in the soft evening light of mid June, and by and by I was standing in an open window with the mistress of the house, looking across the garden.

In the distance, Lorna was walking slowly away down the broad avenue with a tall man; and while they were still in sight, though far away, I am sure that I saw his arm steal around her, as if he were drawing her on, and her head bent lovingly to his shoulder; and so they glided away into the twilight and disappeared.

Then at last I turned to my hostess.

"Do you mind telling me the name of that man who came in late and talked so well?" I asked. "You all seemed to know him like an old friend."

She looked at me in profound surprise.

"Do you mean to say that you do not know who he is?" she asked.

"No. I never met him before—a most extraordinary man to be only a King's Messenger."

"He is, indeed, a King's Messenger, my dear friend. His name is '*DEATH*.'"

. . . . .

I dreamed this dream one afternoon last summer, dozing in my chair on deck, under the double awning, when the *Alda* was anchored off Goletta, in sight of Carthage, and the cool north breeze was blowing down the deep gulf of Tunis. I must have been awakened by some slight sound from a boat alongside, for when I opened my eyes my man was standing a little way off, evidently waiting till I should finish my nap. He brought me a telegram which had just come on board, and I opened it rather drowsily, not expecting any particular news.

It was from England, from a very dear friend.

"Lorna died suddenly last night at Church Hadley."

That was all; the dream had been a message.

"With him I shall have peace and love without end."

Thank God! I hear those words in her own voice whenever I think of her.

F. Marion Crawford.

Photo Zobel

A Hazardous Proceeding: Shooting the Rapids in a punt at Maidenhead

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RACING: THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE. BY CARBINE

Sport and Damp at Sandown

Last week's meeting at Sandown was spoilt by the wet. There are comforts at Sandown which you do not get everywhere, but it is impossible really to enjoy the racing when the rain is miserably pattering down. The smartest performance at the meeting was put in by Quelpart, who won the Great Sapling Plate like a real little champion. Nero might have secured the Temple Handicap instead of Snowflight had only he started quicker. Madame de Soubise simply cantered away with the Coombe Plate, and Cocksure II. showed very fine form in the Hook Plate.

A Direct Tip for Malua

All Black was struck out of the Cambridgeshire on Friday last, and a good deal of disappointment has been caused among those who have followed the colt through his recent very consistent performances. It was generally agreed that he must hold an excellent chance at the weights, and it is rather surprising that Mr. Abe Bailey has not wished to see his colours carried in perhaps the biggest handicap of the season. Why was All Black scratched? Presumably because his trainer knows that there is something better in the race. And that "something" can be none other than Malua. It is not surprising, therefore, that Malua has firmly held his place of favouritism. The scratching of Tirara as well as of All Black is the tip direct for Danny Maher's mount, who has been very well tried.

Some Prominent Runners

In other ways the outlook for the Cambridgeshire has changed very materially since I wrote a week ago. For instance, Lally has disappeared. One regrets to hear that he is coughing, and of Mr. Purefoy's shrewdly managed stable there remains only Silver Heeled. A charming filly this, but at the moment of going to press, we hear that she is scratched, so there will be no chance of seeing her repeat Hackler's Pride's memorable successes. Then we have been confronted with the Manton mystery. Alec Taylor has no fewer than seven candidates, and even the trainer himself must be puzzled to know which is the best of them. There was a trial at Manton on Thursday, which Stickup is reported to have won from Royal Lass and Gold Riach; but trials are not always trustworthy, and it is probable that Taylor will have more than one representative in the race.

A Forecast of the Result

Andover appears to have been genuinely supported, and it would never do to leave him out of the reckoning, for did he not nearly win the Royal Hunt Cup, easily beating Malua, among others? He is a game, consistent performer, who is quite likely, in my opinion, to get a place. Dean Swift has kept at a shortish price, and Land League is also in strong demand. The stable of which Lord Carnarvon is chief patron has three to choose from, and at Sandown I heard that Woolley would probably be the chosen one. Among the lightweights, Lady Hasty is said to be in excellent form just now, yet she has run very disappointingly since finishing third for the Oaks, nor can Sagamore, Romney, and Roseate Dawn be recommended on their latest form. One or two others I have not mentioned in this brief survey of the prospects are said to be "fancied," and it certainly is a most open and interesting race. For the reasons expressed in my opening paragraph, my final selection must be **Malua**, and for a "win and place" investment I believe in ANDOVER.

Dewhurst Plate and Other Races

Next to Wednesday's big handicap the most important race of the week will be the Dewhurst Plate on Thursday. Unfortunately, the field will not be so strong as in some years, but the meeting of Vamose and Ednam should at least be attractive, and other smart youngsters, like Royal Realm and Olympus, may add to the interest of the affair. At Newmarket they think very highly indeed of Ednam, but I question whether, even with an advantage in the weights, he will be good enough to beat **Vamose.** Should the Duke of Westminster's colt prove successful over this very severe course he will certainly be the winter favourite for the Derby, though there is precious little winter betting now. On the same afternoon, **The White Knight,** whose grand effort in the Cesarewitch will be long remembered, ought to defeat such as Bridge of Canny, Torpoint, and Hammerkop in the race for the Jockey Club Cup. **All Black** is being saved for the Free Handicap on Thursday, and should win. The greatest danger to him will probably be Queen's Advocate, and if All Black should be beaten, Mr. Abe Bailey will doubtless be sorry that he did not let him take his chance in the much more important event on the preceding day. My other selections are **Mildew II.** for the Houghton Handicap and **Madame de Soubise** for the Final Plate.

"Amateur" Bookmakers

I see that at Newmarket, as well as at Epsom and the Royal enclosure at Ascot, the Jockey Club have decided to prohibit "amateur bookmakers" from betting within the Club enclosures. The "gentleman" bookies have increased in numbers until the professionals have risen in protest, and I think the majority of Club members will say that it is for the best that bookmaking should be kept in its proper sphere—Tattersall's Ring. The only reason for regret at the passing of the Jockey Club's new ukase is that it will tend to reduce the competition among layers of odds. Fairer prices could often be obtained from the "amateurs" than from the men on the rails, who will once again have matters all their own way at Newmarket and elsewhere now that bookmaking is banished from the Club enclosure. It is certain that the odds are nothing like so liberal as they were in the old days. Perhaps it is because the bookies are finding that the large army of professional backers know too much.

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By Field, Stream & Covert.

Hurting and Its Finances

Last week's announcement in THE BYSTANDER, to the effect that the Belvoir Hunt Committee had resolved to go over to the capping system, has aroused some discussion among hunting people and in the sporting papers. It is rightly considered to be an interesting sign of the times when a Hunt with such historic associations as the Belvoir, hitherto quite opposed to taxing its followers, adopts a system which undoubtedly has a mercenary flavour, yet, at the same time, is a necessity in certain subscription countries. Now that the Duke of Rutland's Hounds have fallen into line, the only Hunt in the Shires which remains outside the capping zone is Mr. Fernie's, but I fancy that the Market Harborough pack will have to join the others before long, especially as their meets promise to be more thickly attended than ever this season. It must not be supposed that the capping system is adopted deliberately for the purpose of screwing two sovereigns out of the pocket of an impecunious man every time he hunts. There is always a carefully considered list of exemptions. But what is chiefly desired is that those people who make a practice of hunting, even if only one day a week, absolutely without paying a farthing, should contribute their fair share towards the ever-increasing expenses of the Hunt. The argument is that if a man can afford to keep hunters he can afford to subscribe.

Photo *Carslake Winter-Wood*

A Useful Official

Jim Aggett, who is in his eighty-second year, and lives at Drewston, near Chagford, Dartmoor, is a notable character. For many years he was earth-stopper to the Mid-Devon Foxhounds. He is a widower, and report has it that he is busy "courting," but not his deceased wife's sister!

Increasing the Subscriptions

I think I am right in saying that no Hunt has derived any substantial sum from the actual proceeds of the "cap." What has been achieved is an increase in the subscription list. Hunt secretaries have been glad to find that people who previously got their sport "on the cheap" have, reluctantly enough no doubt, sent along the minimum subscription upon learning of the determination to "cap" them. Obviously, this is to the benefit of sport all

Photo] **A Meet of the Bexhill Harriers at Sidley** *[Graphic Photo Union*

Mr. C. Ward-Jackson is the Master, and the prospects of the season just started are good. One of the few black-and-tan packs in the kingdom. These hounds are famous for their beautiful note, and show excellent sport

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A Morning's Work Among the Cubs

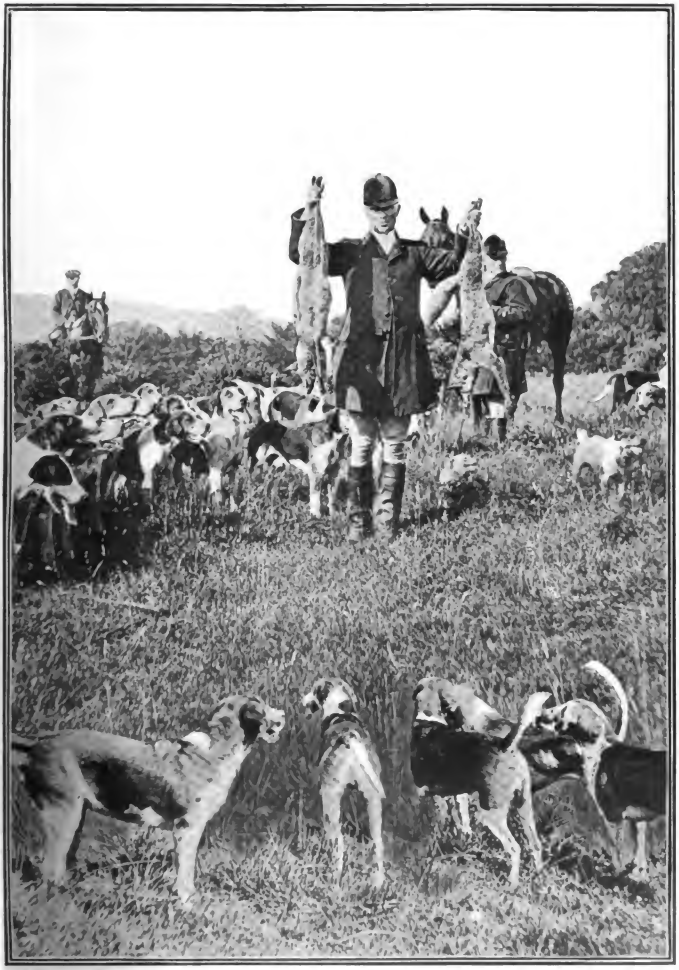

Photo *Hatte*

CUBBING WITH THE TIVERTON HOUNDS

George Potter, the whipper-in of the pack, is seen holding up a brace of fine cubs killed by the pack after a hard morning in covert. W. Hobbs, the huntsman, is in the background

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round. A bigger subscription list enables the Hunt Committee to be less dependent on the generosity of their Master. It enables them to make more efficient arrangement for the removal of wire, and also to treat farmers in a more liberal spirit in the vital matter of poultry and damage claims. Might it be added that the subscriber, even in a small way, is a more self-respecting person than the individual who knows all the time that he is getting his fun mainly at other people's expense?

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Past and Present Masters of the Meynell
Mr. Forte, the ex-Master (on the left), and Mr. Gerald Hardy, the present M.F.H. of the famous Hunt

Is Fox-hunting Expensive?

Apart from the cost of hunters, clothes, stable equipment, and quarters — which, after all, are purely personal concerns—fox-hunting is really one of the least expensive of field sports. You can hunt three or four days a week for six months of the year with the finest pack of hounds in the kingdom, and over the finest grass country, at a cost of about ten shillings a day in subscription. Compare that with the price you have to pay for the best shooting or the best fishing, and you will see how reasonable the basis is upon which Hunts fix their minimum subscriptions. While on this interesting, if somewhat sordid, matter of finances, it may be noted that the Bicester Hunt Committee, acting in the interests of landowners and farmers, have found it necessary, in consequence of large fields, occasioned chiefly by members of neighbouring Hunts and their friends, to increase the amount of subscriptions required from members of neighbouring Hunts who visit the Bicester country on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays. For this season an amount of at least £25 will be required, which will only entitle a subscriber and one lady to hunt, and does not admit of the introduction of any guests or friends.

Out with the Cotteemore: Single file through a brook

Motor-cars and Hunting

In our recent Hunting Supplement allusion was made to the way in which motor-cars may prove of great value and help to hunting people, and, on the other hand, how they can be a nuisance and danger to the Hunt when not driven with discretion. Of the latter we are reminded by the Bicester Hunt Committee's request to members that "no motor-cars should be used within three miles of any meet." But another announcement reminds us equally forcibly of the value of the car to hunting. I refer to the statement that the Duke of Westminster, the newly elected Master of the Cheshire Hunt and a keen motorist, is placing a car at the disposal of his huntsman, Fred Champion, in order to make his work of hunting hounds six days a week, and getting to distant meets, a little less severe. For some time past the Duke of Beaufort has found the motor-car an invaluable friend to himself and his huntsman in hunting his tremendous country in the West of England, and now the latest innovation at Badminton is a motor hound van. The great utility of this conveyance will at once be appreciated by those who know the vast extent of the Badminton country, some of the meets necessitating a journey of twenty miles or more from the kennels.

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

The Eridge Hunt
Two of Lord Henry Nevill's best hounds and the huntsman, Fred Hills

With the Harriers

Our illustrations include a photograph of the Bexhill Harriers, a pack interesting in several ways, but more particularly from the fact that they are entirely black-and-tan in colour. Their beautiful note, obviously an important consideration in a pack of this colour, has long been famous. Mr. C. Ward-Jackson is their present Master, and the prospects for the season just started are good. Indeed, it may be said that the outlook is favourable all round in the harrier countries. Ere closing, the death last week of Mr. T. C. Garth calls for a note of regret. To hold the leadership of a pack of foxhounds for fifty years without a break is, indeed, a notable achievement, and Mr. Garth has been rightly termed an ideal country gentleman and sportsman.

A. W. C.

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

Hockey Results Compared

The leading Southern hockey teams—Staines, Southgate, and Hampstead—are still able to put a nice little round "0" in the "Lost" column of their result tables; but several of their opponents have been pressing them hard, particularly Blackheath. Two Saturdays ago, Staines and Southgate were only a goal to the good against Blackheath and East Sheen respectively, though Hampstead beat Bromley by 4—1. Last Saturday, against Hampstead, Blackheath were again only a goal down (4—5), and Surbiton got three to Southgate's four; but Staines put on two more than Hampstead had done against Bromley, beating them 6—1. The most curious thing about Saturday's results was Oxford's breakdown against F. C. Stock's team, who beat them 6—1, although, only the week before, they had opened their season with a score (9—1) against Surbiton which set everybody thinking. Cambridge, on the other hand, did very well to beat Beckenham (who had beaten Wimbledon 5—2 on the 19th) by 7—0. The way in which the game is going ahead is quite wonderful. It is quite a common thing for a club to run four teams every Saturday, and there are some that can raise as many as six.

The So-called Rugby Revival

It is really rather surprising to find that the daily papers have had time to make the discovery that Rugby football is in a very good way this season. So pleased are they at their own perspicacity that it seems quite likely that the season 1907-8 will, through their instrumentality, be remembered in history as a boom year in the annals of Rugby football. Personally, I regard all the talk about the way in which Rugby football is "reviving" as somewhat exaggerated, for the simple reason that I am one of those who decline to admit that it was in such a fainting condition last year as was generally made out, though it is certainly, as I have said, in a very good way, and going ahead. But, however that may be, the optimistic view is certainly preferable to the other, of which we had such a dose last summer, when one paper after another published statistics in tabular form to show that coddam, knurr-and-spell, and spillikins were about the only games at which Englishmen could really be deemed to be proficient.

'Varsity Vagaries

The 'Varsities have opened their season in a delightfully erratic fashion. Oxford, with about nine-tenths of their Old Blues in residence and any number of potential Blues ready to hand, are almost suffering from an *embarras de richesses*. Cambridge, on the other hand, have more places to fill and fewer likely candidates to choose from. Oxford made a distinctly indifferent start against the London Scottish, whereas Cambridge surprised everybody by the way in which they settled Richmond. And then, a few days later, Cambridge

Photo *Illustrations, Ltd.*

Prince Arthur of Connaught fires the first shot at the New Miniature Rifle Range opened in Southwark last week

The Miniature Rifle League has just inaugurated a range at Lavington Street, Southwark, which was last week opened by Prince Arthur of Connaught. There were also present at the ceremony Sir William Treloar, the Lord Mayor (in the centre) and Mr. C. B. Fry (on the extreme right)

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Photo Muggeridge

The Opening Match of Both Teams: The Surrey v. Cambridge University Match at Dulwich

This was Cambridge's first match of the season, as well as the first undertaken by the newly formed A.F.A. The 'Varsity, with only two of last year's team playing, did well to make a draw (1—1) against the strong side got together by the county, which included Timmis, Norris, and Curwen among the backs. Their chief source of weakness is at half-back

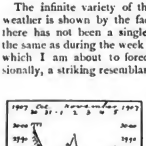
were beaten by Guy's Hospital by a try to nil, while Oxford ran up 36 points to 4 against a rather weak Moseley team. Cambridge were without McLeod in the Guy's match, which, of course, made a difference to the strength of their three-quarter line, and there were three other changes Oxford also had a slightly different team *v.* Moseley. Of the three-quarters who played against the Scottish, Vassall stood down and Milton went to the wing, making way for Steinthal (a last year's Blue) and Cunningham as centres; while a trial was given, forward, to Croaje, a nephew of the famous Boer General. At the time of writing, last Saturday's Varsity matches—Oxford *v.* Old Merchant Taylors and Cambridge *v.* Old Leysians—are still, as far as I am concerned, future events, and, therefore, I cannot say whether they will serve to throw any additional light upon the question of the prospects of the two teams. But the Oxford pack was an undoubtedly clever one last year. The bulk of it is still available, with Roberts (an instance of an International who did not get his Blue) to reinforce it, and if that pack is only strong enough to enable its backs to play a winning game, Oxford will be a fine side. But the backs, and especially the centres, will need to take their passes better than they did in the Scottish match. They are not strong in defence, except at full-back, and when things go a bit wrong Davies will have a lively time. Cambridge, on the other hand, seem to me to be a team, or, at any rate, capable of developing into a team, who can keep their own end up sufficiently well to prevent anything like a big score being run up against them, with, at least, one genius in their ranks—McLeod, to wit—able to seize upon any chance that may be going and make the very most of it. If there is a shade of odds to be laid either way, it should be on Oxford.

THIS WEEK'S WEATHER FORECAST

By Hugh Clements

[Starting with this issue of The Bystander, there is to appear in each number a forecast of the meteorological conditions prevalent for the week, which will give, there is every reason to believe, an absolutely authentic and accurate prediction. This forecast will be prepared and written by Mr. Hugh Clements, whose name is well known to the public as a life-long student of various sciences and arts, the author of two books on agricultural farming and chemistry, and in his capacity as a contributor to the leading agricultural newspapers.—Editor.]

The infinite variety of the tidal conditions controlling the weather is shown by the fact that, during the last 200 years, there has not been a single week in which they have been the same as during the week from October 30 to November 5, which I am about to forecast. The year 1896 shows, occasionally, a striking resemblance to the present week in the tidal position (which occurs every eleven years, and is credited, by ignorant people, to sunspots). But the tidal positions of 1774 (just 133 years ago) came nearest those for the week from October 30 to November 5, because the horizontal parallax of the moon is almost identical. In 1777, just 130 years ago, the movements of declination are practically the same, and only the parallax has to be allowed for. In the accompanying diagram I give the heights of the barometer for 1774, 1777, and 1896, and the dotted curve gives the anticipated heights of the barometer for each day.



This Week's Weather Chart

The dotted line represents the anticipated heights of the barometer from October 30 to November 5, compared with the heights recorded in 1774, 1777, and 1896 respectively

Forecast for the Week Oct. 30 to Nov. 5

Oct. 30 and 31 will be fine, the barometer falling towards evening. A depression will appear, and slight rainfall will occur, on Nov. 1, 2, and 3. The weather will again improve on Nov. 4 and 5

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Golf Notes and Notions

The Old Order Changeth

Recking little of the years that have passed since the golden days, when the course was comparatively deserted in October, I proceeded to St. Andrews recently in the delusive hope of enjoying a month's golf on the finest course in creation, unvexed by questions of crowd, of starting numbers, or other difficulties that beset the golfer at St. Andrews in August and September. To my dismay, I found, on the morning of my arrival, Rhadamanthus Greig throned in his starting-box and dealing with an enormous crowd of players, just as though the previous meeting week had stretched itself into a fortnight. Not only was the old course full, but the new one was having almost as busy a time, while even the ugly duckling of the family, the Jubilee Course, could boast its goodly quota of players.

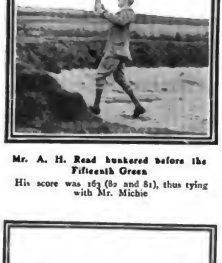
The Feminine Element

But what most impressed itself on my middle-aged mind was the activity of the feminine brigade. In the older days, it was a rare sight to see a lady playing over the men's course during a busy time. Such few ladies as played chose very early hours for their round, or started at odd times when the crowd had been duly despatched. What lady players there were could then be counted on the fingers of one's hands. But nowadays a vast change has occurred. One of the most marked features of this October has been the cohort of playing ladies of all ages who have balloted for numbers and started out on the old course as if to the manner born. Some of them play excessively well; others — well, let us be gallant and say but little about those others. The lady golfer, for good or ill, has arrived, and we have to reckon with that new and increasing factor in the problem of the congestion of the course. Next year, indeed, will see the links given over for a week to the fierce struggles of the Ladies' Championship; and already officials of the Ladies' Golfing Union have been here to arrange with the Club Committee for all the facilities necessary for the hordes of golfing Amazons who will disport themselves here in the late spring or early summer.

The Increase of Ladies' Golf

Ladies' golf, like men's golf, goes on increasing by leaps and bounds. Each year will bring fresh crowds of both sexes to this chosen spot. The Ladies' Championship of next year will familiarise many fresh ladies with the beauties of the old course, and will, doubtless, be the means of spreading a love for golf at St. Andrews among the fair sex. Is it not, therefore, the hour for the Club and the town authorities to take time by the forelock and settle on some clear policy for dealing with the problem of congestion? The difficulty will not get less—each year will make it more formidable. So far, the town authorities seem undecided as to a tariff on the old course, and it may be doubted whether Parliament will ever allow them to make such a daily charge as would check and diminish the evil.

Mr. W. C. Michie
Who tied with Mr. A. H. Read for first place with a score of 163 (81 and 82)



Mr. A. H. Read bunkered before the Fifteenth Green
His score was 163 (82 and 81), thus tying with Mr. Michie

Photos *Dixon*
Mr. S. Mure Ferguson in a Bad Lie
His score was 172 (86 and 86)

STOCK EXCHANGE GOLF AT WALTON HEATH

A New Course Needed

I still hold strongly to the opinion that the crux of the matter is the ladies' putting links. Sweep this away and you have the means of starting the new course on the near side of the burn. Were I the town and Club I should approach Parliament with a plea for disestablishing the ladies' links, and for giving them a proper course of their own. I would either make them a course on the south side of the wall bounding the Elysian fields, or failing ability to get the ground there, I would turn the Jubilee course into a first-rate ladies' course, and would take powers from Parliament to prohibit any lady from playing on either the old or new course without the express permission of the Green Committee. The ladies would thus be confined to their own course, and would immensely relieve the congestion of the men's courses.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Stock Exchange Golf

Last Wednesday, the Stock Exchange Golfing Society held their Annual Thirty-six Holes Scratch Competition at Walton Heath, in which many well-known players took part. Despite heavy rain in the morning and wind in the afternoon, some remarkably good scores were made, the winners being Mr. W. C. Michie and Mr. A. H. Read, who each made a score of 163.

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Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-feature—No. L.: Mr. Charles Cordingley

As proprietor of the *Motor Car Journal* and the *Motor Industrial Review*, as well as the organiser of motor shows at the Agricultural Hall in the early days of the movement, Mr. Charles Cordingley is a man to whom motorists owe much. An unusually keen business man, he is also geniality and good-fellowship personified

(By ALICE P. F. RITCHIE)

THE BYSTANDER next week will contain an extra Supplement of thirty-two pages in a coloured cover, giving a forecast of the principal features of the Olympia Show. The Supplement will be well illustrated throughout. A second extra supplement will be published the subsequent week, dealing more especially with those features which are held over from the first week. Exhaustive preparations have been made to obtain reliable information of the exhibition, and from what can be judged so far, it seems that the features will be: (1) The growth of the six-cylinder on high-powered cars, every manufacturer of note, with one or two notable exceptions, now laying down this type; (2) the increasing tendency to build four-cylinder engines on the moderate and small-powered car in place of two cylinders; (3) a policy evident on the part of the manufacturer to perfect his models while generally keeping to the same price as heretofore. Those persons waiting for the Show in the fond hope of picking up fine cars at reduced prices will be greatly deceived, for no general reduction has or can take place. Not only has competition reduced profit to a fine point, but the maker has to think of his customers who already possess his cars. Any great cheapening of the price of new models would materially affect the value of those already owned.

• • •

The railways, what with the crisis and various accidents, are much to the fore as a topic just now. Will there be a strike or will there not? Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, the British representatives of Messrs. De Dietrich and Co., make a sporting offer to the distracted railway directors. De Dietrich are not only makers of the well-known cars of that name, but also one of the largest railway rolling-stock makers in France. The offer is, in the event of a strike, to put on the metals a series of motor-cars, fitted with flange wheels, to carry either passengers or merchandise as quickly as the present train, though, of course, in reduced quantities. Mr. W. M. Letts tells me that he believes such a service would avert any real serious crisis, and meantime he is approaching one or two of the leading companies with a view to a test run.

• • •

Mr. Letts's idea is certainly one that may help to solve the difficulty, provided men to drive and sufficient vehicles are forthcoming. As to the last, it appears that De Dietrich have one large factory used exclusively for the manufacture of heavy vehicles. The idea would be to take cars of this nature, fit them with 40 h.-p. engines, add the flanged wheels, whereby would be formed a conveyance capable of carrying twenty passengers at a speed of fifty miles per hour. It is not quite clear if De Dietrich are going to find the men as well, for it must not be overlooked that it is want of men the Companies are threatened with, not want of vehicles. If a strike takes place, a service of motor-cars from each district, utilising some of the thousands of motor-cars for sale or hire, will provide an opening for those on the look-out to make money

6 H.-P. DE DION, genuine throughout, 3 speeds and reverse, £135; 9 H.-P. CADILLAC, two-seated, with hood, £100.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W.

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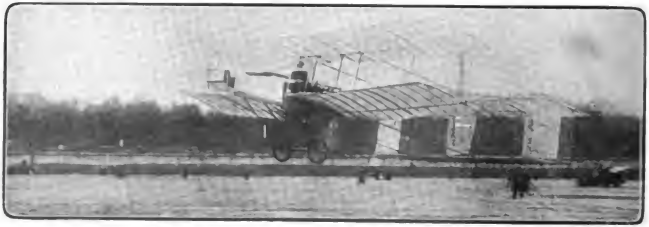

The Record Aeroplane Flight: Mr. H. Farman succeeds in flying half a mile

All previous aeroplane records were broken on Sunday last by Mr. Henry Farman on the Issy Drill Ground, near Paris. After making several short flights, including two of 383 and 440 yards, the latter, itself, a record up to that time, he flew, at a height varying from 3 to 15 feet from the ground, a distance of half a mile

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A great number of well known persons were present last Thursday at Hammersmith Cemetery to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Holmes Kingston, secretary of the Motor Club, who died of septic pneumonia on October 19. Mr. Kingston was only in his fortieth year, and his friends were legion, for he was essentially a man of parts. He was Master of the Savage Club Lodge for this year, and hon. business manager of the Lord Mayor's Crippled Children's Fund Matinée, which took place at His Majesty's Theatre, on June 4, and was such a great success. He was, of course, best known in connection with the Motor Club, of which he was secretary, and to which he was greatly devoted. The membership of the club, whose fine club-house overlooks Coventry Street, has increased by nearly one thousand under his able management. The illness of Mr. Kingston was brought about by a chill, his health having been affected largely through his having overworked himself very considerably of late. He was a fine-looking man, genial, and a general favourite.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

The Late Mr. Holmes Kingston

By the death of its Secretary, the Motor Club loses a most devoted official. Mr. Kingston was an indefatigable worker, and a most popular good fellow

• • •

Miscellanea

The motor-cab business is being taken up strongly in Australia, and we recently recorded the fact that a British firm had been successful in defeating the competition of foreign competitors, and securing the selection of their cabs by the new motor-cab company now being formed in Melbourne, Australia. It now transpires that another large cab company is being formed in Sydney, New South Wales, and that the same British firm—Messrs. Sturmey Motors, Ltd., of Coventry—have been successful in securing the selection of their "Lotis" cabs for this company also, from which it would appear that the motor manufacturers of this country are now more than in a position to hold their own against all comers.

A NEW HOTCHKISS MODEL.—The London and Parisian Motor Company, Ltd., are introducing a new Hotchkiss model, a 16 h.-p. car, and their representative is now touring England in one of these cars with a view to fixing up agencies in the Provinces. Agents wishing to see the new model should notify the London and Parisian Motor Company, of 87, Davies Street, Oxford Street, London, W., who will instruct their representative to pay inquirers a visit, with the car.

"CONTINENTAL" BALLOON MATERIAL.—In view of the recent enthusiasm raised by the performance of various airships, it is interesting to note that the Zeppelin Airship (the largest in the world) recently concluded a trial which lasted nearly eight hours, a speed of over thirty miles per hour being attained. The envelope of the Zeppelin Airship is not constructed of goldbeaters' skin, as in the case of the British vessel "Nulli Secundus," but of a much stronger material, made by the Continental Tyre Co. specially for the purpose (a sample of which has been sent us), and which has undoubtedly proved an important factor in the successes which have so far attended the airship's flight.

ANOTHER ROYAL PATRON.—It is interesting to note that her Majesty Queen Marguerite of Italy, who has been the possessor of several motor-cars of various makes, has just purchased a Wolsit 10 h.-p. autocar. The determination of the manufacturers of the Wolsit to make nothing but the very best is evidently bringing its due reward.

SECOND-HAND CARS FOR THE COLONIES.—There is a greatly increasing demand for cars in the Colonies, the preference being for British-made vehicles. "The Motor House," who do a very extensive business with the Colonies, inform us that the most popular British-made cars are Humbers, Rovers, Siddeleys, and Talbots, while De Dions and Renaults are the French cars most in demand. At the present time these cars are making very good prices, and "The Motor House" are prepared to buy outright any cars of these makes, provided the same are in good condition. The car will be immediately shipped to foreign agents.

Arrangements have been made that in future the Pugh fixed wire wheel can be supplied on any six-cylinder Napier car without extra charge, in place of the more customary but far less mechanical wood wheel. I think Mr. Napier may rightly claim to be one of the first to give buyers the option of having a modern wire wheel, instead of the old-fashioned wood one, without making them pay extra for it.

The 12-14 h.-p. Adams's Car, which is being sent out to Abyssinia for the use of the Emperor Menelik

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Woodland in their 45 h.-p. Mors Car

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Books of the Week

"The Court of Philip IV." By Martin Hume. (Eveleigh Nash.)
"Arethusa." By Marion Crawford. (Macmillan: 6s.)
"Bunkum." By Frank Richardson. (Nash: 6s.)

Concerning Spain's "Planet King"

An admission of some interest to students of modern history is made by Major Martin Hume, the modern historian, *par excellence*, of Spain, in his preface to *The Court of Philip IV.* (Nash). Admitting that the sympathetic public is the only "noble lord" to whom he looks for patronage, Major Hume has detected a change in the tastes of his lordship. "He wants to know and understand, I am told, more about the human beings who personified the events of history than about the plans of the battles they fought." Hence, in telling us about the condition of Spain in the early seventeenth century, he has thought it the best plan to focus attention on the personality of the monarch regnant—Philip IV. (of the Velasquez portrait). Major Hume's discovery is interesting. If it be really the "personalities" of history who principally appeal to the public, then the novelist would certainly seem to be the historian of the future, for he possesses a licence in personal portrayal that is necessarily denied even to so picturesque a biographer as Major Hume. His present book, however, is almost as fascinating as a novel could be. It abounds in graphic chapters. Particularly attractive are the earlier ones, which deal with the visit of Charles I. (as Prince) to Madrid, intent on marrying the charming Infanta, but frustrated in his intention by Spain's insistence on his embracing the Catholic faith —a proposal which "Dear Dad and Gossip," James I., found it impossible to permit his "Baby" to accept. Then, there are the chapters on the Machiavellian Olivares; on the vicious habits of the Spanish Court and people, with their extraordinary predilection for the theatre and the bull-ring; on the wars with France, the loss of Portugal, etc., etc. Thrilling, too, is the story of the attempted assassination of England's Puritan Ambassador to Madrid. Admitted, however, that the book makes excellent reading for the "noble lord," I am unable to see that Philip exactly "personifies" the events of his period. That somewhat flabby Sovereign seems to play little enough part in such romance as there is. "Weak of will, tender of conscience, sensitive of soul. A rake without conviction, a voluptuary who sought sensuous pleasures from the vicious habit long after they had ceased to be pleasures to him, and yet expiated them with agonies of remorse which made his soul a raging hell. This is the man, Philip the Great, 'The Planet King'—as the flattering poets called him." But surely it is an even less deserved flattery of him for a modern historian to make so invertebrate a creature the centre of a history of a period. If, in short, it had been desired to select any one person to personify the events of the time, would the man not have been Olivares himself?

Major Martin Hume

The celebrated historian. His new work, "The Court of Philip IV. of Spain" is now published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash

A New Romance by Marion Crawford

Mr. Marion Crawford — the author, by the way, of our short story this week — has just given us another "tale of the bazaar" in *Arethusa* (Macmillan: 6s.). Nobody knows his Constantinople better than Mr. Crawford—who shall forget "Paul Patoff"?—and this time he takes us back to the days before that city fell to the Turks; to the days of Andronicus IV., who got the throne by deposing his father, John V., afterwards, however, being himself deposed The historical part of the story tells of Carlo Zeno's efforts to restore the dethroned John, and the nocturnal forays and adventures on the banks of the Bosphorus, and before the prison-palace of Blachernae, make very exciting reading. But to Arethusa. She is bought as a slave — though, obviously, nothing of the sort— by Zeno, who intends her for a Florentine friend. Awkwardly, however, Arethusa (for A.D. 1376 a somewhat Bernard-Shawish young lady) plays the "Superman," overwhelms Zeno with love for her sweet white self, and helps him, by a little backstairs business, in his plans to release John, in the doing of which she is herself subjected to the initial stages of a peculiarly devilish form of torture by Andronicus, the murderer, by the way, of her own father. It is needless to say more as to the quality of Mr. Crawford's material, which is rich and rare; nor need any eulogy be passed at this time of day on his workmanship, which remains matchless. If I may say so, however, Arethusa and Zeno seem, both of them, to be rather modern for their period. Arethusa might, as I said, be an up-to-date "Shavian" type, while Zeno is so clean and clear-cut, so quiet and reserved and phlegmatic, that he strikes one as anything but a mediæval Venetian with a past. The twain seem, in fact, to have been, with malice aforethought, borrowed from modern London drawing-rooms, and dumped on the

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Bosphorus, without rehearsal or even make-up. A little more local and chronological colour in depicting them and Mr. Crawford might have made *Arethusa* one of his best, and not merely second-best, romances.

A Tussaud of Vulgarians

In a lurid cover of appropriate yellow comes *Bunkum*, by Mr. Frank Richardson (Eveleigh Nash: 6s.). I say "appropriate," because yellow is the chosen colour of vulgarity, and vulgarity permeates its pages. I do not, of course, mean to say that Mr. Richardson himself is, as a man or as a writer, vulgar. His dearest club-friend wouldn't call him anything so inept. It is the people who populate his stories who are. Of vulgarians, Mr. Richardson is a veritable Mme. Tussaud. Moving busily about the world, he has lain a hold of types calculated to turn the blood cold. Catching my awed glance, as I walk through the corridors of *Bunkum*, there ogles me the large matron of forty—figure practically not a figure; hair parted in the middle. Pale-faced fellow about thirty. Terrible looking person. Chin elaborately studded with pimple fittings. Man, wall-eyed, like a sheep-dog, black enough to be a blot on any landscape. Man, appearance naturally so vulgar that he did not require to wear whiskers at all. Girl, colour of pink blotting-paper. Jew, sinister, with shiny astrachan coat, huge predatory nose, dull black eyes, double chin. Man, mouldy. Clothes horrible, whiskers suggesting fungi on a tomb. Lop ears. And others, even ghastlier. I cry in vain for the sight of one creature fair and of noble mien; for the sound of one pure English accent. Mr. Richardson has no room for such, not even a corner. "There is," he confesses in one of the stories, "something in intense vulgarity that inspires confidence." The only "nice" person, in fact, is Mr. Richardson himself, who, prancing, as he does, politely to and fro among his freaks, tapping in turn with delicate wand this pimple and that whisker, this scarf-pin, that "gent's fancy vest," and those yellow boots, seems, *sotto voce*, to be eternally reminding you how different from these is he himself.

Photo *Dickinsons*

Mr. F. Marion Crawford

Author of THE BYSTANDER's short story this week. Incidentally, there is published at the same time, his latest novel, "Arethusa" (Macmillan), a stirring story of mediæval Constantinople

"The Scoundrel"

To be freezing is the prerogative, on occasion, of every heroine of every story; to be downright frozen—well, that is new at any rate. It is the heroine of Mr. E. J. Oldmeadow's *The Scoundrel* (Grant Richards: 6s.) whom we find in this painfully frigid condition. For private reasons of his own, which, in the first instance, seem decidedly scoundrelly, one Canuto, an Italian, has reduced to the glacial state a lady friend of his. Convincing the hero, a kind-hearted young antiquary (fancy a *young* antiquary! daring Mr. Oldmeadow!) that she is cold stone, and not ice, he gets the hero to take charge of her under the impression that she is a valuable piece of sculpture. The hero accepts the charge, for a week or two. On getting it home, however, he discovers the awful truth. The woman melts to him, with a thoroughness that no woman ever before melted to mortal man, and the grave young antiquary finds himself entertaining, unawares, an angel with no more than the mean celestial clothes allowance. He has first to go to the local haberdasher's and purchase—oh, such things! And he has, then, to—— But I have now said enough to convince you that *The Scoundrel* (how he is a "scoundrel" is later on divulged) is a book to be secured. Mr. Oldmeadow is the author of that most delicate of last year's novels, "Susan." The way Mr. Oldmeadow, who is a very clever man, refrains from being clever when he is writing novels, is, perhaps, the chiefest secret of his undoubted success in that field.

About the Sea

Mr. F. G. Aflalo has compiled a cheery prose anthology, entitled *The Call of the Sea* (E. Grant Richards: 4s. net). Lots of people have written about the sea. Homer has—and Jack London—Virgil, Æschylus, and Hichens; Thucydides, and H. G. Wells, and Ovid, and Filson Young. There is, of course, a lot to be said about the sea. Some of Mr. Aflalo's authors have said it. There is, also, a deal that need not have been said. Some of Mr. Aflalo's authors have said it. Now, I wonder which, say, of the gentlemen above-mentioned have said which? No answers, please, but sixpenny postal orders, by all means, if you like.

"Myths About Monarchs"

Miscellaneous monarchs (ancient) are duly made fun of by Mr. Hansard Watt in *Myths About Monarchs* (Nash: 2s. 6d.)—a series of verses purporting to educate the youthful mind in the doings of Messrs. Pharaoh, Busiris, Rhamsinitus, Cyrus, etc., etc. Though the theme is hardly a highly original one—attributing to ancient personages entirely modern habits and tastes has long been the delight of conic-opera lyricists—Mr. Watt's verses arouse discreet smiles at intervals. One cannot but suspect, however, that he himself is much more amusing than his poetry.

VIVIAN CARTER

A Reference Book for Reference Books

Very much what the *Review of Reviews* is to other journals is Pitman's "Where to Look" to other books of reference. This handy little book, clad in a somewhat startling cover, which, however, militates against its easy loss, will tell you at a glance which is the best book of reference dealing with almost any subject under the sun, whether it be Statistics of Alabama, U.S.A., or Wages of Deceased Seamen. This volume in no way supersedes any existing reference book, but is an invaluable addition to one's library, as it intimates at once the best source of information, not only on general subjects to be found in the familiar "Whitaker" or "Hazell," but also on little-known matters, as to which the plain man is often at a loss where to turn for reference.

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

Every day I live brings the truth more home to me that dressing is a supreme art; furthermore, only the very very few have other than a rudimentary knowledge of the niceties of this art. The fact is I am suffering badly from nausea, occasioned by the spectacle of the suffocatingly smart woman. She is so peculiarly rampant just now, with her prodigally plumed hat, extravagantly large feather boa, and generally overdone appearance. And the worst of it is, she crops up in places and environments that should by rights exert modistic influences of a wholly different order. The very worst of these offenders should really know better, and just why they do not is arousing in me this uncomfortably speculative spirit.

Naturally some sort of solution is to be found in the fact that the large majority are endeavouring to effect startling developments on the cheap. Cheap feather mounts, on cheap felt and block satin hats, combine, with the above-mentioned feathery neck fitments, on the same level of value, to create this effect. Gowns that endeavour to conceal by a superfluity of decoration or something *bizarre* in colouring that their selection has been influenced more by force of circumstances than by anything individual also create a like impression. The whole crux of the dress question to-day, however, is individual inspiration, evolution, and application. And I make so bold as to declare that, until this great truth is grasped, the woman of inartistic, suffocatingly smart aspect will continue to abound.

The Mantle Rage

One has need to travel back to mediæval ages to measure comparison with the beautiful things that at present prevail in wraps of every description. Many of the evening creations are marvels of beauty, the interior having obviously exacted as much attention as the exterior, both painted and kilted chiffon playing leading rôles. A model most beautiful was of old rose chiffon velvet, the fulness drawn to the figure above the waist by heavy curved cordings of satin, while the neck was finished with a little ermine collar hemmed with sable, and there was revealed, when the fronts were thrown back, a *doublure* of Sèvres blue chiffon, arranged in deep-tucked, pleated frills.

It is difficult to differentiate between the designs that are essentially classic, and that fall in full undisturbed folds from the neck, and the teagown of like ilk. There is, in particular, a transparent dress of net, with wide sleeves, that form one with the fulness destined to be worn over any evening dress, the which is immediately transformed into a teagown. Given that this is white or black, preferably black, there are any number of alternative issues that can be brought into play. Then, to go just a step further, imagine this over-dress in Orient satin and satin *charmeuse*. For a month or so it might pose as an evening wrap, passing on, in due course, with certain small extraneous alterations, to teagown realms. There seems to me a distinct suggestion in the idea; it is not my own, so I am in a position to praise it with becoming zeal.

Those who are perforce compelled to consider the practicability before aught else, have innumerable diversities of the Burnous wherefrom to make selection, the most serviceable end being met by cloth-lined satin, with a slit either side for the arms to be passed through. These are quite warm, light of weight, and of the simplest imaginable adjustment. At the same time, far and away the most

Photo *Reutlinger*

The Advent of the Draped Skirt

An attractive model from the Maison Doeuillet

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distinctive Bedouin wrap is of velvet, the silhouette of the draped hood defined by an exceedingly deep *filet* lace that terminates midway either side the front, beneath an avalanche of knotted silk cords.

Brown to Supersede Green for Sporting Purposes

The verdict has gone forth from high quarters that the day of dull greens is ended. All their possibilities have, for the nonce, been exhausted, added to which the dread phase of monotony has set in. So to browns let us turn with all gratitude for something fresh and unusual. A seasonable motor-coat of this *nuance* is built of blanket cloth, with deep-cut armholes and capacious sleeves. It is frequently lined with fur, and also with a detachable leather interior, the latter an accessory that grows yearly in respect and favour. For the sports suit, there is a bracken shade of brown that is eminently pleasing, and contrasts successfully with a greyish-green, the latter either occurring in a large, fine line over-check, or introduced in the form of leather facings, cravat, and cap.

Women with russet hair will find a very plethora of welcome choice in the prevailing range of browns, but the latter are, on the other hand, likely to prove a little unkind to those whose eyes are aggressively grey or blue without any changing or softening lights. Happily, however, such eyes are rare, for their effect is not wholly pleasing. To return, however, to the vogue of brown, there is every good reason to believe that ere another summer puts in an appearance, that colour will have successfully ousted the green, which has this year exclusively monopolised the attention of members of both sexes with sporting proclivities.

An Original Design for a Handsome Tailor-made Hat

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Advent of the Draped Skirt

So determined is the resistance to flounced skirts—several attempts, by the way, having been recently made to bring these into favour—we have perforce to fall back on draped classical effects to break the wearisomeness of the absolutely plain skirt. And it is on such lines our pictured French model from the Maison Doeuillet is arranged.

Fashioned of the fascinating satin *charmeuse* in a delicate *ciel* shade, the drapery is effected in front, and raised over a petticoat of hand-embroidered chiffon, enhanced with applications of lace. The corsage is mainly composed of the embroidered chiffon, relieved by the deftest touches of black velvet. The eye most exacting in simplicities could not possibly find objection to the modest break of line occasioned by this raised drapery, nor yet the opportunity afforded for the display of some transparency in the shape of lace-embroidered and jewelled net.

A Tailor-made Hat That Is Not Dowdy

Our hat illustration on this page is of biscuit-coloured felt, swathed with soft brown leather, that forms a cockade in front, and holds a handsome mount of pheasant tail feathers.

New Sports Hats at Mrs. White's

From time immemorial has Mrs. White, of 63, Jermyn Street, W., held undisputed sway with her sports headgear. Consequently, it was only to be expected that her flight into the realms of motoring should be quite emphatically good. From the familiar motor cap in its every aspect—Mrs. White's predilection running in favour of a three-quarter peak—to the latest development in the shape of a stitched cloth mushroom, a practical end is the main issue. But where the value of the feminine touch comes in is in a certain graceful presentment of these practical persuasions. The stitched cloth hat in question, while sitting with all comfortable precision on the head, is, nevertheless, of most pleasing aspect, besides which it is most sympathetically adorned with guinea-fowl wings, while at the back a silk veil is attached, the ends of which tie in a neat, compact bow beneath the chin. The complete absence of anything fly-away, or incompatible with the pursuit, for which it is ordained, will at once commend it to the consideration of the genuine enthusiast.

A new felt Toreador, just brought out, is an ideal model for the completion of a tailor-made costume. This is worn just a little back on the head, a nattily tied scarf falling over the brim at the left side. And yet another, a mushroom felt, is supremely novel, carried out in two colours, simply relieved by an exceedingly closely pleated *ruche* of ribbon velvet.

Quite of the moment, and yet without departing an iota from the spirit of the house, is a stitched "flexolite" hat, the brim in front caught quite up from the face with a twisted ribbon velvet drapery and wing. This hat, in all colours, represents perfection country wear for various times and seasons. Mrs. White is always pleased to send a selection of her millinery on approval, merely asking the courtesy of a trade reference from customers who are not on her books.

Concerning Havanita

What is Havanita? It is the latest creation in fashionable perfumery just put on the market by the Parfumerie Courvoisier, the well-known makers of that delightful scent, Otto of Violets. Havanita is a delicious odour of extreme refinement distilled from flowers grown in the West Indies. I know of no other scent quite like it. It is exquisite and unique. Havanita may be obtained at prices ranging from 2*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* per bottle.

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No. 205.—Vol. XVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 6, 1907 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles, 304, Curzon Street*

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No. 103.—Vol. XVI.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, November 6, 1907

	PAGE
Frontispiece	253
Bystander Comments	255
The World's Pageant	258
When the King was a Clubman ...	263
The Next-but-Premier Duchess... ...	264
The Buying Up of British Homes ...	266
Continental Chat	268
The Playhouses	270
"The Education of Elizabeth" at the Apollo	271
Our Worldly Short Stories: No. 103.—"A Suburban Episode." By Rose Gardner	276
The Opening Meet of a New Pack ...	281
Field, Stream, and Covert	282
The Library	284
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	286
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	295
A Woman's Note Book	VIII

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"Rodin." By E. Lauton. (Grant Richards: 2s. net.)
"Never." By Walter Emanuel and John Hassall. (Pitman: 1s. net.)
"That Little ——?" By Eyre Hussey. (Longmans: 6s.)
"The One Dog and the Others." By Frances Slaughter. (Longmans: 5s. net.)
"Rob the Ranger." By Herbert Strang. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"The Willoughby Captains." By Talbot B. Reed. (Hodder and Stoughton: 3s. 6d.)
"The House Prefect." By Desmond Coke. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)
"Janet: Her Winter in Quebec." By Anna Chapin Ray. (Hodder and Stoughton: 3s. 6d.)
"Teddy Her Book." By Anna Chapin Ray. (Hodder and Stoughton: 3s. 6d.)
"Nina's Career." By Christina Gowans Whyte. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
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"The Pretenders." By Meredith Fletcher. (Hodder and Stoughton: 3s. 6d.)
"A Great *Punch* Editor." By George Somes Layard. (Pitman: 18s. net.)
"The Garden That I Love." By Alfred Austin. (Macmillan: 5s. net.)
"The Triumph of Woman." By George Barlow. (The Ambrose Company: 1s. net.)
Badminton Magazine for November. (1s. net.)
"The Dog." Edited by Robert Leighton. (Cassell: 25s. net.)
"Where the Winds Sit." By the Author of "Honoria's Patchwork." (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"Arizona Nights." By Stewart E. White. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"Broken Off." By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"The House of Lynch." By Leonard Merrick. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"Fox-hunting Recollections." By Sir Reginald Graham, Bart. (Nash: 10s. net.)
"The Power of Concentration." By Eustace Miles. (Methuen: 3s. 6d. net.)
"My Memoirs." Vol. II. By Alexandre Dumas. (Methuen: 6s.)
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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday November 6, 1907

The action of the *Daily Mail* in arranging that there shall be no railway strike was inevitable. It could not have been expected to allow anything to occur to distract attention from the doings of the two Royal babies now in our midst.

• • •

The idea that the disappearance of Mlle. Lapoukhine was the result of a plot was, from the first, scouted by the police. The likelihood of anything of the kind in the neighbourhood—it was just between the Gaiety and the Aldwych Theatres—was, of course, ludicrous.

• • •

What Guy Fawkes needed was a woman's help. The Suffragettes blow up the Houses of Parliament, whenever they feel like it.

• • •

A dull November will not be the Premier's lot, with all our leading dramatists having at him for the abolition of the Censor. The last straw for the weary camel's back was, of course, Mr. Redford's refusal to allow the performance of Mr. Barker's play, *Waste*. If anything happens to himself, it will be the Censor's own fault. He said "Waste not," and playwrights naturally complete the proverb by saying "Want not." And they really mean it. They don't want him.

• • •

The Kaiser's dislike of the use by his subjects of non-German words is well known, and from time to time he adds a fresh one to his black list. Quite the latest, we learn, is—*Camarilla*.

• • •

The Emperor Menelik, says a Reuter telegram, has issued a decree announcing the constitution of a Cabinet on European lines. All Europeans will be flattered, though, of course, Cabinets differ a good deal in Europe. Our own, for instance, is different from Turkey's. Perhaps, to avoid being too imitative, Menelik will see to it that Radical Ministers, who disagree with their Sovereign on cardinal points, can retire without undue pressure. Either the bow-string or premature burial would do.

• • •

Whole-hearted Londoners are a good deal annoyed at M. Demetrio Maggiora's proposal to disperse fog by means of air cannons. "Wants to make it look like a beastly foreign town," is the deep-voiced objection of elderly City men, as they climb to the top of a dripping omnibus in the murk of a November afternoon; "what's the matter with it?" Perhaps M. Maggiora will reconsider his proposal? There is no city like ours.

• • •

"The Rev. Forbes Phillips, vicar of Gorleston, is now," says the *Daily Graphic*, "writing a play dealing with the marriage question." What a pity the Archbishop of Canterbury could not have waited for this before giving all those tedious directions to his clergy. It would have saved him such a lot of trouble.

• • •

Our contemporary adds—apropos of play-writing vicars—"that if bound together, the plays written by clergymen would make a substantial volume." We call that moderate, and if the Censor had a hand in keeping them down to one volume, there is a good deal to be said for him.

• • •

Preparations for the railway strike move forward. Clerks on many lines are being trained to take the duties of signalmen, and the more zealous of these young fellows are said to be quite anxious to have a go at the signals on a foggy day. Trains, of course, rarely, if ever, run into a signal-box.

• • •

Provisioning the country will, in the event of a strike, be the great difficulty; but this is not, it seems, all being left to chance. Brewers, according to a daily paper, are supplying many of their customers with beer for three months ahead.

When Socialism Reaches the Army

COLONEL: "Why the deuce don't you salute me when you pass, sir?"
RECRUIT: "I nodded me 'ead, and said 'Wot ho!' clear enough"
(By Arthur Lee)

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The Coxswainless Fours at Oxford

Photos] The New College Crew [Dixon

MAGDALEN (THE ULTIMATE WINNERS) WIN FROM CHRIST CHURCH Beaten in the final on Friday by Magdalen

Interesting racing was seen last week at Oxford during the Coxswainless Fours. On Wednesday, Magdalen beat Christ Church, after an exciting struggle, mainly owing to the fine steering of J. R. Somers-Smith. On the second day, the competitors were favoured by ideal weather conditions, and in the first heat there was a capital race between Magdalen and Christ Church II.; and, in the second heat, New College, after a good start, beat Trinity by two lengths. On Friday there was a big attendance, and in the final, Magdalen beat New College by three and half lengths.

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A deputation from Swaziland is now on its way to England with the intention of visiting the King and proclaiming its loyalty. In view of the agitation that was recently got up against a product said to be grown by slave labour in the Portuguese islands, it seems curious that the name of the chief Swazi spokesman should be O-no-coco.

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In a classification recently given of the newly elected Russian Duma, the Party of Peaceful Regeneration is represented by one Member. Party politics in Russia suffer a good deal from internal dissension, but experts maintain that this fault is not so wide-spread as people think. They are hopeful that the Party of Peaceful Regeneration will, at any rate, vote solid.

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Australians are divided as to the merits of the English Eleven now opposed to them, some critics maintaining that they are too young, others that they are too old. Of course, there is no settling a point like this. But so long as the crutches and the perambulators are not actually brought on the field, it does not, in our opinion, greatly matter. The best side will probably win in the end.

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A striking feature among London entertainments last week was a "fairy-tale banquet," given by the Lyceum Club. "Standing," says a contemporary, "beneath a bower at the end of a long table and under a strange ray of light, Miss Constance Smedley and others told fairy stories, while members and friends sat at tables which were dimly illuminated by candlelight." There is something to be said for this sort of banquet, if the food was also good. But we should like to be assured of that, and also of whether the invisible hands that doubtless waited at the tables were content with invisible tips.

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In spite of the unparalleled success of the voyage undertaken by one-half of the *Suevic* last week, designers do not favour the idea of turning out liners on this pattern. It is cheap, of course; but many of them consider that half a boat has an unfinished look that would fail to appeal to the majority of ocean-going passengers.

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Admiral Chester, U.S.A., has appealed to his countrymen for "a corps of airships, which shall be the eyes of the American Navy." We do not know why airships should form a "corps," but in any case the demand is surely premature. A Navy's eyes do not need to be goo-goo, but, on the other hand, a man who carried his eyes at the end of a string, and was liable to have them blown away at any moment, would feel very insecure. So would a Navy.

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On his visit to the Hippodrome, King Alfonso questioned the manager very keenly about "The Avalanche." "Is it," asked his Majesty, "really as good as 'The Flood'? I remember that well since I was here last." It had not seemed quite so long ago that the genial young monarch last visited us.

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Some amusing cousinly amenities have been going forward in the *Times*, the New York correspondent of which has been referred to as "a lineal descendant of Ananias" by—Mr. W. R. Hearst.

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Following the example of the Savoy Restaurant, which has recently submitted the question of evening clothes to a referendum of its patrons, some of the smaller London eating-houses have, we understand, been trying to ascertain the opinion of their clients on the question of whether guests should be allowed to dine without their boots. Answers are not yet to hand.

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TAKEN HIS COAT OFF?—The *Sunday Times* writes:—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman arrived at 10, Downing Street, shortly before 9 o'clock yesterday evening, having travelled up from Scotland by the West-coat express.

Talking Business!

"Lend us a tanner, guv'ner"
"No, thertainly not!"
"Well, give us fourpence for a bed"
"Ah! Now you're talkin' butlineth.
Vere'th the bed?"

(By Hope Read)

Our Motor Supplement

Our Special Olympia Motor Supplement will appeal not only to the car-owner, but to the average man who is not as yet a motorist, and it will be found an invaluable guide to all the chief exhibits at the Olympia Show. Therefore, do not forget to take it with you when you pay your visit there.

THIS WEEK'S WEATHER

From November 6th to 12th

By Hugh Clements

As announced last week, Mr. Hugh Clements, the well-known weather specialist, has undertaken, week by week, to forecast the prevalent weather conditions in THE BYSTANDER. It is hoped, in an early issue, to give Mr. Clements an opportunity of explaining his method. In the meantime, we give below his forecast for the present week.—EDITOR.

During the period from the 6th to the 12th November, the weather of England, Ireland, and the South of Scotland will be controlled by the tides caused by the nadir moon and sun. On the 6th, the barometer will be about, or over, average height. By the 7th, however, it will fall, with unsettlement in the weather and probable rain. By the 8th, the barometer will begin to rise, but the weather will still be unsettled, and rain will fall in various parts of the country, including London. By the 9th, the barometer will continue to rise at London and the South of England generally and will continue high; but on the 12th, in or around the latitude of London, the barometer will fall, with unsettled weather.

The weather will be unsettled, with some rain, on the 7th and 8th and part of the 9th and 12th, but finer on the 6th, 10th, and 11th, and partially on the other days.

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To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Ogling of Royalty

I yield to none in my entire loyalty, and desire, before writing another line, to tender THE BYSTANDER'S congratulations to the King on the attainment, next Saturday, of his sixty-sixth birthday. But I draw the line at the orgies of gush over the little group of Royalties who are, at present, for purely private and family reasons, visiting their British relatives. It is, indeed, a sorry reflection on the state of mind of an Imperial race that, in its metropolis, newspapers should brush aside matters of high importance to chronicle not only the doings of the monarchs themselves, but of their infant offspring. I understand that many people spent hours in the murk of various days of last week to catch sight of T.R.H. Prince Olaf and Prince of Asturias. The only possible justification for such unmitigated loafing were the desire to pick pockets, but as the Police Reports on the morrow quite failed to provide any such evidence of business-like activity on the part of the crowds, I am forced to conclude that the motive was mere snobbish curiosity.

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A Plea for Privacy

Why cannot we let our Royal visitors from Spain, and Norway, and Portugal alone, on their little visits *incog.* to their eminently quiet and simple - living British relatives and friends? That, next week, some of us should interest ourselves in the visit of the Kaiser and Kaiserin is different. In the Emperor William one beholds, at least, the master of a great Empire and vast forces, a political power, and a man of exceptional and versatile ability. Let us, as he passes through the City next Wednesday, keep open our eyes and mouths as long as the fog permits. But we should certainly learn to control ourselves when the visitors are here for purely private purposes, especially as, in the case of the Queen of Norway (and baby) and the Queen of Spain (and baby), public curiosity is very much disliked.

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Three Queens on View

The King and the racing set were again at Newmarket for the Houghton Meeting last week. In Town, the presence of three Queens, several Princesses, and those two aforementioned Royal babes, proved the signal for the beginning in real earnest of the autumn season. Suburban ladies, window-gazing in Regent Street on an afternoon early in the week, returned to Tooting in a glow of patriotic fervour. They had seen two Queens. I myself had the felicity of seeing Queen Alexandra and her two daughters at the Play. Her Majesty, who is looking extremely well after her long holiday, was in black lace, as usual, a bunch of violets at her waist, gloriously jewelled, and wearing great diamond solitaires in her tiny ears. *When Knights Were Bold* amused her vastly, and she laughed constantly in her delightfully youthful, unstudied way. Queen Maud, in a becoming gauzy pink frock, a sparkling wreath in her dark hair, looked almost as young and beautiful as her mother. She has the same small head and regular perfection of features, and, like all the ladies of the First Family, improves in appearance as she grows older.

Photo Stuart

HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Who celebrates his sixty-sixth birthday on Saturday next, the 9th inst.

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The Royal Party at Sandringham

Life at Sandringham is very much like life in any other English country house. There are a few differences — one is, for instance, expected to go to church on Sunday mornings. There is a weighing machine, in which your host much likes to see you weighed; and the footmen are really alarmingly tall in their white satin knee-breeches and gold - gartered white silk stockings; but, on the whole, it is the Simple Life. There is nothing very much to do. There are the stables and the kennels, which are visited by their Royal mistress every morning, and there is a good deal of shooting round about. But that is all. The King's own particular set—his *Camarilla*, so to speak — seldom penetrate to Sandringham, the Queen's most favoured English home. The week-ends are reserved for statesmen, diplomats, and high officials, while the week-middles bring crack shots, good jesters, and old, tried friends in their train.

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Occupations of an "Imperial Race"!

LITTLE PEEPS AT PASSING ROYALTIES FOR WAITING LONDONERS

Watching the King of Spain Shoot Pigeons at the Sporting Park, Cricklewood

(Note keen, critical interest of members of the Royal escort)

Ogling Prince Olaf

Norway's little Crown Prince, accompanied by his mother and grandmother, acknowledges the salutations of the curious

Photo *Belak*

Watching a Queen Shopping: The Queen of Spain and Princess Henry of Battenberg leaving Gainsborough's in Hanover Square

Just now the Polite Lounger and the Amiably Inane are in clover, for have they not three Kings and four Queens to look at, and—the luxury of it!—two baby Princes? "Crowdlets" of these worthy representatives of the great British nation have hung about the gates of Buckingham and Kensington Palaces to catch possible glimpses of our Royal visitors. Their cup of joy has been, however, rendered quite complete if the slightest bit of drapery could be caught sight of, which might possibly be taken for the Prince of Asturia—a feat which, if successfully accomplished, necessitated an orgie of self-congratulation and buns at the nearest A.B.C., before taking the joyful news back to Tooting

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The Fair Family of Wilson

The Rise of the Wilsons

Though the late Lord Nunburnholme, did not himself found the great Wilson line of steamers, he and his brother, Mr. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft, so built up the business that there are now over a hundred vessels and a capital of two and a half millions sterling where, a generation ago, one or two little ships and a hundred pounds or so constituted the stock and capital. Lord Nunburnholme was an ardent Free Trader, and opposed to the policy of the Boer War. Yet two of his sons went on active service, and the C.I.V. went out to the Cape in a steamer placed at the service of the Government by the Wilson firm. Through his own marriage and the marriages of his children, Lord Nunburnholme became connected with some of the greatest noble houses in England. The Dowager Lady Nunburnholme was a Wellesley; the new peeress is the eldest daughter of Lord Carrington. Lord Nunburnholme's second son, the Hon. Guy Wilson, married a daughter of the late Duke of Roxburghe, and is now a widower; and of his four beautiful daughters, all have made brilliant marriages and are, respectively, Countess Cowley, Countess of Chesterfield, the Hon. Mrs. Guy Fairfax, and the Hon. Mrs. Eric Chaplin, sister-in-law of Lady Castlereagh.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

The Hon. Mrs. Guy Fairfax

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Lady Chesterfield

Photo *Mendelssohn*

The Hon. Mrs. Eric Chaplin

THREE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS OF THE LATE LORD NUNBURNHOLME

Photo *Turner*

The New Lord Nunburnholme:

Late the Hon. C. H. Wilson, M.P. for West Hull, who shares the traditional good looks of his family

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Who Will Climb Down?

To-day (Wednesday) should decide more or less definitely the fate of the Railway Crisis, for after the meeting between Mr. Lloyd George and the Directors, Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., is due at Whitehall. I am an incorrigible optimist, and, therefore, do not believe for one moment that there will be a strike. But it is clear to the plainest intelligence that somebody has to climb down, and the interesting question for sportsmen is "Who?" In order to answer it, we must ask ourselves who is the highest "up," and looking at the matter quite dispassionately, I think the party which is nearer to the skies is Mr. Bell's. His speech at the Albert Hall was, it seems to me, anything but that of a diplomatist, and it will, I fear, embitter the situation. Mr. Bell talks altogether too much politics to win a diplomatic game. It is, therefore, rather fortunate that, in Mr. Lloyd George, he meets a man of his own mettle—who will, I doubt not, be able to "out-talk Mr. Bell in his own language," and thereby preserve the nation from a situation that would be very troublesome.

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The Wrong End of the Stick Again

One of the oddest features of the situation, by the way, has been the curious attempt by a newspaper supporter of the Conservatives to represent public opinion as supporting Mr. Bell against the Companies. Our contemporary has, in its short career, got hold of the wrong end of a good many sticks, but never more completely, I imagine, than in this case.

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Panic Scenes in New York

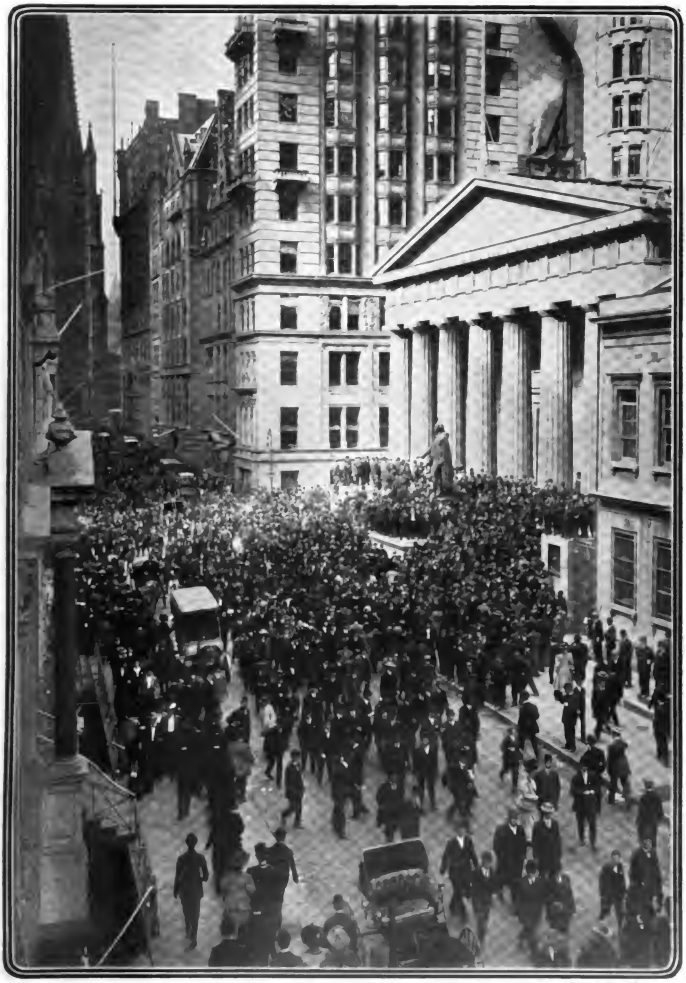

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

CROWDS IN WALL STREET DURING THE RECENT RUN ON THE BANKS

In our last issue we published a striking picture of the Bishop of London preaching a sermon to the crowd in Wall Street. Within a few days, on this same spot, probably almost the identical crowd was making a frenzied run on the neighbouring banks, owing to the serious financial crisis, with the result that many of the largest of these concerns, including the great Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York, had to stop payment. To relieve the present scarcity of gold in New York, the *Lusitania* is, this week, carrying to America no less than two millions sterling worth of bullion

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Men Who Make Haste

Senor Maura, Prime Minister of Spain
Who attends his Sovereign during his visit to England

Another Ragging Case

A good deal of soiled linen will, it seems, be washed; a sufficient scandal aired, and, no doubt, somebody or other will be mangled, in yet another Army ragging case, which is to be tried before a Court-Martial at Aldershot next week. For some time past there has been trouble in the Grenadier Guards concerning a young officer, Mr. H. C. Woods, who has been in the regiment since January, 1904, and is the eldest son of Colonel William Woods, the well-known and wealthy agriculturist of Warnford Park, Bishop's Waltham, and Whitley Hall, Wigan. Mr. Woods's brother-officers, it appears, find themselves unable to approve of their colleague, and have signified their disapproval in the accepted Army manner. On his son's account, Colonel Woods, whose military title, by the way, was gained in commanding the Hampshire Imperial Yeomanry for seven years, has written some strongly worded letters to the authorities, among them, I understand, Sir John French, much to the indignation of the recipients.

* * *

Our Photographs

Men of three widely different types adorn the page on which I write: all, however, may be described as "men who make haste." Señor Maura has, lately, been very busy threatening to resign, but he is now over in England, attending to the political side of his bright young Sovereign's business with us. Mr. Taft is now making haste to close up his business in the Philippines to visit —Berlin! But this is so sudden. Why Berlin, Mr. Taft? Who could ever have thought of such a place in sequence to Tokio and Manila, unless it can have been that Mr. Roosevelt. What pet scheme of his it is that takes the War Secretary post-haste over half the globe is more than, at present, I like to speculate upon.

* * *

Oil Trust Secrets Disclosed

Mr. William G. Rockefeller disclosed, under the raking fire of the Government counsel's cross-questioning, a secret hitherto carefully guarded from the general public —that the Standard Oil Company of New York conducts enormous business in loans to Wall Street houses, sometimes lending as much as $25,000,000 at a time. It acts as banker for the pipe line companies, and fiscal agent for many of the other subsidiaries of the Oil Trust. The fortune of Mr. William Rockefeller's father, it may be recalled, is estimated at some £40,000,000 sterling, while that of the great John D. Rockefeller, his uncle, is rated at £400,000,000.

Mr. Taft
United States Secretary of War leaving the steamship *Minnesota* at Yokohama. Mr. Taft's sudden departure from the Pacific to Europe, to pay a visit to Berlin, has aroused keen interest

* * *

A Nervous Rockefeller

That supreme trial of a man's nerves—the witness-box—has, it seems, proved disastrous even to a Rockefeller. Letters from America, describing the course of the Government suit to destroy the Oil Trust, declare William G. Rockefeller to have been almost overcome with nervousness in the witness-box. He twisted his heavily shod feet, fidgeted with his hands, and, during the hour that he was under fire, constantly wiped away the moisture which streamed down his face, although the temperature of the court-room was normal. This excessively nervous, prematurely bald, old-young man with the stubbly moustache, well-marked features, and massive frame, retained, however, sufficient acumen to profess a naïve ignorance concerning the details of entries for millions found on the Oil Trust books.

* * *

The King's Clubs

The King, though he naturally very seldom makes use of them, is a member of some thirteen clubs. The United University, the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Royal Thames Yacht, the Turf, the Hurlingham, the Garrick (of which, as Prince of Wales, his Majesty was once President), the Savage, and the Marlborough are the chief of the clubs on whose members' list the King's name appears. Quite the most exclusive—even more so than the Squadron and the Jockey Club —is the Marlborough. This Club was founded by the King himself in 1869. It is housed in a comparatively modest abode opposite the gates of Marlborough House, and its membership is limited to 500, with a subscription of ten guineas and an entrance fee of thirty guineas.

Photos supplied Illustrations Bureau

Mr. Wm. G. Rockefeller
Nephew of the Oil King, whose Trust has modestly confessed that it sometimes accommodates Wall Street with the trifle of five million pounds in a lump

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When the King Was a Clubman

THE "MARLBOROUGH," WHICH HIS MAJESTY FOUNDED, AND OF WHICH HE IS STILL A MEMBER

A Corner of the Writing Room
The King's caricature by "Spy" will be seen between the two desks, one of which was generally reserved for the Royal use

The Dining Room

The Marlborough Club in Pall Mall

[Photos] **The Reading Room** [Ollyett

Though the King does not, nowadays, frequent clubs, his name is still on the books of thirteen. For the Marlborough he retains special affection, for he himself founded it in 1869, and it is still an accepted rule that only those approved by his Majesty are elected. When Prince of Wales, the King used the Club a great deal the rule being that he should be unnoticed, and treated exactly as an ordinary member. The Club's appointments are simplicity itself

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The Next-but-Premier Duchess

Exclusive Exclusiveness

The Club is furnished with that extreme simplicity which conceals exceeding luxury. In the writing-room, on the walls of which hang some of "Spy's" best caricatures, including one of the King himself, a table, very plainly and solidly appointed, is set apart for the King's own use. In the dining-room, a fine picture of a sea-fight hangs over the King's favourite table. The exclusive nature of the Club, which includes an unwritten law that every member should be personally known to the King, made it at one time possible for his Majesty to come and go entirely without notice or ceremony, just as an ordinary member. It was this very exclusiveness, however, which once recoiled rather markedly upon the unsuspecting head of the illustrious founder himself. The late Mr. Cecil Rhodes wished to become a member, and was duly proposed, but the great Empire-builder was rejected; since when and his accession to the Throne, the King has only at the rarest intervals dined or lunched at what was once his favourite club. His Majesty, by the way, is excluded by his position from belonging to any political club.

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The Duchess of Somerset

The Duchess of Somerset, who opened "Ye Olde Camberwell Fayre" on Wednesday last, ranks, next to the Duchess of Norfolk, above all the rest of the Peeresses. At the Coronation of King Edward, when there existed no Duchess of Norfolk, her Grace of Somerset took first place, and looked exceedingly imposing in her ducal Coronation robes. She is tall and dark, has the marked features of the Scotswoman, and is, like the majority of duchesses, eminently quiet-looking. Of late much given to good works and gardening, she was once an enthusiastic traveller. As Mrs. St. Maur, she and her husband, before he succeeded to the Dukedom, were more often out of England than in it, having ventured several times into uncivilised regions, where tents and a rug and their own culinary efforts took, perforce, the place of hotels and beds and a *chef*. The Duchess writes a little and paints a little in water-colours. She entertains seldom and always very quietly, and has no great bias for the social round, or the modern trend of thought and manner. She has no children, the Duke's brother, Lord Ernest St. Maur, being heir to the Dukedom.

Photo *K. Collings*

The Duchess of Somerset

The next-but-Premier Duchess. Her Grace opened "Ye Olde Camberwell Fayre" on the 30th ult.

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"Queen of Beauty"

Of that Duchess of Somerset, who, as Lady St. Maur, acted the part of Queen of Beauty in the Eglinton Tournament, much has been said and written. It is not often remembered, however, that she was the originator of a small quip which is apt, even to-day, to raise at least the vestige of a smile. She was calling one day at a shop to inquire why some goods she had ordered had not been delivered at her house. Some mistake had apparently been made, and the order could not be traced. "May I ask," inquired an obsequious proprietor, "who took your Grace's order? Was it a young gentleman with fair hair?" "No," replied the Duchess, "it was an elderly nobleman with a bald head.'

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Engagements of the Month

Mr. Caryl Baring, late of the Coldstream Guards, and since then A.D.C. to the General Commanding the Straits Settlements, whose engagement to Miss Ivy Firman is announced, is the youngest brother of Lord Ashburton, who married, last year, Miss Donnelly — a *Florodora* girl. Lord Ashburton only succeeded to the title in 1900. He has, however, already parted with much of the Baring treasure in the shape of no fewer than sixty-nine very valuable Old Masters and the best part of his rare old library. The Hon. Alex. Lawrence, who is to marry Miss Hobson, is the only son of Lord Lawrence, a barrister-at-law, and grandson of the famous Lord Lawrence of Indian Mutiny fame; and Mr. William Erskine, whose engagement to Miss Viola Dudley Ward is announced, is also of soldierly descent, his grandfather being that distinguished Indian officer, Colonel Erskine, who established his claims to the earldom of Mar and Kellie, and was succeeded therein by his son some thirty years ago.

Lady Tennant, who is to marry Mr. Geoffrey Lubbock, a nephew of Lord Avebury, is the mother of four little daughters, step mother to Sir Edward Tennant, Lady Ribblesdale, and Mrs. Asquith, and, since last year, the widow of Sir Charles Tennant, who had been married for half a century to his former wife.

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The Matrimonial Market

Photo Lallie Charles

Photo K. Collings

Miss Nancy Lycett Green

Granddaughter of Sir Edward Green and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, engaged to Mr. Adrian Rose, of the Blues

Miss Hobson

To marry, at Greenford on November 12, the Hon. Alex. Lawrence only son of Lord Lawrence

Miss Beauchamp

Eldest daughter of Sir Reginald Beauchamp, Bart., of Langley Park, Norfolk, just engaged to Mr. Denis Kelly, 7th Hussars, only son of Mr. E. F. Kelly, of Hollington House, Newbury

Miss Viola Dudley Ward

Daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, engaged to the Hon. Wm. Erskine, of the Foreign Office, second son of the late Earl of Mar and Kellie

Photo K. Collings

Photo K. Collings

Marguerite, Lady Tennant

Whose engagement to Mr. Geoffrey Lubbock is just announced

Photo Bullingham

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The Buying Up of British Homes

£10,000 Damages

Yet another engagement of interest is that of the eldest daughter of Sir Reginald Beauchamp to Mr. Denis Kelly, of the 7th Hussars. Miss Beauchamp's mother is, of course, the celebrated Lady Violet Watt, daughter and heiress of the fifth Earl of Roden, who married Mr. Hugh Watt, ex-M.P. Mr. Douglas Cairns, whose engagement to Lady Constance Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, is announced, is heir-presumptive to his brother, the present and fourth Lord Cairns. His niece, Lady Rosemary Cairns, the subject of our frontispiece, and one of the prettiest *débutantes* of the year, is the daughter of Olivia, Countess Cairns and of the second Earl Cairns, who died in 1899. This second Earl is still remembered, in Courts and places where breach of promise actions are discussed, as the Viscount Garmoyle against whom Miss Fortescue received no less than £10,000 damages in a famous breach of promise action.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Warwick House, St. James's Park

Sold by the Earl of Warwick to an American lady, Mrs. Dodge

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The Amenable American "Poppa"—

There really seems no limit to the affability, amenability, and "shell-out-ability" (as a certain noble Duke calls it) of the average American paterfamilias with titled daughters. To the daughter playing a Peeress part on this side of the herring-pond, he is an ever-present help in times both of joy and trouble. How any single one of them would ever get along without "Poppa" at constant cable call, it is almost impossible to imagine. If one's noble husband gets fractious and talks of separation—a wire to "Poppa," and, under his paternal wing, a yachting trip or a motor tour is undertaken till things quieten down a bit. Does the noble, but dollarless, husband but ever so lightly kick against the pricks, it needs but a note from "Poppa," and the threat of financial stoppage soon "learns him to behave."

Photo *Lawrence*

British Homes for Americans: Tanderagee Castle, Co. Armagh

Leased by the Duke of Manchester to his father-in-law, Mr. Eugene Zimmermann, of Cincinnati

—And His Irish Estates

Mr. Eugene Zimmermann, of Cincinnati, father of the Duchess of Manchester, would appear to have outstripped in generosity even the generality of American parents. Not content with having provided the money (some £50,000) with which his ducal son-in-law and his daughter should purchase Kylemore, their second Irish seat, he has now bought it back again, or, rather, has acquired a twenty-one years' lease of it. Of Tanderagee, the Duke's chief Irish seat, Mr. Zimmermann has also acquired a lease, purchasing at the same time the furniture and other contents of both castles. He will reside at Tanderagee for a portion of each summer. Kylemore he will alternately let to compatriots or lend to his daughter, the Duchess. The Duke of Manchester has, for the first time for many years, no Irish seat. He has never had a Town house, and Kimbolton Castle, Huntingdonshire, is now the sole ducal abode. It is, by the way, of interest to note of what very mixed extraction as well as degree is little Lord Mandeville, the heir to these estates. His mother is a German-American, his grandmother a Cuban, and his great-grandmother (the Duchess of Devonshire) a Hanoverian, while paternally he is of the Anglo-Norman house of Montagu.

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The "Lusitania's" Bigger Sister, the "Mauretania"

Lord Inverclyde (Director of the Cunard Company) going on board the "Mauretania" at Wallsend

Lord Brassey on board the "Mauretania"

Photo *Coats*

The "Mauretania" Leaving the Tyne by Moonlight, on her way to Liverpool

The voyage of the *Mauretania* from the Tyne to the Mersey was the occasion of scenes of the greatest enthusiasm, both when the vessel left the Tyne, the river of her birth, and on her arrival in the Mersey, the river of her adoption. The trip around the north of these realms was a most successful one in every way, and though no official report was published, there is every prospect of the *Mauretania* being able to show a clean pair of heels to her elder, but smaller, sister, the *Lusitania*. The vessel is 790 ft. long, and her extreme breadth is 88 ft., while her height, to the top of her mastheads, is 216 ft. This magnificent floating city provides accommodation for nearly 3,300 persons

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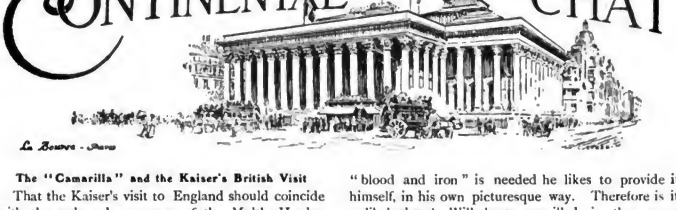
CONTINENTAL CHAT



The "Camarilla" and the Kaiser's British Visit

That the Kaiser's visit to England should coincide with the awkward exposures of the Moltke-Harden case, and with the Bülow-Brandt case now coming on, arouses some curiosity as to the British reception of the Imperial guest. Frenchmen (I write this week from Paris) more than suspect that the reception will be as cool as is possible with so effusive and easily infatuated a public as the British. It had been half feared that the London crowds, in their usual fatuous fashion, might, at the sight of the great man in the splendour of his uniform, forget the trouble he has caused them these ten years, and yell themselves unusually hoarse—that they might even go to the length of trying to say "Hoch." These fears are now at rest. Though Britons will not, of course, be unkind enough to suspect the Kaiser of any complicity with the Liebenberg orgies, "judge a man by his friends" has always been one of their favourite misquotations. The fact that, for seventeen years, the mystic Eulenburg has been the power behind the Throne, and that poor Von Moltke and others have been tacitly convicted of misconduct, is quite enough to provoke comments as nearly caustic as is possible with the crowdsman.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

THE FIERCE LIGHT THAT NO LONGER BEATS ABOUT A THRONE

Prince Philip zu Eulenburg

Late King-Maker-in-Chief to the German Empire

However, much may happen during the ensuing week to alter this forecast. The orgies of enthusiasm over the presence in London of actually two Royal babies may drive all thoughts of the *camarilla* out of the British mind, and at least a portion of gush may be extended towards the Kaiser and Kaiserin, who, after all, have themselves done well enough in the domestic line.

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The Future of German Policy

By this time, about as much has been said as need be about the *camarilla*. The question now before us is, How far is the Kaiser strong enough to cleanse the Augean stables? Favouritism evidently courses as fiercely through his veins as through those of any King that ever was, and that is not easily eliminated. Who is to say that on the ashes of one *camarilla* may not arise yet another, and an even worse one? It is quite evident that the Kaiser has no inherent love for the statesmen of the "blood-and-iron" type. If any "blood and iron" is needed he likes to provide it himself, in his own picturesque way. Therefore is it unlikely that the Wilhelmstrasse will, during the present reign, be guided by a strong hand. As Bismarck, Caprivi, Hohenlöhe, and Von Bülow have, in turn, discovered, there is no room for two Wills under the present *régime*. The only hope is that, while in England, the Kaiser may derive some wholesome impressions. Admittedly, the diplomatic war which began with the Krüger telegram, and had its battlefields in Turkey, in China, in the Transvaal, in Venezuela, in Russia, and in Morocco, has resulted in victory all along the line for Britain, which, isolated at the outset, is now firmly entrenched behind alliances with half the great Powers. It may occur to the Kaiser to inquire how it has been done, and the answer will be: the Constitutional system of Government, by which foreign policy is in the hands of independent and experienced statesmen, above cliques and *camarillas*, responsible to Parliament, with a King who realises and respects the limitations of his office.

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The Greco-Bonaparte Wedding

It seems that it is owing to a discreet suggestion of M. Pichou, French Minster of Foreign Affairs, that the marriage of Princess Marie Bonaparte will take place at Athens and not in Paris as was originally contemplated. In the ordinary way, a marriage between a Royal and a non-Royal personage would take place at the home of the former. The Roland Bonaparte family, however, is, in current International etiquette, treated as being on the Royal level, and there would have been no departure from this etiquette if the marriage had taken place in the regally appointed palace in the Avenue de Jena. Prince Roland Bonaparte lacks distinction in his dress, and has remained faithful to the wide open collars of the *Boulevardier* of twenty years ago; unlike the scions of monarchical houses of longer pedigree, he has no craving for passing the crowd *incognito*. Most Royal personages seem to enjoy being taken for anything but what they are; even Oscar of Sweden, in spite of his burgher origin, enjoys being taken for a farmer. The stories of the Crown Prince of Germany,

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Queen Maud, and others in the same spirit, are well known, but Roland Bonaparte belongs to the *genus* which thoroughly enjoys its position. I do not say this as a reproach, for he lives up to his rank, and a more charming host and a pleasanter house to visit does not exist in Paris.

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The Bourbon-Orleans Alliance

How a Royal marriage can ever be sentimental is a question which an intelligent observer naturally asks when the special correspondent dilates on the exceptional romance of each successive event of this kind. In the case of Prince Charles of Bourbon, the birth of a direct heir to the Spanish Throne has, no doubt, allowed him some freedom in his choice of a wife. It is well known that the engagement has been postponed several times. The fact that the Spanish Government is extremely anxious to be on good terms with the French Republic is probably a sufficient explanation for the discouragement of a match which might have exposed the Spanish Throne to distrust on the part of the Republic.

Princess Louise of Orleans has inherited her mother's love for Spain and things Spanish. She does not object to gracing a bull-fight with her presence — which, by-the-by, is essential to the enjoyment of popularity in Spain. The picturesque in Spanish character and manners appeals to her, as it does to all who visit the bypaths of that grand old country. Even, some years ago, when her brother's medical adviser, a well-known French doctor, solicited the honour of taking her photograph to place among his pictures of celebrities, she acceded to his request only on condition that she could wear the costume she liked best. To the doctor's astonishment, she appeared in the attire of a Spanish gipsy! And a very charming gipsy she made. When Prince Charles married King Alfonso's sister and became the presumptive Prince Consort, it will be remembered what an outcry there was in Spain at this Royal lady's choice. Now all this has passed, and the Prince has endeared himself to the Spaniards by showing himself to be, at least, one of them. Like King Alfonso, who is very fond of him, he is an ardent sportsman, and is as fearless and courteous now as he was reckless and overbearing as a youth.

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Dom Miguel, Duke of Braganza

The trend of events in Portugal draws attention to the personality of the "Legitimate Pretender," the Duke of Braganza, who was recently waited on by a representative deputation asking him to be "in readiness." The Duke, who lives at the Château of Seebenstein, in a finely wooded park, two hours from Vienna, is styled by his followers "The Hope of Portugal." An ardent sportsman, a big-game hunter, widely travelled, and widely read in many languages, with an extensive knowledge of men and things from many standpoints, kind-hearted and witty, the Duke, who is Colonel of Hussars in an Austrian regiment, is popular wherever he goes. He is a friend of King Edward, and knows England well, though he almost a ways comes here *incognito*. He is a great favourite also with his relatives, the German and Austrian Emperors. For two or three seasons, as Count de Neiva, he hunted with the Meath and Kildare Foxhounds, and is still a member of the Ward Union Stag Hunt. Since his mother, the venerable Dowager Duchess of Braganza, has taken the veil, and entered the Convent of St. Claire, near Ryde, the Duke hunts with the Isle of Wight Hounds. He is a good-looking man of fifty-four, and his six sisters were all noted beauties. By his first wife, a niece of the Empress of Austria, a Princess of Thurn et Taxis, he had two sons and a daughter. By his present wife, a Princess von Loevenstein, he has four daughters.

Photo *Adèle*

Portugal's "Legitimate Pretender"

Dom Miguel, Duke of Braganza, styled by his followers, "The Hope of Portugal," lives near Vienna, and is a Colonel in the Austrian Army. He is a great sportsman, and frequently visits this country *incognito*, when he hunts with several well-known packs

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La Loie Fuller

Few people know Loïe Fuller otherwise than as the inventor of the application of electricity to dancing. Those few, however, who do, know her as one of the most fascinating conversationalists they have ever met — the friend of many of the most eminent men of science and letters in America and France. Among her best American friends is Edison, and among her French friends she can count the very greatest, such as Anatole France, Claretie, and Laligue, the founder of the so-called modern style in decorative art, who borrowed his first ideas from her wonderful dance effects. The late Pierre Curie worked with her in the application of radium in stage production. A little *partie carrée* with Loïe Fuller, and the otherwise silent Rodin, is a treat not to be missed. Her French, defiant of the rules of prosody, is delightfully picturesque, and she manages to make her meaning perfectly clear without the assistance of either a large vocabulary or much grammar. No wonder her reminiscences, which will, I have just learned, appear shortly, have been snapped up by M. Juven, the well-known publisher, it is said, for a very large sum. Her latest appearance, in the title-part of M. Robert d'Humière's new drama *Salome*, is the result of the combined researches of a number of eminent experts. The *Théâtre des Arts*, where this play is given, situated on the Boulevard des Batignolles, is being financed by an English company and managed by an English lady of considerable experience and talent.

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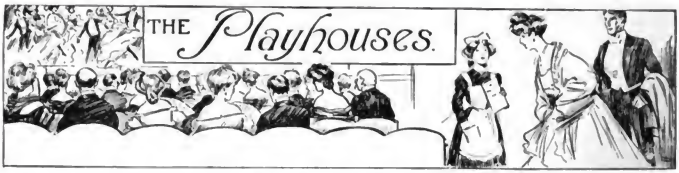

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

THE COURT THEATRE

"Lady Frederick"

Miss Ethel Irving has followed the lead of Miss Marie Tempest. In *Lady Frederick*, the new comedy by Mr. Somerset Maugham, Miss Irving demonstrates her right to be ranked among the foremost of our comedy actresses. Her success was so pronounced that we cannot imagine her returning to musical comedy. She may, indeed, flirt with the old love, as Miss Marie Tempest has done, by singing an occasional song in a play, but after her performance as Lady Frederick, it is impossible to conceive Miss Irving dancing round the stage in a ludicrous imitation of a barn-yard fowl.

Mr. Maugham's play is one which chiefly concerns itself with the development of the principal character—Lady Frederick, to wit. She is a lady with a past, which Lady Mereston, who has a very eligible son, thinks a discreditable one. She is rash, and impulsive, and Irish. She has been mixed up in affairs out of which a woman as fascinating as she can hardly hope to escape without a smirch to her character. The play is concerned with the attempts of Lady Mereston and her brother, Mr. Paradine Foulds, to get Lord Mereston out of her clutches. Mr. Paradine Foulds is a typical French *raisonneur*. He himself has had an affair with Lady Frederick, and emerged from it with the laugh very much against him. Mr. Paradine Foulds and Lady Frederick are delightfully frank with each other. It is war to the knife between them, but the campaign is carried on in such a fashion as to lead the unsophisticated playgoer to suspect that peace will be made at the church door. They are a delightful couple. They fence and spar in the manner of people who are really very fond of each other. Circumstances alone have made them enemies, and it is only a question of time when their feelings towards each other will force them to drop the mask of enmity.

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Elaine Inescourt

A young actress quite new to London, who has made a most promising *début* in *The Mallow*, at the Criterion Theatre

A Clever Scene

The comedy of the play lies in the fact that Lord Mereston is delivered out of the hands of Lady Frederick, not by his mother, nor by his uncle, Mr. Paradine Foulds, but by Lady Frederick herself. The whole of the third act is devoted to the freeing of Lord Mereston, and a very delightful act it is. The lady makes an appointment with him for ten o'clock, when he is to come and receive an answer to his proposal of marriage. Lady Frederick enters in a dressing-jacket, and, sitting down before her mirror, proceeds to make up her face. For a good twenty minutes, I should think, conversation is entirely one-sided. Lady F. manipulates the coils of hair lying all over her dressing-table, wields the hare's foot and the eyebrow pencil, the while she chirps merrily to her youthful admirer. His disgust, against which he bravely struggles, and his disillusionment may be imagined. It is a very cleverly written scene, and very cleverly played. Finally, Lord Mereston is sent away with a sisterly kiss.

Now that the mission of Mr. Paradine Foulds has been fulfilled by the very person against whom he is acting, he can afford to drop the rôle of enemy. Unlike his own nephew, he is not dismayed by the revelation of the secret of the toilet, and so all ends happily.

The Cast

Mr. C. M. Lowne (Paradine Foulds) and Miss Ethel Irving literally carried the play upon their shoulders. To them fell all the best situations and all the most telling lines; and in the play there are plenty of each. Mr. Arthur Holmes-Gore gave a clever study of the very polished and gentlemanly villain, Captain Montgomery, whose father was a Jewish moneylender. The Captain holds the bills of Lady F., who is always in debt, and makes an

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"The Education of Elizabeth" at the Apollo

Miss Miriam Clements (*Elizabeth Banks*) Mr. Marsh Allen (*Harry Fairfax*)

ACT. I. ELIZABETH—BEFORE EDUCATION: A WILD YOUNG WOMAN

Mr. Lawrence Grossmith (*Reggie Hanbry*) Mr. Charles L. Lane (*Parsons*) Miss Lettice Fairfax (*Lily Kerr*) Mr. H. V. Esmond (*Whitby*) Miss Florence Lloyd (*Blanche Macintyre*)

Photo] ACT II. ELIZABETH—AFTER EDUCATION: REFORMED OUT OF ALL RECOGNITION [*Dover St. Studios*

Miss Miriam Clements (*Elizabeth Banks*) Mr. Lawrence Grossmith (*Reggie Hanbry*) Mr. Marsh Allen (*Harry Fairfax*)

Harry Fairfax is in love with Elizabeth Banks, an actress in musical comedy, and, with the aid of his good-natured sister, Lucy Middleton, he takes step to have her educated up to his position. The result is distinctly disappointing to Fairfax, for she develops into a blue-stocking and a prude. Her *fiance's* ardour, therefore, cools, with the result that Elizabeth decides to run away with an undesirable gentleman named Whitby. She, however, repents and flies to Bloomsbury, where, in due course, Harry turns up and "all is forgiven"

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attempt, of course, to use these bills in his suit for the hand of Lady Frederick. The modern villain is a pleasant creature. He does not raise his voice and lose his temper, neither does he hiss threats in the heroine's ear. His demeanour is such that anyone out of hearing might imagine he was discoursing pleasantly upon the weather. When Captain Montgomery is finally cornered, there is nothing approaching a "scene" (in the old-fashioned sense of the term). Mr. Foulds indicates politely the window and the door in turn. Captain Montgomery, with a charming smile and words to the effect that the door is the most convenient way of egress, takes his departure. *Lady Frederick* is in every sense of the term a modern comedy. The characters in the play act exactly as we should expect to find them act in real life.

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

"Miquette"

Miquette et sa Mère was the rage in Paris. It is to be feared that the English adaptation will not have the same inflammatory effect upon the Thames as did the original upon the Seine. Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox's version has, to use a nautical expression, missed stays. At no point in the play do the performers seem to grasp where they are. They seem to be floundering about in the attempt to discover whether they are playing sentimental comedy or the wildest farce. Failure is always the result of the playwright omitting to give a "line" to his players. Once uncertainty creeps into the intonation and the gestures of the players, the battle for success is lost. *Miquette* has been transplanted into a soil which is choked with improbabilities. Only in farce do peers and their nephews contract alliances with small tobacco retailers and their daughters. But unfortunately for its future, *Miquette* is not played as farce except in spots. The play wants to be re-written and re-rehearsed. Played on different lines, it might succeed. Played as at present, there is little hope for it. Miss Pauline Chase was entirely over-weighted by the rôle of Miquette. She could not give a clear outline to the blurred portrait presented to her by the adaptor. Miss Rosina Filippi, clever actress as she is, was in the same plight. She could not make Mrs. Hickson, who keeps a tobacconist's shop, other than a ridiculous rôle. Mr. Dion Boucicault employed many airs and graces to make the Earl of Anchester amusing and life-like. He did not succeed. Mr. Robb Harwood won the only success in the play. His Roy Pincarton, the provincial actor, was a great piece of caricature. E. C. S.

Photo *Beresford*

Miss Edyth Olive

Now playing Phèdre at the Savoy, in *Medea*, Gilbert Murray's translation of Euripides' tragedy. She is the wife of Mr. Arthur Applin, the author and dramatist

"The Whip Hand"

A new play, *The Whip Hand*, written by Mrs. S. A. P. Kitcat (wife of the former well-known Gloucestershire Eleven amateur and great-niece of Harriet Martineau) and Mr. Keighley Snowden, was produced at the Kingston Theatre last week. The story is that of a woman who, in her devotion to her career (that of a fashionable dressmaker) and her consequent neglect of her home and husband, all but succeeds in wrecking her own and her husband's life. She is a wife only from Saturday to Monday. In the interim, he is a bachelor in chambers in the Albany; she, "Madame Violette," of Gaul Street. Obviously, the world, in the person of a Bridge-playing, debt-ridden denizen thereof, Mrs. Stuart Manners (a part very cleverly, but a little over-emphatically, played by Miss Cecil Cromwell), puts a wrong construction on such unusual marital relations, and declines altogether to believe in the presence of the marriage tie. In the end, of course, love wins hands over, and the wicked are brought to naught. Meantime, however, there is a subsidiary love interest, charmingly written, and pleasantly played by Miss Irma Foldi as a wealthy American widow and Mr. Cecil Brooking as a sprig of English nobility. Well-written dialogue, indeed, is a distinguishing feature of *The Whip Hand*. At times it is brilliant; always it is incisive. Indeed, apart from a slight element of amateurishness, for which two a owed amateurs cannot altogether be blamed, and a tendency to a superfluity of words rather than a sufficiency of action, the play is a remarkable one. The story is human, shows keen powers of observation and insight into character, and the construction of the play reveals a practised rather than a novice hand.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Mrs. Kitcat

The joint author, with Mr. Keighley Snowden, of a clever play, *The Whip Hand*, produced last week at the Kingston Theatre. She is the wife of Mr. S. A. P. Kitcat, for many years a member of the Gloucestershire Eleven, and a great-niece of Harriet Martineau

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French Plays in London

The play is an adaptation from the French by Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox of MM. G. A. de Caillavet and Robert de Flers' "Miquette et sa Mere." In spite of the fact that the piece closes with virtue's triumph, the audience did not show quite the expected meed of appreciation

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

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THE HUNT IN IRELAND:

Photo

THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD LEADS

The Waterford Hounds hunt over the old Curraghmore country—a district about thirty by ten

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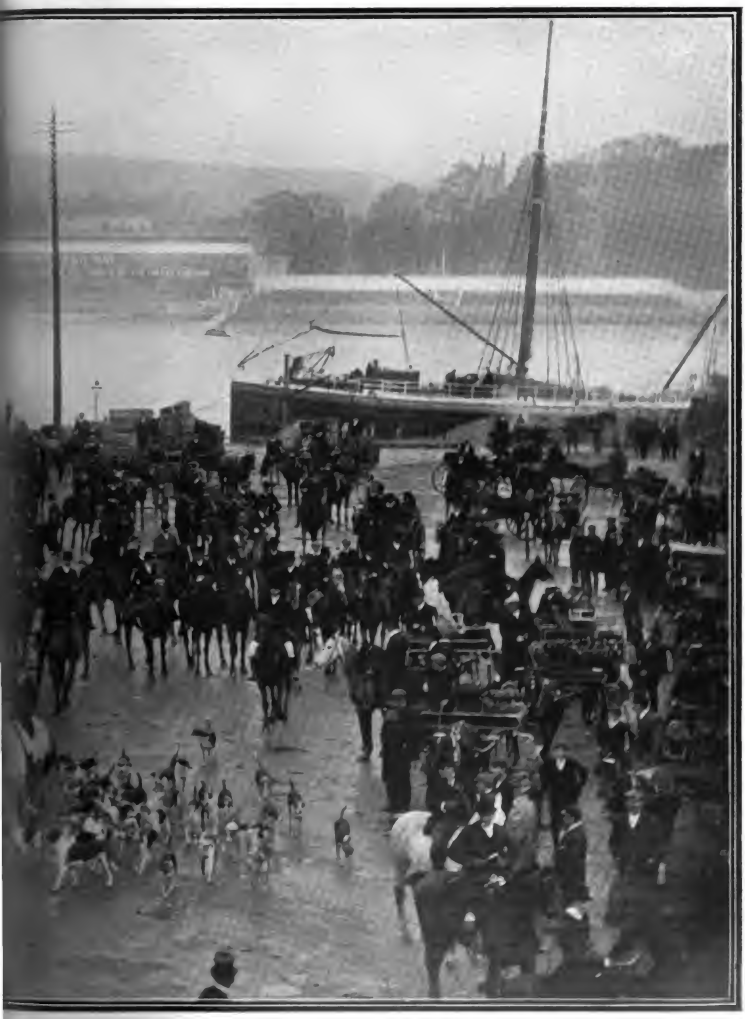
A MEET IN WATERFORD



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NT THROUGH THE MALL, WATERFORD

rea. The Marquis of Waterford (Master) is seen at the rear of the hounds, on a dark horse

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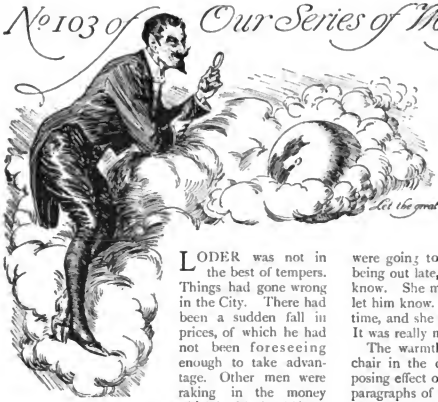

A Suburban Episode

By ROSE GARDNER

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

LODER was not in the best of tempers. Things had gone wrong in the City. There had been a sudden fall in prices, of which he had not been foreseeing enough to take advantage. Other men were raking in the money which he felt should have been his. Then there had been a fog and the trains were late. When he got home the gardener was gone, and he particularly wanted to see the gardener about the re-arrangement of some geranium beds. Loder used most of the spare energy which other men spend in reading and amusement in arranging and re-arranging his garden. He did not work in it himself, but he went round it nearly every evening, with a spud in his hand and a gardener at his heels, to contemplate and discuss it. He would have called it discussing, though the gardener had learnt from long experience the uselessness of venturing an opinion.

Loder always ended with, "What do *you* think, Barnes?" And Barnes always agreed, since what he did think never made the slightest difference.

The thing that was annoying Loder at the moment was a collar-stud. His plump white fingers fiddled furiously to get it through an unusually stiff collar. He pushed and tugged. The collar gave way suddenly at one of the holes.

Loder never swore—he fumed. The collar was flung into the corner, and he noisily opened the door leading into his bedroom.

"Evelyn!" he called out querulously into an empty room. He went in and looked round with surprise. She had not been downstairs when he came in, and he had taken it for granted that she was dressing. The emptiness sent back his word with a foolish sound. He felt it as a fresh injury.

He went over to her dressing-table, covered with little silver things. It seemed to belong very particularly to her, to be almost symbolic. He picked up a penknife and drove it savagely into a pincushion. That relieved him a little. He stood turning over the collection of odd pins and brooches in a tray. Then he opened all the little drawers and looked in inquisitively. Finally, he glanced round with a certain complacency as he took in the undoubted richness of it all. Evelyn certainly understood how to do things. It was exactly the kind of room his wife ought to have.

He found a collar and went on with his dressing. The first gong sounded, and she had not come in. It was unusual. She was always careful to say if she were going to be out late. He did not mind her being out late, he assured himself, if only she let him know. She might just as well—it was no trouble to let him know. Yet here it was getting near dinner time, and she was out, and she had *not* let him know. It was really most aggravating.

The warmth, the soft rug, and the deep leather chair in the dining-room had not their usual composing effect on him. He glanced restlessly at odd paragraphs of the evening paper; then at the clock. Half-past seven; no sign of his wife, and no sign of dinner. He got up and fidgeted about the hearth-rug; stood with his back to the fire, his legs well apart, and his thumbs thrust into the arm-holes of his waistcoat. It was his attitude when he wanted to express a sense of injury met with a certain truculent self-assertion.

He was making up his mind to ring the bell. One of the things he disliked was speaking to the servants; he would almost as soon have gone into the kitchen. At last he pressed the button and waited nervously.

"Where's your mistress?" he inquired, as the parlourmaid appeared at the door.

"She's out, sir."

"Out? Where?"

"I don't know, sir. She went out this afternoon."

"Didn't she say she wouldn't be in to dinner?" He felt ill-used again.

"She didn't leave any message. Will you have dinner in, sir?"

"Yes," he curtly said.

He never felt quite comfortable having dinner alone. He did not know what to do with his eyes. The parlourmaid by the sideboard embarrassed him. But he would not dismiss her, and he would not read. He felt that some sort of state was due to his position.

It was with definite relief that he heard, as he finished his joint, the sound of a latch-key in the door. She came slowly across the hall and stopped in the doorway. He was suddenly pulled up in the middle of a peevish inquiry by her unexpected appearance as she stood in the shadow. Grey rings round her eyes intensified the whiteness of her face, which, in its turn, showed up the strongly marked straightness of her eyebrows. Her dark hair was lost in the gloom of a heavy veil, whose blackness, as it melted into the blackness of her trailing dress, gave a tragic air to the whole figure.

"Well, Evelyn, and where have *you* been?" he asked, after a moment of surprise.

She did not answer at once, but came with heavy steps across to the fire and sank into a chair. Then she said—

"To a funeral."

"A funeral! Whose funeral?"

(Continued on page 278)

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A Serious Part for Once

Miss Marie Tempest as Margaret Verrall and Mr. A. E. Matthews as Lord Ronald in "The Barrier," at the Comedy Theatre

LORD RONALD: "Not a bad fellow—Marrillier"

In *The Barrier* Miss Marie Tempest is, for once, not in a comedy rôle—in fact, her part hardly contains a single smile. She nevertheless acquits herself well, like the consummate actress, comedy or otherwise, that she is

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(Continued from page 276)

"Dr. Westley's." Her voice was cold and level.

"That old man!" He turned sharply round. "I didn't know he was dead," he bluntly added.

She seemed not to have heard. Her forehead rested on her hand, which shaded her face. He resented it, but could find nothing further to say. Besides, he was a little afraid of her mood. It was something new, and he did not understand it. It seemed to put him a tremendous way from her. It gave him a sense of superfluousness, and he did not like to feel superfluous.

Presently he said, in a hectoring tone, that he tried to make light:

"And where have you been to since, I should like to know?"

"Oh, I—I was tired. I went and sat in some recreation ground or other."

He gave a sort of grunt.

"Well, I think you might have arranged to be in to dinner," he complained. "Aren't you going to have anything to eat?"

"Oh, yes—I suppose so." She rose wearily, taking off her black gloves as she slowly left the room.

He went on with his dinner, the sense of superfluousness still upon him. After a minute, he muttered angrily:

"But she's my wife!"

That seemed to clear things for him. His frown lightened. A wife meant, for him, a woman over whom he had lawful control, whose very mind was to be his. He could not stand the idea of her having anything reserved from him. He would have called it wrong. His inquisitiveness became a principle. His views justified certain bullying. If he had lived in a circle where striking a woman was not thought cowardly, he would undoubtedly have beaten her to prove his superiority.

Since he could not, he tried to bring about the same result by a process of nagging. There had been times, however, during their five years of married life, when he had come up against her pride and had been beaten. One of the tensest struggles had been when she refused to let him open her letters.

He was more at his ease when she came down again, still in the high black dress.

"Why didn't you say you weren't going to be in to dinner?" He returned to the attack on his usual lines as she took her seat at the table.

"Haven't they treated you properly?" she asked, in an indifferent tone. In the circle of white light thrown by the silk-shaded chandelier, her face showed up in all its unusual pallor.

He stared at her.

"Treated me properly!" he blustered. "That's not the question."

"Oh, isn't it?" She did not show any interest as to what the question might be.

He sat for a minute with his mouth open; then, catching the eye of the maid, shut it with a snap.

She leaned on the table, rolling up and eating little pellets of bread. He noticed with annoyance that she did not touch anything else. Neither spoke till the parlourmaid had put the dessert on the table and gone away.

He dropped back in his chair, thrust his thumb into his waistcoat pocket and looked at her. She seemed unconscious of his stare. Her chilling reserve of manner, the half-veiled misery of her expression, her black dress, stirred his resentment. After all, as he said, she was his wife.

"Why on earth are you wearing that awful black dress?" he began, in his bullying way.

"I like it." She refused to be accountable to him.

That opening led nowhere. "Well, I don't!" was all he could say. He tried again.

"I can't see why you come home here looking like a dying duck in a thunderstorm—and all about that old buffer. I never got on with him myself. I can't stand that sort of fellow. He was always talking about some of his ridiculous fads—Socialism, or science, or some rot. Rather bad form, I call it."

She gave a queer little, mirthless laugh. He snapped at her.

"What do you mean by that?" As she did not answer, he went on. "Really, you know, he did go a bit far sometimes. Why, he got talking *religion* here one day after dinner when you'd gone into the drawing-room. He actually began asking men their opinions about things. I can tell you I had to suggest pretty quick that we should join the ladies." He began reminiscently to crack nuts. Her hand, that had been fidgeting with her glass, became very still.

"Of course," he pursued his line, "I know he was a friend of yours—I can't think how you came to be so thick with him—but we all have to lose our friends, you know, some time or other, unless they lose us. *I've* lost friends myself. But I hope I have enough self-control to be able to bear it without going about making a walking scarecrow of myself, and being late for dinner. You've no right to! It's your duty to your friends—to me—to put a brave face on it, and not go about making everybody as miserable as yourself." He paused, then seized another point. "I don't like the idea of your going to that man's funeral alone, Evelyn."

She made a gesture of sweeping it away.

"Oh, good Heavens! It's all over now."

He contradicted. "No, it's not all over—not by any means all over. I'm not going to have it all over, d'you see? You ought not to have gone alone—your husband ought to have been there. Why didn't you tell me about it? You know perfectly well I'd have come. I'm not unreasonable. Didn't they notice I wasn't there?"

"I really don't know."

"I've no doubt they did—they must have noticed it." He supplied the answer himself. "Look here, Evelyn, I don't like this kind of escapade—an escapade, that's what it is"; the word pleased him, and he repeated it with appreciative emphasis. "You certainly ought to have asked me to come with you. People will think it very odd. And not content with that, you come home late for dinner, in a black dress, with a face as long as a fiddle, and all about a stuck up old idiot with a lot of disreputable notions. . . ."

She did not move, but her face flushed now for the first time. He blundered on with characteristic obtuseness.

"I try to be reasonable—I think I am reasonable. I think you should try to be reasonable, too!"

"It isn't a question of reasonableness," she said, in a stifled voice. Her underlip was quivering.

He poured out a glass of port.

"There you are again! Now I think it is eminently a question of reasonableness. Here's a man—a friend of yours—say an *old* friend of yours——"

Her height was towering suddenly above him.

"*You fool!*"

His chair shot away from the table. The effect on him was that almost of a physical blow. He gasped at her in a helpless way, with his mouth open.

"He was my lover—my lover for years before I married you! O, you fool!" broke from her in unbridled contempt.

(Continued on page 280)

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A Charming Gay Gordon

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

MISS DORIS BERESFORD

Who is now appearing in *The Gay Gordons* at the Aldwych Theatre. She has recently been playing at the Gaiety Theatre

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(Continued from page 275)

He received full in the face the look she gave him over her shoulder as she drew back towards the door. Before she reached it he had brought out slowly, breathlessly:

"Before—we—were—married ——?"

Her fingers were on the door-handle.

"Yes—and after!" she desperately cried.

Loder sat still, just as she left him. There was a complete silence. The heavy stair-carpet, which always gave him such a pleasant sense of solid comfort, deadened her footfall.

His first coherent thought was that something had happened to him—he had never before experienced what it was to have anything happen. All the events of his life had been more or less expected and arranged. But here was something happening by itself, as it were, without any reference to him at all. He thought of himself in a detached way as some man in a book. It was an experience almost to be proud of. He seemed to himself to be thinking with extraordinary rapidity and clearness. He must get a divorce, of course. But, then, there was no evidence to go upon but Evelyn's own confession. Well, it would, no doubt, be easy to gather more evidence, and they might not offer any defence. He suddenly remembered that the man was dead. A divorce case with a dead co-respondent struck him as odd. A picture of the court with a ghostly figure in the witness-box flashed across his mind, and he laughed queerly.

The sound broke the spell of his detachment. He was brought back to the stupifying surprise of the present. He was overwhelmed with the utter unexpectedness of it. That his wife—the woman he had married—should be as other women of whom he had heard, whom he even knew, had never occurred to him. He had always, he told himself, taken the greatest care of her, had tried to direct the books she read and the plays she saw. The depth of deceit in her scorched his respectable little soul. This, then, was the woman he had treated with so much kindness and consideration, whom he had married without a penny, had surrounded with every luxury; on whom he had hung his money in the form of furs and even some diamonds. He paused to think of all the things he had done for her. Well, there should be no more of it.

And, after all, what could she have seen in that other fellow—a man with extraordinary ideas about several things. People said he was clever; Loder didn't think so; he thought him only rather mad. However, he took Evelyn in, it seemed. He used to talk to her a lot. Perhaps that was what she liked.

Loder had a sudden misgiving. Good heavens! was that what she liked. He himself never talked to her—except about the garden and the servants and the men in the train. He remembered now he had seen her reading books, the sort of books he called "deep," and that he hadn't taken much notice. He thought she had borrowed them just to glance at, as he might have done. Was it possible that Evelyn——?

He had never supposed that she cared for much more than nice clothes and acquaintances—and, of course, himself. He ought, perhaps, to have tried . . . the fault might not have been all on her side. Had she found him so intolerable that she had gone back . . .? He had a quick drop from indignation to humility.

After a while he was thinking again—what had he to talk about? He had read nothing serious for years. As a young man, he remembered, he had belonged to debating societies, had been interested in all sorts of questions. It might be possible to rub some of it up again. Then he and Evelyn could talk in the evening. As he looked up, the light that came pink through the silk shade showed a new emotion struggling through the accustomed dullness of his face.

He had not been fair to his wife; he was sure of that now. But then he had not understood. He would explain to her that he had never understood; he would tell her——

There was the rustle of a dress on the staircase. It reached the bottom.

He started up, leaning forward over the table in his eagerness as it paused outside the door.

Then it passed on across the hall. He heard the front door open and slam, and footsteps dying away down the garden path.

He dropped back a step or two to the hearthrug and planted his feet firmly, well apart. Quite naturally, his thumbs went up to the armholes of his waistcoat.

ROSE GARDNER.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Latest Phase of London's Traffic Problem!

At a bazaar held recently in aid of the Lancing Street Schools, Euston Road, the children appeared in various costumes, ranging from miniature policemen to fairies and Indian mahouts

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The Opening Meet of a New Pack

LADY SLADE'S HARRIERS AT NORTH PETHERTON

The Meet at Maunsel House, North Petherton, Somerset

Going in to Breakfast

Passing Through North Newton

Photos *Dixon*

Making a Pictorial Record of a Memorable Day

Kennelled at Maunsel, near Bridgwater, Lady Slade's Harriers are a newly formed pack of fifteen couples, hunting two days a week. The new Lady M.H. is a keen sporting Irishwoman, and is assisted in the management of her pack by her husband, Sir Cuthbert Slade, a famous rider across country

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The Regular Season Begins

Most of the opening meets are being held during the present week, but in some countries regular hunting is already in full swing. The Meynell, which has been described as the wealthiest and best-mounted Hunt in the kingdom, began the season on Monday of last week with a meet at Sudbury Hall. There was a brilliant gathering to meet Mr. Gerald Hardy, the Master, whose excellent services to the Hunt are freely and gratefully acknowledged by followers of the pack. Truth to tell, the hounds had for some years been deteriorating in quality before Mr. Hardy and his predecessor, Mr. Richard Fort, came into office. The Leedhams were good huntsmen, but old Charles was getting rather old for the work towards the end, and the need of new blood in the kennels was becoming apparent. It was a lucky thing for the Hunt that at this juncture Mr. Gerald Hardy, whose home-ties are all in the Meynell country, was induced to leave the Atherstone for his present pack. He is exceedingly keen on hound-breeding, and the beautiful pack which Charles Gillson (whose brother is the new Cottesmore huntsman) brought out for general admiration at Sudbury last week offered eloquent testimony to the success of Mr. Hardy's methods.

The Meynell's Opening Day

With a hard-riding field thirsting for a gallop in the open, it was disappointing to find that scent was not at its best, and, as is so often the case on an opening day, sport was indifferent. The briskest movements of the afternoon were a hunt from Demon's Holme, at Foston, past Scopton Church, the fox going to ground over the railway, while from Snipes Bed another fox was hunted by the River Dore and along the valley to Leathersley. He, too, was not claimed by the hounds, which had a narrow escape of being cut to pieces on the railway. Still, even if the start was not brilliantly successful, it is certain that the Meynell Hounds are in splendid form just now, having done wonderfully well during cubbing, and it promises to be a first-class season.

Lady Masters of Harriers

The management of a pack of harriers is an undertaking that a number of sportswomen have carried out with complete success, the smaller hounds usually involving less onerous responsibilities than foxhounds do. Most hunting people have heard of the smart pack of Bentley Harriers with which Mrs. Cheape has shown such good sport in Worcestershire, and won prizes on the flags at Peterborough. Almost equally well known are Lady Gifford's harriers at Chichester, while Mrs. Pryse-Rice's pack have a good reputation in South Wales. In Ireland, Miss Isa McClintock has been Master of the Tynan and Armagh Harriers since 1899, and her example is now being quite extensively followed on that side of the St. George's Channel, Mrs. John Garvey, Mrs. Loftus Bryan, and Miss Kate Rose-Cleland, each having arranged to hunt a pack of harriers this season.

Photo] **Scotland's Fastest Trotter** [*P. P. A.*

"Dandy Boy," the property of Mr. Maxwell, of Wishaw

Lady Slade's New Pack

England, too, this year, has a new lady Master of Harriers in the person of Lady Slade, who has established kennels for a pack of fifteen couples at her home, Maunsel, near Bridgwater, and is hunting them two days a week. The daughter of Mr. Rowland Scovell, of County Dublin, Lady Slade has brought from Ireland all the enthusiasm for horses and hounds innate in so many Irish people. She has a good practical knowledge of hunting, and, no doubt, her project will prove successful, hares being plentiful around Maunsel, and the farmers very keen. Sir Cuthbert Slade acts as whipper-in to his wife's pack. He was formerly in the Scots Guards, and will be remembered as a brilliant rider over a country, having landed many important steeplechase winners. A. W. C.

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A Run With the Meynell

"THE WEALTHIEST AND BEST-MOUNTED HUNT"

The Meet of the Meynell Fashounds at Newborough

Left to right: Miss Heywood, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Jeff, and Mr. R. Hardy

Chas. Gillson (*Huntsman*) Mr. Gerald Hardy (*The Master*)

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Opening Meet of the Season at Sudbury Hall on Monday, the 28th ult.

The Meynell opened their season last week, on the 28th ult., with a brilliant meet at Sudbury Hall, under the Master, Mr. Gerald Hardy. A description of the Hunt appears on the opposite page

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THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books of the Week

"The House Prefect." By Desmond Coke. (Hodder: 6s.)
"A Modern Ulysses." By Justus Miles Forman (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"England and Germany." By Austin Harrison. (Macmillan: 2s. 6d. net)

The efforts of several contemporaries to drag Mr. H. G. Wells into the anti-Socialist agitation, by attempts to convict him of the advocacy of "free love" and other awful heresies, are, quite naturally, arousing the ire of that distinguished writer. It is, certainly, a little startling to find oneself dragged into party polemics because of ideas one has expressed in one's novels. Because in "In the Days of the Comet" Mr. Wells conceived, as one of the results of a miraculous "change" in the human character, a condition in which men and women dwelt together without the marriage tie, is no reason whatever for accusing him of political advocacy of "free love." A man may dream of Utopian conditions who would be the last to advocate their immediate and violent introduction. There would be nothing inconsistent in a novelist who, in his novels, dreams the wildest of revolutionary dreams for the improvement of man's social condition, voting straight Tory at an election, or joining the Primrose League.

A change in the "school story" is decidedly foreshadowed by Mr. Desmond Coke's *The House Prefect* (Hodder: 6s.) one of a splendid series of seasonable gift books). In it one realises how altered is the public-school spirit since the days of Tom Brown. The story turns on the escapades of that incorrigible couple, Bates and Dillon, refractory and mischievous fourth-formers, and the attempts of their old colleague, Manders, to suppress them, once he had been made a "Pre." But there is such an element of calculation in the proceedings of the culprits, who are a couple of abandoned *poseurs*, and there is, over the whole atmosphere, such dignity, such reticence, such intense solicitude for "honour," that "Sefton" seems no end of a quiet, not to say dull, place. No wonder poor Raymond, the persecuted son of the "Head," cackles with joy when, after expulsion by his own father, he is allowed to go back to Rossall. Mr. Coke is, I know, an authority on the public school. But I doubt if Sefton is at all adequately representative. The punitive privileges of the Prefect are, I suggest, exercised very much more frequently and more violently, and life is, as a consequence, by no means so quiet for the hapless juniors as is represented. However, *The House Prefect* is admirable reading—more likely, perhaps, to appeal to the intelligent adult than the schoolboy himself, who would regard Seftonians as a stodgy crew, with their cant about public-school spirit, and their morbid and hardly healthy squeamishness about "honour."

Miss Corelli at a Literary Banquet

Miss Marie Corelli was given the place of honour to the right of the Lord Mayor at the sixty-eighth annual dinner and festival of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution at De Keyser's Hotel

How to Find Miss Corelli. *Cast eyes down figure of Lord Mayor (standing in centre, with beard) as far as the waist, then swerve slightly to left, where head of Miss Corelli (half behind fan) can be detected*

In *A Modern Ulysses* (Ward, Lock), Mr. Justus Miles Forman arranges an up-to-date itinerary for an amorously inclined American, compelled to leave home owing to an inadvertent murder, which, more or less, fits in with that of the old man of the Odyssey. He goes, as a pseudo cook's-mate, on a tour of the Mediterranean isles, in each of which he comes into contact with the inevitable Circes and Calypsos (he seems to have had extraordinary luck for so cold and uninteresting a youth!), finally running against his Penelope (from New York) itinerating her way around Venice. His fidelity to her, however, is way behind that of Ulysses, by comparison with whom our hero looks like fifty cents. After you come to the end of *A Modern Ulysses*, you tumble over some other short stories, which are very much better. Particularly *A Recruit of Diplomacy*.

Messrs. Sisleys have published the English translation of the German *Diary of a Lost One*, a book which, it is claimed, "has stirred the hearts of the German people—125,000 already sold." All I can say is that the hearts of the German people must be very easily stirred. What there is in this dull, ill-written chronicle of vulgar vice to appeal to even a German heart, I cannot conceive. Had the heroine been led to her career as the result of any evil social conditions, or as a result of masculine villainy, then there might have been some purpose in setting forth the story of her adventures. The "heroine," however, seems to have become a "lost one" as a result of natural predisposition. One's sympathy, therefore, is impossible, and as she is neither amusing nor instructive, one can only regret that a British publisher has thought it desirable to introduce us to her.

The political situation makes timely the appearance of *England and Germany*, by Austin Harrison (Macmillan: 2s. 6d. net)—a re-publication of some admirable articles which appeared last Spring in the *Observer*. The writer has been proved by subsequent events to have written his articles with inner knowledge, and can claim to have been one of the few British journalists to have thrown a light on the *camarilla* scandals before their ventilation in the German Courts. The chapters on "The April War Scare," on the relations between King and Kaiser, are of piquant political interest, while the rest of the book, dealing with German internal conditions, will be found highly instructive now that that country is so much in the British eye.

Private and Confidential is the title of quite an original little book, published by Messrs. Dean (1s.). The author has collected together a series of letters, purporting to have passed between various people in connection with various branches of work. As specimens of the kind of letters we all write, at times, to each other, these are exceedingly amusing. Probably few of us, when we penned our elaborate effusions, and patted ourselves on the back at their cleverness, suspected that they might form, one day, the contents of a humorous publication.

V. C.

Mr. Charles R. Gibson has contributed *The Romance of Modern Photography*, price 5s.) to the series issued by Messrs. Seeley and Co. Few would have been inclined to think that there was much romance about photography, but nearly all the essential discoveries have been accidental, and Mr. Gibson's sketch of the hopes and despairs and ultimate successes of Niépce, Daguerre, and Talbot makes quite exciting reading. To-day we press the button and "they" do the rest, but time was when an exposure was a matter of hours, and when the inventor eagerly scanned his exposed paper—negatives were first made on paper, not on glass—for never so faint a trace of an image. Sections of the book deal in attractive fashion with the bioscope, modern book illustration, colour photography, telegraphing photographs, and photography as an aid to the detection of crime, so that the field covered is extensive. The explanation of the complicated process of reproduction in colours is particularly lucid, and, indeed, the narrative is everywhere remarkable for its fluency and clear style. There are over sixty illustrations.

H. F.

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A National Monument in Danger

£58,664 URGENTLY NEEDED TO PRESERVE WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

The Shored-up Wall of the North Choir Aisle

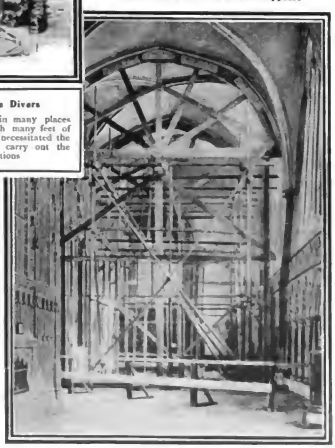
The West Front, as it now Appears

One of the Divers

The foundations in many places were covered with many feet of water, which has necessitated the use of divers to carry out the restorations

Photos *Green*

A Fissure in the North Transept Wall



The Scaffolding in the South Choir Aisle

Two years ago it was realised that urgent measures were necessary to preserve the ancient and beautiful fabric of Winchester Cathedral, an edifice more closely connected with the early history of the nation than any other in the country, Canterbury not excepted. At the time it was thought the needful repairs would amount to about £20,000, but once the work was begun it was found that the building was in a far more critical state than anyone had imagined. Already £37,000 has been spent, as a result of which the Crypt, Presbytery, and Lady-chapel may be pronounced safe, but to preserve effectively the building from the ravages of time, £58,664 is still required for the repair of the two Transepts and Tower, the Choir Aisles, flying buttresses, and the roof. This is not a matter of Diocesan interest, it is one that appeals to the whole of the English-speaking world, and it is to be hoped that generous aid will be forthcoming to save this great national treasure

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Mr. Macdonald's Ideal Links

I am concerned to find that by some temporary (I hope) aberration of intellect I assigned the ideal course which Mr. C. B. Macdonald (who, by the way, has cordially accepted membership of the Rules of Golf Committee) is constructing in America to the vicinity of Chicago instead of to Long Island, its actual place in geography. Unlike the servant, I cannot plead forgiveness on account of the mistake only being a "small one," for a difference of some 2,000 miles, not to speak of the horrible offence of mixing up Chicago and New York, is, as the Americans would say, "a pretty bright specimen of a mistake." However, there it is, and I trust I have made due penance in the white sheet of this page. Further, I may perhaps be allowed to condole with the Chicago golfer on the absence from his daily surroundings of this monument of golf architecture, the presence of which in the near neighbourhood of New York must add another item to the many causes of jealousy between the two great cities.

A Brilliant Record

Braid playing in the *News of the World* Professional Tournament at Sunningdale. During the last five years, he has not only won this competition three times, the other occasions being in 1903 and 1905, but has also been Open Champion in 1905 and 1906, a professional record second to none

The "News of the World" Tournament

The last great professional tournament of the year is over, and James Braid has brilliantly effaced the temporary eclipse under which he suffered at the Open Championship. It is pretty evident, from all the accounts of his matches, that after his first round, when he only beat Coburn by 3 and 1, after actually being 1 down at the ninth, he was the Braid of old, which, being interpreted, means that solid combination of steadiness and brilliance which has made him such a terror to his opponents during the last few years. This is the third occasion on which Braid has secured the valuable prize given by the *News of the World*, his two previous successes having been won in 1903 and 1905. We have, therefore, the following result of Braid's doings in match and score play since 1903: two Open Championships, in 1905 and 1906 respectively, and three *News of the World* tournaments. No other player in the professional ranks can show anything nearly equal to this brilliant record of the last five years, which conclusively stamps James Braid as the greatest master of both forms of the game at the present time.

A Welcome Relief

I am always pleased when the *News of the World* Tournament comes round, for there is then a brief cessation of the scoring game so dear to professional hearts, and the true old match game comes by its own for a brief period. Golfers cannot be sufficiently grateful to the proprietors of the *News of the World* for thus forcing the great professionals to measure themselves like meaner mortals with their young rivals in a form of the game which admits of no excuse for defeat except the superior play of an antagonist. I am quite convinced that this tournament, which in intrinsic interest and value of prizes considerably overshadows the Open Championship, has been of the greatest service in keeping alive among the professionals a love for the older and truer form of the game. I deeply regret that, unlike Sir Boyle Roche's bird, I could not be in two places at once, for nothing would have interested me more than to see the giants of the game going for each other with the gloves off at Sunningdale. The result of the play proves that the older men, more particularly the triumvirate, can still maintain their pride of place, for the semi-finals were fought out by Braid, Taylor, Harry Vardon, and Ray, the latter being the only young player who survived to this stage.

Brilliant Play

The Taylor-Vardon match must have been a sight for the gods. It was, apparently, a ding-dong struggle all the way. Vardon was 1 up at the fifteenth, but during the last three holes he had to negotiate two of those baleful two-yard putts which have proved so fatal to him in recent years, and missing both, he allowed Taylor to squeeze home by one hole. Braid in the other semi-final gave Ray practically no chance, and won by 4 and 3.

The first half of the final between Braid and Taylor left them all square, the quality of the play being shown by their respective scores of 74 and 75, a truly magnificent performance in a critical match over such a long and difficult course as Sunningdale. In the afternoon, Braid asserted himself decisively, and beat his formidable opponent by 4 and 2.

I send my warmest congratulations to Braid, to whom this compensating success at the close of the season must be particularly gratifying.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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RACING NOTIONS

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE AND THE LIVERPOOL CUP. BY CARBINE

How Higgs Beat Maher

Like the Cesarewitch, the Cambridgeshire gave us a finish to be remembered. I shall always think of the race as having been won by Higgs's astute manœuvring. Higgs and Maher have had many a duel in the shape of a tight finish, and the verdict has so often gone in the American's favour that Higgs will be specially delighted to have outwitted him this time. Let me narrate the facts. Maher on Malua was holding the lead as the field swept along by the Bushes, and, looking carefully round, he saw that his race was all but won. Wide on his right he saw Higgs, with his whip up and apparently hard at work on Land League. Maher, therefore, was content to let his mount gallop along in front without hustling him. Suddenly Land League dashed out with a wonderful burst of speed as they came down the rather sharp descent. It must have been a surprise to Maher as well as to the onlookers. Higgs had been waiting for this moment. His apparently desperate riding had not been what it seemed, and was worthy of Fordham, the arch-deceiver. As soon as they came to the dip, he let Land League go for all he was worth. Quickly he had gained two or three lengths' lead of Malua. It was a march fairly stolen. Maher dashed out after the leader, but couldn't quite catch him.

The Winner of the Cambridgeshire—Land League (Higgs up)

Land League's Cambridgeshire

Thoroughly pumped out, Land League was losing ground at every stride and swerving away to the rails, but that electrical spurt down the hill just carried him home, and amid great excitement he scored by a neck. I was surprised to hear afterwards that Maher thought he had won, for there seemed to be very little doubt as to the result from the stands. Another three strides and Malua would have been in front, but the winning-post is *the* place, and it was there that Land League had the advantage.

Our Puzzling Two-year-olds

What are we to think of our two-year-olds after the extraordinary result of the Dewhurst Plate? Can we put Vamose down as the moderate colt his utter failure makes him out to be? And if we can, what about Lesbia, with whom he ran a dead-heat at Kempton? What, too, can we think of Ednam, who ran his race in snatches, and was badly beaten into fourth place? Again, how shall we rank Rhodora, who won the race splendidly after a great display of speed and stamina, whereas a fortnight previously she had been hopelessly vanquished by Lesbia and others? It is all hopelessly puzzling, and it seems that the classic winners of 1908 will want a great deal of finding. People had barely recovered from the shock of the Dewhurst Plate ere they had another amazing result, all "form" being absolutely nullified when Radium triumphed over The White Knight in the race for the Jockey Club Cup. The contest was run in absurdly short time, and Radium's superior speed stood him in good stead at the finish. Thus the result is regarded as a fluke, but I fancy Radium is a great horse just now.

Selections for Liverpool

Racing at Liverpool is of considerable interest and importance this week, the chief event being the Autumn Cup on Friday. I think this will be won by **Laodemia,** and the best things for places may be Cornfield and Violante. On Wednesday the Liverpool St. Leger may be secured by **Larig.** On the following day will be run the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, which is a sort of junior Grand National. We have very little in the way of recent form to guide us as to the present merits of jumpers, but **Extravagance** should win, if he is as good as he was last season. **Gold Riach** or the chosen representative from Taylor's stable is my selection for the Grosvenor Cup on the concluding day.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Not the Paddock at Brooklands, but the Visitors' Cars on the Cambridgeshire day at Newmarket last week

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HOCKEY

An Exhilarating County Match

Of the two county teams which met at Blackheath on October 30, Kent were the stronger on paper, notwithstanding the absence of their two "star" half-backs, the brothers L. M. and J. Y. Robinson; and they deserved their victory by 3 goals to 1 because their methods of attack were more scientific than those of their opponents. But if the hockey of the Sussex side was less correct, it was eminently strenuous, and the team almost made up in individual merit for what it lacked in the matter of combination. Rushing tactics, if executed with a reasonable amount of skill, are always hard to combat, and if the Kent defence had been less thorough, it might have broken down altogether in the second half, during which, on the actual run of the play, Sussex were more often the aggressors than not. But as it turned out, Kent established their 3—1 lead in the first half and managed to keep it to the end of the second, thanks to the skill of three Blackheath men—Beasley (in goal), Kidd (back), and Tennent (centre-half); while in Fooks, of the Old Augustinians, who was an eleventh-hour choice, Kidd found quite a reliable partner at back. In attack, the best work was done by the three inside forwards, Burrell, Allen, and Kendall. The two outsides, Metcalf and Gay-Roberts, were less convincing; but it must not be forgotten that the latter was playing out of his place.

Kent v. Sussex: Hockey at Blackheath—Kent passing

Though L. M. and J. Y. Robinson were absent, Kent beat Sussex by 3 goals to 1 at Blackheath last Wednesday. During the second half, Kent had to work hard to keep their goal intact, and some excellent play was seen

On the Sussex side, Thorowgood in goal was quite as clever as Beasley, and proved himself to be the possessor of a good eye by stopping a hot one from Burrell with a left-handed lunge of his stick; while P. E. Hill played a dashing, if somewhat selfish, game at centre-forward. But the man who attracted the most attention was J. K. Matthews (Worthing), because he is a young player of distinct promise, with an intuitive knowledge of hockey. He hit the losers' only goal from outside right in the first half, and, although the experiment of moving him to inside left in the second did not lead to any more scoring, it was quite worth trying. It is noteworthy that Blackheath and Brighton each supplied six men to their respective counties.

Lady Lawgivers

I cannot help feeling rather sorry that the Women's Hockey Association has started legislating "on its own," especially as I am unable to announce my unqualified approval of its maiden effort. It has decided to bar stick-hooking, with the avowed object of making the game less "dangerous" for women. This is all very laudable in its way, but—is it hockey? The effect of the new enactment will, I fear, be somewhat startling. For instance, what is a half-back to do if a forward gets past her? I take it that she must run after that forward, overtake, and even outrun, her before she can legitimately attack her again, which thing, if the forward is at all speedy, takes some doing. Probably,

Photos] **Middlesex v. Surrey at Richmond: Middlesex scoring a try** [*Dixon*

Primarily owing to the failure of their forwards, Surrey were badly beaten by Middlesex by 32 points, the score being 3 goals (1 dropped) and 6 tries to nil

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The Croydon v. Finchley Lacrosse Match: A clever clear by Finchley

The Croydon v. Finchley match, played at Croydon on Saturday, resulted in a draw of 8 goals all

if she is a wise woman, she will leave the job to someone else who may, or may not, be forthcoming, and it looks to me as if a wing-forward with real pace—like, say, Miss Theed—is going to have a pretty good time. There are only a very few outdoor games or sports in which women can compete with men on terms of actual equality; but there are more than a few in which women can, at any rate, emulate men, proceeding exactly upon men's lines. Any growing dissimilarity between the rules of hockey and the rules of hockey as played by women must necessarily mean that hockey, *per se*, is not a suitable game for women—a proposition with which, I am sure, a great many women hockey players would not agree.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

"Poor Old Surrey!"

People who are enamoured of the cry, "Poor old Surrey!" never seem able to get it off at the right time. We uttered it feelingly on October 10, right up to the time of the kick-off, and behold! Surrey set to work to beat Devon, in a match which abounded in good football, by a goal to nothing. Accordingly, we went down to Richmond on October 30 in the expectation that, although Surrey were not at full strength, they would, at any rate, make Middlesex go all the way. But we were wrong again. This time it really was a case of "Poor old Surrey," for they were beaten by no fewer than 32 points to nil. And yet the explanation is really simple. It was the old story. In the one case, the Surrey forwards were a bit on top; in the other, they weren't—by something more than a bit. And that made all the difference. Superiority forward enables backs to play an attacking game, and so long as the attack can be kept up they are all right. But I have noticed over and over again that directly the necessity for a defensive game arises, and the backs are kept hard at it repelling attacks, their strength as an attacking force, even where a most likely opportunity arises, is reduced by more than half.

London Scottish v. Blackheath

It has come to be regarded almost as traditional that when the London Scottish play at Blackheath they never show their best form, and on Saturday, although they won, it was not a very convincing victory. It is curious how in some "class" matches all the best features of the Rugby game come out, while in others the play is nothing but a succession of tiresome scrambles, with much whistling by the referee necessarily interspersed. Saturday's game was very largely one of the latter kind, and I should be inclined to say that the reason of it was that the Scottish, though stronger forward, were weak (by comparison) at half. When a side is continually getting the ball and heeling it to halves who are repeatedly being smothered before they can get a move on a lot of loose scrummaging and scrambling is bound to occur. The Scottish forwards had the advantage of their Blackheath rivals in everything except sheer weight, and Blackheath had mainly to thank their two halves, Mainprice and Purdon—the latter, by the way, is the crack Irish half—for the fact that their line was only crossed once. With a couple like these two on their side, instead of against them, I believe the Scottish would have run up quite a big score. On the other hand, the result was, on the whole, encouraging to Blackheath. Mainprice is at his best, Purdon is an acquisition, and Finlison is evidently going to make his mark in his new place on the wing; but the forwards, though they are a powerful lot and work their hardest, are not good at getting the ball and sending it out smartly.

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

I have come to a definite decision. I have completely done with the big hat in its present drooping, dragged-back condition. This is by no means a sudden conclusion; it has been arriving for some time, and when there remained no shadow of a doubt in my mind, I sallied forth—being in no sort an iconoclast—to see what would actually arise from the ashes of the *démodé* thing. Initially, I met a little soft turban of very good felt, in the approved French mustard shade, to which a becoming width was imparted by a sweep across the front, a trifle to the left, of a black bird with an impossible number of malleable wings, while the right side of the brim was forced to a corresponding angle by a long cut jet pin. That was all, if you except an exceedingly large black chenille spot veil, and a following purchase of a feather boa to correspond with the felt, the whole designed to accompany a smart black face-cloth gown. However, the effect was most excellent.

Some *chapeaux* of another order to cross my line of vision recently were some capital fur hats, built on the lines of the soft stitched tweeds, and verily as light and as easy to manipulate as the latter. Primarily designed to meet motoring needs, these fur fancies are far too attractive to be monopolised by one contingent. The treatment is a jealously guarded secret at present, but this much is clear, that the process comprises some moulding manipulation, whereby everything in the shape of a foundation is dispensed with. At present, a bizarre feather mount suffices for decoration.

The Maison Paquin

Talking of furs reminds me that the famous house of Paquin recently supplied the proprietors of *Le Figaro* with some exceptionally interesting facts in connection with their fur trade, which this paper has presented to the world in the form of an illustrated supplement.

How few women there are who, enveloped in their costly sables and sealskins, suspect the hardships that these possessions have entailed, to say nothing of the frequent dangers and long weary months of travelling. One learns in this vividly written account how one of the most noted fur markets is Irbit, whither M. René, the noted expert and judge to whom Paquin entrusts all fur purchases, travels yearly in February, the heart of the winter, crossing the Siberian Steppes in sledges and encountering innumerable privations in the great cause of Fashion. Nor does the responsibility cease there on arrival, the subsequent buying often entailing days of patience, for the people of Irbit are primitive beyond all believing, and only realise the solid exchange of money. Credit is an unknown quantity; at the same time every effort is strained to make the most of the opportunity, the skilled eye, however, quickly detecting the prize skins, and their true marketable value. And there is no question, I believe, but that, in this respect, M. René has no rival.

Following on the buying comes a detailed account of the cleaning, curing, nourishing, and a process

An Original Design for a Black Velvet and Ermine Cloak, with platinum cords and tassels

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

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known as "Décharnage," which translated means the scraping and thinning of the back of the pelt, to render it sound and of the delicate, manageable quality at present decreed. In fact, the whole history, from the skins in the raw to the moment they emerge from the Rue de la Paix or Dover Street, fashioned into sumptuous wraps, is told with a vividness and accuracy that cannot fail to interest even the least thinking.

Viyella. Our Stand-by

Going ever upwards in the esteem of the tailor-made woman is Viyella for her beloved shirt. The enterprising firm responsible for the production recognises at its due worth the value of this esteem, the which they continue to hold by a varying assortment of designs. Plain colours are always especially well represented, and of stripes, as behoves the trend of the moment, there is a very special display. Where sport of any description is in view, Viyella, in its three weights, makes a special claim, the medium being frequently called into requisition by the golfing woman, to whom a presentation is being made of an original shirt design. As will be readily gathered, the gusset armhole is the leading feature, an idea culled from some well-known sports coats, while, also, quite out of the ordinary is the box-pleat either side, arranged in conjunction with a shoulder fulness, the whole set into a back yoke. The centre fold completing the trio closes with shirt studs, and is surmounted by a turn-over collar, worn with silk cravat and safety-pin brooch.

An Original Shirt Design
Fashioned in Viyella, this attractive model will appeal especially to the golfing woman
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Messrs. Ponting, Kensington

This long and safely established business, it is an open secret, has, during the past year, changed its management, with what admirable results and promises of the future those who run can read. By the great courtesy of one of the heads of the establishment, I was recently conducted over the whole of the extensive alterations, not only the completed portion, but also what is still in process of construction, the *ensemble* comprising a unique and perfect scheme the West End has never before equalled. In the brief space at my command, I cannot do more than hint at an extensive arcade, a cold room for furs, a strong room for silver, etc. One of the principal entrances will open directly on to a spacious costume department, followed on by mantles, with fitting-rooms at the back, all on the ground floor, while above, similarly arranged, come the outfitting and workrooms.

The millinery, a wide-famed success of Messrs. Ponting, is accorded, as is its due, augmented space, as also that other equally renowned feature, the art needlework department. But the general aim of the firm is to meet the ever-increasing demands of good fashion at reasonable prices, it becoming daily more apparent that the demand of the modern woman runs to variety. Where, ten years ago, one hat sufficed, we now require two, and frequently three, and those of us who have perforce to keep our fingers on the pulse of such things, have, for some time now, been struck by the assured confidence exhibited by Messrs. Ponting. They know precisely what is wanted, and they intend to see that they are the first to supply it. And those who need confirmation of this statement are invited as a preliminary measure to study the contents of the ably compiled catalogue just issued, which, despite its excellence, is incapable of offering other than a thin general vista.

The Diabolo Charm

I wonder if many of my readers have seen the new Diabolo charm. It is made in the shape of a bobbin, and may be procured either in silver or gold, usually being set with a cat's-eye stone, which is supposed to be one of our lucky ornaments. We shall now be able to recognise a Diabolo enthusiast when we meet him in the street: first of all, by the awkward manner in which he holds his head, and the obvious pain which he experiences in holding it all. You have heard, of course, of the Diabolo neck, which is only a stiff neck (a small wonder the Diabolist gets it) with a stronger name. The second mode of recognition will be the little charm suspended from a chain, and worn close to the heart, where in more sentimental days proud mothers treasured the pictures of their first babies, or romantic old maids the locks of the "hims" who were no more.

SCALA THEATRE.

I fear Mr. Nation's new venture will not prove any more successful than was his season at Terry's earlier in the year. *Stemming the Tide* is not the kind of play to fill a theatre. The hero goes through many trials and tribulations before finding love, happiness, or wealth. One of his most painful experiences was his conviction and imprisonment as the result of a trumped-up charge of theft. The plot seems stale, and the whole piece is unconvincing and wearisome. The members of the cast, for the most part, do not shine—they have no opportunities for displaying their powers. The greater number of characters are religious (?) hypocrites. Mr. T. P. Haynes contrives to be amusing at times as the Rev. Uriah Smugley. The first piece is *Weighed in the Balance*, a playlet produced by Mr. Nation at Terry's during his season there.

R. M.

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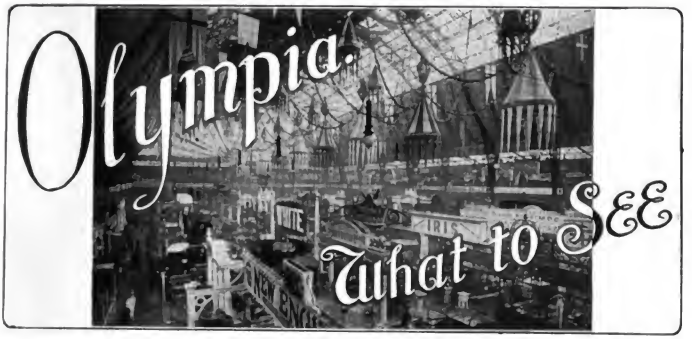

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

FOREWORD

Any attempt to give my readers an intelligent anticipation of the most important and interesting features of the Motor Show is beset with many difficulties. Manufacturers themselves are frequently not decided as to what they shall or shall not exhibit until a few days before the opening. Even when the exhibit is decided upon, there is often a nervousness displayed about letting the public become acquainted beforehand with their special features. However, I am pleased to see that this apprehension is gradually dying out, for, as astute business men, manufacturers see that, to lift a corner of the curtain and give a forecast to an expectant public of what novelties there are, rather whets than restrains the appetite. The greatest difficulty we have had to contend with has been owing to the reticence of the officials of the Society of Motor Manufacturers. A polite request for a copy of the plan of the stands—most necessary to anyone giving a detailed description of the exhibits stand by stand—was curtly refused to our representative. Now, as the Society of Motor Manufacturers exists solely for the purpose of furthering the business interests of its members, I cannot believe that the policy of its officials in trying to prevent the Press from giving a forecast of the Show by withholding information can meet with the approval of its members. The motor industry, to its credit, realises the value of the publicity it obtains through the Press, and welcomes the growing interest and knowledge shown towards the trade by the papers outside the purely technical or trade Press. THE BYSTANDER has, since its birth, consistently followed motoring. When we had the honour to introduce this journal to the public, motoring subjects were treated with scant respect by the general Press; but from the first it was realised on this paper that, whether as a sport, a pastime, or as a necessity of life, as it may be now said to be, motoring was of interest and importance to the general public. Thus, it has been a regular feature of our columns, and will continue to be so.

Good Value in Cars

Fortunately, however, in spite of the Society's attitude, we are able to give a very generally complete description of the principal features of the Olympia Show. From the information we have obtained, it is possible to form a good idea respecting the tendency of the trade at the present time.

The day for fancy prices has passed, and a good thing it is too, for inflation of prices is unhealthy, especially in a young industry. All the leading makers have now recognised that the tendency is towards a moderate-priced car, and though many of them are building the more expensive type for such customers as require them, they are placing models on the market of the highest quality, which are within the reach of the possessor of a moderate income. The quality of the cars shown throughout is on a high level, and, indeed, if a visitor, willing to expend from £400 to £500 on a car, were to be set blindfold before any stand chosen haphazard, he might safely make his purchase, though knowing nothing about the type. The freak car has had its day, and at Olympia one beholds the survival of the fittest.

Six-Cylinder Cars

A remarkable feature of the Show among the more expensive types is the unanimity of opinion in favour of the six-cylinder. With one or two notable exceptions, every firm of importance has already placed, or is now introducing, a six-cylinder car. The horse-power varies. One six-cylinder is of 24-30 h.-p., and there are cars up to 90 h.-p., but there is no possible doubt that the six-cylinder, of which Messrs. Edge were the pioneers, is the vogue of the hour.

Cheap Cars

For those desiring cheap cars—up to £250 to £350—there are many tempting opportunities. Cars priced at these figures have not, as regards their cost, shown much alteration from the previous season. On the other hand, many refinements and improvements have been introduced which, in another form, is equivalent to putting money into the pockets of their owners.

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A Tour of the Show

THE PRINCIPAL EXHIBITS

It is a little puzzling, on a first visit to Olympia, to know where to begin. The mammoth building, the din and confusion, the decorations and the vast array of stands, are bewildering. Entering by the main doors, near Addison Road Station, the plan I find best is to begin on the right side of the central avenue, opposite the doors. At the corner, the first stand which attracts our notice is that of Messrs. Renault Frères, No. 85.

Red Renaults

This celebrated house, whose red taxicabs are so familiar a sight on the London streets, are showing three four-cylinder cars, a 14-20 h.-p. chassis, price £380, a 20-30 h.-p. with Limousine body, and a 35-45 h.-p. with a similar body. They also show an 8-9 h.-p. two-cylinder chassis, fitted with a single landaulette body, similar to the cabs, for which they ask £380 complete. The leading feature observable is that the chassis for 1908 are longer than heretofore, while the three larger-powered cars are fitted with a self-starter device.

Stand 93. Ford: 15-18 h.-p. Four-Cylinder, Four-Seated Double Phaeton. (Price £245)

The Delaunay-Belleville

Next to the Renault stand, the Burlington Carriage Co., Ltd., of 315, Oxford Street, are showing Delaunay-Bellevilles, of which they are the sole English Agents. The Delaunay-Belleville has always been a car *de luxe*, and is one of the most popular town carriages affected by the *élite* of Paris, who know cars when they see them. The feature of the Stand is a 28 h.-p. car, with a seven-seated Roi des Belges body, painted French grey, with blue lines, and trimmed in blue leather. The appointments are very fine, and altogether the car is an elegant one.

Stand 31. Itala: M. H. G. Norris, Manager of the Company, on one of the new models

The most interesting exhibit of the Itala is the famous car driven from Pekin to Paris by Prince Scipio Borghese. The above car is of similar pattern

Take this Supplement with you to the Show

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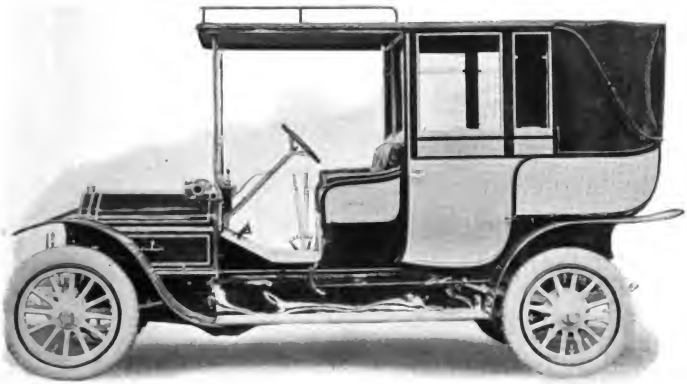
Some Leading British Cars



Stand 66. Wolseley-Siddeley: The 18 h.-p. Limousine Landaulette—a luxurious car
One of the patrons of the Siddeley is her Majesty the Queen. They show several new models

Thornycroft

Messrs. Thornycroft have the next stand but one (No. 55), and, in addition to their well-known four-cylinder model, they have introduced two new types—a four-cylinder 30 h.-p. and a six-cylinder 45 h.-p., both of similar design. Two notable features are, an arrangement for pressure petrol feed to supplement the gravity feed on steep gradients, and a gear-box suspended at three points, with very large ball-bearings throughout, fitted with two neat cover-clips, enabling the gears to be instantly examined, if desired. Another point worthy of mention is the clean appearance of the dashboard, a custom which manufacturers are generally adopting.

"Weekly Wins"

The "weekly wins" of the pioneer motor manufacturers in England are well known to readers of all papers, if only by reason of their recurring consistency—I had almost written monotony. The Daimler stand, No. 54, is in the centre of the building, and well deserving are the firm of this position. The Daimler Company are staging four models, a 30 h.-p., with landaulette body painted blue, with vertical blue lining, and upholstered in blue leather, and three 42 h.-p. cars, with a wheel-base of 10½ ft., 10½ ft., and 11½ ft. respectively. Their stand is certain to be a centre of attraction, especially on the part of the fair sex, who always love the magnificent appearance and comfort in travelling associated with these splendid cars.

Stand 51. Rolls-Royce: The famous "Silver Ghost," driven by Mr. Claude Johnston
This car completed a 14,371-miles non-stop run, and created the world's record for reliability

Rolls-Royce Six-Cylinders

Stands Nos. 53 and 52 are occupied by the Swift and Singer Companies respectively; passing these, it is advisable to pause before the Rolls-Royce stand, No. 51. Messrs. Rolls-Royce are showing the famous "Silver Ghost," which recently created a world's record for reliability, under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club, covering a distance of 14,371 miles without an involuntary stop, during which it competed in the Scottish Reliability Trials, and won the gold medal for its class. All the working parts of the car are exhibited to allow visitors an opportunity of inspecting the condition of the mechanism of a leading British car after so thorough a test. This firm is also showing three other six-cylinder types: their standard 1908 chassis, 40-50 h.-p., price £985; a car fitted with a Pullman Limousine body by Barker's, to carry eight persons, price £1,325; and a

It is, in itself, a Complete Catalogue

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Cars for Town and Country Work

Stand 62. The C.G.V. 20 h.-p. Limousine Landaulette. (Price £640)

A car much in vogue for town work. The carriage-work is by Hooper

car fitted with a Limousine landaulette body, similar to one lately supplied to the Earl of Dalkeith, price £1,260. The new Rolls-Royce design shows that the front axle and steering have been entirely re-designed. In point of flexibility, it may be mentioned that the R.A.C.'s records show that, on third (top) speed, the Rolls-Royce six-cylinder was driven at 3.4 miles per hour to 52.9 miles per hour, both on the flat.

Siddeley Autocars

The next exhibit which is worthy of a thorough examination is the Wolseley-Siddeley stand, No. 66, opposite to Rolls-Royce, in the Central Avenue. The Siddeley cars are eminently attractive in their appearance. Their neat external appearance betokens sound workmanship. They hold proud records for durability and reliability, and last but not least, they have the honour of supplying her Majesty the Queen. This famous firm will have eight models for the forthcoming season. Two new types are listed, a four-cylinder 14 h.-p. and an 18 h.-p., with every possible refinement, known as the 18 h.-p. Type de Luxe. The first is, as stated, a car with four cylinders of 3 9-16th in. bore and 4 in. stroke. This, by R.A.C. rating, gives a 20 h.-p. It has a wheel-base of 8 ft. 9 in., and is driven by live axle. It is essentially a light car, intended to carry not more than four persons. It has three forward speeds and one reverse, and the chassis price—£320—with Dunlop tyres and H.T. coil and accumulator ignition, is so moderate for a car of such a high reputation as the Siddeley, that a very large demand may be anticipated. The 18 h.-p. Type de Luxe is a live-axle car, with every possible refinement. It has four cylinders with 4 in. bore and 4½ in. stroke, developing, on R.A.C. rating, 25 h.-p. It is equipped with H.T. magneto ignition, as well as coil and accumulator, four forward speeds and one reverse, and the chassis price, with 9 ft. 9 in. wheel-base, is £500, or, with 10 ft. 3 in. wheel-base, £525. The 18 h.-p. Standard live-axle car has undergone some simplification in several details, which, without in any way detracting from its high-class character, permits the reduction of the chassis price to £420. The 30 h.-p. four-cylinder live-axle car, which has proved so successful in the past season, is being continued, the chassis price being £550. The live-axle 10 h.-p. (R.A.C. rating 12 h.-p.) will also be continued. The chassis price of this last will be £250, and it will be found to meet thoroughly the wants of those who need a light car, of which the running cost is low. A prominent feature will be the fitting to the rear axle, of all cars of 14 h.-p. and over, of the Wolseley Shock Absorber. This is an appliance which has been thoroughly tested. Its efficiency has been tried under the most trying conditions, and it is believed that it will add greatly to the material comforts of drivers of cars and their passengers. It automatically absorbs the recoil action of carriage springs, and makes it possible to drive with comfort over the roughest roads.

New Speedwell Cars

Next door to the Siddeleys is a very good display by the New Speedwell (No. 65), all four-cylinder 25 h.-p. cars. *En passant*, one should note the construction of the Speedwell double rear axle, which, the makers contend, although of the live-axle type, relieves the live axle of all chassis load and road strain, and leaves it perfectly free to transmit power to the road wheels. The design allows the whole of the differential and running gear to be dismantled in a few moments, leaving the car standing on its own wheels. The spring drive and simple brake adjustments are other features worth noting.

Clement and C.G.V. Cars

The Clement cars show a range from a 10-12 h.-p. two-cylinder at £260, including several improvements on their last year's similar car, to a 35-45 h.-p. four-cylinder car, costing £600 as against £750 in 1906-7. The new 25-35 h.-p. four-cylinder Clement

Stand 42. The Iris 40 h.-p. Six-Cylinder Landaulette de Luxe

The Iris has been very successful during the past season

More than that—It is a Review of the Show

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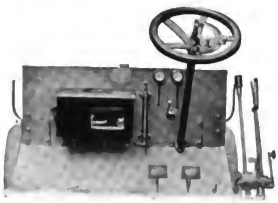
Napier Exhibits

at £550 is cheap, and with the reputation of this well-known Company behind it, those wanting a high-class, reliable, and fast touring car might go further and fare worse. At the next stand but one, the London Motor Garage are showing four C.G.V. cars. There is no doubt that, for town work, the C.G.V. cars are getting more and more popular, owing to their thorough reliability, silence, and comfort. The 15 h.-p. Limousine landaulette, with its elegant carriage-work by Messrs. Hooper, has only to be seen to be admired. The price of the chassis is £500. The price of the 20 h.-p. C.G.V. is £640, and for the 30 h.-p. £760, this being the cost of the chassis. Messrs. Charron, Ltd., are now a London company.

De Dietrich Brakes

At Stand 61, Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts are staging five Lorraine Dietrichs, including a 14-18 h.-p. "Town Car" chassis and a 28-38 h.-p. chassis; an 18-28 h.-p., with Limousine body, and a 40-50 h.-p. landaulette—all four-cylinder cars. The "Town Car," the chassis of which costs £450, has a live-axle drive, while the other exhibits depend on chains for final transmission from the gear-box. The ignition on the "Town Car," which Messrs. Jarrott and Letts strongly recommend, is by high-tension magneto. Great attention has been paid to their brakes by this firm. The rear road wheels on all their cars have two large drums, to which are attached the driving sprockets. Inside these drums are expanding segments operated by means of a "pull-up" hand-lever, while a compensating device is fitted to equalise the pressure on each wheel. The foot-brakes are interesting: there are two drums of large surface attached to the differential shafts, upon which act jaws, operated by one foot-pedal. Often the "braking" of cars is given too little attention by manufacturers, and De Dietrich are to be heartily congratulated on the very complete arrangements they have made in this respect.



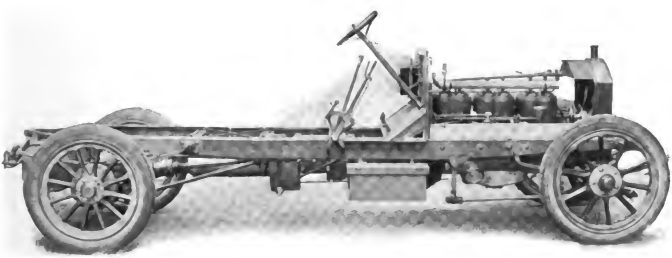
Stand 43. Napier Dashboard

Showing the absence of gauges

Belsize and Rover Cars

Alongside the De Dietrichs is the Belsize exhibit, and next to it the Rover Company's stand. The Belsize firm are demonstrating their versatility by displaying no fewer than six models, including four four-cylinder cars of 15, 20, 28, and 30-40 h.-p., as well as two six-cylinder cars of 30 h.-p. and 60 h.-p. The smaller-powered "six" is listed at £525, and the 60 h.-p. at £1,000. The method of transmission is by cardan shaft in all models.

The Rover Company's most notable exhibit is their Tourist Trophy model, the 20 h.-p. four-cylinder car with which they won the Tourist Trophy race last June. The model has been standardised for the 1908 season at the price of £400. Their two single-cylinder models, the 6 h.-p. and the 8 h.-p. cars, will doubtless attract the man of moderate means.



Stand 43. The Napier New 30 h.-p. Six-Cylinder Chassis

This new model, at the low price of £575, with live-axle drive, and fitted with all Napier refinements, will be one of the features of the Show

It Tells you Everything you Want to Know

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Iris, Vulcan, N.E.C., and Argyll Exhibits

The Iris

After having inspected the Rover Company's specialities, we turn to the left past the Renault stand, and turn into the avenue where the Iris Car stand is, the second on the left (No. 42). The Iris car has been so prominent during the past season that a good deal of interest is attaching to its future programme. There are many points of special interest in the Iris cars, particularly with regard to the perfect control, owing to the absolute flexibility of the engine, whereby the car may be run at all speeds by merely moving a small lever mounted over the steering-wheel without the necessity of constantly changing gears. In the Irish Reliability Trials, the Iris completed an absolute non-stop run throughout, and in the Scottish Trials obtained 799 out of a possible 800 marks for reliability over a course that was a most trying test. The prices of the 25 h.-p., the 35 h.-p., and the 40 h.-p., including tyres, are £575, £700, and £875. The 40 h.-p. car is the noted six-cylinder.

Napier Cars

One of the choicest treats at Olympia's show, in the visitor's eyes, is always the Napier stand, and, therefore, you will be sure to find a large and admiring throng round the elegant productions of Messrs. S. F. Edge, Ltd. (No. 43). Perhaps the most magnificent car in the whole show is the 60 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier, with a Pullman Limousine body by Mulliner, to seat five inside, upholstered in buff ribbed cloth, with fittings of the most luxurious description, including electric lights, inlaid roof, folding seats, interior side-tables, canteens, speaking-tube, etc.—a vehicle, in short, which will surely appeal to some potentate. Its price is 1,000 guineas. On the Napier stand is a 40 h.-p. six-cylinder chassis, fitted with detachable wire wheels, as strongly advocated by Mr. Edge, and fitted on all Napier cars without extra charge. There is also a 40 h.-p. six-cylinder landaulette carriage. Both these models are driven by live axle. Attention will, however, be centred on the new Napier model, namely, the 30 h.-p. six-cylinder chainless car, which is now put on the market for the first time at the striking figure of £575, or delivered complete, with side-entrance body, for £675.

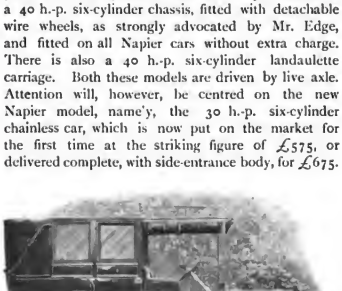

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Stand 47 Ariel Simplex 40-50 h.-p. Limousine, to Seat Seven

The Ariel car took the Gold Medal in the Scottish Reliability Trials. It has a striking appearance, the coachwork being specially designed by Mulliner. The Ariel claims to be "the quietest car on the market"

Stand 61. De Dietrich 18-20 h.-p. Four-Cylinder Car, with Limousine Body

A popular town car. This firm is giving special attention to brakes

To attempt a description of this car would demand more of our space than is permissible, but it may be remarked that the same high quality of engineering construction associated with the Napier firm is as apparent in this car as in the larger and more expensive make. The proof of the pudding lies in the eating, and the large quantity of orders pouring in for this new model shows that it meets with the appreciation of the public.

N.E.C. and Vulcan

Next to the Napiers we find the stand of the New Engine Company, who are showing a 20 h.-p. landaulette, a 30 h.-p. ditto, and a 40 h.-p. Limousine. The 20 h.-p. is built specially with the view of meeting the requirements of doctors. The general arrangement of all the N.E. Company's cars is their long wheel-base, so that the body is completely within the wheels. The prices of these cars are £600, £850, and £1,050 respectively. Opposite is the stand of the Vulcan Company, who show 14 h.-p., 20 h.-p., and 25-30 h.-p. four-cylinder cars. The bore of the cylinders on the 14 h.-p. is 3 1/8 in., and the stroke 4 1/4 in. The price of this car, with a side-entrance phaeton body, is £350.

The Argyll

At the next position, No. 36, Argyll Motors, of Alexandria, by Glasgow are showing eight models, the largest exhibit in the Show. These include four examples of their 14-16 h.-p., and a couple of their 16-20 h.-p. In addition, they have on view a 40 h.-p. chassis, new model, four-cylinder engine, cast in pairs, the valves all on one side. The Argyll flat-plate clutch, four-speed gear-box, having a gate control fitted. The back axle is particularly accessible, and the differential and driving pinions may be removed without disturbing the axle casing of the wheels.

The Gladiator

The Gladiator stand, No. 45, displays five models —a 12-14 h.p., an 18-24 h.-p., an 18-28 h.-p., a 25-35 h.-p., and a 35-45 h.-p., all four-cylinder cars. On the two smaller cars transmission is by live axle, and the larger cars are chain-driven in dust-proof cases. The Gladiator is a very fine touring car, silent, rapid,

It Deals in Detail with All the Exhibits

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Two Famous Cars, the Itala and the Hotchkiss

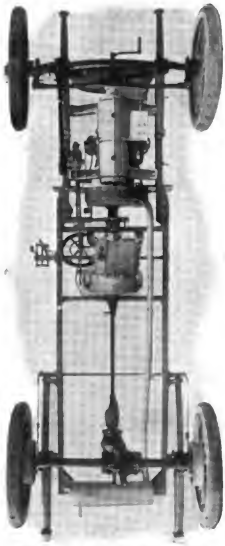
reliable and economical. Its price is quite within the reach of those who are not millionaires, and a purchaser of one of these cars can feel sure that he is obtaining a vehicle which he will be able to rely on for many years to come. The price of the small car is £325, for the chassis, and of the large 35-45 h.-p., £600.

Simms, Armstrong-Whitworth, and Ariel

At Stand 35, the Simms Manufacturing Company are showing a six-cylinder 30-35 h.-p. Simms-Welbeck chassis, price £690; a six-cylinder Limousine, price £770; a four-cylinder 20-25 h.-p. landaulette, price £725; and a four-cylinder touring car, price £570. At the adjoining stand, Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. display two new model 30 h.-p. Limousines and a seven-seated 30 h.-p. double phaeton among other exhibits, all four-cylinder cars; while on the opposite side, Ariel Motors are exhibiting five cars, all four-cylinder, ranging from a 25-35 h.-p. to a 40-50 h.-p. Ariel cars are British-built and designed throughout. There is no doubt that the Ariel presents a very workman-like appearance, and I have vivid memories of its excellent showing in the "Graphic" Trophy race in the Isle of Man last June, when, unfortunately, a side-slip on a very bad piece of road spoilt its chances. Ariels secured a gold medal in their class in the Scottish Reliability Trials this summer. Forced lubrication has been introduced in the new models.

Germain and Deasy Cars

The Belgian cars, the Germain, are the next-door neighbours to the Ariel Co., and their five examples are all faithful to the shaft principle of transmission. The six-cylinder chassis, with separate steel cylinders and brass water-jackets, is a departure of note in view of the growing fashion of cylinders cast in one piece. Also, this firm's preference for brown as a colour for the bodies of their cars gives them an air of distinction. The Deasy car, on the stand facing (No. 33), next merits notice, for the Deasy, thanks to its reliability test in Ireland under very severe weather conditions, when it emerged triumphant, with a gold medal awarded by the Irish Automobile Club, and its success during the last few months in several open competitions, is now recognised as a car of rare merit. There is a 45 h.-p. four-cylinder chassis, price £750, but the 25 h.-p. touring car, complete at £560, is a handsome piece of engineering work, and pleases the eye. The bore and stroke of the 25 h.-p. is 105 by 130 mm. An improved type of cardan-shaft brake should be noted, and large internal expanding brakes on the road wheels. The next two stands in sequence are occupied by the Clement-Talbot and Crossley Cars respectively, but I regret that no information has reached me at the time of going to press regarding their exhibits.



Stand 30: Hotchkiss 20-30 h.-p. £440 chassis

The Hotchkiss recently underwent an exhaustive 15,000-miles reliability trial, the working parts, on the completion of this distance, showing no signs of wear

The Pekin-Paris "Itala"

Wending our way to Stand 31, the other side of the Crossley exhibit, we come across the car which will probably appeal more to the imagination of the public than any other—need I say the Itala car which Prince Scipio Borghese drove in the now historic race from Pekin to Paris? It is a testimony to the importance attached by Continental manufacturers to the Olympia Show, if one is needed, when this car is exhibited in London instead of at the Paris *Salon*. Itala Automobiles, Ltd., are staging a new 75 h.-p. six-cylinder—new, that is to say, to the British market, since it is the first time it has been seen here.

Hotchkiss

Passing Stand 30, occupied by the Victoria Carriage Works, we hasten to examine another car equally famous—the Hotchkiss to wit. This car, which emerged so triumphantly from its 15,000-mile reliability trial, and whose parts, examined by experts after being dismantled, showed absolutely no signs of wear, is an exhibit that demands some special attention. These parts may be seen on the stand, and, as a proof of what fine steel-work is like after a 15,000-mile run, they are really instructive. The parts, without exaggeration, are almost like new. The agents of the Hotchkiss—the London and Parisian Motor Company—are showing a 45 h.-p. six-cylinder, but, to those requiring a high-class car of moderate h.-p. and price, the new type of 16-20 h.-p. four-cylinder Hotchkiss is worth a few minutes' study. The bore is 95, the stroke is 110, and the gear is on the gate change principle now so greatly in vogue. This car has been tested and found to be speedy, a good hill-climber, light, and certainly is not expensive.

Study It Stand by Stand

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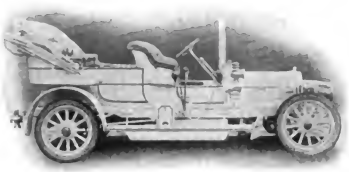
Some Four and Six-Cylinder Cars

Brooke Six-Cylinder, price £495

At Stand No. 28, Messrs. J. W. Brooke, of Lowestoft, are making their latest type of six-cylinder, a 25-30 h.-p., the leading feature. Having tried one of these models, I can speak with confidence of their all-round excellence, while the price, £495 for the chassis, or £560 complete, makes it the cheapest six-cylinder on the market for its horse-power. Beyond this stand is the Pullcar Company's exhibit of four vehicles, including one chassis.

F.I.A.T.

The F.I.A.T. Company, who have won more important races on the Continent during the past year or two than any other manufacturer, are mounting five models, including a 60 h.-p. six-cylinder chassis, and a new model 20-30 h.-p. chassis fitted with this firm's patent live-axle drive. One of the handsomest and most luxurious cars yet made is also being shown here, a State landau, built for his Highness the Maharajah of Scindia and Gwalior, on an 18-24 h.-p. F.I.A.T. chassis, the body by Messrs. Rothschild.



Stand 28. Brooke Six-Cylinder 25-30 h.-p. Chassis. (Price £495, with lyres)

The cheapest six-cylinder car on the market

West

Across the way is the Cannstadt Automobile Association, No. 25, who are interested in the German Mercédès. Beyond this stand, again, is West, Ltd., No. 24, who, among other novelties, are putting on the market a popular 14-16 h.-p. car with four cylinders cast in one piece, 84 bore by 110 stroke. The engine is an Aster, and the car is fitted wth high-tension Simms' magneto ignition, four-speed gear-box, live axle, ball-bearings throughout, and gate-gear. The list price of the chassis is £345.

The Six-Cylinder "Thames"

The cry is still the six-cylinder! At Stand 22, Messrs. Clifford Earp are staging a 50 h.-p. six-cylinder "Thames" car. This car is practically a duplicate of that which made the remarkable journey from London to Dundee at top speed in the Spring. An improved carburettor, with double-jet rotary throttle and automatic air supply, is fitted to this car. The chassis price is £875, but the next season's models include a new six-cylinder 45 h.-p., embodying all the chief features of the higher-priced car, which is to cost (chassis) only £695. The special feature of this interesting stand is, however, a 15 h.-p. two-cylinder "Thames" landaulette. Engine, clutch, clutch-shaft, and gear-box constitute a single unit, so that it is impossible for the various parts to lose their alignment, and, as one who has had a car which has done this, I can say with emphasis what a boon and a blessing it is.

Rex, Pilgrim, and Mors

The adjoining stand (No. 21) is occupied by the Rex Company, who show a new four-cylinder light car, which rejoices in the name of "Reno," the pronunciation of which seems familiar! There is nothing particularly noticeable about the car, except that the radiator, which is of the gilled-tube type, has the front enclosed with a grid formed of sheet steel to give the appearance of a honeycomb radiator, on the hypothesis that it is necessary to protect the radiating tubes proper from flying stones! At Stand 20, the Pilgrims' Way Company, of Farnham, show a standard "Pilgrim" 32 h.-p., R.A.C. rating, chassis, fitted with a three-quarter landaulette body, containing two extra swing seats, enabling five persons to sit facing forward. The price is £782 complete. This firm also exhibit an engine sectioned throughout to expose all working parts. Opposite, at Stand No. 3, the Mors Company show six chassis, from a 10 h.-p. four-cylinder, with live-axle drive, to a 50 h.-p. six-cylinder, chain-drive. They also exhibit the car on which M. Mors has been touring, for the last two months, all over the Continent, covering over 25,000 miles without experiencing any trouble whatsoever. Every part of this car is in perfect condition.

Weigel and Westinghouse

Next door to Mors, Mr. "Danny" Weigel's firm are showing their notable, in more ways than one, 40 h.-p. four-cylinder Weigel chassis and the 25 h.-p. four-cylinder Weigel chassis, together with specimen parts. Weigel motors have striven hard to give accurate workmanship and to provide absolute interchangeability of parts combined with the highest-grade materials. The 40 h.-p. is a very powerful car as the writer, who experienced a drive on one of them not very long ago, had reason to know!

The Automobile Association have a stand just here (No. 5), and will give every assistance and facility to

Whatever you do, Don't Lose It

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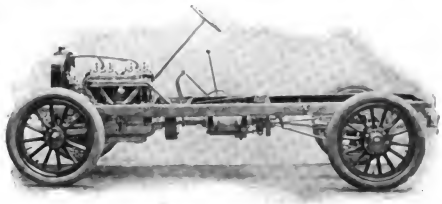
Nordenfeldt, Rothwell, and Lanchester Cars

their members. Near the A.A., at No. 7, Messrs. A. Gaal and Co. are displaying four Westinghouse models, for which cars they are the agents. It will be remembered that these cars were used in running a service between London and Paris in the summer. The 20-30 h.-p. chassis, four-cylinder, for which a high speed is claimed on a low petrol consumption, is a car of great simplicity and strength. The clutch is all made of steel, running in oil, which can be slipped indefinitely. The Westinghouse is quite the best piece of engineering in the way of a car on the internal combustion principle yet seen in this country.



Stand 36. Argyll (Glasgow): Chassis of the new 30-40 h.-p.
This stand is one of the attractions of the Show, having the largest number of exhibits

Nordenfelt

At the next position, Stand No. 8, the well-known Nordenfelt cars are being shown. The chassis in each case are fitted with the Barriquand and Marré motors, and include a 10-12 h.-p., 16-20 h.-p., 30-36 h.-p., and 40-45 h.-p., all four-cylinder cars. The 16-20 h.-p. model is well designed, and is particularly suitable for town service. It is fitted with a graceful and luxurious laudaulette *coupé* body by Withers. The Barriquand and Marré motor is of clean, simple design, possessing every latest feature, having a particularly efficient carburettor, and is, in every instance, more powerful than stated. Every part of these engines is standardised, and they are guaranteed for three years against defective workmanship.

The Buick and Junior

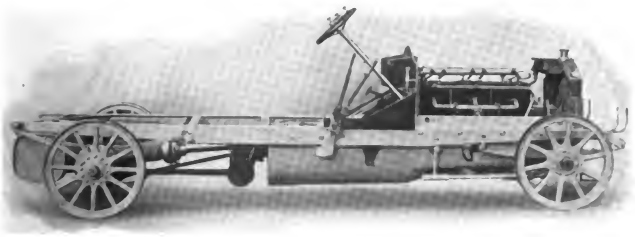
At Stand No. 9, four Buick models are staged, the 18 h.-p. chassis showing all working parts. The 24-30 h.-p. Buick, fitted with a smart side-entrance touring body, to seat five passengers, painted maroon and upholstered to match, is listed at £450. Just beyond this stand, on the other side, the latest Italian car to come on the market is shown, the Junior.

The Rothwell

Passing along to Stand 15, the Rothwell cars engage a few minutes' attention. The Rothwell hails from Oldham, and in appearance is not unlike a Humber car. The large-powered cars have engines designed by the manufacturers, but the 15 h.-p. is fitted with an Aster engine. This car is a capable hill-climber and is fast on the level. It can be made to travel on top speed at a walking pace, and immediately answer to the opening of the throttle without unpleasant jerking.

Lanchester

Reaching the end of the passage, turn to the left until Stand 68 is reached, where the Lanchester Company have their wares. I must confess to many years' affection for this car. For one thing, whether in traffic or on the open road I have never known a Lanchester to be other than perfectly silent; and for another, the body is so beautifully slung that travelling becomes a veritable joy. They are one of those firms



Stand 22. The "Thames" 50 h.-p. Six-Cylinder Chassis
A duplicate of the famous car with which Mr. Clifford Earp made the remarkable journey from London to Dundee on top speed in the Spring

Is there anything New to be Seen? The Supplement Tells You

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Some High and Low-Powered Cars

who always have a good reason for placing any new design on the market, and hence their new 50 h.-p. six-cylinder has its *raison d'être*, which is, that many of their customers have agitated for a more powerful type than the 28 h.-p. six-cylinder. The new car has many outward departures from the generally accepted Lanchester design, which must have caused some qualms to the original unconventional designer. It is fitted with a bonnet in front, while steering is by wheel in place of tiller, a move in the right direction; otherwise it retains many of this noted firm's successful points, including the silent worm drive, the wick carburettor, and the suspension of the after-body. In addition to the various cars, there is to be seen a very interesting model of the Lanchester worm gear. One cannot help remarking, of the Lanchester, how little of the machine is in evidence. It is a beautiful carriage, with heaps of room, which seems to glide swiftly along without any visible motive power—the attainment, in other words, of the highest art in motor engineering.

Stand 72. The Dashboard of the Vauxhall Car

Notable for its clean appearance and the absence of lubricators and other troublesome fittings

Sunbeam Cars

Almost facing the Lanchester is a fine show by the White Steam Cars, but, as I desire to deal with steam cars expressly, we will pass this stand for the moment and pay a visit to the Sunbeam Co., just opposite, at No. 70. The new 35 h.-p. Sunbeam, now seen for the first time, has its cylinders, 120 by 140 mm., cast and set separately upon the crank chamber. The frame shows a considerable advance in design, while ball-bearings have been added to the road wheels. The oil-bath chain-cases, so distinctive a feature of the Sunbeam cars, have been greatly improved. As a car for touring, or for town use, the Sunbeam, whether the 20 h.-p. (also a new design this year) or the more powerful car, is justly celebrated on account of its perfect flexibility and easy running. In both the Scottish and Irish Reliability Trials this year Sunbeam cars achieved absolute non-stop runs.

Winton, Brotherhood, Vauxhall, Adams, etc.

At Stand 71 the Winton Motor Company, who were the first to introduce the six-cylinder car into the United States, show a 50 h.-p. six-cylinder car, for which, complete with body and all accessories, including wind screen, £950 is asked. Their cars are guaranteed for twelve months. At Stand 82, exactly facing the Sheffield Simplex Works, better known under their former title of Brotherhood-Crocker, is exhibited for the first time a six-cylinder 45 h.-p. Brotherhood car, which, it is said, embodies a number of interesting improvements and innovations. At Stand 72 are Vauxhall Motors, a firm which is turning out thoroughly good engineering work. It will be noticed that the dashboard of these cars is quite innocent of gauges, etc. They are drawing attention to their system of lubrication, carried on automatically by pump, which avoids the objectionable smoke so frequently emitted from the exhaust caused by over-lubricating. They have an excellent small car, a 12-16 h.-p. four-cylinder, fitted with standard side-entrance body, at £375. At No. 73, the Maudslay firm are showing six models, all chain-driven, except their new pattern 25-30 h.-p., which has a live axle. At Stand 81, on the other side, the Lacre Company's most interesting exhibit is the new 12 h.-p. Albion; while next to them the Adams Manufacturing Company have a 10 h.-p. single-cylinder, with an elaborate system of body changing, so that it can be converted from a tradesman's delivery van into a two-seated touring car, or, by fixing detachable back seats, into a four-seater—all for £270! The makers' view of it is three cars in one. As a contrast to this worthy idea of domestic-cum-business economy, to prove their versatility, Messrs. Adams have an eight-cylinder staged!

De Dions—Dennis

De Dion Bouton, at No. 74, are sure to prove an attraction, with their new 12-14 h.-p. four-cylinder model, smaller, lighter, and cheaper than any of their previous cars of similar cylinder capacity. On the new design these are of 75 by 100 mm., and are

Stand 3. Mors. Turning a 15 h.-p. Mors in a circle of 32 ft.

This firm is also exhibiting the car on which M. Mors has been touring the Continent during the last two months, 25,000 miles being covered without the slightest trouble being experienced

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Have you heard of any owner of a MINERVA CAR speak in anything but unqualified praise of its splendid running?

"We have seen more . . . this year than we have ever met before."
—The Autocar, 1906.

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SIX-CYLINDER.

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OLYMPIA—STAND 31

OLYMPIA—STAND 31

OLYMPIA—STAND 31

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OLYMPIA—STAND 31

OLYMPIA—STAND 31

OLYMPIA—STAND 31

OLYMPIA—STAND 31

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OLYMPIA—STAND 31

OLYMPIA—STAND 31

OLYMPIA—STAND 31

OLYMPIA—STAND 31

OLYMPIA—STAND 31

Showroom: 89, WIGMORE STREET, W.

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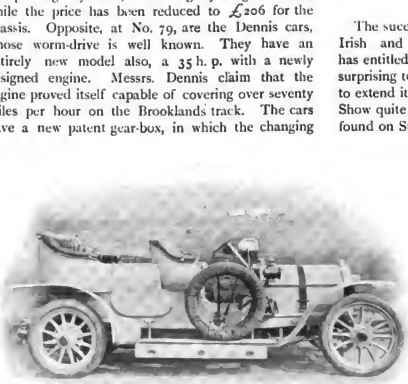
Arrol-Johnston and Straker-Squire

cast in pairs. The steering column has only one lever, the throttle. De Dions also show their famous 8 h.-p. single-cylinder, with slightly larger wheels, while the price has been reduced to £206 for the chassis. Opposite, at No. 79, are the Dennis cars, whose worm-drive is well known. They have an entirely new model also, a 35 h. p. with a newly designed engine. Messrs. Dennis claim that the engine proved itself capable of covering over seventy miles per hour on the Brooklands track. The cars have a new patent gear-box, in which the changing of speeds is so ridiculously easy that they call it "fool-proof."



Stand 86. Nagant-Hobson 35-40 h.-p. ready for the road. (Price £850).
These cars have been singularly successful in recent Continental trials, having won thirteen prizes in nine days

The Arrol-Johnston

After having inspected such a galaxy of six-cylinder cars, it is interesting to observe that the New Arrol-Johnston Company still pin their faith to the four-cylinder. Their 16-25 h.-p. car, with side-entrance tonneau, shows a strong effort to give the public a good car at a very moderate price. The car gives 27.1 h.-p. by R.A.C. rating, and complete, with lamps and every accessory, the price is £510. The car was introduced after the Scottish Trials this year, and in various hill-climbs it has given many good performances. It is designed to run without any very great expense. Those who know the general opinion of the Arrol-Johnston cars among the trade will be confident that this is not only a car of very moderate price, but is a genuine production, which is thorough and fast. At Stand 75 are two Horbick models, one a 12-16 h.-p. four-cylinder chassis, of which the cost is £300, or £350 complete with body. Messrs. Horsfall have a record low-powered six-cylinder car on their stand, viz., an 18-24 h.-p., fitted with four speeds forward and Hoffmann ball-bearings throughout. The price of the chassis is £500. At Stand 76, adjoining the last-mentioned car, is the Chenard-Walker exhibit.

The Straker-Squire

The success of the Straker-Squire car in both the Irish and Scotch Trials during the past season has entitled them to increasing respect, and it is not surprising to find that the firm has been encouraged to extend its operations, and that at the forthcoming Show quite a brilliant display of new models is to be found on Stand 77. The attraction of these exhibits has been enhanced by the fact that the firm is now introducing all-British models, with all those delicacies of construction and perfection of finish hitherto the peculiarity of the French and Italian vehicle. The price, too, is exceptionally reasonable. The following are the exhibits:—

1. 25-30 h.-p. C.S.B. Car, side-entrance body, green, with lighter green lines. This is the actual vehicle which captivated the fancy of his Highness the Maharajah of Bikanir, and, after the Show, the car will be shipped to this Royal client.

2. 25-30 h.-p. C.S.B. Chassis, four cylinders cast in one piece.

Stand 74. De Dion: The new 12-14 h.-p. Four-Cylinder Model
This car is now smaller, lighter, and cheaper (chassis, £206) than any previous design

3. 16-20 h.-p. Straker-Squire Landaulette, of particularly handsome and luxurious finish, upholstered in French cloth, and finished in carmine.

4. 16-20 h.-p. Straker-Squire Chassis 1908 model. This is all-British, and is shown for the first time. Here, again, it will be noted that the four cylinders are cast in one.

5. 12-14 h.-p. Shamrock Chassis 1908 model. This is, again, of all-British manufacture, but in this the four cylinders are cast in pairs. It is a two-seater.

One of the best points about the Straker-Squire chassis is its simplicity, each part being a unit in itself, so that it can be easily dismantled without disturbing any other part.

Take this Supplement with you to the Show

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MOTOR CARRIAGES

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STAND 22
AT OLYMPIA.

A 50 h.p. Six-cylinder "THAMES" with Limousine body.

A 15 h.p. Two-cylinder "THAMES" private service Landaulette.

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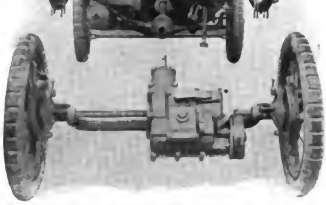
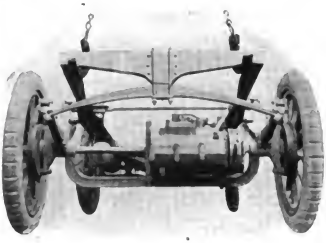
Eliminating the Gear-Box

Mass and Ford

Having reached the end of this row of stands, we turn to the right, and at Stand 94 give a passing glance at the Mass cars, of which the 15 h.-p. chassis is the most notable. The Mass cars have been very successful in various open competitions this year. The next stand to this contains the Ford cars, whose output is claimed to be larger than that of any other car in the world. The Ford Junior is very well known in England, for it has won innumerable prizes and contests; and to obtain a four-cylinder 15 h.-p. car for £165 really does seem something like the approaching millennium, when everyone is said to be going to possess a good car for nothing. Messrs. Perry and Thornton, Ltd., are showing a regular bevy of their cars, including a special show chassis, a special *de luxe* two-seated, a standard two-seated, and a standard three-seated car. The remaining cars are worth special consideration, viz., a Ford landaulette, complete, for £295, and a similar car with a double phaeton, side-entrance body, price £245 complete. The Ford car is rapidly gaining in favour, which, on its merits, is entirely deserved.



View of the New Darracq Chassis, with back axle gear-box and differential removed en bloc



Stand 87. The revolutionary design of the Darracq back axle gear

Rear view of the chassis, showing a section of the back axle gear and differential box from above. It will be seen that these are combined in a unit, thus doing away with the gear-box as a separate entity

Brilliant Minervas

At Stand 92, the Enfield Autocar Company exhibit a finished chassis and four complete cars, all of the 18 h.-p. type, which they have decided to make a speciality of for the coming season. This car is listed at 350 guineas, complete, with double phaeton tulip body to seat five. Across the intervening space the Turner Miesse Steam Car have their stand, but they will be found under the steam car notices at the end of this article. A very interesting exhibit just here is at Stand 89, occupied by the Minerva Motors, Ltd., who are showing the 50 h.-p. Kaiserpreis model, which ran first in the Ardennes Circuit Race, winning by only a few minutes from two other similar Minerva cars. In fact, all three Minervas were sister cars, and the one exhibited will give an excellent idea of their trim appearance. There are two new models on this stand, one listed at 18 h.-p., the chassis price of which, with tyres, is £415, and the other a 28 h.-p., which, similarly fitted, costs £510, in addition to the 24 h.-p. four-cylinder and the 40 h.-p. six-cylinder models of 1907. The new models are shown without any carriage-work, but the other cars exhibited are fitted variously with side-entrance and landaulette bodies of the best design. There is every reason to anticipate that the brilliant performances of the Minerva cars in the past year will ensure them a record in the new season.

Messrs. Morgan and Co.

At Stand No. 100, Messrs. Morgan and Co., Ltd., of London, the celebrated carriage builders, are showing three Adler chassis, of which they are concessionnaires. A small-powered car of striking appearance is the 9 h.-p. Adela, fitted with a special light, latest-design "Morgan" side-entrance body. The chassis can also be fitted with a two-seated body, and is eminently suitable for doctors. At the price of £200, it gives as good value, for this type of car, as any on the market. For those desiring a higher-powered car, and having a fancy for the Adela, there are also shown 18 h.-p. and 28 h.-p. cars.

Berliet, Brown, and Riley

At Stand 88 is a show of Berliets, one of which, it will be remembered, won the "Graphic" Trophy this year; while opposite, at Stand 101, Messrs. Brown Brothers, among other things, are showing a 40 h.-p. six-cylinder Brown car, the price of which, with side-entrance body, is £775. In a small space alongside, the Riley cars are sure to invite inspection, owing to their success in competitions. The 9 h.-p. Riley, price £168, is one of the most popular small cars on the market.

It is, in itself, a Complete Catalogue

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Minerva and Nagant-Hobson

Nagant-Hobson

At the end of this row, at the corner, attention should be directed to the 35-40 h.-p. Nagant-Hobson. This car has been extraordinarily successful during the season's races and hill climbs on the Continent and in the Spa, Boulogne, and Ostend Trials it won thirteen prizes in nine days. Each time it was entered for races, it has secured either first or second places. It is singularly well equipped, and appears to be the very thing for a man or woman desirous of purchasing a car outright. So gratifying has been the reception accorded to this car that Messrs. Hobson inform me that they consider themselves warranted in turning out one of a 20-30 h.-p. type, in place of confining themselves to the large type of chassis alone. The price of the 35-40 h.-p. car is £850, while the 20-30 h.-p. is listed at £475. In addition to these cars, Messrs. Hobson are also showing a 16-20 h.-p. Decauville landaulette, a very smart, up-to-date vehicle, which is anything but expensive at the price of £600 complete. All these cars are fitted with Jenatzy tyres, and it is sufficient to say that the famous Jenatzy always uses these tyres when racing, a testimony which is added to when one remembers that he has been associated with the rubber trade for the best part of his life.

Stand 89. Minerva: One of the 50 h.-p. Kaiserprein Cars, which Competed in the Circuit des Ardennes Race

This car gives an excellent idea of the Minerva's trim appearance. Mr. Warwick Wright is at the wheel. These cars finished first, second, third, and sixth in the race

Darracq Sans Gear-Box

I should particularly like now to devote some space to the Darracq stand, No. 87, as it contains, in design, what is undoubtedly the novelty of the Show. This famous firm is showing a new type of chassis, an 18 h.-p. vehicle. At first glance there does not seem to be anything about it out of the ordinary, but if you go to the rear of the car you will observe a large attachment to the differential. Messrs. Darracq have eliminated the gear-box as a separate unit. In place of it they have combined it with the differential. The innovation is a startling one, for it is the most important modification in design that has been attempted for some years. This daring departure has been exhaustively tried on all the Darracq racing machines, and so efficient has it proved that it is now being fitted as the simplest and most reliable form of transmission to the standard touring cars of 1908. The extreme simplicity of the combination will be at once apparent when it is stated that the box containing the change-speed gears and differential can be removed *en bloc* by unscrewing four bolts. Messrs. Darracq are also showing a new six-cylinder car, the price of the chassis being £665, or, complete with standard body, £695. We publish photographs of the rear axle of the 14-16 h.-p. car.

THE ANNEXE

Isotta-Fraschini and Hillman-Coatalen

Having dealt very thoroughly with the exhibits in the Main Hall, we will now turn our footsteps to the Annexe, where it may be said at once that some very important and interesting exhibits are to be seen. Owing to the ballot for the stands, some firms,

More than that—It is a Review of the Show

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MORGAN at Olympia.

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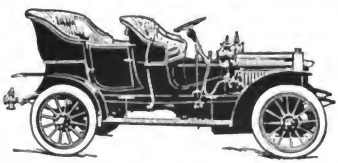

New Model 30-40 h.p. Touring Car.

Ask for Special Testimonial Booklet.

Trial Runs at the Show.

Fleet of Cars in attendance.

OLYMPIA,

STAND 36.

The Argyll Trophy for September was won by Mr. J. E. Young, who succeeded in driving his Argyll 40½ miles on a gallon of petrol, under R.A.C. observation. Remember this when buying.

ARGYLL MOTORS, Ltd., ALEXANDRIA BY GLASGOW.

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Two Foreign Models

whose importance in the world of motoring is recognised, have, unfortunately, been relegated to the annexe. I use the word "unfortunately" because visitors to Olympia are rather apt to centre their attention on the features in the Main Hall, considering that the annexe is not worth devoting much time to. This is a fallacy.

At Stand 106 is shown a 28-35 h.-p. Isotta-Fraschini polished chassis, 130 by 150 mm. stroke, four speeds, direct drive on top, transmission by two side chains, the price being £775.

At Stand 107 are to be seen three of the Hillman-Coatalen models, the 25 h.-p. four-cylinder car, which is now so well known, being perhaps the most interesting generally. This car complete sells at £500. There is also a 40 h.-p. six-cylinder chassis, the price of which, complete, is £700. The dimensions of the cylinders of both engines are 5 by 5, and transmission is by propeller shaft and live axle.

Stand 108. Porthos: 24-32 h.-p. Model (Chassis, price £650)
The Porthos is a car which made its *début* at the last Paris *Salon*, where it attracted considerable attention

Porthos

The Porthos car made its *début* at the last Paris *Salon*, where it attracted considerable attention. The sole agents for the British Empire, Messrs. Colin Defries, must be congratulated on the handsome Porthos cars they show at Stand 108, although anyone agog to find the ten-cylinder car on the stand will be disappointed. The advertisement in the motor papers of "ten-cylinders" on the Porthos stand was a little joke, the "ten-cylinders" being made up of a six-cylinder 50 h.-p. car, price of chassis £800, and a four-cylinder 24-32 h.-p. car, price of chassis £650. The Porthos cars bristle with patents, the most notable being the back axle, a working model of which is displayed showing the solid axle from hub-cap to hub-cap. It will be observed that the wheels themselves revolve on the solid axle, which goes right through the differential, so that the outer sleeves take the drive. The differential is thus given a certain amount of lateral play, parallel pinions being adopted instead of star pinions. The carburettor—the lungs of a car—every wise motorist studies with care, and the Porthos Patent Carburettor is well worth attention. The float chamber is fixed to the base chamber of the engine, and the jet is surrounded by a water-cooled jacket; the petrol flows through this up a small-bore pipe at a high velocity, and automatically mixes against the cylinders with cold air sucked in through a valve controlled by a leather diaphragm. This method of carburation absolutely prevents condensation and produces a highly explosive mixture. The Porthos car is one of the most luxurious and finished vehicles of the day, and, after covering thousands of miles, the engine runs as true and sweet as when new. This exhibit is certain to attract a great amount of attention, especially in view of the handsome appearance of the complete cars, and, doubtless, orders will not be checked when customers discover that Messrs. Colin Defries issue a five years' guarantee with each car.

Stand 134. Vinot: 16-24 h.-p. Four-Cylinder, with Coachwork by W. Cole and Sons
These cars are comparatively newcomers in the field, but their design is well thought out and thoroughly workman-like

The Miesse and B.S.A. Cars

At Stand 116, the Miesse Petrol Car Syndicate show one new type of four-cylinder chassis and one six-cylinder chassis, the latter having its cylinders all cast in one, with a ball-bearing crank-shaft. This is quite a feature, as it is the first we have seen on this principle in England. The price of the six-cylinder complete is £680. Next to this, Stand 117, the B.S.A. Company,

It Tells you Everything you Want to Know

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CONTINENTAL NON-SKID

STEEL-ARMOURED IMPROVED PATTERN 1908.

ON VIEW OLYMPIA NOV. 11 to 23.

STAND No. 263.

By Appointment *To H.M. The Queen.*

Olympia Show—Stand No. 66

SIDDELEY AUTOCARS

THE MOST DESIRABLE CAR

New Catalogue Post Free on Application
THE WOLSELEY TOOL AND MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
York Street, Westminster; and at 76, Deansgate, Manchester

"HOTCHKISS"

The famous Car that travelled 15,000 miles under the official observation of the Royal Automobile Club, and made

A NON-STOP RUN OF 10,590 MILES

may be seen at our Showrooms. Kindly call and examine the working parts, they are a practical proof of Hotchkiss reliability and durability.

AT OLYMPIA—Stand No. 29.

VULCAN CARS, Prices from £250, STAND No. 37.

Sole Concessionnaires:
LONDON AND PARISIAN MOTOR COMPANY, LTD.,
87, DAVIES STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
Telegrams: "Corelie, London." *Telephone: 1960 Mayfair.*

DUHANOT

CARS.

What "The Car" said, Oct. 16th, 1907:—

"There cannot be much wrong with the design and general efficiency of a car fitted with an engine of such trifling dimensions as 80 by 90 millimetres, when it will pull a load of 17 cwt. and five passengers on top gear from London to Guildford without the slightest tendency to labour; and yet this is precisely what the 12 h.p. Duhanot has done. The performance is all the more meritorious because the vehicle is one of a new type recently imported into this country by Messrs. The Car Supply Company, Ltd., 34, Knightsbridge, S.W., who are the sole concessionnaires for Great Britain of the Duhanot productions. The occasion was a favourable one for testing the hill-climbing propensities of the car owing to the fact that the road was under the active surveillance of the police, and none of the hills could be rushed in consequence. In the middle of Pain's Hill the speed of the car was checked by traffic, and it was little short of phenomenal how the engine picked up her work again without even the assistance of a slipping clutch. On the return journey, with four passengers aboard, the vehicle was surmounting Kingston Hill in the most determined fashion, when, unfortunately, its progress was stopped by a block in the traffic near the tram terminus, which rendered a change down unavoidable."

Unable to obtain space at OLYMPIA, but shall be pleased to place a car at your disposal for Trial purposes.

TRIAL CAR AT OLYMPIA MAIN ENTRANCE.

CHASSIS PRICES.		PRICES WITH STANDARD TOURING BODIES.	
12 H.P., £290.	22 H.P., £490	12 H.P., £360.	22 H.P., £600.
15 H.P., £350.	35 H.P., £650.	15 H.P., £450.	35 H.P., £775.

SOLE AGENTS FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND: THE CAR SUPPLY CO., LTD., 34, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.

Telephone: 494 Kensington. **Telegrams: "Duhanot, London."**

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Daimler-Mercédès, Vinot, and M.M.C.

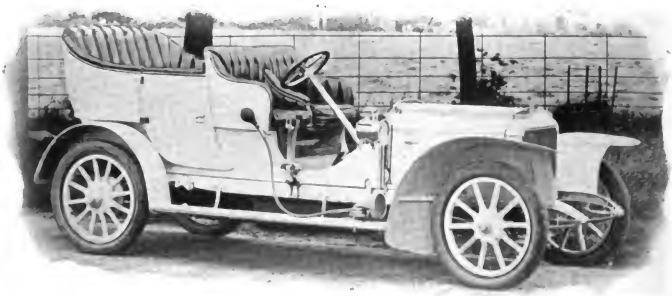
of Birmingham, are showing two four-cylinder chassis of 18-24 h.-p. and 25-33 h.-p. respectively. They are newcomers in the field, but their designs are finished and thoroughly workman-like.

Daimler-Mercédès—A Cheap Car

The next stand but one to this, No. 119, is that of the Daimler-Mercédès, a car which caused somewhat of a sensation when it appeared a few months ago. The Daimler-Mercédès is a British Mercédès, and is made under licence from the owners of the British Patent Rights of the Daimler Motoren Gesellschaft. It is almost an exact replica of the Mercédès car, but is constructed at the works of the Yorkshire Engine Company. It varies from the Mercédès in three particulars only, viz., the clutch, the lubricator, and—price. The clutch is a multiple disc, while the lubricator is placed under the bonnet, only a tell-tale being visible upon the dash. Two models are being made, a 35 h.-p. four-cylinder and a 60 h.-p. six-cylinder. Either chain or live axle can be ordered. As to price, the 35 h. p. car costs £750 complete, against £1,050 for the German Mercédès. A good many people are buying these cars now, and, compared with the parent model, they are remarkably moderate in price.

Vinot

At the back of this row of stands—No. 134, to be exact—Messrs. W. Cole and Sons are showing three Vinot models. I often consider that the Vinot car has not attained that popularity it deserves. Possibly it is through the modesty of its manufacturers, who preferred to rely upon their steadily growing *clientèle* rather than upon lavish advertisements. The 16-24 h.-p. four-cylinder chassis shown has cardan transmission, an innovation in this year's models, while the clutch has been an object of special study. It is called "The Automatically Centred Clutch." The advantages claimed for it are, that it is made in halves, and can be dismantled without disturbing either engine or gear-box. It is not fierce, and engages very smoothly, and automatically takes the position in which it is centred; the bending of the frame does not affect its working. The car is fitted with the Vinot Patent Vertical Gate. I have not forgotten an experience in the Isle of Man on a Vinot car two years ago, when no fewer than fourteen full-grown men packed themselves into wherever there was room on the car, and were driven up the steep hill to the Douglas Bay Hotel on the second speed. On this occasion, the writer was suspended almost literally by the skin of his teeth, with one foot balanced on the rear springs. If the car can withstand such a strain as on that occasion, it can withstand most things. It need only be added that in the Scottish Trials this year the Vinot cars accomplished a non-stop run, and had no mechanical trouble of any kind.



Stand 107. Hillman Coatalen: 25 h.-p. Four-Cylinder Model. (Price £300 complete)

The M.M.C. New Six-Cylinder

Six-cylinders seem as numerous as pebbles on the beach. At Stand 139, the Motor Manufacturing Company show a 35-45 h.-p., a new model, a six-cylinder chassis, which they claim to be the best value for the money on the market, in design, workmanship, and quality of materials employed being fully equal, and perhaps superior, to chassis costing £400 to £500 more.

The M.M.C. are one of the two oldest British firms engaged in the motor industry, their predecessors having commenced making motor-cars in May, 1896, and the result of this shows that their eleven and a half years' experience and experimenting have not been wasted, for their chassis is a fine example of all the latest improvements in the construction of British-made cars. Its price is £650. The six cylinders are cast in pairs, 110 by 150 bore and stroke. The lubricator is automatically forced, and the clutch is a

It Deals in Detail with All Exhibits

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BRITISH AND COLONIAL

DAIMLER-MERCÉDÈS

35 H.P. 4-CYLINDER £750
60 H.P. 6-CYLINDER £950
Complete with London-made Phaeton Body.

Made under licence from the owners for the British Empire (Canada excepted) of the motor patented system of Daimler Motoren Gesellschaft.

The British & Colonial Daimler Mercedes Syndicate Ltd. is in no way connected with either the Daimler Motor Co. of Coventry or the German built cars bearing the name Mercedes.

STAND 119
AT
OLYMPIA.

The British and Colonial **DAIMLER-MERCÉDES** is a car of beautiful proportions, fine finish, great strength, full power, and extreme lightness. It is the net result of **TWO DECADES** of **EXPERIMENT** and **EXPERIENCE** in automobile construction. The rating of the British and Colonial Daimler Mercédès is the **POWER ACTUALLY DELIVERED** on the **ROAD,** not the calculated horse-power of the engine. SIMPLICITY is the keynote of construction; this makes it the car for the owner —to keep and run himself, not to toil over and worry about.

It represents the height of BRITISH and EUROPEAN MECHANICAL GENIUS, the TOPMOST RUNG of ENGLISH ENGINEERING. Our Booklet tells you all about this splendid all-British Car. May we send you one? A postcard will do.

The British and Colonial Daimler-Mercedes Syndicate Ltd., 532, Oxford Street, London.

USUALITA, LONDON.
1351 PAD.

Daily Telegraph says: "High-class work and extreme accuracy characterise the Daimler-Mercedes."

THE SILENT

SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED FOR RELIABILITY, HILL-CLIMBING, AND LOW PETROL CONSUMPTION

STAND 42

IRIS

CARS WILL BE ON VIEW AT OLYMPIA, STAND No. 42, MAIN HALL, *Near the Addison Road Entrance.*

CATALOGUE FREE FROM
IRIS CARS, Ltd.,
7, 8 and 9, BIRD ST., OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.
(Adjoining the "TIMES" Book Club.)
Telephone: 1871 Paddington.
Telegrams: "Cirisars, London."
Agents for Glasgow and West of Scotland:
The Glasgow Automobile Co., Ltd., West George Street, Glasgow.

SOME SPECIAL FEATURES.

ABSOLUTE SILENCE. PERFECT CONTROL. EXTREME DURABILITY. HANDSOME & GRACEFUL DESIGN. SMOOTH RUNNING.

STAND 42

FORD

OLYMPIA STAND 93

On September 30, 1907, there were 16,190 FORD cars in use, all giving satisfaction.

Strange! is it not, that of the thousands who
Have bought FORD Cars, and proved them through and through,
Not One complains? but All with one Accord
Say that, for Comfort, you must have One too.

When to Olympia you come or send,
Ah! make the most of what you have to spend!
Models O, P, or S—indeed all Three—
We place before your Notice, and Commend.

O.K.
(Get the Series.)

DEMONSTRATIONS & CATALOGUES FROM
PERRY, THORNTON & SCHREIBER, LIM°.,
117, 118 & 119, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Telephone 5011 GERRARD. Telegrams "AMMOTICAR." LONDON.

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REO CARS

NOT EXHIBITED AT OLYMPIA

BUT AT OUR OWN SHOWROOMS—

BROAD SANCTUARY,

WESTMINSTER, S.W.

ASK FOR A CAR TO MEET YOU.

Ring up 59 Westminster.

Telegraph "JELAMOO," London.

MARVELLOUS VALUE.

8 h.p. Four Seats Complete, £165

18 h.p. Five Seats Complete, £300

18 h.p. Landaulettes From £360

LAMBIE & SHARP, *Directors.*

REO MOTORS, Ltd.,
Broad Sanctuary,
WESTMINSTER,
LONDON, S.W.

THE ROVER CO.

LIMITED,

STAND 59.

OLYMPIA, 1907.

The Rover Company's exhibit is the centre of interest in the 1907 Show, including as it does the 20 h.p. Model, a replica of the Car that carried off the

International Tourist Trophy

race this year, after one of the severest competitions on record. Full range of other models also shown.

CLYDE SILENT LIGHT CARS

Stand 149 Olympia Show.

9 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR RELIABILITY.
CARS RUNNING FOR TRIAL AT SHOW.

WINNERS OF THE DUPRE CHALLENGE CUP,
Beating other Makes up to 60 h.p.

Art Catalogue Free.

G. H. WAIT & Co., LEICESTER.

Agents for London and South:
CENTURY MOTOR Co.,
Holland Gate, Kensington High Street, W.

OLYMPIA'S FINEST!

THE BRITISH BUILT

LORRAINE DIETRICH

NEW 20-30 H.P. LIVE AXLE.

A CRITICAL INSPECTION IS INVITED AT . . . . **STAND 95**

OTHER DE DIETRICH MODELS:

14 h.p. Four Cylinders	40-50 h.p. Four Cylinders
18-28 h.p. Four Cylinders	60-80 h.p. Four Cylinders
28-38 h.p. Four Cylinders	70-80 h.p. Six Cylinders

STAND 61.

WORKS: BIRMINGHAM.

Sole English Concessionaires—
CHARLES JARROTT and LETTS, Ltd.,
45, Gt. Marlborough Street, London, W.
Telephone—Nos. 2362 and 1585 Gerrard.
Telegrams—"Jemidar, London."
Agents for Scotland — Messrs. JOHN CROALL and SONS, Ltd., 126, George Street, Edinburgh.

A.E.W.

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Two Outsiders

multiple disc. Transmission is by cardan-shaft and bevel-gear, but the chain-drive can be substituted if desired. The change-speed gear is a gate control. This car will undoubtedly be carefully inspected by the experts, both with regard to the materials used for it and on account of its moderate price.

Humber Exhibits

At Stand 165, facing a passage-way through to the Main Hall, are the Humber cars. This celebrated firm's programme begins with a new model, called the 10-12 h.-p. which embodies the usual features on the former 10-12 h.-p. car, except that it is a little smaller. Complete with body, its price is listed at £250. The 15 h.-p. standard car is scarcely altered, except that the gate change is introduced. This design is supplemented by the 15 h.-p. Humber de Luxe, having many improvements on the former. For the first time Messrs. Humber are placing a six-cylinder model on the market, which will be a 30 h.-p.

Austin and Gregoire

At Stand 152, the Austin Motor Company show a 40 h.-p. four-cylinder and a 60 h.-p. six-cylinder, the prices being £475 and £800 for the chassis respectively. At Stand 156, Messrs. Osborn and Company show five Gregoire chassis, including an 8-10 h.-p. two-cylinder model, an entirely new design. Their prices run from 190 guineas to £450.

TWO CARS CROWDED OUT

Reo

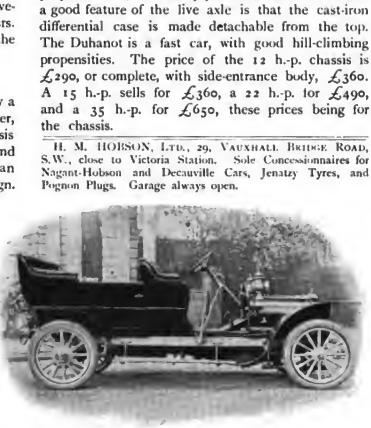
With such a tremendous demand on space at the Exhibition, it is unfortunate that some of the newer firms are unable to obtain stands. There are two cars in particular who, although not being fortunate enough to obtain a position, have, nevertheless, got cars outside ready to take any prospective purchasers for a trial run. One of these is the Reo. Few cars have come to the front so quickly as the Reo. The accompanying illustration shows a roomy and comfortable-looking car, the general appearance and finish being everything that can be desired. The Reo is not a large car, nor even a very powerful one, but it has the great advantage of being economical, and, owing to its light weight and to the exceptional method of transmission, the wear on tyres is reduced to a minimum. There are but two types of Reo chassis, and the two latest are the 8 10 h.-p. single-cylinder, and the 18 h.-p. two-cylinder touring car. The smaller vehicle is just the thing for doctors and professional men, as it quite fills the place of a pony and trap, and with this car the skilled services of a professional chauffeur can be dispensed with. This car complete is sold at the remarkably low figure of £175. The 18 h.-p. touring car in some ways appears even better value; it is, indeed, a luxurious car, and can comfortably accommodate three passengers in the back seat.

Duhanot

The other car which is unfortunately absent is the latest introduction from across the Channel, namely, the 12 h.-p. Duhanot (The Car Supply Co., Ltd., 34, Knightsbridge, being the sole concessionnaires). The bore is 80 and the stroke 90 millimetres—quite modest dimensions—giving 12 h.-p. nominally, but this can be accelerated up to 15 or 16 h.-p. The transmission is by enclosed propeller shaft, universally jointed at either end, and a good feature of the live axle is that the cast-iron differential case is made detachable from the top. The Duhanot is a fast car, with good hill-climbing propensities. The price of the 12 h.-p. chassis is £290, or complete, with side-entrance body, £360. A 15 h.-p. sells for £360, a 22 h.-p. for £490, and a 35 h.-p. for £650, these prices being for the chassis.

6 H.-P. DE DION, genuine throughout, 3 speeds and reverse, hood, shield, and dickie seat, £175; 9 H.-P. CADILLAC, two-seated, with hood, £100.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W.

H. M. HOBSON, LTD., 29, VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionnaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenatzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.



The 22 h.-p. Duhanot Car, price complete £490

The 18 h.-p. Reo Landaulette, price £380

These two models are not exhibited at Olympia owing to the fact that no more space was available. Prospective purchasers will find two trial cars outside the building, however

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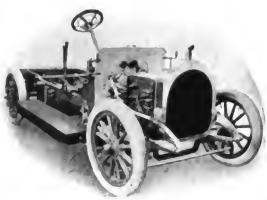
Three Steam Cars

The White

Persons of foresight have, for some time past, confidently predicted that the steam car will become far more popular with the motoring public in England, in the same way that the runabout is such a general favourite in America. The economy of running a steam car, its perfect silence and flexibility, are points that must appeal to anyone who has any experience of these vehicles. Unfortunately, the general public have conceived the very false notion that the steam car is too complicated a piece of machinery for private use. As a matter of fact, the driving of a steam car is simplicity itself. Having examined the petrol cars, we will now return to Stand No. 84 in the Main Hall, where the White Steam Car Company have a most ornate display of luxurious carriages. The 20 and 30 h.-p. White Steam Cars, which proved so popular in 1907, have been refined and improved in many ways. The most notable change in the 30 h.p. is the lowering of the engine and generator slightly, which allows the frame proper to be placed 1½ in. nearer the ground than formerly. The chief changes in the 20 h.-p. car consist of a slight enlargement of the generator tubing and an alteration of the method by which the engine is supported in the frame. The White Steam Cars are in general use in all parts of the world. For fuel the White Steam Cars usually burn petrol or motor spirit of specific gravity up to 760 degrees. Generally the fuel burned is either benzine or benzoline, which costs less than petrol. The boiler is of the Flash type, and is so placed that no heat can be felt by the occupants of the car. Power is transmitted through a cardan-shaft to the live axle in the usual manner. These cars are of British design and workmanship throughout, and are now placed before the public for the first time after several years of practical experiments and tests to meet the demand which has arisen for a reliably constructed steam car of English manufacture. As they can be run twelve miles on one gallon of common paraffin, and have capacity for both water and fuel for 150 miles, they should appeal especially to those living in India or the Colonies. We are publishing a photograph showing the engine, which is vertical, having three single acting cylinders, fitted with mushroom valves.



Stand 162: The Engine of the E.J.Y.K. Steam Car

These steam cars, exhibited by the Highclere Syndicate, are of British design and workmanship throughout

Tyres at Olympia

Owing to the great demand on our space in dealing thoroughly with the cars, it has been found impossible in this Supplement to give attention to the subject of tyres. At the same time, the question of tyres to the motorist is of the utmost importance, and instead, therefore, of giving a curtailed description of the most important exhibits of this nature, our readers will find in the next week's number of THE BYSTANDER, in our second Olympia Supplement, a full account of all the principal tyre exhibits, including the Dunlop, Continental, Moseley, Avon, and Elastes. These will be illustrated, and as the number will appear but one day after the opening of the Exhibition, it will be in plenty of time to provide a good guide to features with regard to this important matter.

Turner Miesse and the E.J.Y.K.

At Stand 91, the Turner Motor Company are showing a 16 h.-p. Turner Miesse Steam Landaulette, a 10 h.-p. Turner Miesse standard car with side entrance, and a 20-30 h.-p. new model of steam car. In the Annexe, the Highclere Syndicate are exhibiting two of the E.J.Y.K. steam cars, of which a good deal has been written within the last few weeks. The chassis is constructed on the lines of the most up-to-date petrol cars.

Stand 84. The 30 h.-p. White Steam Car

These fine cars are becoming as popular in this country as they are in America, where the Government possesses several

To buy a Motor-Car go to THE MOTOR SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD., 111, Piccadilly, London, W. New and second-hand cars of all makes always in stock. Expert advice given without any charge. Tyres, spare parts, accessories, and motor clothing.

Whatever you do, Don't Lose It

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Ordinary, 5/6 each. **OLYMPIA—Stand No. 175.** Magneto, 7/6 each.

H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.
(HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.)

Scotch Wool Motor Waistcoat.

Heather, Grey, or Green Fancy Patterns. Plain Grey or Brown.

With Sleeves **22/6** Without Sleeves **17/6**

Scotch Wool Motor Scarf.

Heather, Grey, or Green Mixtures. Plain Green, Sky, Violet, or White.

5/6 each.

151 - 162, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

AVON·TYRES

CARRY YOUR ROAD WITH YOU.

The Special Square Tread Motor Tyre manufactured by the AVON India Rubber Co., Ltd., Melksham, Wilts, is the ideal pneumatic tyre for heavy cars. Its peculiarity of construction and high-grade material renders it the best for bad roads and a perfect luxury on good roads. The best wearing tyre on the market.

In all standard sizes from 65 m/m to 135 m/m. Round and square treads, and non-slipping cross grooves.

Price List post free from **Postal Department.** **Avon India Rubber Co., Ltd. Melksham, Wilts.**

MAKE A NOTE OF IT!

The **ONE** Stand of interest to **ALL** visiting the Motor Show is

Stand No. 203

OF

GAMAGES

The World's Largest Motor Clothiers & Accessory Dealers,

Holborn, London, E.C.

At which will be seen all the Newest and Best in High-grade Accessories and Clothing.

If you are not visiting the Show, write for Special Supplement of Novelties.

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

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DAIMLER

REFLECTION

is extremely necessary in purchasing
a Motor Carriage.

DAIMLER CARS
have a world famous reputation for
Reliability, Speed in Hill Climbing
Accessibility and
First Class British Workmanship
throughout.
Lowest price per horse power
of any High Class Car.

THE DAIMLER MOTOR Co (1904) LTD.

COVENTRY: LONDON:
DAIMLER WORKS. 219-229 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE W.C.

MANCHESTER: 60 Deansgate.
NOTTINGHAM: 96-98 Derby Rd.
BRISTOL: 18 Victoria St.

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The Bystander, November 13, 1907

Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 206.—Vol. XVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 13, 1907 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

MISS IVY FIRMAN

Whose engagement to the Hon. Caryl Baring, brother of Lord Ashburton, is announced

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No. 206—Vol. XVI

CONTENTS

Wednesday, November 13, 1907

	PAGE
Frontispiece	VII
Bystander Comments	297
Wig and Gown	298
The World's Pageant	301
Field, Stream, and Covert	312
The Playhouses	316
"Lady Frederick" at the Court Theatre	317
Continental Chat	319
Our Worldly Short Stories: No. 104.—"A Fall in Pride." By Reginald Rayner	324
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	342
The Library	345
The Garden	347
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	348
A Woman's Note Book	XII

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE.

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQ. MDME. ADELINE GENEE in the new Ballet HELLE OF THE BALL. Carl. Cathanne, Campbell and Johnson, etc. EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"The Thorton Device." By I. Requite. (Constable: 6s.)
"William Jordan, Jun." By J. C. Smith. (Constable: 6s.)
"The Albany Review." Vol. II. Edited by Charles R. Buxton. (Lane: 2s. 6d. net.)
"Valerie Upton." By A. D. Sedgwick. (Constable: 6s.)
"New Poems." By Stephen Phillips. (Lane: 4s. 6d. net.)
"The Sentimental Traveller." By Vernon Lee. (Lane: 3s. 6d. net.)
"Can You Forgive Her?" By Anthony Trollope. Two Vols. (Lane: 2s. each net.)
"A Picture Book for Boys and Girls." (Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.)
"The Stolen Voyage." By Ethel Turner. (Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.)
"Adventure on the Roof of the World." By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. (Fisher Unwin: 5s.)
"Old English Sport." By F. W. Hackwood. (Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d. net.)
"The Luck of the Lanes." By John Barnet. (Cassell: 1s. 6d. net.)
"The Philosophy of Common Sense." By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.)
"Specimens of English Dramatic Poets." By Charles Lamb. (Routledge: 2s. 6d. net.)
"Terms and Themes of Chess Problems." By S. S. Blackburne. (Routledge: 3s. 6d.)
"The Bridge Book." By Archibald Dunn. (Routledge: 3s. 6d.)
"The Hunting Annual, 1907-8." By W. M. May and A. W. Coaten. (Love and Malcomson: 1s. n.s.)
"The Ring of the Nibelung" (Wagner). By J. Cuthbert Hadden. (Jacks: 1s.)
"Cavalleria Rusticana" (Pagliacci). By J. Cuthbert Hadden. (Jacks: 1s.)
"Cynthia in the Wilderness." By Hubert Wales. (Long: 6s.)
"The Secret Door." By Derek Vane. (Everett: 6s.)
"Love-in-the-Mist." By E. Maria Albanesi. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)
"The Enchanted Castle." By E. Nesbit. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

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£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed in an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each), by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday November 13, 1907

Resolved "Nem. Con.": That the Railway Agreement, engineered by Mr. George, is A1 (Lloyd's).

* * *

It will be quite a brisk week. Wednesday, the Kaiser will drive to the Guildhall and make a speech Thursday, the planet Mercury will be seen in transit across the sun. There is a certain likeness between the Kaiser and the planet Mercury. One never quite knows what either of them will do.

* * *

On Friday and Saturday there is to be much shooting at Sandringham. By the way, the rumour that, in order to keep his eye in at Diabolo while shooting, King Alfonso is in the habit of catching falling pheasants on the barrel of his gun, is exaggerated.

* * *

Though Americans have never realised the truth of our proverb, "More haste, less speed," the defeated party in the recent Elections had, at any rate, a plausible version of it—"More Hearst, less (s)Teddy."

* * *

It is a pity that Admiral Evans, who commands the Pacific-bound American Squadron, should have said—in reference to a possible war with Japan—"When you know that you've got eighty million folks at the back of you who'd like to see you do something, I can tell you it's a little bit hard not to do it." Even, however, if there are eighty million folks who would like him to do it, it is obviously hard for an American Admiral to hold his tongue.

* * *

Most golfers find some difficulty in displaying their real form with the driver or the cleek on the greens where fashion ordains the use of the putter. Not so the King of Spain. "His Majesty," says the *Daily Graphic*, in describing a game the sporting young monarch played at Ranelagh, "exhibited all-round form on the greens."

* * *

London critics were somewhat sceptical of the announcement made last week that an authoress had retired to a desert island in the South Seas, their contention being that only a very few men writers had shown themselves capable of the solitude and want of notoriety that must inevitably ensue from such an action. This very mannish attitude was, we are pleased to see, put to shame by a later cable, which set the matter beyond doubt. Not only had the authoress retired, as stated, to a desert island, but she had also been interviewed there.

* * *

German scientists are still greatly impressed by Professor Koch's discovery that the *glossina palpalis* (not, by the way, to be translated "a palpable gloss"), which conveys the germs of sleeping sickness, is to be found in the crocodile. His remedy for the disease, however, is not considered so far-reaching as could be desired. Even sufferers from it maintain that they would as soon go on sleeping a little longer as try to inject arsenic subcutaneously into a crocodile.

Making Sure

HICKORY PETE (*suddenly planing opponent's hand to the table*): "Look 'ee here, stranger; if you *ain't* hid an ace under that hand, I'll beg yer pardon!" (By H. M. Bateman)

* * *

A Folkestone vicar has informed his congregation that he has 3,024 pages of his old sermons, which, if laid one against another, would occupy a space of nearly a third of a mile in length. It is considered doubtful, however, if this method of papering the roads would greatly commend itself to the local authorities.

* * *

Limerick—To the New Singer

The critics maintain who have seen 'ee
That Stars fade and the lark sounds a tweeny,
When thou ('tisn't blarney),
More sweet than Albani,
Tintinnabulatest, Tetrazzini.

* * *

"A bolt from the blue," was how the papers describe the raising of the Bank rate last week. Perhaps in view of its effects in America, it might have been called "a bolt to the blues."

* * *

The new "Army-pattern" overcoats, which are being served out to the City police, are, we understand, greatly approved by the force. Though they have never complained of it, constables have often, in the presence of cooks and other ladies, felt themselves at a disadvantage compared with soldiers, owing to their less military attire. The removal of this handicap is naturally appreciated.

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The Government and the Magistrates

The recent agitation for the appointment of more Liberal magistrates will be regarded as a disquieting sign of the times by all those who recognise the supreme importance of the impartial administration of justice in all the courts of the country. Its promoters assert that the cause of the great preponderance of Conservatives upon the present bench is that that dignity is usually conferred as a reward for political services, and they call upon the present Government to redress the balance by promoting a large number of their faithful supporters. It is very much to be regretted that the Prime Minister (assuming him to have been correctly reported) should have given some countenance to this idea, for it is demonstrably false. Until quite recently the appointment of magistrates in each county was in the hands of the Lord-Lieutenant alone. Now there are and always have been plenty of Liberal Lords-Lieutenant, like Lord Spencer in Northamptonshire, Lord Ripon in the North Riding, and the late Lord Leigh in Warwickshire, and if the theory were true, one would expect to find a preponderance of Conservatives in some counties and of Liberals in others. Yet, in fact, the relative proportion is substantially the same all over the country. The true cause must, therefore, be sought elsewhere.

Judicial Independence

The real reason is that Lords-Lieutenant of both political parties have recognised the fact that, in order to ensure impartiality in the holder of any judicial office, it is necessary that he should be in a position of complete independence, and should not be called upon to pass judgment in any cases which might affect his own income. For this end, judges and stipendiary magistrates are paid liberal salaries, which are very much greater than those of similar officials on the Continent; but in the case of the "great unpaid" the same result can only be attained by the appointment of persons of considerable private means, and these, for fairly obvious reasons, are for the most part Conservatives.

The Chancellor's Dilemma

The present Lord Chancellor has consistently refused to appoint for political reasons only, and has spent a great part of his time, since his elevation to the Woolsack, in carefully investigating each claim, with the result that he has found that there are not nearly enough properly qualified Liberals in the country to make the balance even. He has, therefore, been compelled to choose between the alternatives of lowering the *status* of the country magistrates and disappointing his own Party. The appointment of trained lawyers as stipendiary magistrates, which appears to be the only possible alternative, is open to the very serious objection that such men are almost always townsmen, who know little or nothing of the language, manners, or customs of the country people. And besides, the taxpayer could hardly be expected to welcome the expense of paying them.

Photo *Gale and Polden*

The Mystery of the 5th Lancers: The regiment marching past at a recent review

Keen speculation was aroused last week by the report that this regiment had been officially declared unfit for service, and three of its officers placed on half pay. The regiment is at present at York, where Colonel Graham has taken over the command

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The Railway Peacemaker

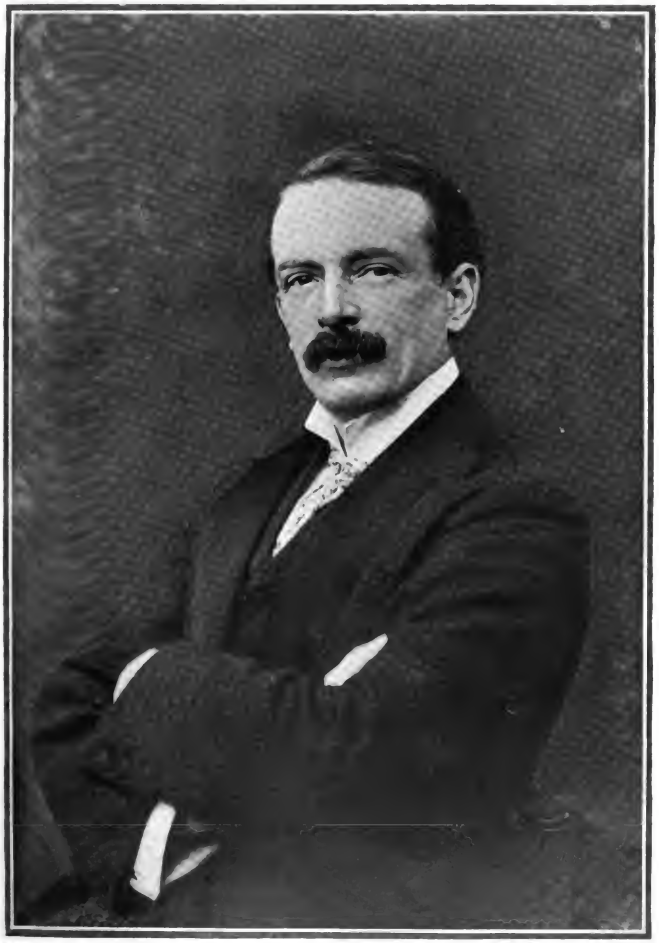

Photo *Haines*

THE RIGHT HON. D. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P., PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE

Seven years ago he moved the nation to rage by denouncing a War; he has now moved it to joy by pronouncing a Peace

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Still Awaiting Its Fate

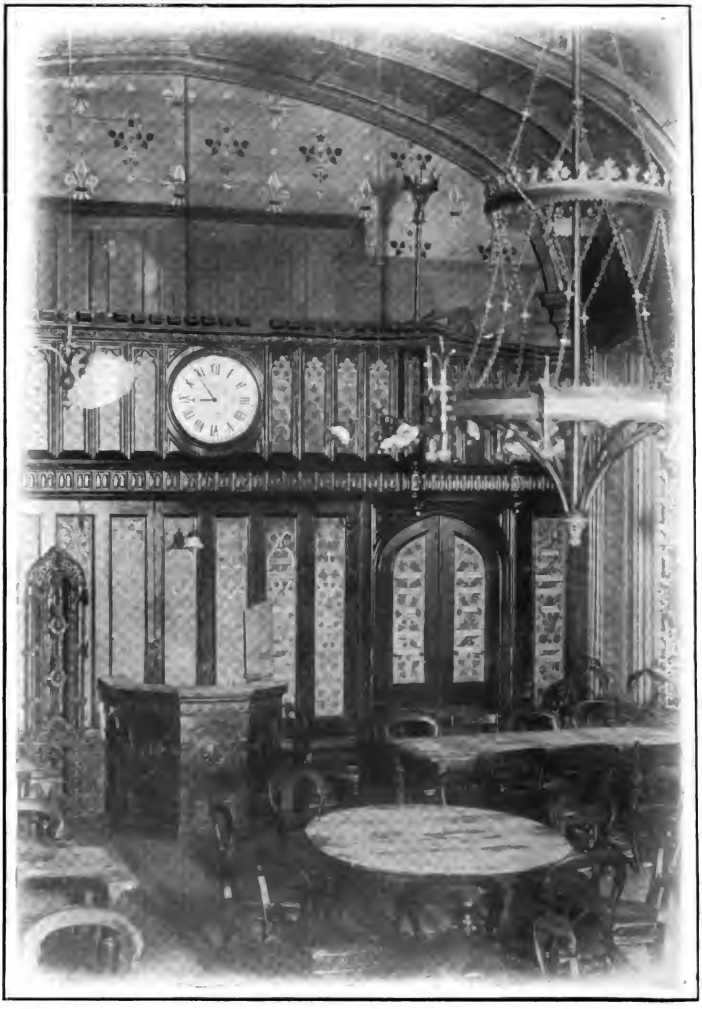

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

CROSBY HALL (THE INTERIOR)

An extension of the time limit has been allowed to the committee which is endeavouring to secure the preservation of Crosby Hall. £48,000 has already been raised for this purpose, but over £100,000 is still required to be raised within the next few days. It is to be hoped that the energetic efforts of the Preservation Committee to save this interesting and historic building will be ultimately successful

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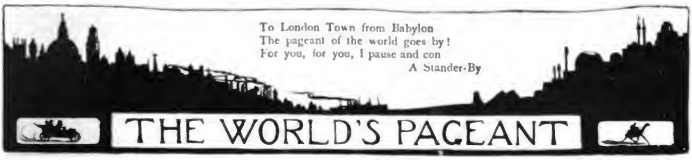

The German Visit

The country was not long allowed to bear the disappointment it felt last week at the report that the Kaiser would not be accompanied on his visit by the Kaiserin. For one thing, her Majesty had not often visited us; for another, elaborate arrangements had been made at Windsor and Sandringham for her reception; lastly, the Imperial visit would undoubtedly have lost half its social *prestige* by the absence of her Majesty from the scene. Admirable though it was of the Kaiserin, as a typical German mother, to conceive it her first duty to stop at home and nurse her ailing niece, there are occasions when State duties must take first place, and the Kaiserin was, we think, well-advised to reconsider her decision, and thus save the English Court a severe disappointment, with—if I may say so—the waste of much good time and money.

• • •

The Kaiser's "Rest Cure"

As to the Kaiser, to whom London is to-day to offer its respectful tribute, we sincerely hope that his stay in the Isle of Wight will completely restore him to health. It is a most delicate compliment to this country—and one of somewhat startling originality—to select a portion of it for a winter "cure." Will some of our social swallows, who seem to think that warmth and sunshine are only to be found abroad, take the hint, or is the point of view of a mere Emperor too hopelessly "middle-class" to matter?

• • •

The Railway Peace

A little in advance of the day, perhaps, but, nevertheless, intensely acceptable to his Majesty, was Mr. Lloyd-George's birthday present, on behalf of the nation: a settlement of the Railway crisis. The news was despatched by express train and motor to Sandringham on the fateful evening of Wednesday, the 6th, after the Conference at the Board of Trade had resulted in a complete agreement, by which the parties are bound for six years to settle their disputes through Boards of Conciliation. By his action, Mr. Lloyd-George has advanced, at one bound, from politician to statesman.

Photo *Bassano*

A Brother of the Spanish Queen

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, whose coming of age is to be celebrated at Kensington Palace on the 23rd inst.

A Sailor Prince

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who comes of age on the 23rd inst., is a tall, handsome boy, much resembling his good-looking father, and inheriting from both his parents a decidedly Teutonic weightiness and precision of manner. He is, like his mother, very fond of music, and has a nice voice and a large collection of comic songs. In common with his uncle, Prince Louis of Battenberg, he is a sailor by profession. He was born—a Serene Highness only—at Windsor. Three weeks after his birth, Queen Victoria changed his title to Highness, and his sister, Queen Victoria Eugenie, was created a Royal Highness by the King when she became engaged to King Alfonso. Prince Alexander's brother, Prince Leopold, is among the record number of Freshmen who have begun their first year at Cambridge this Michaelmas term. He has entered Magdalene, and occupies the delightful old suite of rooms in the cloister which were formerly tenanted by Mr. A. C. Benson, Fellow and Lecturer of Magdalene. King Edward, it will be remembered, was at Trinity. He did not, however, "keep" in college, but lived at Madingley Hall, a lovely old Tudor house about four miles out of Cambridge.

ST. BRIDE'S FOUNDATION LIBRARIES

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A Prince's Pocket-Money

The Battenberg children, under the eye of their Royal grandmother, were brought up in a way as simple as is possible within Royal walls. It is told of Prince Alexander that, while at school, he ran short of pocket-money more often than was tolerated in his domestic circle. On one occasion he applied to his grandmother for a small loan. In reply, he received a severe letter scolding him for extravagance, and refusing the slightest pecuniary assistance until the time came for his next allowance. The rebuke was but lightly taken to heart by the little Prince, for he, quite gaily, resumed the correspondence as follows:—

My Dear Grandmamma,—I am sure you will be glad to know that I need not trouble you for any more money just now, for I sold your last letter to another boy for thirty shillings.

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Town and Gown Rows at Cambridge

The Case of the 5th Lancers

Once again the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers bask in unenviable notoriety. The relegation of five of its senior officers—three majors and two captains—to the half-pay list is a punishment entirely without precedent in times of peace. Yet drastic measures have, it seems, for a long time been in contemplation by the authorities. A less thorough cleansing of the Augean stable than that which has now happened has twice been essayed and found insufficient. New and distinguished blood has been put into its command. Brigadier-General E. H. H. Allenby, C.B., and his successor, the present commander, Colonel Graham, D.S.O., have proved that even the most efficient of leaders cannot, single-handed, make headway in efficiency or anything else. It seems unlikely that the several causes which have conduced to so sweeping an action on the part of the Army Council will ever become public property, but it is well known, of course, that ever since Mr. Haldane, in accordance with his Army retrenchment scheme, introduced a strong infantry element into a crack cavalry regiment, such as the 5th Lancers, the trouble has quickly fermented. So far as the personal side of the question is concerned, there is no disposition to regard the scapegoats as victims of injustice.

Lord Glerawly

Eldest son of the Earl of Annesley. He suffered serious injuries to the eye and face as a result of an encounter with a "Townie" at Cambridge

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Lord Glerawly

Lord Glerawly, familiarly known as "Glory," who has been the unfortunate victim of a deplorable town and gown row at Cambridge, having lost an eye, is the only son of the veteran Earl of Annesley, by his first marriage. Like his father, who, though nearing eighty, often plays a round of golf before breakfast, and, like his pretty stepmother, who is president of the County Down Ladies' Club, Lord Glerawly is a fine golfer. He won the South of Ireland Golf Championship at Lahinch last year, and also played for Cambridge against Oxford. He and young Lord Caledon are great friends. They are both especially keen on high-speed motoring. To travel at less than sixty miles an hour bores them inexpressibly; they prefer to stay at home. In fact, as the fair owner o. a big car remarked about them the other day, "Both boys positively sulk under seventy miles an hour!"

Town and Gown

Except for very occasional outbursts, it would seem that the old town and gown rows, which were once almost as much a fixture of 'Varsity life as the 'Varsity cricket match or the conferment of Degrees, have practically disappeared. The old hostile feeling between Townies and 'Varsity men, however, still exists, and, given the opportunity, lies ready to burst forth at any moment. There is always a subdued, but smouldering, feeling of resentment on the part of the Townie towards the undergraduate, for does he not, during term-time, entirely cut him out in the affections of the pretty shop-girl, barmaid, or—most insidious charmer of all—the landlady's daughter, with whom, in Vacation, he did all the running? Added to which, of course, there is always the inevitable hatred of the robber for his victim; in other words, of the University tradesman for the undergraduate whom he fleeces so thoroughly and so shamelessly.

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A Man of the Moment

Mr. George Bruce Cortelyou, Secretary of the American Treasury, whose handling of the recent Wall Street panic has earned him the outspoken gratitude of President and public, and brought the eyes of all the world to bear upon him, is still well on the sunny side of fifty. Like most great Americans, he has made himself, and carved out his own career without aid or influence. Educated at one of the New York local public schools, he studied music and shorthand and took a clinical course at the schools of the New York Hospital, instead of going to Harvard. For several years he worked in Government offices as a stenographer, his evenings being well spent in the study of law. In 1892, Mr. Cleveland came into power, and, looking round for a highly competent stenographer, Mr. Cortelyou was recommended to him as a "handsome young fellow, as smart as lightning, as methodical as a machine, and a gentleman above everything." President McKinley retained his services, and induced Congress to create a new post for him—that of Assistant Secretary—and President Roosevelt soon promoted him to the post of Secretary of Commerce and Labour, and ultimately to the Secretaryship of the Treasury.

Photo *W. Fawcett*

The Most Self-Made of the Self-Made

Mr. G. B. Cortelyou, who in fifteen years has risen from the position of a stenographer to the Secretaryship of the Treasury, in which position he has handled, with consummate skill, the recent financial panic

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This Week's Royal Wedding

WOOD NORTON, THE DUKE OF ORLEANS'S SEAT, WHERE THE CEREMONY TAKES PLACE

The Exterior of Wood Norton, the Duke of Orleans's Worcestershire Seat

Wood Norton was originally the property of the Duc d'Aumale, the present owner's uncle, who for many years used it as a shooting-lodge

The Duke of Orleans

The bride's brother. As the head of the house of Bourbon-Orleans, he is Pretender to the French throne

Photos *Whitlock*

The Salon and a Corner of the Billiard-Room at Wood Norton

Scenes of almost unexampled splendour will characterise the wedding of Princess Louise of France and Prince Charles of Bourbon, which is to take place at Wood Norton, the seat of the bride's brother, on November 16. The guests number several hundred, and forty Royal personages will be present at the wedding ceremony. Three hundred workmen are busily engaged in the construction of a specially built chapel on one of the lawns, which is connected with the main building by a long cloister. On the other side of the house has been erected a magnificent dining-hall, where the wedding breakfast and several other banquets included in the course of the festivities will take place. It is said that these preparations are costing well over £20,000, while the catering for the guests during their four days' stay will amount to £10,000

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Salmon Fisherwomen on the Tweed

Lord Avebury

Banker, politician, philosopher, philanthropist, anti-Socialist, naturalist, antiquarian, author, staunch defender of the Constitution, and now Lord Rector of St. Andrews—these are only a few of the claims to fame put forward by that wonderful and versatile old man, Lord Avebury. I last met his distinguished lordship at the wedding of his daughter, Ursula, with Captain Adrian Grant-Duff, of the Black Watch. Well over seventy, he is yet as spry as ever he was, and he seemed exceedingly proud of the fact that, between himself and the little Maurice Lubbock, his youngest son, who carried his sister's train, there yawned a gulf of over sixty years. I don't think I ever before met *en masse* so large a muster of one family. Lord Avebury's six sons and seven brothers, most of whom are married and have large families, were all present, and so were their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, and it was really almost bewildering. Lord Avebury is exceedingly wealthy. He owns the splendid mansion in St. James's Square which was once the town house of the Marquises of Bristol. The recital of his doughty deeds occupies a whole column in *Who's Who*. He was in Parliament for twenty years, and he was created a Baron in 1900. He is certainly one of the wonders of the century and a living denial of the assertion that there is anything effete in our civilisation. Some of his many books ran into hundreds of thousands of editions. His "Uses of Life" and "Pleasures of Life" are, perhaps, the best known, but he has written dozens of technical volumes on botany, insects, scenery, coins, Free Trade, Man, and other subjects. Lady Avebury, a second wife, was a Miss Alice Fox-Pitt-Rivers, sister of Lady Grove. She lives mostly at Kingsgate Castle, her favourite residence near Ramsgate.

Photo *Martin Jacoletti*

Lady Evelyn Ward

Who, with her husband, Mr. Gerald Ward, has been landing large salmon on the Tweed at Floors, one of which weighed 22 lb.

* * *

A Lady Angler

Up at Floors, during the last week or two, the Duke of Roxburghe and his guests have been enjoying splendid sport on the Tweed. As Izaak Walton was wont to declare:

> We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but, doubtless, God never did"; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

Mr. Gerald Ward, Lord Dudley's brother, was one of the party. He killed thirteen salmon in two days on the Floors upper water, the heaviest of which weighed 31 lb., while Lady Evelyn, his wife, killed a goodly number on her own, and landed one fish weighing 22 lb. Lady Evelyn, who married eight years ago into the family celebrated for its good looks, good hearts, and good manners, is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Erne, whose younger daughter is Lady Hugh Grosvenor. Three of Lord Dudley's brothers and all the four sons of Lord Erne are in the Army, and every one of them saw service in South Africa. I am publishing, also, two snapshots of salmon fishing on other Tweed waters—in

Captain Douglas and Lady Laura Douglas at Birgham

Miss Baird fishing on Earl Home's Private Water at Birgham

SALMON FISHING ON THE TWEED

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Socialism's Arch-Enemy

Photo *Haines*

Lord Avebury—sometime known as "St. Lubbock"—the New Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University

Lord Avebury, who has just been elected to the post of Lord Rector of St. Andrews without opposition, Mr. Andrew Carnegie having withdrawn from the candidature, is one of the strongest champions of Individualism in general (including that phase of it known as "Free Trade") of to-day. It is open to question for which he will be better known to posterity —for his bees or his Bank Holidays

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Hymen's Knots—Royal and Otherwise

Photos

Captain J. E. Trelawny
Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. To marry Miss W. E. Dorrington on November 28

Thomson

Miss Winifred Dorrington
Youngest daughter of Mr. W. E. Dorrington, of 82, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park. To marry Captain Trelawny

which Captain and Lady Laura Douglas and Miss Baird are shown fishing on Earl Home's preserves at Birgham, near Coldstream.

• • •

The Bourbon Wedding

The chief matrimonial event of the week is, of course, the function at Wood Norton, the English seat of the Duke of Orleans, where, on Saturday, the marriage of Princess Louise of Orleans and Prince Charles of Bourbon will take place. The King and Queen of Spain are to be present, as well as the Queen of Portugal and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the great family gathering will include the bride's mother, the Comtesse de Paris, and her two other sisters, the Duchess d'Aosta and the Duchess of Guise. A more charming quartet of Royal sisters one might search the world to find. The bride-elect is tall and slim and stately looking, not so beautiful as the haughty Duchess d'Aosta, but gentler and less proudly cold. Marie Amelie, Queen of Portugal, is tallest of all, exceedingly handsome, and the possessor of the most delightful manners; and Isabelle, Duchess of Guise, is as merry and lively as the proverbial cricket. It was almost arranged, it may be remembered, that Princess Louise should be Queen of Spain. Alfonso had known her all his life, and the two are great friends. But the golden head of Princess Ena came between, and the French Princess is still to go to Spain, though not as Queen.

• • •

The Duke and Duchess of Orleans

For the time, naturally, the question of divorce between the Duke of Orleans and his Austrian Duchess is laid aside. No headway can be made. The Pope refuses to consider the Prince's petition for annulment, and the Emperor of Austria is so incensed at the Duke's desire for divorce from a relation of his—the Duchess is a daughter of the Archduke Joseph of Austria—that he has forbidden him the Hofburg. The Duchess is handsome, very artistic, and cultured, *chic* as only an Austrian can be, and high-spirited. She has no children, but she owns jewels which far exceed in beauty and value those possessed by many a Queen. The Duke, her husband, as the head of the house of Bourbon-Orleans, is Pretender to the French throne. England sheltered him and his when all France was closed to them. It will be remembered how he showed his gratitude, by congratulating the notorious French cartoonist on a certain vile caricature of Queen Victoria. The King, then Prince of Wales, demanded an explanation. The Duke denied the whole affair, thinking that, even in France, they would not dare question his word. But Willette published a fac-simile of the Duke's letter, and then, with a vengeance, the fat was in the fire. The Duke's name was taken off all the London clubs to which he belonged, he was cut by all his English friends, and he left England and remained on his favourite estate near Palermo, in Sicily, for some years. He is now pardoned—King Edward finds it very difficult to bear malice—and has been received at Court. At Wood Norton, by the way, the *de jure* King of France keeps up Royal state. His Court has its own circular and rules of etiquette, and some of the oldest nobility of France are proud to hold appointments there. The Duchess never stirs without a lady-in-waiting, nor the Duke without an equerry.

Photo Lafayette

The Hon. Caryl Baring
To marry Miss Ivy Firman

• • •

A Baring Engagement

Pretty Miss Ivy Firman, the subject of our frontispiece, will add the

Photo Langfier, 230, Old Bond St.

Captain Stanley Clarke
Of the Scots Guards, the son of Major-General Sir Stanley Clarke. To marry Miss Baird on Dec. 5

Photo K. Collings

Miss Evelyn Baird
Eldest daughter of Sir Alexander Baird, of Urie, Aberdeenshire. To marry Captain Clarke

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An Ideal Lord Mayor's Show

Photo] THE LORD MAYOR'S COACH PASSING DOWN LUDGATE HILL [*Halftones, Ltd.*

For once, the ninth of November was favoured with weather of radiant brilliance. As the Show was also of radiant brilliance, thanks to the genius of Mr. Louis Parker, the Pageant King, everybody was delighted. This year we *shall* "please to remember the ninth of November"

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The Strike that Wasn't

touch of beauty and distinction to the noble house of Ashburton, when she marries the Hon. Caryl Baring, the brother of the present Earl. Miss Firman has been out a good deal under the chaperonage of Mrs. Hall Walker; and at Cowes, this year, she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Baring at Nubia Lodge. Lord Ashburton himself, by the way, has a daughter just ready to come out. His only son is nine years old. Lord Ashburton has always been supposed to be a rich man; surprise, therefore, has been manifested that he has sold all his pictures, his library, and his yacht *Sunrise*.

The Birthday Honours

Curiously uninteresting was the list of Birthday Honours published on Saturday. The fear of Mr. H. C. Lea has evidently been in the Premier's heart, for there are positively *no* new peers. Whether, however, Mr. Lea is satisfied with the baronetcies and knighthoods is yet to be known. They seem to have been awarded almost exclusively for party services—though I suppose Sir Charles Santley and Sir John Hare must be excepted, unless, of course, the latter's title is a reward for the great *exposé* of the morals of the Upper House which he made as the "Gay Lord Quex."

The Great Railway Crisis

Mr. J. R. Bell, of Durham, Chairman of the Amalgamated Society, leaving his Committee Rooms to go to the Board of Trade. (There was no strike)

Peer and Stage Again

Miss Billie Burke is, I hear, the latest theatrical light to be selected by a noble suitor. The nobleman himself has not yet come into entire control of his fortune. His estates are in the hands of his trustees, and will be so until he attains the age of twenty-five, which will be in about two and a half years' time. He is already, however, a very wealthy young man, and enjoys the distinction of being one of the most eligible bachelor peers in the Kingdom. He was for a time in the Cavalry, but of late has had nothing to do—so Cupid has found work.

London's Dreary Pageant

Elsewhere I have referred briefly to the settlement of the railway crisis, which caused such universal satisfaction. Mr. Lloyd-George made his first public reappearance at the Guildhall banquet on Saturday, where, needless to say, he was the hero of the evening. Lord Mayor's Day this year was the occasion of the Metropolis experiencing a slight attack of Pageantitis, an epidemic which has been raging in many parts of the country during the past season. The Show, inoculated by Mr Louis N. Parker, developed the usual symptoms of the disease in the shape of a procession within a procession, representing the seven Edwardian Kings of England. Doubtless this representation is an improvement on the hideous and garish symbolical cars which, in former years, have been dragged through the streets, but the chief question that arises in the hearts of most Londoners is: Why continue this dismal annual parade of the Metropolis at all? It amuses nobody, it disorganises the whole of the commercial life of the City for a day, and such outdoor ceremonies are not suitable in the midst of London in foggy November. If the Show must be held at all—and perhaps it is a pity to give up one of our old customs—why not return to its original form and make it a river pageant, meanwhile changing the date to midsummer? The King has changed his official birthday from November 9 to May 24. Why should not the Lord Mayor's Show do likewise?

The Great Railway Crisis

Three of the Directors, Lord Stalbridge (L. & N.W.R.), Lord Allerton (G.N.R.), and Sir E. Paget (M.R.) on their way to the Board of Trade. (There was no strike)

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Racing at Liverpool

Some of Lord Derby's House-Party
Left to right: Lady de Trafford, Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, the Earl and Countess of Essex

The Earl of Derby and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild
Lord Derby entertained a large party at Knowsley for the Meeting

The Finish of the Knowsley Nursery Stakes: Mr. A. F. Basset's Sungauge winning
There was a huge field for this race, which was the first one to be run over the new track

Photos
Lady Lurgan and Colonel and Mrs. Hall Walker

Topical Agency
Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry)

The weather conditions at Liverpool last week were very fair, except on the second day. On each occasion the attendance was very large, and the social side of the Meeting was well maintained. Among those who were entertaining large house-parties in the vicinity were Lord Derby, Lord Sefton, and Colonel Hall Walker

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RACING NOTIONS

THE DERBY GOLD CUP. BY CARBINE

A Well-backed Outsider

There have been few more remarkable things in racing this season than Menu's starting-price. People away from the course refused at first to believe that 25 to 1 was correct. But the report was soon affirmed, much, of course, to the jubilation of those who had backed the filly and expected to find her returned at no more than 8 or 10 to 1. It is probable that the success of Menu was one of the biggest blows which starting-price bookmakers have suffered this year, for there were many people who fancied her chance. She was, in fact, a sort of paradox—a well-backed outsider. Backers have so frequently to endure a shameful cramping of the odds that it is quite

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A Famous Breeder and a Famous Horse

Mr. Leopold Salomans, one of the best known breeders in England with Menjetrel, his celebrated stallion, at the Shire Horse Show at Dorking

refreshing when the tables are turned in this way. With Laomedia having unluckily gone amiss, and Altitude giving way to the feather-weighted Glacis, starters for the Liverpool Autumn Cup numbered thirteen. Virtually, no money went on Menu in the Ring, with the result that she was knocked out to the longest odds quoted on the race, and stay-at-home backers for once had the best of it.

The Racing at Liverpool

Glacis was made a slightly better favourite than Violante, and whereas the latter, making all the running on very heavy ground, quite pumped herself out, Lord Derby's colt was staying on at the finish. Suddenly, Menu appeared on the scene, and travelling wonderfully well through the soft going, she settled Glacis and Carnegie in a few strides, and won very comfortably. Lord Derby was, as usual, entertaining a house-party at Knowsley for the meeting, but his horses did not meet with their customary success. Fourteen times were Lord Derby's colours carried, and only once successfully, this being when Burscough beat Carnegie in the last event of the meeting. A lot of money had been lost over The Bedouin when he was beaten at Lincoln earlier in the week, but it all came back when he secured the Grosvenor Cup on Saturday, the real surprise of this race being Roseate Dawn, who, running into second place, improved vastly upon his recent piggish displays.

Prospects of the Derby Gold Cup

On Friday, the Derby Gold Cup looks like providing a great race. Radium, I suppose, would have been an absolute certainty if he had not incurred a penalty, thereby raising his weight to 9 st. 4 lb., a very big burden over this tiring course. Even now Mr. Rothschild's horse looks like winning, for his form at the last Newmarket meeting was superb. One of his best opponents will probably be Wuffy, who should be better suited by this distance than by the Cesarewitch course. He meets Demure on 10 lb. better terms than at Newmarket, so there can be very little between them, especially as Wuffy likes a mile and three-quarters, as he showed in the Great Ebor. Old Hammerkop is sure to have followers, for it is generally agreed that she would have given a better show for Mr. Gilpin's stable in the Cesarewitch than Baltinglass did. Slavetrader is rather a "dark" customer, whose chance is not to be ignored, but he has been rather a long time "on the shelf." Stickup is certain to have many friends if he is the chosen representative of Alec Taylor's stable, for he cut a very creditable figure in the Cambridgeshire. Then there is Madame de Soubise, said to have performed much below her real form in the Cesarewitch, and now expected to beat Demure at the difference in the weights. It is, in short, an interesting affair, and I look to **Radium** to prove capable of the big task that confronts him. Wuffy and Demure may fill the two places behind him.

Other Derby Selections

The Beckhampton horses are rather under a cloud just now, and **Acclaim** has not been seen out since his bold display in the St. Leger, but at the weights he looks a good thing for the Markeaton Plate on Wednesday. In his absence I should take Tirara. On the same day, my selection is **Hackberry** for the Rangemore Stakes. **The Welkin** may win the Chatsworth Plate on Thursday, and **Lady Hasty** may atone for various disappointments by securing the Chaddesden Plate on the following day.

The Late Lord Chesham

As we go to press, we learn, with great regret, of the fatal accident to Lord Chesham, who, while hunting with the Pytchley on Saturday, was thrown from his horse and broke his neck. His lordship was the third baron, and Master of the Bicester from 1885 to 1893. He was fifty-seven years of age, and a distinguished soldier, whose part in the South African War, as one of the chief organisers of the Yeomanry, is remembered with deep gratitude by the nation, and the Army.

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The Newest Druce Phase

PARTICIPANTS IN LAST FRIDAY'S HEARING AT MARYLEBONE

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Atherley-Jones, K.C.

Counsel for the plaintiff, Mr. G. H. Druce

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The Late Sir Morell Mackenzie

The famous surgeon, who died in 1892. He has been brought into the case by the new witness (from America), Mr. Caldwell

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Horace Avory, K.C.

Counsel for the defendant, Mr. Herbert Druce

The Druce-Portland mystery thickens. Each succeeding day of the present trial before the Marylebone magistrate reveals some new marvel in the direction of evidence, and new actors in the drama appear with a frequency which may well make the managers of real playhouses green with envy. Last Friday introduced Mr. Caldwell (from New York), who staggered the Court with some amazing allegations as to his acquaintance with the late Duke of Portland, who was, he positively stated, identical with the late Mr. T. C. Druce. The introduction of the name of Sir Morell Mackenzie was another sensation — Caldwell having alleged that he was introduced to the Duke by that famous surgeon as the discoverer of a novel "cure" for a complaint from which the Duke suffered. To complete his chapter of sensation, Mr. Caldwell testified to having himself filled the "Drucial" coffin with the lead which it is alleged to contain.

Further amazing evidence may be looked for on Friday next.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Caldwell, the Witness from New York, in Court

To say that his evidence staggered the Court is to use a mild and inadequate expression

In Process of Being Staggered

Interested parties outside the Court on Friday last discussing Mr. Caldwell's strange story of the Duke and his alleged nasal complaint, Sir Morell Mackenzie, and the leaded coffin

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BY FIELD, STREAM, AND COVERT

Quorn Hounds at Kirby Gate: A Kill

The Start in Leicestershire

With the meet of the Quorn Hounds at Kirby Gate, of the Cottesmore at Greetham Inn, and of Mr. Fernie's at Gumley, the season opened in Leicestershire on the 4th inst., not a day later than usual, in spite of the delay which was caused early in cub-hunting by the backward harvest. The fact is, hounds were able to do so well all through October, the frequent rains being all that huntsmen could have wished for, that they were in first-class trim by the opening of the present month. Cubs having been effectively scattered, nothing was needed to complete the satisfaction of those connected with the various packs save the disappearance of the leaf, which will still cling tenaciously to the hedges until a sharp frost comes to clear them away. It is not often that great sport has to be recorded from Kirby Gate, and this year the day was dull and disappointing. Crowds of holiday-makers assembled at the historic fixture, partly because it has long been the annual custom to do so in this part of Leicestershire, and partly because they wanted to see a fox break away from Gartree Hill. Of this latter pleasure they were robbed, these and neighbouring coverts being blank, and it was well on in the afternoon before sport came to the mounted division, who were, as usual, simply thirsting for a scamper in the open.

Sir Reginald Graham

Whose "Fox-hunting Recollections" is the most interesting hunting book published since Colonel Anstruther Thomson's "Reminiscences"

Hunting and Pork Pies!

And so the multitude of humble but enthusiastic foot people had, in the way of actual hunting, little to see and treasure in their memory. That reminds me rather of the tale which is told of the correspondent of the London daily paper who was sent into Leicestershire many years ago to write a special description under the familiar heading of "The Quorn at Kirby Gate." He saw very little of the hounds, but apparently he had a keen eye for the "inner man," and instead of telling of the sport enjoyed, he devoted some considerable portion of his article to dilating on the virtues of the "specially succulent pork pies" of Melton Mowbray. He proceeded to state that the trade in them was in a great measure provoked by the presence of hunting men, who found that "particular edible, when cut into slices, to be about the most convenient, not to say filling, luncheon which they can carry about with them!"

Successful Cub-Hunting

Nearly all the reports on the recent cub-hunting season—I have by me thirty or forty from all parts of the kingdom—tell of satisfactory work. Here is a note from my Melton Mowbray correspondent:

> The Quorn finished their cub-hunting season on Friday, the 1st inst., meeting at Sir F. Fowke's place, Lowesby Hall. There were four or five foxes lying in the plantation below the Hall when hounds drew it. One fell a victim to the pack, and, a brace going away almost together, hounds divided, the body of the pack settling to one which took them past Quenby Hall to Botany Bay, where they were stopped. Subsequently, John o' Gaunt was visited, and proved to be full of foxes, at least eight or nine being on foot there. Nothing but strict cub-hunting was attempted, and eventually, after good work in covert, a leash were brought to hand. During the cub-hunting the Quorn accounted for thirty-one brace of cubs and a brace of badgers. Before this is in print our opening meet at Kirby Gate will have taken place. The country is still awfully blind, scarcely a leaf being off the fences, but the prospects of a good season were never brighter.

The Cottesmore wound up their cub-hunting with a gallop in the open, which, for brilliance, will be difficult to beat in the regular season, and Mr. Fernie's hounds were likewise in great form.

The Book of a Notable Fox-hunter

The best hunting book since Colonel Anstruther Thomson's reminiscences is "Fox-hunting Recollections" (Eveleigh Nash: 10s.), by Sir Reginald Graham, and I cannot imagine a keen hunting man reading through these pleasant pages with any feeling but that of pure delight, or

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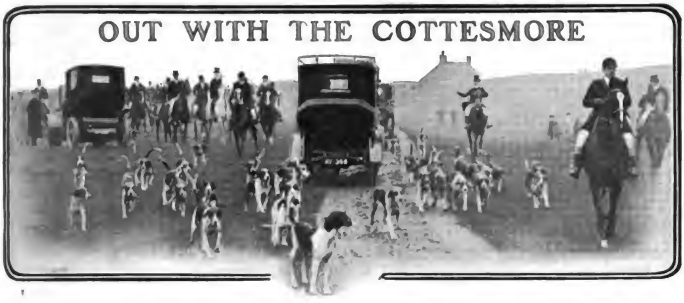
OUT WITH THE COTTESMORE



2. *Photos* *Topical Agency*

1. The Cottesmore Meet at Tilton: Bringing up the Hounds
2. Lord Lonsdale, the Master (on the right), chatting with the Huntsman

The famous Cottesmore pack is this season being hunted by the Earl of Lonsdale, in succession to Mr. Evan Hanbury. Lord Lonsdale is one of our best-known sporting peers, and besides being a fearless rider and an expert judge of horses, he is a keen motorist, and is the President of the Brooklands Club

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without a ravenous desire for more when he had come to the end. There are, of course, people to whom the book will make special appeal. Followers of the Cotswold, for example, will be closely interested, as this was the first pack of which Sir Reginald Graham was Master. In the same way, those who hunt in the New Forest, the Tedworth, and the Hurworth countries will find something particularly to attract them, because all these packs were under Sir Reginald's command at different periods. In the Bedale country, too, the book will surely be widely read, for here, at Norton Conyers, the author was born and bred, and here he has lived for many years, the model of a popular Yorkshire squire, following hounds with all the enthusiasm of a younger man, until disabled by an unhappy accident. Few sportsmen have had so varied an experience of fox-hunting, and the love of the sport can be said to have been bred in him, for his father was Sir Bellingham Graham, one of the most famous M.F.H.'s in hunting history. Sir Bellingham was Master of Hounds from 1815 to 1826, and between those dates he hunted the Badsworth, Atherstone, Pytchley, Hambledon, Quorn, Albrighton, and Shropshire Hounds.

When Sir Reginald First Hunted Hounds

Some interesting details of the career of this great fox-hunter, the contemporary and friend of such celebrities as Osbaldeston and Jack Mytton, are given in "Fox-hunting Recollections," but Sir Bellingham's hunting career took place long before Sir Reginald's existence, and the author mainly concerns himself with events of which he has had personal experience. The book sparkles with amusing anecdotes, and Sir Reginald does not mind telling a story against himself. His first attempt at hunting hounds was made in the Burton country under Lord Henry Bentinck's Mastership. Suddenly finding himself alone with hounds, and the pack in difficulties, Sir Reginald proceeded, with all the confidence of youth, to hold them down wind and then in other directions:

No doubt I must have thought it encouraging to the pack to wave my right arm with energy as I took them along with that action of the hand which is much in vogue on poultry farms. All in vain. They never touched the line again. I looked round once more; what did I see? Fifty yards behind there stood Lord Henry Simself, with Messrs. Chaplin, Chandos Leigh, and Charley Hawtin. Would that the earth could have swallowed me up at that moment! Slowly, step by step, the cavalcade approached! . . . At last, Lord Henry, in slow, measured tones, almost hissed out, word by word, "Sir Reginald, when you have quite done feeding your chickens, perhaps you will allow *my* huntsman to cast *my* hounds." I did not hear the last of it for many a day.

Mr. Thomas Cradock
Master of the Ormond Hounds, whose sport has been temporarily stopped owing to the opposition of the United Irish League

County Court Judge Fitzgerald
Whom some members of the United Irish League refuse to allow to hunt over their land

Photos *Lafayette*
Mr. John Watson
The popular Master of the Meath Hounds, who has received a pleasant notice from the United Irish League to the effect that poison will be laid down for his hounds and foxes if Judge Fitzgerald makes any attempt to hunt with the Meath

Sir Reginald Graham sighs for the facile pen of a Whyte-Melville, yet the simple language in which he has put together his reminiscences is not one of the smallest charms of a book which will be read and read again by hunting people.

A League of Dog Lovers

I have been asked to give prominence to a forthcoming bazaar at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, to be held on the 20th and 21st of this month in aid of the Canine Defence League. If distinguished patronage counts for anything, the bazaar should be a success, and I am credibly informed that the list of those who will take an active part in the proceedings includes the Duchess of Portland, the Duchesse de Lousada, the Marchioness of Ormonde, the Marchioness of Donegall, Lady Helen Grosvenor, the Countess of Kinnoul, the Countess of Cavan, the Countess of Plymouth, Lady Mary Trefusis, and Lady Agneta Montagu.

Troublous Times in Ireland

Regardless of any interests but their own (and these they do not clearly see), the agitators who go to make up the executive of the United Irish League are doing their level best to inflame the peasant mind in certain parts of Ireland against fox-hunting. The worst trouble has been experienced in the Ormond country, where a crowd of nearly a thousand excited "patriots" gathered outside the residence of the Master, Mr. Thomas Cradock, on the occasion of the opening meet, and refused to allow the hounds to hunt unless certain gentlemen, who in some mysterious way had offended them, were "expelled from the Hunt." The gentlemen alluded to, be it added, were not out with the pack, and they had expressed their intention of not hunting at all at present. But this did not satisfy the Leaguers. They demanded nothing short of the expulsion from the Hunt membership of the offending parties. No wonder, therefore, that the Ormond Hunt decided to abandon all meets for a fortnight, and if further opposition is

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encountered the probability is that hunting will be abandoned altogether in this district. It is a great pity that the sport should be dragged into these Irish agrarian differences. It would be nothing short of a national calamity if one of the best packs—say, the Meath—had to be stopped on account of the insensate tactics of these agitators. That, of course, seems a very remote possibility, but it may be noted that the Ratvath Branch of the League have written to Mr. John Watson to say that "we object to County Court Judge Fitzgerald hunting over our land, and . . . if he makes any attempt to do so we will be reluctantly compelled to resort to the disagreeable extreme of laying poison on our lands." A nice threat, in a civilised country!

Photo *Barrett*

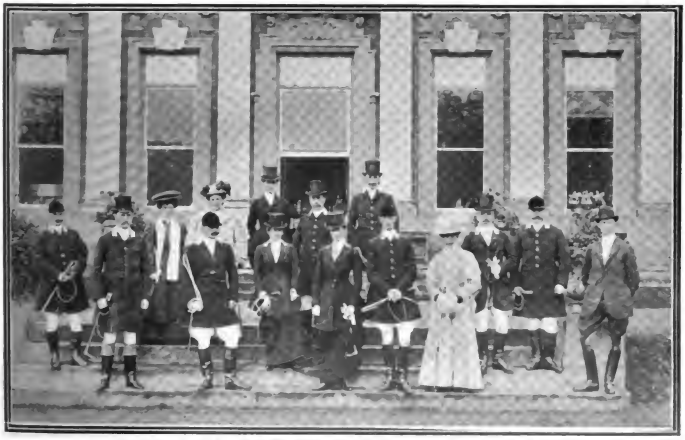
The Opening Meet of the Fitzwilliam Hounds at Clumber House

Earl Fitzwilliam (entering the house), the Duke of Newcastle (in the centre), and Captain Peake (on horseback)

Presentation to Mr. Selby Lowndes

One of the jolliest of last week's opening meets was certainly that of the East Kent Foxhounds at Waldershare Park, for Lord and Lady Guilford made all welcome, and the crowd must have numbered fully a thousand, including three hundred horsemen. All the farmers were invited to a hunt breakfast. There was a marquee on the lawn, with refreshments for the members of the Hunt and their friends, and the whole scene was one to be long remembered. The great event of the day was the presentation to the Master, Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes, of a handsome testimonial in token of his valuable services to the pack during seven seasons in the Mastership. This comprised an illuminated address, with the names of 300 subscribers, three plated figures of the Hunt staff, a fox's mask, a salver in silver, and a cheque for £200. The presentation was very happily made on behalf of the subscribers by Lord Guilford, who stated that Mr. Selby Lowndes had started his career as a huntsman at the age of thirteen. The farmers looked after the hounds for him during term time, the young Master hunting them during the holidays. Subsequently he hunted a "bobbery" pack in America, and on his return took over the Wells Harriers. Then he went to the Bilsdale, and eventually the East Kent Hunt, to their great advantage, secured his services. A member of a great fox-hunting family, Mr. Selby Lowndes has done marvellously well in the East Kent country, and it has been well said of him that he was "sent into the world to send foxes out of it."

A. W. C.



Photo] **The Presentation to Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes: The House-Party at Waldershare Park** *[Lambert Weston*

The opening meet of the East Kent Hounds at Waldershare Park was the occasion of the presentation of a handsome testimonial to the Master, Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes.

Top Row (*left to right*): Mrs. Vale, Mrs. Laurence Hardy, Miss Honeywood, Colonel Laurie, Mr. Virgil Pomfret.
Front Row: Colonel Martindale Vale, Laurence Hardy, Esq., M.P., the Master (Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes) Mrs. Selby Lowndes, the Countess of Guilford, the Earl of Guilford, the Hon. Mrs. Howard, Major J. Howard, Mr. J. E. Churchill, Mr. Hodgson.

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

PITY THE POOR CENSOR

Many an official stung by abuse must be inclined to borrow, for use upon the public, that expression which Mr. Bumble directed so tellingly against the law—"a hass." But if Mr. Redford is tempted to let himself go in this fashion, he will be wrong. For the public does not care a row of pins about the recent agitation against the Censor. It is a newspaper-made and author-made agitation It came during a period of comparative slackness in the affairs of the theatre. It is an unfortunate fact that the moment a slackening occurs in the rush of new productions, some estimable journalist sows a wind of folly from which is reaped a whirlwind of idiocy. The "silly season" in affairs dramatic occurs every few weeks, not once a year, which is as often as we are required to suffer its prototype—the parent "silly season."

Mr. Redford is the "giant gooseberry" of the theatrical silly season, as is Mr. Alfred Austin of the silly season of letters. Fortunately, both for Mr. Austin and for Mr. Redford, each is an autocrat enabled by his position to practise the policy of a contemptuous silence. It may or may not have been a surprise to the public to learn that with the managers Mr. Redford was *persona grata*. Haunted by the spectres of a policeman and a London County Councillor, the managers have voted solid for Mr. Redford. And a moment's reflection will convince anyone that the managers have good cause for their championship. The author-agitators contend that Mr. Redford, with his blue pencil, rules out passages relating to life; that the discussion of a moral problem sets him exercising his executionary powers. If this contention were true, we should never have witnessed *The Gay Lord Quex*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and scores of plays commencing a decade ago, and ending, to date, with *Irene Wycherley*. The fact is that Mr. Redford has sensibly taken the platform, not of a censor of morals, but of good taste. He has sanctioned plays which contain quite as much portrayal of "life" as the public is willing to stand. He is opposed by a little band of literary malcontents influenced by various motives. Some have signed their names to the "protest" to be delivered to the Prime Minister because they like to appear in any literary "movement" that is going on; others because their vanity is outraged by the fact of a work of art being licensed; a few because they have up their sleeves plays dealing with a "life" which is too strong for any save for that little circle of unhealthy minded women and men (distinguished as much by eccentricities of morals as of costume) who hang to the skirts of literature in the hope that literature and its sister, the drama, can supply them with that stimulant for their diseased minds which they cannot obtain from intercourse with their less "advanced" fellow-creatures.

Photo *Lafayette*

Mr. Tree: His very latest photograph

Mr. Tree, in common with other managers, has carefully refrained from joining in the agitation against the Censor. Indeed, a census was taken, and the managers plumped solid for Mr. Redford. Mr. Tree is now on tour in the provinces

A stranger in the land might deduce from the agitation against the Censor that Mr. Redford was an overbearing official with a highly inflamed and most tender Nonconformist Conscience, whose mission in life it was to act as official guardian angel over the young person. He is nothing of the kind.

The agitation has not been without its amusing side. Leader-writers and essayists have lifted it on to the high plane of politics. They have dealt with the Censor not as an estimable gentleman who carries out very arduous and delicate duties, but as an autocrat. Mr. Chesterton finds Mr. Redford ridiculous, not because he throws a playgoing public into mourning for refusing them *Ghosts* and *Monna Vanna*, but because he wields a power akin to that wielded by the Tsar of all the Russias. Personally, I have a weakness for autocrats. Imagining myself for one moment fulfilling the dazzling position of Censor, I find myself discharging my duties with greater ease and ability than if I formed one of a "committee" or "council." For my experience of committees is that thoughtful men, with an unfortunate tendency to go to sleep what time pushful and purposeful men who have been "got at" by artful and determined cliques hold the floor—these men of thought, I say, wake up with the disquieting feeling that the business (and the wrong business) of the meeting is over.

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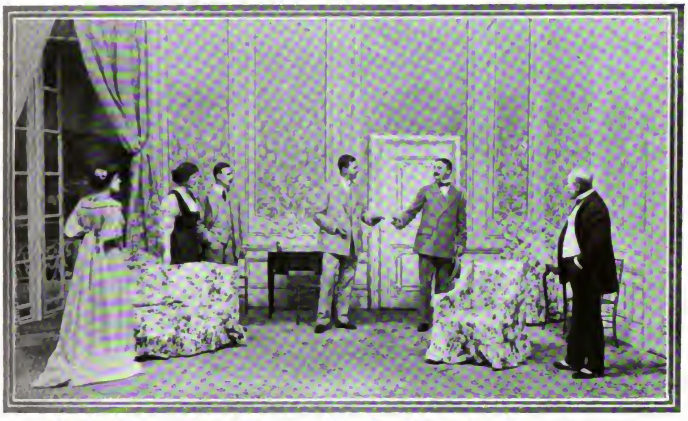
"Lady Frederick" at the Court Theatre

Miss Beatrice Terry (*Rose Carlisle*) Mr. C. M. Lowne (*Paradine Foulder*)



Miss Ethel Irving (*Lady Frederick*) Mr. Edmund Breon (*Sir Gerald O'Mara*) Mr. A. Holmes-Gore (*Captain Montgomerie*) Mr. E. W. Garden (*Admiral Carlisle*)

MR. FOULDER: "Here is my cheque!"

Photos] Mr. W. Graham Browne (*Lord Mereston*) Miss Ethel Irving (*Lady Frederick*) [*Dover Street Studios*

CHARLIE: "How soft and silky it is"

A clever play—which, nevertheless, chiefly owes its success to the splendid acting of its principal character, Miss Ethel Irving—is Mr. W. S. Maugham's *Lady Frederick*. Lord Mereston, an eligible young peer, falls in love with Lady Frederick, a baronet's widow, who is rumoured to have a past. The play is chiefly concerned with the efforts of Lady Mereston, aided by her brother, Paradine Foulder, to extricate her son from Lady Frederick's clutches. Eventually, however, he is delivered, not by his mother or uncle, but by Lady Frederick herself, who quite disillusions her devoted lover by allowing him to be present during the laborious process of "making up." In the course of trying to free his nephew, Paradine Foulder himself falls a victim, and eventually marries Lady Frederick

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THE NEW THEATRE

"Mrs. Ellison's Answer"

It is quite possible that other beginners in the difficult art of writing for the stage have made no more favourable start than Mr. Rowan Orme. His play shows inexperience at every turn. He seems to be struggling all the time to express something. His failure seems to be due to the fact that he is not at home with the implements of his craft. He is evidently a careful student of plays. *Mrs. Ellison's Answer* reminds one of half a hundred plays we have seen, and the result is: it is a formless thing—a piece of crazy patchwork.

Mr. Rowan Orme bridges the past and the present. Some of the dialogue is almost archaic. There crop up during the play little turns of speech, little pieces of business and of stagecraft which remind us of what we have learned from older men about the dear old days of the "sixties."

There is one point in Mr. Orme's favour; he has contrived to stuff most of his bald dialogue and amateurishness of treatment into the first act. It is a very difficult first act for any but the most hardened and conscientious playgoer to stomach. However, virtue has its reward, and when Mr. Orme starts telling the story of two unhappy married couples he becomes more interesting.

The first unhappy married couple are Richard Milvain (Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw) and Sylvia Gadband (Miss Lucy Wilson). Richard is the pride of his mamma, who is anxious that her son should contract a suitable marriage. Richard drifts into the marriage with Sylvia partly to please his mamma, and partly from the feeling that he has remained unmarried quite long enough, and may as well give the thing a chance, like other men of his acquaintance. The Milvains are rather an unfortunate family, because Richard's brother, Oswald, makes a bad marriage at the other end of the scale, as it were. Instead of marrying, as his brother does, for position and money, his romantic and artistic disposition induces him to see the form of a goddess in the tailor-made, slangy, ill-bred young American person, Patricia Wilkeyn (Miss Claudia Lasell). Needless to remark, this alliance turns out disastrously. Apparently, the purpose of the playwright is to point a moral, and show that all marriages except marriages for love are a failure. But one might read plenty of motives in Mr. Orme's play without succeeding in hitting upon the right one. When he is more at home with the tools of the craft he has taken up, he will be able to express his motives more clearly. The end of the play, in which lessons, if we are to have any lessons, should be driven home, is inconclusive. The elder brother, Richard, is very much in love with Mrs. Ellison, who lives apart from her husband. Most passages between Richard and his affinity are taken up with arguments for and against the couple running away together. Richard has almost prevailed, when Nemesis, in the shape of a gun accident, overtakes him. He becomes blind, and his hopeless condition draws him towards his wife, or, rather, draws his wife towards him. In his treatment of the other young people, Mr. Orme is not conclusive. The flighty and ill-bred Patricia is much attached to one of her own class, Frank Sozzenheim. She leaves her husband, and when her father suggests that his son-in-law should return, Oswald treats the suggestion very vaguely. His life is ruined; there is no more happiness for him.

Miss Granville has done more than we thought could be possible (had we only read the play) with the rôle of Mrs. Ellison. She expresses with great skill the varying emotions of the character, and in several places her art was sufficient to conceal some of the rawness of the playwright's methods. Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw did not bestir himself much in the rôle of Richard. The breeziest person in the play was Jacob Silas Wilkeyn, played by Mr. John Beauchamp. The actor gave forth his Americanisms with all the force in his power. There are still some Americans left in London, and it seemed to me that Jacob's sallies were received at times by a positive shiver in the stalls. Mr. Orme must try again. E. C. S.

Photo **Mr. A. P. Wharton** *Lafayette*

The author of the successful play, *Irene Wycherley*, now filling the hall at the Kingsway Theatre, under the management of Miss Lena Ashwell

Miscellanea

Pantomime rehearsals will now soon be in full swing, and it is interesting to note that there will be at least three pantomimes in the West End. In addition to the *Babes in the Wood* at Drury Lane, *Robinson Crusoe* will be produced at the Lyceum, and *Aladdin* at the Adelphi. Both Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Robert Arthur boast that they have made "finds" for principal parts. The former has engaged Miss Ouida Macdermott to play the rôle of the Princess, and the latter has secured the services of Miss Sarah Vruvell to play the Princess in the Adelphi "show." Mr. Robert Arthur has also engaged Mr. Malcolm Scott to play Widow Twankey, and Mr. Harry Dent, the touring Joe Mivens of *Dairymaids'* fame, to impersonate Abanazar.

When Mr. Carpenter starts rehearsing for pantomime, *The Christian* will probably emigrate to the Shaftesbury. In this event the prices of admission at this theatre will be reduced.

"From School to Stage," by Phyllis Dare. (Collier: 1s net)

Those interested in the career of pretty Miss Phyllis Dare, —and many thousands of youthful playgoers are—will be expending their shillings on a little volume entitled "From School to Stage," being the story of Miss Dare's life, written by that clever young actress herself. She starts her narrative by expressing surprise that "so many members of the general public should take a keen interest in the career of so insignificant a person as myself," but adds that the book is a result of hundreds of letters asking her to write an account of her theatrical life. To use her own expression, Miss Dare does not "shine" as an authoress, and the volume makes poor reading. An autobiography can hardly avoid being egotistical, but the question that strikes one most forcibly after the reading of this book is, Why was it ever written at all? Miss Dare apparently had a *collaborateur*, for in the preface she admits that a certain gentleman has assisted her in "turning a chaotic pile of notes into—well—some sort of order." There are eight photographic illustrations—all of Miss Phyllis Dare and members of her family. R. M.

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CONTINENTAL CHAT

A Romance-Tragedy in Servia

A Belgrade correspondent sends me the following remarks on the death of Captain Novakovitch in prison :—

In Servia—yea, even in Servia—one figure shines whose light dispels the gloom of treason and crime. Captain Novakovitch has shown that what men most treasure—life—was of no account to him in comparison with the fair fame of his motherland. When others, discouraged, desisted from a struggle against tremendous odds, he never faltered or slackened in the endeavour to put right what had been made wrong.

"An officer who has broken his oath to his Sovereign has no place in the Servian Army," he repeated stubbornly, day by day, in the pages of his journal, *Otatsbina*. And, monotonous though it rang, this eternal cry, it is but fair to the people of Servia to say that the journal's circulation exceeded that of any other in the land. An ever-growing menace it seemed to some, and suppression was decided upon.

The romance of true love came to lend additional pathos to a brave man's fate.

"Dare you take the risk?" Captain Novakovitch asked his *fiancée*. "It is almost as if you wed an outlaw! The regicides have sworn to accomplish my downfall, and yet—you know me—I will go on denouncing them to my last gasp."

"I would not have you otherwise," was the spirited answer; and thus did General Boshkovitch's daughter throw in her lot with that of the doomed patriot. Some brief months of wedded bliss preceded the catastrophe of separation.

From prison Captain Novakovitch wrote to his brave little wife:

DEAREST,—I have sad presentiments. From certain indications, too, I think it unlikely that I will leave here alive. . . There is no chance of my being brought to trial, since nothing can be proved against me. . . I have again refused offers of a compromise. . . Be prepared for the worst and have courage for the sake of our child, whom you must train in the unswerving path.—Always, Love, your MILAN.

Some days after the above was penned the prisoner fell under the bullets of Pashitsh's police.

Captain Milan Novakovitch (with his wife)
The Captain died recently, in prison at Belgrade, at the hands of his gaolers, after having been imprisoned for his candid comments on the Royal *regime* in his journal, *Otatsbina*

Rodin's Popularity—and Prices

Rodin's exhibition of drawings at the Rue Richepanse is a puzzle to most people. A contorted limb, a joint of a finger, a foot twisted on its big toe, a solitary mouth, a corner of an eye—what can the poor proletariat make of such technicalities? But Rodin has always been a bit of a mystery, and though the public is unfailingly disappointed with his productions, which it has paid its money to admire, he continues to be admittedly the greatest sculptor of his time, and gets any price he has the face to ask for anything he does, even for a half-dozen incomprehensible lines on the back of an envelope. Yet he is really indifferent to fortune. A very handsome woman, whose bust he has just determined to finish, has been "sitting" for five years. He has made some dozen *moquettes* of her, and has ruthlessly broken them up because he has not been able to express the mixture of gentleness and cruelty which he detected about the lines of her mouth. When he is at work on a bust, he studies his subject, as it were, from within. The outward manifestation is merely what the common faulty eye sees, and that is not enough for the Leonardo da Vinci of modern sculpture. At his studio, at Meudon, he keeps almost open house, making no distinction among his visitors, all of whom he receives in the same "reach-me-down" dressing-gown. One day, when I had the pleasure of gazing at the marvels in his *atelier*, I met the curator of a Danish museum who had come specially to buy some of his sketches. I saw his selection (some hundreds), and must confess I felt inclined to own that they seemed hardly worth the £10 a piece paid for them. Rodin poses as an *inculte*, but, in reality, he is nothing of the kind, and, like many men who have not had much scholastic education, often knows more than those who have.

* * *

Rochefort's Return to the Press

M. Henri Rochefort's movements of late have created quite a sensation in Paris. He is still to be seen in the most exclusive drawing-rooms, and riding

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in the Bois, in spite of the fact that the heir of one of his generous benefactresses has cut off supplies.

How characteristic of Paris is the extraordinary interest of its gay and brilliant literary population in the reappearance of Henri Rochefort as a contributor to the *Figaro*. If the Frenchman in politics leans to Socialism, in thought and literature he is essentially individualist. To be orthodox in either goes quite against the grain of his intellect. To be himself and nothing but himself, to write his way and not anyone else's way, is the mark of the true Parisian *littérateur*, and Rochefort has all his life been that, and nothing else. In 1865, Rochefort, a scion of a noble house, was writing for the aristocratic *Figaro*. He then "went to the Left," became *intransigeant*, and wound up by lampooning everybody and everything. He sided with Boulanger, perhaps more because there was a political "shindy" in prospect, which he wanted to be in, than because of any personal conviction. He dropped Boulanger and his cause as soon as any other lost one came along, and here he is, after having boxed the compass of politics, back at his starting-point, as fresh and brilliant as ever, in spite of his forty years' war against things human.

• • •

The Origin of the "Petit" Newspaper

Under the Republic, decentralisation has set in, and the provincial dullards lured by politics to the capital have possessed themselves of the Paris Press. In return, provincial papers have benefited, and journals like *Le Petit Havre* and *Le Journal de Rouen* are equal, and in some respects superior, to any Paris papers. The word "*petit*" always strikes the foreigner. Its origin is, in itself, significant. The evening edition was called "*Petit*," and originally was *petit*, but the French newspaper reader has come more and more to read his paper in the evening, and the *petit* edition has now become the chief one, whereas the morning one is merely a repetition, with a "stop-press" column. It is interesting to speculate on the reason for this very pronounced difference between the Frenchman and the Englishman, for the latter treats his morning paper with a respect only equalled by the disrespect with which he treats his evening sheet.

• • •

Crispi as a Book-Collector

The impending sale of Crispi's magnificent library reminds us that great men sometimes read books as well as collect them. Crispi's favourite reading material was, as befits a statesman, particularly one of the political regenerators of Italian history. Unlike most Sicilians, he had intellectual affinities which brought him into closer sympathy with the Germanic than with the Latin races. This was probably, to some extent, due to his historical studies, which taught him that contrast rather than resemblance united nations like human beings. Events, however, have belied both his facts and his conclusions. The *rapprochement* with France is now as popular in Italy as the German alliance is unpopular. No one who knew both Crispi and Castelar can help thinking of them together. Both were products of the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, both enthusiasts, both great political leaders, and both initiators of foreign politics for their respective countries. Castelar's library was, like a Paris book-shop, packed from floor to roof with the yellow paper covers of unbound French volumes, every one of which he had read till he became saturated with French ideas on every conceivable subject.

Photo] Frau Dr. von Pappe, the first woman taxi-cabdriver in Berlin [*Topical Agency*]

The fair "cabbie" is said to have been averaging £6 odd per night since starting in the business. She is a married woman and the "mother of six"

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THE LATEST STAGE ROMANCE?

[Photo] MISS BELLIE BURKE [Bassano

Who, it is rumoured, is secretly engaged to be married to one of our youngest and wealthiest peers.

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AN ATHE

The Incas of Peru—Their Civil which Pe

An Inland Sea in the Mountains: Lake Titicaca

Situated 12,545 ft. above sea level, amid some of the highest peaks of the Andes. Lake Titicaca has, on its banks, many ruins and traces of the Incas epoch. It is eighty miles long

Among the world's happy hunting-grounds for "hidden treasure," one of the most popular is Peru. It is fervently believed that the Incas—that most civilised of aboriginal Indian races, who governed Peru with a splendour scarcely inferior to that of Rome and Greece—on their subjugation by Spain, hid in the earth treasure of enormous value. Not so long ago, Incasian gold, value three millions, was

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Market Place and Old Spanish Cathedral, Curco

(Built in the sixteenth century)

The Ancient Inca Capital, Curco.

Curco was the capital of the Incas, and possessed the "Temple o population before the Spanish Conquest was about 200,000, and th modern population of Curco is 18,000 only. Behind the city are agrees ag

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S OF THE WEST

n, Religion, and Wealth, Traces of
ill Possesses

of the Sun," as it Appears To-day

of the finest specimens of ancient Indian architecture. Its ment Utopian to a degree undreamed of in our day. The and rugged Sierras of the Andes, which form so effective a world

The Church of S. Domingo, Cuzco—a Dilapidated Quarter of the City

unearthed near Chayalta, among the mountains. Whether or not, however, there is hidden treasure in Peru, it is interesting to be reminded, by a glance at the above photographs, of a country with so romantic a history. Peru is one of the many ancient civilisations absolutely stifled by the Spain of other years. The Incas, before Pizarro's visit, enjoyed an extraordinarily high degree of civilisation. Peru was, indeed, a Utopia. Ruled by wisdom and suasion rather than by force of arms, it enjoyed an ideal communistic government. It was of great wealth, had an art, and an architecture of its own

Underwood and Underwood, London and New York

Descendants of the Incas

Modern types of the ancient race, which, before the Spanish Conquest, enjoyed a civilisation comparable with that of Greece and Rome. The Incas even to-day form the bulk of the Peruvian population

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OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 104

A FALL IN PRIDE

By REGINALD RAYNER

MR. AUBREY LEGRAND, the matinée darling, the typist's dream, the postcard pet, in short, Mr. Aubrey Legrand, the popular actor, was about to take a rest. Not, of course, a "rest" in the theatrical sense, for Mr. Legrand was no more in need of an engagement than is the latest millionaire in need of friends. He simply considered himself "run down"; and, consequently, intended to hide, for awhile, the brilliant limelight of his personality beneath the bushel of an unknown farmhouse, whence he would ere long emerge, refreshed and invigorated, to shine more brightly than ever before the eager eyes of his admirers.

He had told no one of his destination, but at a little supper-party, given the night before to a few select friends, mostly women, he had suddenly announced, with a sweep of his white hands and a flash of his alabaster teeth, that he was about to vanish from their midst for a whole terrible month.

So no farewell handkerchief was waved to Aubrey Legrand as his train slipped smoothly out of Paddington; but it did not trouble him, and he very contentedly placed his elegant feet on the opposite seat of his empty compartment and composed himself for tranquil thought.

When Aubrey Legrand wished to think, he, not unnaturally, always began by closing his eyes, in order, as he himself had once so aptly put it, that by closing his fleshy eyes to this vulgar world, he might open the eyes of his artistic soul to feast upon the far more delicate and congenial landscape of the world of thought. He quite forgot to add that this charming landscape was, for him, invariably obscured by a colossal and highly coloured replica of—himself.

His experience to-day furnished no exception, and he allowed his thoughts to dwell contentedly upon his own achievements of the last few months. And, indeed, he had some reason for satisfaction. Six months ago had been produced, for the first time, a play in which Legrand, already high in the popular favour, had scored a tremendous success. The feminine portion of the theatre-going community had fairly lost their heads over him. The gallery kissed their hands to him, the pit applauded him hysterically, the circles silently worshipped him, and the stalls invited him to dine—but he only accepted the very best invitations.

Aubrey didn't get on particularly well with the men, as they had the bad taste not to lose their heads over him—but he didn't care; the clerks in the box-office of the great theatre known as "Society" are practically all women, and Aubrey had no fears for his seat.

The name of the particular clerk who eventually secured Aubrey his ticket, and then showed him to one of the nicest seats when he got inside, was the Honourable Helena Ripley, and she had been so extremely kind and unremittingly attentive to him, that as Aubrey closed his eyes in the train he could not help seeing, among the rosy mists which surrounded his own shining image, a giant newspaper placard bearing the legend, "Famous actor to marry peer's daughter."

This was not merely a pleasant dream of Aubrey's; it was his fixed intention to marry Helena Ripley, and, indeed, he was quite confident of the speedy accomplishment of his desire. Helena had no father, and her brother did not attempt to restrain her somewhat eccentric actions; she was twenty-eight, quite independent, very good-looking, and—yes, Aubrey was sure of it—she was hopelessly in love with himself.

Aubrey had definitely made up his mind to propose to Helena when he returned, becomingly brown, from his restful sojourn at the pretty West Country farmhouse, whose solid comforts a friend had recommended to him. Aubrey did not intend to rough it. With his busy mind's eye he saw himself lounging about in the sun and a well-fitting tweed suit, while he patronisingly discussed the crops with the honest farmer, and—he wondered if by any chance there were a pretty daughter.

Time flies fast when one's thoughts are pleasantly occupied, and it did not seem long to Aubrey ere he arrived at his destination. The farmer himself met him with a comfortable spring cart, and as they drove through the deep Devon lanes, Aubrey noticed that he was a fine, handsome man, and supposed that his daughter, if he had one, would be well-looking too.

It was a five-mile drive to the farmhouse, the latter part of the road being across the open moor, and as Aubrey looked over the generous roll of the purple hills he realised that he had chosen an ideal spot for his month's rest. Pure and sweet from the sea came the gentle wind, its salt sting tempered by the honey gathered from the wide stretches of heather which lay between the ocean and the travellers, and as nature's breath fell softly upon his paint-weary face, Aubrey quite forgot to think about himself for a while, and allowed his strained senses to be soothed and comforted by the restful atmosphere of the pure beauty around him.

At length the farmer turned his horse down a steep lane, high-banked, and shaded by stunted, thickly growing oaks, which led gradually down to where, set in a garden flaming with autumn blossoms, lay his snug home; and, alas! as Aubrey looked in at the low-porched doorway, the better, cleaner man of the open moor fled away from within him and allowed the old, conceited self-lover to take his place, for there, in the doorway, shyly hiding behind her buxom mother, stood the country maiden of his fancy, and—she was very fair.

The more Aubrey saw of his quarters, the more kindly did he feel towards the man—a mere chance acquaintance—who had recommended them to him. Everything was perfect; his roomy, first-floor bedroom was no less comfortable than was the view from its windows charming, which is saying a good deal; and his dinner, simple yet excellent, was actually accompanied by an undeniably good bottle of claret, which, as Mrs. Brendon said, was one of many brothers in the cellar below.

Encouraged by the general comfort around him, Aubrey dined well; and, as he leant back in his chair and sipped some of the old brandy he had

(Continued on page 326)

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A Suppliant Pose

Photo] MISS VERA COCKBURN [Rita Martin

A delightful and talented young actress, who is now playing the part of Lady Standish in *Sweet Kitty Bellairs* at the Haymarket

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(Continued from page 324)

thoughtfully brought from London, he felt himself inclined for conversation. He found Mrs. Brendon readily answered his courteously put questions, which dealt broadly with her spouse, their sturdy son, and, lastly, their pretty daughter. Beyond eliciting the fact that her name was Ellen, Aubrey did not press for further information with regard to the daughter—it was not without reason that a certain section of his theatrical friends were in the habit of expressing freely the opinion that "dear Aubrey" was in the enviable state of being totally unembarrassed by flies.

However, Mrs. Brendon, who had been in service and was a skilled waitress, did not seem to wish to leave the subject of her daughter so easily, and after a long speech, half apologetic, half in praise of Ellen, she finally reached her point, and asked Aubrey if he would put up with the less skilled services of eighteen-year-old Ellen at his meals, as the mother of the household, "what with the cooking and all, was hard put to it to find the time."

Needless to say, Aubrey graciously consented.

. . . . . .

Three weeks later the autumn sun, shining strongly through a gap in the tree-tops of a coombe near Brendon's Farm, lit up a little grass-covered space amidst the surrounding gloom of the wood, and gave it all the appearance of a natural stage. Nor was this stage untenanted, for a pretty pastoral scene was in progress. Strephon, clad in tweeds, reminiscent of Bond Steeet, reclined upon a couch of ferns, whilst Phyllis, in a home-made frock of print, and with a technique of simple coquetry, tickled the tip of his finely chiselled nose with a long piece of grass. Perhaps it is a little superfluous to add that the part of Strephon was played by Mr. Aubrey Legrand and that of Phyllis by Miss Ellen Brendon.

Suddenly, Strephon sat up, and with that look of passionate despair, immortalised on ten thousand postcards, seized his Phyllis's hand.

"Ellen," he cried, in his well-known choky accents, "my little Ellen! To-morrow we must part."

"Oh, Aubrey, but not for long."

She spoke with great feeling, and all the advantages of a superior education at the local High School. Apparently, however, she had forgotten her part, for Strephon was obviously a little surprised at her confident answer. But he "gagged" cleverly.

"Alas! my heart," he said, "I fear it must be for ever."

The girl gave a start, and a little gasp like a wounded bird.

"B-but, Aubrey," she stammered, "we're going to be married; you know you promised."

Aubrey Legrand raised his melancholy gaze to the blue sky.

"We are already married in our own hearts."

"Aubrey, Aubrey," cried the girl, wildly, "what do you mean?"

"That to-morrow we must part for ever. My child," he went on, still examining the far-off sky, "let us each guard in our hearts the memory of the happy days we have passed together, so that in times of misery and stress we may look back——"

He broke off suddenly to find he was wasting his fine gestures and studied elocution on the desert air, for, taking advantage of his averted gaze, the girl had slipped silently away.

Aubrey remained seated, his gaze fixed on the path down which Ellen must have fled. Was it beginning to dawn upon him that he had behaved like a cad and was deserving of a thorough good kicking? Was he forming generous plans to make amends? But listen; he is thinking aloud.

"She takes it awkwardly," he says softly. "I wonder if she's going to tell the old man"—and then, after a pause—"No, no, I fancy she's too proud; and I'm not a bad judge."

And with a complacent smile, Mr. Aubrey Legrand took out a neat gold case and selected a cigarette with care—the gnats were beginning to make themselves troublesome.

Aubrey's dinner that night was as excellent as usual, but he was waited upon by the solid Mrs. Brendon, who, though she was decidedly more deft in the offices of the table, was vastly less pleasing to the eye than the fair Ellen. Aubrey, who thought that the pleasures of the palate and the eye should go together, tactfully inquired as to the cause of Ellen's absence, and received the information that "she'd felt a bit sickly like, and had gone to bed early."

"Ah, too much sun, I dare say," murmured Aubrey.

"Too much o' something, I make no doubt," said Mrs. Brendon, as she disappeared through the door.

Aubrey wondered a little if there might be any particular meaning underlying the simple woman's words, and began to feel vaguely nervous. However, he applied himself bravely to the old brandy, and by the time he had smoked his sixth cigarette, with due attention to his *petit verre*, all trace of any misgivings he might have entertained had vanished, and his buoyant thoughts had turned to the congenial subject of his intended engagement with Helena Ripley.

With a dignified slowness of step, Mr. Aubrey Legrand soon got himself to bed, and ever there floated before his eyes a hazy, tantalising placard bearing the legend, grown familiar by much repetition, "Peer's daughter to marry famous actor."

The presence of the placard in this out-of-the-way corner of the world did not strike Aubrey as being curious; in fact, it elated him to such an extent that, after undressing and donning his green silk pyjamas, he sat cheerfully down on the edge of his bed, nodding and smiling at his reflection in the mirror, and informing himself aloud that "He was a deuced fine fellah, and the women couldn't help 'emselves, poor dears, when he was about."

Suddenly the foolish satisfaction faded from his face, and he twisted suddenly round on the bed, for he saw, as it were over the shoulder of his reflection in the glass, the door of his room pushed open and the unceremonious entrance of Farmer Brendon.

"M-may I ask the meaning of this intrusion on a gentleman's privacy," he asked.

"I want a word wi' you, me man," said the farmer gruffly.

"I don't understand you," said Aubrey coldly.

"Don't understand me?" roared the farmer. "What have you done to my darter, you scut, sitting there preening of yersel, like a silly peacock in the sun?"

The angry man approached the bed swiftly, and, seizing Aubrey's pyjama-clad shoulder in a massive fist, thrust his hairy face within an inch of his victim's nose.

"What have you been doin' to my lass?" he roared again. "Now d'yew onderstand me?"

"W-what has she been telling you?" Aubrey was horribly frightened.

"Summat that made me swaré you shouldn't leave this house till you'm man and wife all raight and praper accordin' to law."

This unwelcome announcement drove the last fumes of the brandy from Aubrey's brain, and he realised with horrible clearness the gravity of his

(Continued on page 328)

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Yet Another Actress-Peeress

Miss Estelle Christy, whose Engagement to Lord Eliot has just been announced

The latest recruit to the ranks of our actress-peerage is Miss Estelle Christy, who is shortly marrying Lord Eliot, the son and heir of the fifth Earl of St. Germans. The surname "Christy" is an assumed one, our future peeress having adopted the patronymic of the well-known American artist of that name, for many of whose famous girl drawings she stood as model

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(Continued from page 326)

position. He searched his head wildly for an opening through which he might wriggle out.

"Well," growled the farmer, shaking him a little, "what are ye waiting for?"

Aubrey felt the necessity of a definite answer.

"V-very well, I will," he stammered.

"An' a good thing fur you," said the farmer, letting him go, and standing up. "But look'y here, my brave chap, none o' your tricks. I tell ye plain, you don't leave this house till it's all signed praper, if I have to get a lawyer here to do it. Me an' Jem 'll see yew don't bolt, you can lay to that."

The farmer moved slowly towards the door, and Aubrey realised that his host meant to keep him to his promise. Decidedly this would not do.

"Mr. Brendon," said Aubrey.

"Hey?"

"Mr. Brendon," repeated Aubrey nervously; "I—I fear I spoke a little rashly just now; I—er—was upset. I hope you will not think too badly of me, but—er—in fact, I'm afraid my marriage with your daughter is impossible."

"Impossible!" said the farmer, unpleasantly calm.

"I'm already engaged to be married."

Slowly and deliberately the farmer crossed the room, his heavily shod feet shaking the floor as he walked, and placing one great hand on each of Aubrey's quivering shoulders, he said, in a low voice, tense with concentrated rage:

"You swine, I thought as much. I'm not surprised; but see here, my peacock, I don't know or care how many girls you may be engaged to, but this I do know, either you marry my lass so soon as it can be done, or—by the Lord, I'll kill 'ee with my own hands."

He shook his victim like a rat, and Aubrey, feeling very sick, collapsed on the bed and hid his face in his hands. His brain was in a whirl of confused fear, and wild plans for escape chased one another through his disordered fancy. Escape from the window? Impossible. Marry the girl and then desert her? He told himself it would mean the exposure and the death of his popularity. What—what could he do? Money—a bribe? Of course, fool that he had been not to think of it before. He pulled himself resolutely together.

"Mr. Brendon," he said, sitting up, "will you please listen to me quietly? I have a suggestion to make."

The farmer silently assented.

"If—if I gave Ellen a small sum of money it might—er—help?" hazarded Aubrey.

"A small sum?" said the farmer.

"Well, £100; I call that very generous," said Aubrey, plucking up courage now that matters were being placed on a sound monetary footing.

To his dismay the farmer flew afresh into a violent rage.

"£100?" he roared. "£100 for my poor lass with a lady's education an' all? I suppose that's what you're in th'abit of offering, you blackguard, you. One hundred; by the Lord, I could smash you where you sit."

"How much do you want, then?" cried Aubrey desperately.

"Two thousand, an' not a penny less."

"I shan't pay it," said Aubrey.

"Then," said Brendon fiercely, "I'll kill you."

Aubrey had by this time got over the worst of his fright.

"And get hung for your pains," he said sarcastically.

The worthy farmer looked at him attentively, and realised that further physical bullying was useless. He decided to try the moral variety.

"That's true," he said; "I hadn't thought o' that, an' I'm not goin' to risk my skin for muck laike you. Still, I've heerd tell o' breach o' promise, and by all accounts, an action wouldn't be ower naice fur a gent in your place."

"You've no proofs," said Aubrey comfortably, reflecting that though he *had* written some foolish poems to the great admiration of Ellen, he had not been such a fool as to allow her to keep them. They were safe in his possession, and clearly the blustering farmer had no proof. He, however, seemed to think differently.

"No proofs?" he cried, roughly. "Don't make so sure, my gent. Yew should be more keerful what yew leaves in your pockets when ye have sent they smart cloes o' yourn down fur my misses to brush."

"What d'you mean?" said the other, sharply.

"Only a few bits o' writing dropped out of your pockets yesterday; it's poetry, I fancy."

"Come, I'll make it £500," said Aubrey, desperately.

"Two thousand," said the farmer, and then commenced clumsily to recite:

Sweet heather-bloom, who from my——

"Damn!" said Mr. Legrand, with conviction.

"Two thousand! I've heerd tell o' your salary, an' ye can well afford it. You may recollect this poem is headed 'To Ellen,' and is signed with your own name."

"Fool that I was," said Aubrey, with a dramatic groan.

"Hear, hear," said the farmer, and continued:

Sweet heather-bloom, who from my breast
My burning heart——

"Curse you for a Jew!" cried Legrand. "I'll make it a thousand, and that's all I've got. Actors aren't savers, you know."

"I believe you; we'll call it a bargain," said Brendon.

"Hand over all that twaddle of mine, then."

"When I get my cheque."

"My aunt! you're pretty smart for a Devonshire yokel," said Aubrey, coarsely.

"I started life in London," said Brendon. "Now for the cheque; and, mind, you don't leave here till I've cashed it to-morrow afternoon."

He clumped downstairs and returned with pen and ink. On his return, Aubrey reluctantly wrote out the cheque; and surely the moon, peeping through the blind, must have smiled as she saw the elegant figure, in green silk pyjamas, exchanging the fat cheque for half a dozen crumpled scraps of paper, which, after being carefully counted, were immediately consigned to the greedy candle-flame.

"And now," said Aubrey, as the last piece of paper dwindled to ashes in the flames, "clear out of my room."

The farmer, grinning in a curious manner, nodded good-night, and, shutting the door politely behind him, left Aubrey in peace.

But there was no peace for Aubrey. A horrible notion had come to him, and it held him rooted to the floor, while he listened with strained intensity to the farmer's noisy descent.

Clump, clump, clump, went the ponderous footsteps down the steep stairs; their owner reached the bottom, and Aubrey heard him cross to the kitchen door, the squeaky handle turned, and half a dozen words in the farmer's gruff tones were followed by a burst of merriment, of which the predominating note was Ellen's childish treble.

In the best bedroom above, one of London's most

(Continued on page 330)

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Saved from the Ship-Breaker

From a photograph by the Marquis of Ailsa

THE MARQUIS OF AILSA'S FAMOUS OLD RACING CUTTER "BLOODHOUND"

This famous craft was originally built for the Marquis of Ailsa as far back as 1874. It was the intention of Mr. Thomas Dunlop, of Glasgow, who has owned her since 1902, to sell her, a short time back, in order to be broken up; but the Marquis of Ailsa, on hearing of the proposed fate of his old favourite, came to her rescue and bought her back

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(Continued from page 328)

popular actors beat upon the fine old oak of the locked door and cried out in his rage:

"Had! I've been had! Plucked, done, by a lot of beastly yokels."

Turning round, he caught sight of his own face, foolish in its impotent rage, in the mirror which, but half an hour ago, had so faithfully ministered to his conceit. With an oath he swept the candle on to the floor, and leapt into his waiting bed.

But his bed gave him no rest that night, turn and wriggle as he might, for in his mind he could not get beyond the cold, hard fact, that he had been palpably plucked. He, Aubrey Legrand, professional lady-killer and man of the world, had fallen, like a callow youth into the rusty old trap of feigned innocence, set with the stale old bait of a pretty face and a confiding manner.

Gradually, however, as the dawn came filtering through the blinds, a calmer frame of mind came to him, and once more he saw in his fancy the old vision of the announcement of his engagement to the daughter of a peer of the realm. After all, to look at it philosophically, what difference would this unpleasant little episode make to him? Once he was in the train he could thrust it all behind him, and look gladly forward to the great city where there awaited him the popularity of a multitude and his bride of noble birth.

At eleven o'clock he awoke, and reflecting that as he could not leave till the afternoon and had no wish to show his face downstairs, he might as well remain in bed, he rang the bell for his breakfast to be brought up to him. In due time Mrs. Brendon appeared with the usual dainty breakfast and the customary London evening paper of the day before. Evidently she had no wish to kick a fallen man, and, with commendable tact, hastened to leave Aubrey to himself without any reference to the painful events of the preceding evening.

With every sip of his fragrant coffee and every bite at his hot toast, Aubrey's spirits revived, and had you seen him as he comfortably stretched out a lazy hand for his newspaper, you would never have guessed that his pride could have sustained so crushing a blow a few short hours before.

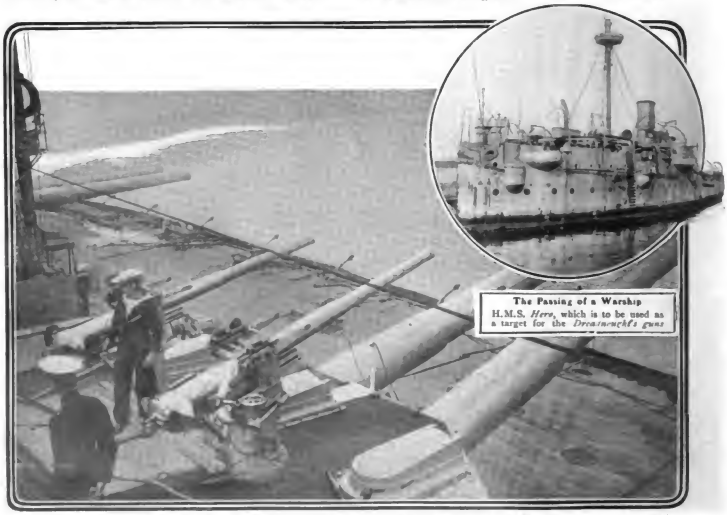
When Aubrey opened a London newspaper, he always turned first to that column which, according to its heading, chronicles the doings of those who circulate at Court. Aubrey loved to see set out, for the edification of the vulgar throng, the movements of those people whom he had so lately come to know personally through the agency of his intended wife.

Lazily he read how the Earl and Countess of Something had left Town for Something Castle, Somewhere, or how Lord Silk was staying at Marridge's Hotel on his way through London, and then, as his wandering eye moved further down the page, he sat up suddenly with a stifled exclamation as he read:

"A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Sedbergh Maynard Muntellis (late —th Lancers), etc., and the Hon. Helena Clarice Cecile Ripley, daughter of——"

But Aubrey could read no more, the world was black before his eyes. Fooled by one woman, played with by another, though he had fancied himself the admired lord of them both, where was his pride now? That pride was his very life.

He flung the paper savagely from him, and buried his face in the pillows. For a few minutes silence reigned in the apartment, then there came from the bed a sullen, choking sob. REGINALD RAYNER.



The Passing of a Warship
H.M.S. *Hero*, which is to be used as a target for the *Dreadnought's guns*

Photos] **A Mammoth Naval Murderer: The "Dreadnought" to batter the "Hero" to Death!** [*Crown*

To end one's life as a target for a sister ship is a melancholy end, and one which is shortly to overtake the old battleship *Hero*, which is to serve as a target to the guns of H.M.S. *Dreadnought* (seen above). The ways of the Government are frequently past finding out, but the fact that the *Dreadnought* quietly stayed in dock during the recent manœuvres in the North Sea, even though the excellence of her shooting was admitted, is a matter which has called forth some comment in many quarters

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Photo] **Cambridge University v. Southern Amateur League: A corner against the Leaguers** *[Muggeridge*

The match last Thursday at Tufnell Park between Cambridge University and a team of the newly formed Southern Amateur League was not productive of any very exciting play, the 'Varsity attack being somewhat spasmodic. The match resulted in a win to the League of 3 goals to 1

ATHLETICS

Freshmen of Promise

The man of mark in the Freshmen's Sports at Oxford last week was L. C. Hull, a Rhodes scholar from Michigan, who has recently gone up to B.N.C. He won the hundred, the quarter, the high jump, and the weight, besides being second in the long jump and the hurdles. His best performance was the quarter, which he ran in $52^1/_5$; but in the hundred, in which he is reputed to be equal to $10^1/_5$, he did no better than $10^4/_5$. However, in the final, he got a bad start and still won, without being pressed, by 3 yds., which possibly accounts for the slowness of the time. One of the best races was the mile, won by A. E. Cator (Bruton and Keble), with a dead heat between J. F. Worsley (Winchester and Magdalen) and N. A. Macdonnell (Kingston, Canada, and Balliol) for second place. The outstanding feature of the first day of the Cambridge Freshmen's Sports (during which the performances were otherwise somewhat poor) was the winning high jump—5 ft. 5¼ in.—by A. C. Bellerby, of St. Lawrence's and Emmanuel. At the moment of writing the second day's racing is still a coming event.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Late Miss C. Meyer

Whose early death has occasioned deep regret in the lawn tennis world. She was a leading player at Surbiton, and competed in most of the principal tournaments

HOCKEY

Saturday's Chief Games

The three leading clubs, Staines, Hampstead, and Southgate, all scored wins on Saturday. Hampstead beat East Sheen 4—2, and Southgate beat Bromley 5—2, but the Hawks pressed Staines hard and only lost by a goal to nil. Blackheath, who are also very strong this year, and supply five or six men to the all-conquering Kent team, beat Beckenham 4—2, and Kingston Hill gave further evidence of progressiveness by a 6—0 victory over Richmond. Surbiton were rather badly beaten by Teddington (5—1). They have been described as a team of veterans, and it certainly looks as if a sprinkling of younger and faster men might be tried—if they are to be got. Both the 'Varsities did well. Cambridge ran up 11 goals against Mid-Surrey's 2, and Oxford took 6 off the United Services team. Oxford have found a very useful centre-half in M. A. Matthew, of Exeter, and if he is equal to filling this important position, J. Y. Robinson, the International, may be able to take his proper place on the wing.

YACHTING

Life in the Old Hound Yet

The re-purchase, by the Marquis of Ailsa, of his still famous old cutter, *Bloodhound*, in order to save her, for the time being, from the tender mercies of the ship-breaker, has furnished a striking illustration of the affection which the true yachtsman retains for a boat which has given him good sport in her time. Built as far back as the year 1874, to the design of Wm. Fife, Senr., for the Marquis of Ailsa, she was for six successive seasons top, or thereabouts, of the "forties," her best years being 1875, 1876, and 1879. In 1879 she won sixteen prizes of an aggregate value of £680, and in the whole six years under her noble owner's flag she won in all seventy-two

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prizes of an aggregate value of about £2,500. She succeeded the *Foxhound* (built in 1870), and was in her turn succeeded by the *Sleuth-hound*, in 1881, when her career as a "class" racer came to an end. But besides being the most successful of the three "Hounds" in class races, she has also had a long and honourable career as a handicap racer. In 1902 she became the property of Mr. Thomas Dunlop, of Glasgow, and from that date until the close of this last season she has raced pretty regularly in handicap matches, and has won no fewer than thirty-three prizes. The season of 1907 would have been her last, for Mr. Dunlop had actually sold her to be broken up, when her original owner intervened and bought her back into his possession. I am told that she is still as sound as a bell, and is to be fitted out next season. Whether she races or not, and, if she races, whether she wins or not, she will always be an imposing figure in any company, by reason of her age (as yachts go) and brilliant record, as well as a memorable example of a sailor's love for his old ship.

Middlesex Get the Ball

The Opening Bully

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Exaltation of Oxford

The achievement of the Oxford Rugger fifteen in beating the United Services by 23 points to 9 has set everybody talking. On the strength of it there are some who are bold enough to prophecy for this team the undying fame of Vassall's great team of the early 'eighties—possibly because it happens to contain a nephew of the epoch-maker of that name. Some of these prophets were being wheeled about in their perambulators when Vassall and his men were making history. I wasn't. I was trying very hard to get a scholarship at Oxford, and in my spare time devoting a good deal of attention to Oxford's doings in the world of sport. The fact that I ultimately achieved my main object must be my excuse for rejoicing, as an Oxford man, over these optimistic views, even if I am not altogether prepared to share in them. It must not be forgotten that this particular game was rather a funny one. The Services scored their 9 points in the first half, and then Oxford put on their 23 in the second, with about ten minutes to spare. The inference to my mind is that Oxford are capable of making the most of opportunities that come their way, but that they are not yet capable of creating them themselves. They need something to set them going, and, whatever it is, they are not really formidable until they have got it. Still a team which is capable of making the most of its opportunities must always be labelled "dangerous," and is always likely to develop into a side capable of creating opportunities almost at will, which is the hall-mark of a really strong fifteen. With a team that has beaten the United Services, and a full month still to run before the 'Varsity match, Hoskin is entitled to feel that, bar casualties, his task of bringing his men to a state of real efficiency should not be a difficult one, and may result in the production of something quite out of the common, if not of a second Vassall's team.

Photos *Lixon*

A Keen Struggle for the Ball

The hockey match at Beckenham last week between Kent and Middlesex resulted in a win for Kent by 3 goals to 1

KENT v. MIDDLESEX AT BECKENHAM

THE WEATHER

From November 13th to 19th, 1907

By Hugh Clements

The prevalent atmospheric conditions on the 14th will cause the barometer to fall on that day, with some rain. After the 14th, the barometer will go up, with finer weather on the 15th; but, immediately after, there will be a renewed depression, with slight rain, which will continue up to the 17th, causing slight rain on that day also.

On the latter part of the 17th and the early part of the 18th the barometer will rise, but will fall on the 18th and 19th, causing unsettled weather, with probable rain. Round the 14th and 17th the atmosphere will be most disturbed over North England and Scotland.

It will be windy on the 14th, 18th, and 19th.

Owing to the almost continued unsettlement, the weather will be mild during the week, with rain on the 14th and 19th, slight rain on the 16th, 17th, and 18th, and finer weather on the 13th and 15th.

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THE OLYMPIA SHOW

SECOND NOTICE

ANOTHER LOOK ROUND

In the very comprehensive forecast of the principal novelties which characterise the current exhibition at Olympia, given in the Special Motor Supplement issued by THE BYSTANDER last week, full justice was done to the leading features of the great Show, as well as to the chief exhibits there to be seen.

It was pointed out that the main tendencies evinced by the leading manufacturers at home and abroad lie in the direction of the elimination of freak cars, hitherto sold at fancy prices, the perfection of pleasure vehicles of first-rate design and workmanship at reasonable rates, and the adoption of the multiple or six-cylinder principle in engine construction.

Although, however, THE BYSTANDER was able to review some seventy odd stands, with their multifarious types of motor vehicles, opportunity has since been afforded for extending the work of review, because, as was explained at the time, when our issue of November 6 went to press, several exhibitors were not then in a position to say exactly what their specialities for the opening day — November 11 — would be.

Humber Developments

First of all, perhaps, the great home manufacturing firm of Humber, of Beeston and Coventry, commands attention. The Humber stand, owing to the exigencies of the ballot for places, is in the Annexe—No. 165—the first on the extreme right entering from the main hall, but its situation is not altogether a drawback, inasmuch as the splendid display made by these well known and popular cars recalls the story of the Whale among the Whitebait. First to claim attention, naturally, is the 20 h.-p. Beeston-Humber Tourist Trophy standard model, introduced this year to meet the great demand for a car which combined strength, speed, reliability, and power with moderate price and economy in upkeep. The wheel-base—9 ft. 3 in.—is the same length as that of the 30 h.-p. Beeston-Humber of 1907, but the track—4 ft. 8in.—is two inches wider, thus giving greater turning space and stability points, which make, of course, for increase of safety when curves and corners have to be negotiated. Another Humber characteristic is the slow-running engine, the normal speed being only about 900 r.p.m. to give the full power. That the Humber designers believe in length of stroke is shown by the fact that the cylinders have a bore of 105 mm. to a stroke of 130 mm. All Humber cars are now fitted with brakes operated by rods, and with four speeds forward and reverse there is direct drive on top. Ball-bearings are applied to front and back wheels, the driving and bevel pinion shafts being similarly furnished in order to ensure perfect smoothness in running. With their long experience in the cycle trade, the Humber people may claim

6 H.-P. DE DION, genuine throughout, 3 speeds and reverse, hood, shield, and dickie seat, £175; 9 H.-P. CADILLAC, two-seated, with hood, £100.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W.

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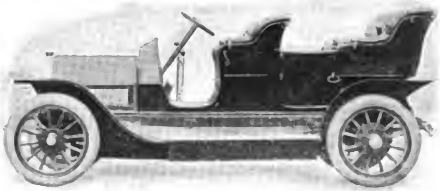

New 20 h.-p. Beeston-Humber "T.T." Model

New 30 h.-p. Coventry-Humber, for Winter use

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Du Cros Mercédès and Accessories

to know as much as any other manufacturing firm in the world on the question of ball-bearings, and the knowledge and experience gained during the last twenty-five years have been concentrated upon the production of sound and thoroughly reliable automobiles. Although a detailed description of this car would read like that of a lordly and luxurious motor for millionaires, its price complete is but £425. In the case of the 30 h.-p. six-cylinder Coventry-Humber, the makers have departed from their heretofore followed plan of singly cast cylinders and have adopted the dual casting in order to save space. The engine is of 4 in. bore by 4½ in. stroke, is supplied with forced lubrication, and there is dual ignition. The price of this car is fixed at £450. Like other leading firms in the motor industry, Messrs. Humber recognise the importance of the motor-cab, and the models they have already put on the market have received high encomiums from many influential quarters, as well as having gained the approval of the officials at Scotland Yard, so that it is highly probable that in the near future a large number of these indispensable vehicles will be put forward by this well-known firm.

Jones New Speedometer

The most effective appliance for defeating police-traps

Du Cros Mercédès. Stand No. 46

Well placed, but what may be termed half a knight's move from the spot-centre of the main hall, Messrs. Du Cros Mercédès show the latest productions of the famous Cannstadt firm. These include a 75 h.-p. six-cylinder car of exceptionally handsome design and finish. The coach-work, by Messrs. Lawton, is a new design in Pullman limousine construction, painted primrose with black lines, and upholstered with grey corded cloth. This car, which has seating accommodation for seven persons, is, perhaps, the most magnificent specimen of the self-propelled vehicle in the whole exhibition. A 45 h.-p. Roi de Belge, a 20-25 h.-p. landaulette, and a 35 h.-p. limousine, together with a 45 h.-p. show chassis, complete this firm's noteworthy exhibit.

Stand 46. 45 h.-p. Mercédès, with Limousine Body

Accessories and Etceteras

In the phenomenally rapid growth which has marked the development of the automobile movement, the thousand and one "extras" which are commonly associated with the term "accessories" have perforce claimed a large share of attention at the hands of manufacturers and the buying public. The spacious galleries at Olympia, where these adjuncts are to be seen, might well — did space restrictions permit — provide material for many scores of columns of detailed description. Tyres, lamps, speed-gauges, garments, goggles, tools, and repair outfits of every conceivable kind, furnish an object lesson of the greatest interest to every student of the extension of the great motor industry. A few illustrations only can, however, be given at this time.

The Dunlop Detachable Rim

Many motorists contend that so important to success are good strong tyres, that, for all practical purposes, they should be regarded as an integral part of the car. Be that as it may, the Dunlop Company have laid themselves out to provide the very best wear and weather resisting pneumatic that art and science combined can produce. As, however, punctures will penetrate even through the finest of fabrics, the Dunlop people this year exhibit a patent detachable rim which can be manipulated by the merest tyro—no pun intended—in something under fifteen seconds. Practical demonstrations to this effect are given all day on the Dunlop stand, and should be witnessed by all practical motorists.

Elastes Exhibits

Specimens of this gelatinous compound, which renders ordinary pneumatics puncture proof, are shown in up-to-date form by the Elastes Company, of 79-80, York Street, Westminster. Elastes may be said to have given its proofs against punctures, wilful and accidental, and exactly why its exponents should add to their exhibits a detachable rim of new and unique design is somewhat hard to say. BYSTANDER readers, however, will find this stand well worth a visit.

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Humber Car.

"BETTER EVERY TIME."

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"*October 15th, 1907.*

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"We frequently do the run from London to Hexhill without change of gear, and she climbed Llanberis Pass easily on top speed, with four up and a quantity of luggage. "Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) DUDLEY JAMES."

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"H. M. HOBSON, Esq.

"Dear Sir,

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"(Signed) J. LORILLARD."

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The Moseley Detachable Tyre

On Stand 282, Messrs. David Moseley and Sons show their detachable tyre, which is one of the simplest and, at the same time, most effective contrivances on the market. With the aid of a tommie-pin, the size of a lead pencil, the tyre can be removed and replaced in about three minutes, no security bolts being required. All Moseley tyres are guaranteed for three thousand miles.

The Celebrated Continentals

Motor tyres in three different patterns, round tread, square tread, and red rubber, steel armoured non-skids are the main features of the Continental exhibit, but adherents of the motor omnibus should not fail to inspect a gigantic non-skid pneumatic, 1,035 by 165, designed for that class of vehicle. It is one of the largest tyres ever made. The Continental Art Gallery of well-known racing motorists will also prove of much interest.

Another Richmond in the Field

The advent of Messrs. George Spencer Moulton and Co., of Bradford-on-Avon, into the motor tyre manufacturing industry, is of interest, because of the firm's long and highly successful connection with the rubber trade. Messrs. Spencer Moulton have, for over fifty years, made a study of the mechanical application of india-rubber for railway use, their buffers, draw and bearing springs for rolling stock being known and appreciated the world over. The firm has laid down extensive plant to deal with efficient tyre manufacture at their mills at Bradford-on-Avon.

Some Sartorial Stands

Proper clothing is of as much importance to the automobilist as a good car, for, as the Irish bishop inquired, "What's the use to ye of a car that can travel 200 miles an hour over the ground when its owner lies under it?" With such a versatile climate as ours one should be prepared for every variety of weather. At

Gamages, Stand No. 203

their excellent "Motura" coats, with detachable leather linings, may be seen, while ladies will be interested in the reversible coats, which can be worn with tweed or leather outermost according to weather requirements. The celebrated firm of

Robinson and Cleaver

of 166, Regent Street, who are warrant-holders to King Edward and the King of Spain, are

Dunlop Patent Detachable Rim
Which can be removed and replaced in 10 sec.

making a specialty of high-class motor clothing for ladies and gentlemen, and on their stand are to be seen some beautifully designed Royal Ulster Duffle Frieze ulsters, woven by the firm's own weavers at Belfast. These garments are particularly pleasing in appearance, and are very moderate in price, which is about four guineas, or, with special detachable leather lining, seven guineas. They have only to be seen to be greatly admired of all beholders.

Shoolbred's Scotch Wool Wear

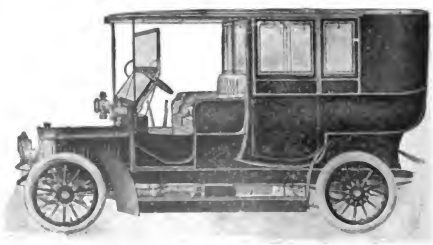
The famous Tottenham Court Road people are drawing special attention to their Scotch wool motor waistcoats, which, at the small price of 22*s.* 6*d.* with sleeves, and 17*s.* 6*d.* sleeveless, are invaluable for those who motor only occasionally and for comparatively short distances. The same firm's Scotch wool motor scarves, in a variety of colours must also be highly commended.

Ware Police-Traps

Only those who have experienced the annoyance occasioned by police interference—too often absolutely unwarranted—can adequately appreciate the benefit of carrying a reliable speed indicator on the car. To these the Jones Speedometer has many a time and oft proved itself a friend in need. Your average country policeman is an arrogant and bumptious person, apt to believe with childlike faith in the infallibility of his tin watch, and his skill in time taking, but it is wonderful what an effect the sight of a Jones Speedometer, on the dash, often creates in the bucolic mind. The latest improvement in speedometers, the Jones, with maximum speed-hand, is illustrated in this number of THE BYSTANDER.

DOUGLAS MILLER.

THE KAISER'S VISIT
(FULLY ILLUSTRATED)
SEE THIS WEEK'S
GRAPHIC.



Stand 100. Elegant Coachwork by Morgan, on an Adler Chassis

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1908 MODELS.

15 h.p.	4 cylinder,		£480	15 h.p.	6 cylinder,		£540
20 ,,	4	,,	£600	28 ,,	4	,,	£680
40 ,,	4	,,	£840	40 ,,	6	,,	£960

STANDS 57 and 130

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STAND 95 STAND 95

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OTHER DE DIETRICH MODELS:

14-18 h.p. Four Cylinders.	40-50 h.p. Four Cylinders.
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28-38 h.p. Four Cylinders.	70-80 h.p. Six Cylinders.

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DUHANOT

CARS.

What "The Daily Telegraph" says, Oct. 19th, 1907:—

"There has been a distinct improvement in the lower-powered cars this past season. They have been quieter in the running of the engine, had more reserve power available for hill climbing, and have generally been better constructed. Take the 12 h.p. Duhanot, now marketed by The Car Supply Company, Ltd., for example. This little four-cylinder engine held its own with all the high-powered cars on the road to Weybridge last Saturday, carrying its four passengers up most of the hills encountered on its top gear, and was as silent as could be desired. It is cars of this type that will be the popular car for general use, as their running expenses are low, they can carry a reasonable load, and can move quite fast enough for ordinary touring purposes."

Unable to obtain space at OLYMPIA, but shall be pleased to place a car at your disposal for Trial purposes.

TRIAL CAR AT OLYMPIA MAIN ENTRANCE.

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12 H.P., £290.	22 H.P., £490.	12 H.P., £360.	22 H.P., £600.
15 H.P., £360.	35 H.P., £650.	15 H.P., £450.	35 H.P., £775.

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By Appointment To H.M. The Queen.

Olympia Show—Stand No. 66

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UNSURPASSED FOR MATERIAL AND WEAR. The same price to start, but cheapest in the long run. Inspect them at Stand 269 Gallery, OLYMPIA SHOW.

HUTCHINSON TYRE CO.,
13, MADDOX STREET, W.

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The 16-20 h.-p. Four-cylinder, Side-entrance Body, Clyde. (Price £315)

In the Annexe at Olympia visitors should not omit to inspect Stand 149, where Messrs. Wait and Co., of Leicester, are showing three Clyde cars. For a medical man, or anyone wanting a small but fast car, I would particularly draw attention to the 8-10 h.-p. twin-cylindered two-seater. This car is remarkably silent, flexible, and free from vibration, while it is fitted with full-sized side doors, to add to the comfort of the passengers. The most important feature of this car is that the engine can be started from the driver's seat, almost a necessity to doctors, who must not engage in any severe task while calling on their patients. A detachable under-shield is fitted to this car. One should also note the system of transmission (Wait's patent), which allows all gears to be in mesh, and has no sliding teeth to forward gears. It gives a direct drive on each speed. In addition to the two-cylinder, Messrs. Wait are staging a 12-14 h.-p. three-cylinder light car to carry four persons, price £260, and a 16-20 h.-p. four-cylinder car, side-entrance body, price £315 complete.

Other exhibits in the Annexe not included in our last Supplement are the Scout Cars, shown at Stand 135, among them being a 12 h.-p. two-cylinder side-entrance tonneau, price £310, one of the few two-cylinders that are being shown in these days.

Owing to the short space of time at our disposal with our last week's Motor Supplement, one or two slight discrepancies occurred, which we would like to take the opportunity of putting right. In the paragraph regarding Messrs. Morgan and Co., at Stand 100, in two cases Adler was spelt "Adela." Of course, the Adler car is well known, and our readers will have noticed the inaccuracy. The picture of the Duhanot car we gave as a 22 h.-p., price £490, should have been entitled a 12 h.-p. car, complete, with side-entrance body, price £360. On the front cover, the Humber car advertisement showed a 10-12 h.-p. Coventry Humber and a 15 h.-p. Coventry Humber with the wrong entitlement under each.

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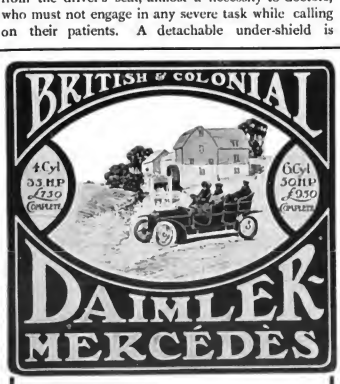

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FORD

OLYMPIA STAND 93

Perplex no more, and try not to divine
Which joy is Best: to Motor or to Wine.
The Need to Wonder once there may have been.
But since FORD came it has eclipsed the Vine.

The FORD no Question makes of Ayes or Noes,
You want to go now Here, now There. It goes
As steers the Driver, and so sweetly runs,
You whisper, Why? The Driver knows—
HE KNOWS.

So, Act at Once, and buy the car that clears
To-day of Past Regrets, and Future Fears;
Its Name is FORD, yea, it will satisfy
Your Present Needs, and last for many Years.

O. K.
(Get the Series.)

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STAND 70

At OLYMPIA will give you an opportunity of seeing the

Improved SUNBEAMS

The Special exhibits include the new 35 h.-p. Four-Cylinder Sunbeam, fitted with a Limousine Body, a 35 h.-p. Chassis, and the new 20 h.-p. Sunbeam, incorporated in each many engine and other improvements, including ball-bearings to road wheels. Visitors will also be able to examine the perfect Oil-Bath Chain Cases, pioneered and only made successfully by the Sunbeam Motor Car Company.

For all Particulars address THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., Ltd., Upper Villiers Street, Wolverhampton. Sole Agent for London and South of England: **H. O. DIGNASSE, 15, Greek Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.**

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Inspection Invited.

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

"The Life of Tom Morris."
By W. W. Tulloch, D.D.

(*London: Werner Laurie*, 10*s.* 6*d. net*)

It is fitting that, while still at St. Andrews, I should review the lately published life of the Grand Old Man of Golf; St. Andrews, where he was born, and where he has passed the best years of his long life; St. Andrews, where, from my window, I can still see him each day take that short morning walk which is all that is left to him of the sturdy activities of bygone days.

No better biographer of dear old Tom could possibly have been selected than Dr. W. W. Tulloch, who knows St. Andrews, modern and ancient, as few of us know it, and who has all his life taken an affectionate interest in all that pertains to the old city, and more particularly to the doings of old Tom.

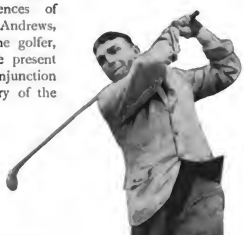
Dr. Tulloch has not confined himself solely to the life of Tom Morris, but has added a great many interesting reminiscences of the famous figures of St. Andrews, golfers and inhabitants. The golfer, therefore, who purchases the present work, and studies it in conjunction with Mr. Everard's "History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club," will find a rich store of information bearing on the habits and customs of our golfing forefathers during the past century.

The Grand Old Man of Golf
Tom Morris, of St. Andrews, whose "Life," by Dr. W. W. Tulloch (Werner Laurie), is reviewed on this page

A Life of Golf

For, after all, if Dr. Tulloch had merely kept to the main facts of Tom's life, the story would have been short and simple. His life is practically epitomised in his own saying, recorded on page 29, "I've played gowf close on eighty years, and that's longer than most folk get living. I began on the links doon there as soon as I could handle a club, and I have been doing little else ever since."

Within the confines of that paragraph you have the life of a great golfer and a great gentleman, for if ever nature formed a true gentleman she did so when she created Tom Morris.



The Late Mr. Clifford Lingen
This popular and promising Sunningdale player, whose early death occurred last week, contested the final of the Amateur Championship with Mr. Robb, the ultimate winner last year

In this volume are recounted all the great deeds and matches which have made Tom famous all over the world. Tom in himself is a living history of the latter-day evolution of golf. He began with the feather ball and the rather clumsy clubs of the beginning of last century, he matured with the gutty ball, and he has lived to play with the present rubber-cored ball and the latest shaped clubs. In the golfing world he occupies the same position as the late Mr. Gladstone did in the political world. He is a link between old and new, and has retired from active participation in golf while still in possession of all his faculties, and can watch from the serene heights of his eighty-six years the strivings and thrivings of the younger generation.

A Classic Player

My first acquaintance with Tom dates back to the year 1876, so that I can claim a friendship of over thirty years' standing with the dear old man. During all those years I have never seen Tom out of temper, or in the slightest degree varying from that uniform standard of courtesy and kindliness which has endeared him to all who have had the privilege of knowing him. I was too late to know his famous son, "Young Tommy," who had been cut off in his golfing prime the previous year, but I took my first lessons in the game, under the auspices of old Tom, from his son "Jimmy," a gallant figure in the golfing world of the early eighties, who died so recently as 1906, though he had long retired from active participation in the game. Many a game during those thirty years have I had with Tom, in the course of which I had full opportunity of studying the beautiful and reposeful style of the old man, the very essence of a classical golfer. Only a few days before writing these lines I had a "crack" with the veteran in his famous old shop, and found him still waiting for a sight of the work which I am now reviewing. He is, I rejoice to say, still full of life, and enjoying a happy and peaceful old age.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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The King and Queen of Spain,
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The Queen of Portugal.

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Another PEEK, FREAN. introduction.

Curio Club Bargains

Private persons desirous of disposing of antiques at bargain prices will find a ready sale for same at the "London Opinion Curio Club" 107, Regent Street, London, W.

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THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books of the Week

"The Philosophy of Common Sense." By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.)
"The House of Lynch." By Leonard Merrick. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"Cynthia in the Wilderness." By Hubert Wales. (Long: 6s.)

"The Philosophy of Common Sense"

When it was announced that Mr. Frederic Harrison had in the press a book entitled *The Philosophy of Common Sense* (Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net), a titter went round metaphysical circles. It was generally supposed that here there would be yet another attempt to place before the plain man the truths of philosophy in a language he could understand; and a man who endeavours to do that is always regarded by the elect as a bit of a joke. The book is now out, and I am glad to see that my metaphysical friends have the laugh against them. Mr. Harrison's game is now disclosed to be nothing of the kind. Anybody who thought one of his erudition was going to have any traffic with anything that might be comprehensible to the man in the street, was absurdly mistaken. They find, instead, a treatise as profoundly inexplicable and as inexplicably profound as the best of them would have written themselves. There is nothing "downright" in it. Though gracefully written, this is a serious book, designed to appeal to the greyest of philosophical students. Incidentally, there is an interesting chapter on "Mr. A. Balfour's Foundations of Belief." No doubt, the politically minded will be curious to know how the statesman is received by the philosophers on their own ground. On p. 324 they will see. He is there called—

A graceful and candid critic, whose strength is given to statesmanship and not to philosophy.

Now, the politicians on both sides accredit Mr. Balfour's strength to philosophy and not to statesmanship. Whenever shall we know the truth about him?

The Short-Story Writer as Novelist

It is always a debatable point whether it is possible for a writer with the short-story genius to excel as a novelist. The secret of his success being his power to present situations, to suggest character in snips of dialogue, in lines of terse description, he is, as it is the barest platitude to point out, but the miniature painter of fiction. His talent cannot, and should not, expand to the large canvas. Should he attempt it, the result will approximate rather to the wall-paper than the picture—it will be an extensive multiplication of units rather than a unit of itself. Mr. Leonard Merrick's new novel scarcely affords an argument to the contrary. His short-story touch is apparent throughout *The House of Lynch* (Hodder: 6s.) which is, in reality, a short-story plot enacted by short-story characters. Thanks to Mr. Merrick's well-known swiftness of portrayal, you know, as in a short story you should know, all about the leading characters almost as soon as they are introduced. You fix the American millionaire, Mr. Lynch, who has built up his fortune by the familiar Wall Street methods. You know his innermost soul as soon as you meet him, and hear his rough American talk. His daughter, in love with the poor young English artist, who has herself proposed to him—you know her. She is the stock-pot "American girl." *And* the artist. He, too, leaves little to be learned about himself after Chapters I. and II. He is the quixotic ass of the same stockpot, who marries only on condition that she lives on *his* and not on her income. True, you follow the career of the young people in London's flat-land with amused interest, especially the incongruous situation of the heiress trying to make both ends meet, and, of course, Mr. Merrick's evolution of the story is delightful enough. But his genius is for the short story.

Photo *Oliver*

A Literary Mystery Solved: Mr. Hubert Wales

Whether the author of those two much-discussed novels, "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers" and "The Yoke," is of the masculine or feminine gender is now definitely set at rest. "Hubert Wales" is as depicted above. His third novel, "Cynthia in the Wilderness," is reviewed on this page

A Story of Woman in Revolt

Mr. Hubert Wales has, during his brief career as a novelist, contrived, at all events, to attract attention. However the Puritan mind may have regarded "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers" and "The Yoke," which entered somewhat realistically into questions not often openly discussed, there is no doubt as to the piquancy of the novelist's point of view, and his entertaining narrative methods. His new book, *Cynthia in the Wilderness* (Long: 6s.), is, as it were, the counterpart of "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers." In that book we had the husband in revolt against the unresponsive wife. In *Cynthia* we have the exact converse—the wife in revolt against the husband who can muster, for her, no stronger kind of passion than "distant reverence," though he is generous enough of his *amours* with others. *Cynthia* has amusing parts. In Elwes, the dissolute and conceited husband, we have a realistic portrait of a type of man, alas, too well known to suffering womanhood. I am sorry, however, that Mr. Wales has thought it necessary, for the illustration of his point, to convert Cynthia, once she has "yielded her lips" to the other man—Laurence Cheyne—into so deplorably vicious and clumsy an intriguer. Abandoning herself, as she does, to the dictates of an illicit passion, she places herself on a moral level with the husband she originally despised. Mr. Wales's theme would have lost none of its piquancy if he had selected as his heroine a woman possessed of a little more conscience.

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A Magnificent Lawn Plant

Early autumn is the best time for planting yuccas. They are among the finest of lawn plants, and when in flower they are magnificent. They may be either grown singly or grouped. Tritomas are often associated with them with excellent effect. There are many different species, but the commonest are filimentosa, gloriosa, and recurvifolia (really only a variety of gloriosa, the chief difference being in the leaves, which are weaker, and therefore more inclined to droop). Most of the species are natives of South America, but with some exceptions they are sufficiently hardy to stand our climate in winter, and in a light, rich soil they make fairly rapid growth. They may be propagated by means of the offsets, taken off with a sharp knife and inserted in sandy soil in a warm house. A yucca, formerly at Kew, afforded an extraordinary instance of how a plant may retain its vitality for a long time under the most unfavourable conditions. It was sent to the Gardens in 1888, and, as it appeared quite dead on its arrival, it was placed in the museum. Two years later, to everybody's astonishment, it began to show signs of life. So it was taken to the temperate house, planted and watered, and there it fully developed the leaves and flowers which had previously started into growth.

Some Beautiful Bulbs for Pots

In most gardens hyacinths, tulips, and daffodils are grown in pots in order to brighten the conservatory in spring, but there are many other bulbs which may be grown in the same way, and even in a small house at least some of them should be so used, if only for the sake of variety. Dog-tooth violets are charming in pots. Even when they are not in flower, their mottled foliage is very effective. Anemones, scillas (sibirica), and chionodoxas are also very beautiful, and so are ixias and Spanish irises. No heat is actually necessary for any of them; indeed, they succeed much better when they are grown cool, provided that the ixias, which are Cape bulbs and not quite hardy, are protected from frost; but if it is desired to hurry them a little, they may be moved into a slightly higher temperature as soon as the buds can be seen. As in the case of all bulbs, they need very little water—they should be kept only just moist—until the leaves begin to show above the surface, when the supply should be increased gradually. Freesias, which are largely grown for the scent as well as for the beauty of their flowers, should be treated rather differently. They root better, and consequently make stronger growth afterwards, when they are started in bottom heat.

H. C. Davidson.

A Horticultural Catalogue

Messrs. H. Lane and Son, whose nursery business at Great Berkhamsted is now carried on by Mr. B. H. Lane, seem to have started winning medals as far back as 1837, and have been doing so ever since. Perhaps their most notable achievement was the production of Lane's Prince Albert, still one of the finest cooking apples in existence. Fruit-trees of all kinds are one of their specialities; others are roses, and deciduous and evergreen trees and shrubs. Their catalogue contains a very full list of the best rhododendrons; and, as all their plants have been grown in loam, there need be no hesitation in transferring them to ordinary garden soil, provided only that it is free from lime. They will grow quite well without peat. Messrs. Lane's prices are very moderate, especially for trees and shrubs bought in large numbers for extensive planting.

Yuccas as Lawn Plants

Among the finest of lawn plants are yuccas, which, when in flower, make a magnificent show. Most of the species are natives of South America, but, with some exceptions, they are sufficiently hardy to stand an English winter

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

I have made a discovery. It is not one of great national importance, but doubtless it will interest the feminine members of the community. This is the value of introspective reflection on dress. Mr. George R. Sims, I think it was, said that the only thing that inspired him to write was a brick wall, an assertion that appealed to me most convincingly. The commonplace, unsuccessful dressers, I note, are those who are insistently seeking outside influences, instead of learning to lean on their own inspired resources. Naturally, some of these founts will draw a blank but give them a chance; no woman knows until she tries what inherent faculties she possesses, and, as I have pointed out times without number, it is the day of the modistic individualist. A renowned French chronicler on dress only the other day propounded the same belief in the following words: "Il y'a tant de moyens pour une femme de goût et esprit d'être élégante sans suivre le mode."

Two Attractive Blouses, sketched at John Barker's, Kensington

The High Waist Jupe

The above title is inevitable, since the skirt has come to play an unexpected rôle in this capacity, allied to what we may by courtesy term a blouse. The skirt, with its close-moulding properties, is essentially Empire, and is a particular revelation of elegance effected in *souple* cloth, supplemented by a *mousseline de soie* and Cluny blouse, not necessarily white or ivory, but in some colour contrast. To accompany a black *panne* jupe, I saw one of these slight blouse affairs of large mesh *filet* net, boldly embroidered in delicate shades of blue toning from turquoise to a pale-grey tint. Really differing in outline, as it does, this high waist Empire model, nevertheless, bears a certain undeniable similitude to the corselet, while the intention is obviously to attract the eye to the upper part. As will also doubtless be surmised, these are mostly built Princesse, and close at the back, a trying ordeal enough for such as are minus maids.

Blouses at Messrs. John Barker's, Kensington

In the face of the more than ever enchanting display at John Barker's of the blouse beautiful, cavillers can cease their efforts to find cause why they should ever cease to be. That they never, never will, in some one form or another, is the safest of safe surmises.

To meet seasonable exigencies, an entirely fresh supply has been arranged, and is now on view in the *salon* exclusively devoted to their services. The captious only will be disposed to grumble over the plethora of choice, since every intelligent feminine mind has ideas on the blouse subject, however

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deficient she may be in other modistic respects. Moreover, at John Barker's there are prices to suit every purse. As an example of what can be produced under these gigantic auspices for *21s. 9d.*, observe the two accompanying designs. The first is the daintiest fichu thing of Paris coloured lace, ornamented with narrow black velvet and groups of small black velvet buttons. Thus the model, variety being played on the theme by substituting a coloured velvet for the black. A tinted spot net is chiefly responsible for the companion evolvement trimmed with fine lace, worked with *bébé* rosettes of China ribbon, and completed by a knotted cravat.

Velvet Coats with Cloth Skirts

Under its latest auspices of cut-away picturesque fashioning, the velvet coat, worn *en costume*, has found a distinct place. I met it only yesterday, inexpressibly well told in a subdued shade of royal blue, the cut just free of the figure everywhere, the side seams slit up nearly to the waist, and outlined at either edge by

Photo *Reutlinger*

A Velvet Coat and Cloth Skirt

The skirt is of white cloth, hemmed with zibiline, the semi-fitting jacket being of red velvet

exceedingly beautiful heavy black silk braid, which also defined the front, together with a series of silk tassels, the latter again artfully disposed up the back of the slightly bell-shaped sleeve. This was worn with a black face-cloth skirt that also carried ornamentations of the fancy plaited braid.

Fur hemmed cloth jupes, too, are likely to prove a firm feature among those who can afford the luxury, accompanied by the ubiquitous velvet coat, variations prevailing of such a scheme as is shown in our picture, a creation of "Sorels" in white cloth, hemmed with zibiline, the quaint semi-fitting jacket of red velvet—one of the deep, rich wine-reds, carrying a collar of the fur. It is almost of necessity that the fur-trimmed skirt shall be long, otherwise the temptation is too great to allow it freedom, to the early detriment of the fur. And there is nothing more unsightly than fur caked with dust and dirt at the one edge, the which was a spectacle constantly in view a few years ago, when the *trotteuse* was so ordained to be ornamented.

Photo *Bolas*

"'Tis now the very witching time of night"

A MOONLIGHT STUDY AMONG THE ITALIAN LAKES

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The Bystander, November 20, 1907

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No. 207.—Vol. XVI

CONTENTS

Wednesday, November 20, 1907

	PAGE
Frontispiece	349
Bystander Comments	351
The World's Pageant	358
Last Week's Houses of Interest	360
A Mystery of the House of Orleans ..	362
The Late (and the Present) Lord Chesham	364
The Playhouses	368
Continental Chat	371
Our Worldly Short Stories: No. 105.—"A Stage Jester." By Eleanor Vicocq	376
A Few Readers in the Dominion ...	381
Round the Town	382
By Field, Stream, and Covert	384
Out With Two Smart Packs ...	387
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	388
France's Premier Golf Club	389
The Library	390
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	400
A Woman's Note Book	X

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"A Briar Rose." By Sarah Tytler. (Long: 6s.)
"Law for the Million." By a Practical Lawyer. (Simpkin, Marshall: 1s.)
"The Baby's Day Book." By W. Graham Robertson. (Lane: 3s. 6d.)
"Stars of the Stage Series." Sir Charles Wyndham. (Lane: 2s. 6d. net.)
"Notes on the Chase of the Wild Red Deer." By Charles Palk Collyns. (Alston Rivers: 5s. net.)
"A Charming Girl." By Esmé Stuart. (Greening: 6s.)
"The Pongo Papers." By Lord Alfred Douglas. (Greening: 2s. 6d. net.)
"The Mammoth Hunters." By Alfred E. Carey. (Greening: 6s.)
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"Old and New Japan." By Clive Holland (Dent: 15s. net.)
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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom 1d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be 1d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday November 20, 1907

Mr. Balfour's trip to Birmingham was a great success, and after a visit to Mr. Chamberlain, the two wings of the Unionist Party returned to Whittingehame, where he remains for the present.

• • •

Referring to Mr. Winston Churchill's recent visit to the chiefs of Kiambu, Reuter says: "No Lions were bagged on the journey." Still, the Under-Secretary had better be careful. There may be other attempts to get him.

• • •

A doctors' automobile club is to be formed in Vienna. The club will keep a special garage, from which cars may be taken out by any member. If a suitable motto to be inscribed over the entrance to this is required, we would suggest the following :—

Take out one of our cars.
You will soon have a practice.

• • •

Fogs, if not careful, will become unpopular. Hitherto, Englishmen had always taken a sombre pride in this peculiarly national manifestation. But last week's envelopment of Royalty was too complete to be satisfactory. "I 'eard 'im, but I didn't see 'im," as an enthusiastic admirer of the Kaiser's, who had waited for some hours at a London terminus in order to get a glimpse, said sadly.

• • •

At the same time, it has to be admitted that fogs have the whip-hand of us. Cannon-firing, it appears, will not deter this republican element. And the suggestion of a correspondent that Emperors, when travelling in this country, should wear phosphorescent paste over their uniforms may, perhaps, have to be considered.

• • •

The war in Morocco is said by a contemporary to have developed into a game of strategy. Victory will, apparently, go to whichever General succeeds in concealing from the enemy the fact that his soldiers possess neither boots nor ammunition. The other General will, of course, retire, so far as you can retire barefooted.

The Others ——.

"Papa, what is the difference between the quick and the dead?"
"The quick, my child, are those who hop out of the road in time."

By H. Hope Read

The proposal made by a Michigan Professor that President Roosevelt should be made King of the United States is not, it appears, so disinterested as it was thought to be. Experts maintain that, in the event of the proposal being adopted, the Michigan Professor hopes to receive the appointment of King's Fool.

• • •

The speech of William's at the Guildhall did much to promote peace and goodwill, which the speech of Williams on Tower Hill did nothing to disturb.

• • •

Limerick competitions still continue. Here is a contemporary's advertisement of one :—

Contestants may send in as many attempts as they choose, and win prizes over and over again, as no notice is taken of names and addresses.

This is all very well, but if no notice has been taken of one's name and address, what is the satisfaction of winning these numerous prizes?

• • •

M. Berjonneau is stated to have constructed a new apparatus, which will render it possible in the future to send pictures by wireless telegraphy. Critics of the Royal Academy methods of painting contend that many R.A.'s should find this invention very serviceable.

• • •

Round targets are to take the place of square ones in several of the future competitions at Bisley. Of course, the object in all these contests is to secure conditions approximating as far as possible to those of real warfare, where the enemy form the target. But is it wise, by making public this new shape, to risk giving very obvious offence to, at present, a "friendly" nation?

• • •

Motor-omnibus headaches, experienced by the drivers and conductors of these vehicles, is the latest disease puzzling the medical profession. The theory that these are produced by vibration is a tenable one, vibration being a very noticeable phenomenon, particularly when a motor omnibus collides with a lamp-post.

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Marriage à la Mode

(*A vision of the future suggested by the Vanderbilt-Szechenyi complications.*)

The lovely American sighed :—

"I guess it's real hard," she said, "on a girl that's got twenty millions."

"What is hard?" I inquired.

"Not being able fix up my marriages with Selterswasser."

"Are you going to have more than one?"

"Sure!" she said, visibly surprised. "What do you think?"

I apologised for my stupidity, and asked her to tell me how many were considered necessary.

"Well"—she began to count her taper fingers—"there's the family ceremony. That's Episcopalian-Baptist. Poppa used to teach E.-B. Sunday class, so I'll have to have that. That's one. Then Selters wants us done his way."

"The Ep.-Bap. doesn't content him?"

"No, he says it's too easy to get divorced. Maybe it is. But you've got to motor down into Texas for it. Anyway, being Orthodox Pomeranian, he says we must be Pommed. That's two, isn't it? Then there's the civil ceremony. I guess Judge Morgan would be hurt if we didn't turn up at his registry office. Besides, it's only patriotic."

"That's three."

"Four's the Christian Science rite. The New York Four Hundred won't turn out for anything else, and they say it gives you a calm, cool feel, as if everything were all right ever after."

"Happy though married," I murmured.

"That's how," she agreed. "Five's Theosophical. I kind of promised Aunt Sabby that if ever I found a man nice enough, I'd get the ring put on at a *séance*."

"Do spooks ever forbid the banns?" I asked irrelevantly.

"No," she said. "But the Pom. Bish. has got nasty about it. He says Selters can't acknowledge Mahatmas. It's against their articles. It was a surprise to poor old Selters, who'd never read 'em. But he says the Bishop's fairly sure to know."

"So he's backing out, is he?"

"N—not exactly," she said, with her sweet, superior smile. "He's only worried."

"If I were he," I said, "I should insist on the Australian ceremony."

"What is that?" she asked, not without interest.

"It's aboriginal," I replied. "The bridegroom takes a club. A thick one——"

"Yes?"

"And goes up behind the lady when she isn't looking. Then he brings it down on her head suddenly, and carries her off. After that, they're married."

"There something in that," she said thoughtfully. "I might try it on Selters."

THE WEEK'S WEATHER, November 20 to 26, 1907

By Hugh Clements

During the week from November 20 to 26 the atmospheric tides for the United Kingdom will be under the direct influence of the moon and sun. As the aerial wave approaches the Channel and South England on the 20th, the barometer will begin to fall, with probable slight rain. On the 21st, the barometer will continue to fall as the wave passes over South England, London, South Wales, and the South of Ireland, with rainfall in those parts some time during the day. At London and South England, the barometer will, on the 22nd, begin to rise, with finer weather, which will continue on the 23rd and 24th, as the barometer rises and remains steady: but on the 25th the wave will approach London and the South of England, South Wales, and South Ireland, and the barometer will begin to fall, with less settled weather and very slight rain in some parts of the district, and will continue to fall on the 26th, as the atmospheric wave passes towards the Channel, with more rain.

During the whole of the week the weather ought to be fine in Scotland, North Ireland, and North England; but in the North Midland counties of England, North Wales, and the North Midland counties of Ireland, it will be unsettled, with rain on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, and with finer weather on the 20th, 21st, 25th, and 26th.

GENERAL FORECAST FOR THE WEEK.

November 20—Slight rain. Barometer falls.
,, 21—Occasional rain.
,, 22—Finer. Barometer rises.
,, 23 } Barometer steady.
,, 24 }
,, 25—Less settled. Barometer falls. Slight local rain.
,, 26—Rain. Barometer falls.

[*Photo*] **Where the Kaiser is Resting: Highcliffe Castle, Christchurch, New Forest** [*Frith*

Somewhat to the general surprise, the Kaiser changed his original plan to take his "rest-cure" in the Isle of Wight in favour of a stay at Highcliffe Castle, Christchurch, Mr. Stuart-Wortley's seat. His Majesty retired there on Saturday, on the completion of his official visit

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RACING: Manchester Prospects. BY CARBINE

Mr. Bass Wins the Derby Gold Cup

Among the younger school there are few keener owners on the Turf than Mr. Bass. He is the only Englishman who has given as much as 30,000 guineas for a thoroughbred horse. He bought Cyllene for that amount, and at a time when other wealthy men were making up their minds whether to buy Sceptre or not, he boldly stepped in and secured the beautiful mare for £25,000. I recall these facts just to show how desirous Mr. Bass is of breeding the best stock, and I hope that his enterprise will meet with its proper reward when Sceptre's offspring come before the public. This year he has had a very fair season with Sancy and others, but perhaps the success which has pleased him most was Stickup's at Derby last week. Mr. Bass is, of course, a Derbyshire man bred and born, and it will have pleased him immensely to win the county's premier race, the Derby Gold Cup, especially as he had sound reasons for fancying Stickup's chance.

Manchester November Prospects

Those who witnessed Stickup's easy success are now asking whether the colt is good enough to win the Manchester November Handicap next Saturday in spite of his 10 lb. penalty. It means that Wuffy, who gave him 19 lb. at Derby, has now only to concede 10 lb. If there is anything in handicapping, and we all know that even a pound one way or the other sometimes makes all the difference, then Stickup cannot really have much chance of beating Wuffy again. But Manton is never singly represented in handicaps of this kind. Lischana is also entered, and is nicely "in" on her recent Liverpool form. Whether she or Stickup will be started—or both of them—is doubtful at the time of writing. Wise Mason, who finished third to Stickup and Wuffy at Derby, has also to be considered. And there are others. For instance, Baltinglass, the tremendous Cesarewitch hot-pot who "boiled over." It is believed that he would have done much better in that race if he had had a strong jockey on his back, as he is an awkward customer to manage.

What Will Baltinglass Do?

Well, he has a lot more weight to carry this time, and, if he is started in preference to old Hammerkop, it will be interesting to see what he does in the hands of a powerful horseman. I have an idea that Baltinglass was beaten wholly and solely because he does not really stay the Cesarewitch course. He was leading at the Bushes, and therefore it follows that the Manchester course, which is only a mile and a half, ought exactly to suit Major Loder's colt. Still, Wuffy has an undeniable pull in the weights, and if we put aside all excuses for defeat—they are so often misleading—it seems scarcely credible that Baltinglass, weighted now up to the top of his best form, can succeed after failing when thought to be absolutely "thrown in." Spate, who won the Manchester November Handicap so easily last year, will not be ignored by those who believe in the "horses for courses" theory, but his form this season has been hopelessly discouraging. Beyond those I have mentioned, there may, perhaps, be half a dozen starters on Saturday, but I think the issue rests between **Wuffy**, who will probably get back the Derby losses, and BALTINGLASS, who should run into a place.

The Last of Flat-Racing

The last chance of seeing flat-racing in the South this year will be at Newbury on Wednesday, when the programme is not particularly important; but there are sure to be big fields for most of the events, and winners will need a lot of finding. **Forerunner II.** is my selection for the Three-year-old Handicap, and **Aurelia**, over whom much money was lost at Derby, ought to do better in the November Nursery Handicap. The second day at Newbury is confined to National Hunt racing, and Mr. B. W. Parr may win the Winchester Steeplechase with Nanoya or Judas. Last scene of all, so far as the flat is concerned, is Manchester, which begins on Thursday. Here the **Juanna Colt** may secure the Lancashire Nursery, and I take **Roseate Dawn** or **Koorhaan** for the Castle Irwell Handicap.

Derby November Meeting: The Parade before the Derby Cup

The race was ultimately won by Stickup

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King Alfonso at West Dean Park

Photo *D. Knights-Whitlome*

MR. WILLIE JAMES'S HOUSE-PARTY DURING THE KING OF SPAIN'S VISIT

King Alfonso was for three days last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Willie James at his beautiful seat at West Dean Park, close to Goodwood. During his stay he enjoyed excellent shooting over the West Dean estates

(1) Lord Chelsea, (2) Lady Cynthia Needham, (3) Mr. Ashley, (4) Mrs. Arthur James, (5) Marquis Villalobar, (6) Baroness M. de Brienen, (7) Mr. Arthur James, (8) Mr. Willie James, (9) Count de la Grove, (10) Lady Chelsea, (11) Marquis Torrecelli, (12) King Alfonso, (13) Miss FitzGibbon, (14) Hon. H. Stonor, (15) Mrs. Willie James, (16) Hon. J. Ward, (17) Mrs. Ashley, (18) Lord Herschell, (19) Lady Kilmorey, (20) Marquis d'Alba, (21) Miss James, (22) Lord Desborough, (23) Mr. F. de Murrietta, (24) Miss Whitelaw Reid, (25) Lady Desborough

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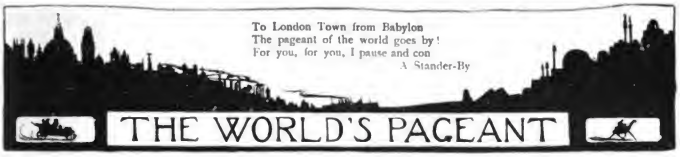

Scattered Kings

Royalty, resident and visitant, is much scattered this week. The King, released from his arduous duties as host, is at Ingestre as the guest of the Earl of Shrewsbury, premier earl in the peerages of both England and Ireland. The Queen of England and the Queen of Norway are at Sandringham, the King and Queen of Spain are at Welbeck, the Prince and Princess of Wales will probably pay their promised visit to the Marquis of Northampton at Castle Ashby, and the Kaiser is at Christchurch. The guests invited to meet his Majesty at Ingestre include Theresa, Lady Shrewsbury, widow of the late Earl, Lady Londonderry, the host's eldest sister, Lord and Lady Ingestre, his son and daughter-in-law, Lady Sarah Wilson, and a few others of the Royal circle. Good sport is expected, for the pheasant, rabbit, and wild-fowl shooting on the Ingestre and Tixhall estates is proverbial for its excellence.

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The King's Host

Lord Shrewsbury, the founder of whose family, Richard de Talbot, is mentioned in the Domesday Book as holding nine hides of land in Buckinghamshire, is one of the best all-round sportsmen going. Work, politics, soldiering, or the arts have never occupied him; but at polo, boxing, fencing, cross-country riding, and motoring he excels. For a time his four-in-hand driving was a feature of the meets at the Magazine, and for several seasons he drove the well-known Greyhound coach between Buxton and Alton Towers. His seat, Ingestre, originally belonging to the Chetwynds, passed by marriage to the Earl Talbot whose title and estates came into the possession of the present Lord Shrewsbury's grandfather in 1888.

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The Bourbon Wedding

The wedding between Prince Charles of Bourbon and Princess Louise of France at Wood Norton last week took place with as much pomp and circumstance as if the Duke of Orleans were *de facto*, instead of *de jure*, King of France. Hundreds of thousands of pounds were spent upon it. Over one hundred and twenty members of European aristocracies were present, as well as the Ambassadors from every European country, except France and Germany, and some hundred other guests. Full Court ceremonial was observed, and the wedding breakfast was a veritable feast of Lucullus, the whole of Europe having been ransacked for suitable dainties to grace the occasion. The bride, to be married, stood beneath a canopy of Royal-blue velvet. On it was emblazoned the *fleur-de-lis* without the lambel which she, as a Daughter of France (for the Royalists assume that the Comte de Paris succeeded the Comte de Chambord), is entitled to carry. The Princess Louise, by the way, is very much a Bourbon. She is, in fact, the only child of the Comte de Paris, who has the Bourbon profile, though, even in her, it is more of the Chantilly than the regal Bourbon type. Into the Princess's bridal veil the arms of France were woven, and her lovely bridal gown of embroidered gauzes was designed and completed in Paris.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Duchess of Guise

One of the many distinguished personages present at Wood Norton last week on the occasion of the wedding of her elder sister, Princess Louise of Orleans, to Prince Charles of Bourbon. She and her husband are great lovers of England and things English

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The Duke and Duchess of Guise

Not the least arresting of the interesting collection of French and Spanish Royalties gathered together in England for the Bourbon wedding were the Duke and Duchess of Guise, cousin and sister of the bride. The Duke of Guise, unlike his brothers-in-law, the King of Portugal and the Duke of Aosta (at the time of his marriage heir to the throne of Italy), was not, by any means, a "catch." When he married the smallest and prettiest of the charming daughters of the Comtesse de Paris, therefore, at the Church of St. Raphael, Kingston-on-Thames, the wedding was just a quiet family affair. There are two children of the marriage, the Princesses Isabelle and Françoise, and the Duke and his wife are so very British in their tastes that they are said to be more English than the English. The Duke has brilliant military qualities, and is a captain in the Danish army. He is, of course, only collaterally descended from the great Dukes of Guise who flourished in the sixteenth century. The title passed, by inheritance, into the Orleans family in 1675.

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The Amazing Witness: The Naval Squabble

The Premier

As it seems hardly necessary to say, the Premier's sudden illness caused as deep a sensation of regret among his opponents as among his friends. The extent to which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has gained and retained general popularity is almost unique in an essentially fighting politician. A few years ago, the mention of "C.-B." excited, in average circles, smiles of derision—even as the name "Lloyd-George" excited growls of anger. To-day — well, while I am at it, I may as well speak the thought that is in my mind. Contrary to all expectations, the men who enjoy the most general popularity are the Radical "black sheep"—not the snow-white Whigs from the Rosebery fold. "C.-B.," Mr. Morley, Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Burns, are certainly in better odour with the man in the street than their Solemnities, Messrs. Asquith, Grey, and Haldane. In fact, if the question of the succession should, unfortunately, arise, I have grave doubts whether the Whigs would have the leadership.

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And the Opposition Leader

One word, in turn, about the Opposition. If Mr. Balfour, at Birmingham, did not give that furious "lead" for which the whole-hoggers so loudly clamoured, formally, his attitude is definite enough. Mr. Chaplin's was the Tariff Resolution, and to Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Balfour said "ditto." Mr. Balfour, as Premier-Presumptive (when the tide turns), has definitely promised a measure of Tariff Reform. He has not threatened to revolutionise our fiscal system, merely to readjust it. Free Traders will, of course, oppose him none the less for that; but, from the Conservative standpoint, his pledge is given in words as clear as possible for a man afflicted with what Carlyle called the "chronic malady of metaphysics."

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Amazing Witness

A snapshot of Mr. Caldwell (on the left), the remarkable American witness in the Druce Case, on his way to Court

Photo *Cribb*

The Naval Signal Sensation

Admiral Sir Percy Scott and his Staff going to meet the Kaiser at Portsmouth. Sir Percy has been at "loggerheads" with Lord Charles Beresford as to a curious signal relative to the question of "paint"

De Beers and the Income Tax

We all have our own grievance against the Income Tax, but, in our case, impotent fury is the only possible ventilation of it. When, however, one's name is De Beers, fury need be by no means impotent. Stung to resentment by the harshness of the treatment meted out to them by the Treasury, whereby, as well as the 10 per cent. they are taxed at the Cape, De Beers are now ordered to pay another 5 per cent. in London (a matter of £350,000 altogether on last year), the Magnates have replied, in effect: "All right. Shan't stop in your beastly country." Result: De Beers have transferred their controlling office to Kimberley, and London is the loser by so much capital. At a moment when one of our political parties is boasting so loudly of our prosperity as "the commercial and financial centre of the world," this action by De Beers is not without point. If, as a result of the exorbitant demands of our Treasury on capital, other great foreign and Colonial financial houses are driven to Paris or Berlin, Mr. Asquith will soon have a very different "song-to-sing-oh."

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Snapping Sea-Dogs

Really, there is more than an element of humour in the Scott-Beresford affair. "Charlie," the very demi-god of indiscretion, rebuking the perpetrator of his own darling sin, Sir Percy Scott, is a sight sufficiently amusing. Paint, though, just paint, and a shooting sea-dog's unwise facetiousness, do seem rather small bones over which to waste such a quantity of growl. "Paint ship," ordered Sir Charles Beresford. And "Paint work," signalled Sir Percy Scott to the *Rexburgh*, "appears more in demand than gunnery, so you had better come in in time to look pretty by the 8th inst." The message was (one would like to know why and by whom?) transmitted to the Admiral when he arrived. In a moment, "fiery Charlie" was up in arms. This was trespassing on

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A Wedding of Much Importance

SATURDAY'S REMINDER OF THE SPLENDID REALITY OF THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS

The Bridal Procession

Prince and Princess Charles of Bourbon (Princess Louise of France) leaving the Chapel. The Royal pair are immediately followed by H.M. the Queen of Spain and H.M. the "King of France" (or, strictly speaking, the Duke of Orleans). The ceremony was regal to the utmost extent, and is likely to remind France, in vigorous fashion, that she has a Royal House which, though in exile, is able to vie in elegance with the highest traditions of Versailles

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Where the Kaiser Thought Out His Speech

his preserves. To the whole of the fleet he announced that the Scott signal was "contemptuous in tone and insubordinate in character," and ordered it to be expunged from the signal logs of the *Good Hope* and the *Roxburgh*. Without doubt, the greatest gunner in the Service has been indiscreet. On the other hand, Lord Charles has been, perhaps, needlessly peppery. Guns, after all, *are* more important than paint, though it was a little unexpected to be reminded of the fact quite so tersely.

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The Kaiser

The War-Lord-cum-Peace-Maker is taking a well-earned and much-wanted rest. Highcliffe Castle, the Imperial retreat, is one of the most delightful spots on the South coast. A modern structure—the old castle, built by a Lord Bute, fell into the sea—it is romantically situated and cosily sheltered, while yet open to the soft sea breezes of the Hampshire coast. It is to be hoped that the utmost possible benefit will accrue to the Kaiser from his English "cure." On Wednesday last, as he drove to the City, though he was, I am told, almost pathetically pleased with the warm welcome his uncle's people gave him, the Kaiser looked pale and thin, almost shrunken, beside his tall, strong Empress, and the sternness of outlook which was so much commented upon was three-parts fatigue and strain. Rest and privacy, it appears, are absolutely imperative to his well-being just at present. It is a great compliment to us that he should elect to seek both here.

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In the City

Somehow, the German Kaiser is so connected in one's mental vision with fierce demeanour, shining helmet, and silver eagle, that it was almost a disappointment to see him enter the City comparatively quietly clad in the historic uniform of Ziethen's Hussars. The black hussar busby, the skull and cross bones of the famous regiment just above his forehead, the heavily laced black uniform, and the grey, German military cloak, seemed to accentuate the Kaiser's pallor and immobility. One missed the gorgeous Prussian trappings of his former visit. The Empress, on the other hand, was all smiles and alertness. Beautifully dressed in pale mauve, a large, rather youthful, but very becoming feathered hat on her whitening hair, and wearing pearls and furs worth a King's ransom, she looked charmed and touched with her welcome. It was not until after lunch that the Kaiser cast off the cloak of stern silence which had covered him, but then he threw it off to good effect, and it was with all his old fire and spirit that he declared that—

The main prop and base for the peace of the world is the maintenance of good relations between our two countries, and I shall further strengthen them as far as lies in my power.

Furnished by Waring's: The cue for the Kaiser's Guildhall speech

The above illustration shows the Kaiser passing Waring and Gillow's beautifully decorated premises on his recent visit to the City. The motto over the main entrance, "Blood is Thicker than Water," furnished his Majesty with a text for his impromptu, yet historic, speech at the Guildhall, in reply to the Civic address. "Amongst the magnificent decorations," he said, "we were able to admire, I saw one inscription in big letters saying 'Blood is thicker than water.'"

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The Welcoming of William

SCENES AT LAST WEDNESDAY'S STATE VISIT TO THE CITY

The Imperial Carriage at Oxford Circus: A view of the crowds

Photos Topical Agency and Graphic Photo Union

A Study in Imperial Smiles: The Kaiser and Kaiserin receiving the Mayors of Westminster, Marylebone, and Holborn

The visit of the Kaiser and Kaiserin to London last Wednesday was a great spectacular success. There was beautiful weather, and large crowds, who greeted the visitors with rounds of applause, lined the route. (There were no bombs)

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Last Week's Houses of Interest

Photo] **West Dean Park: Where King Alfonso was entertained for the shooting last week** [*Knight-Whitlome*

The entertainment of kings and princes makes no undue calls on the resources of West Dean Park, the Sussex seat of Mr. and Mrs. William James, where the King of Spain was staying last week. The interior is all arranged in suites as in a Royal palace, the State apartments opening one out of another in regulation fashion. A minstrels' gallery and the famous Hamilton tapestry are features of the great hall. The house is situated a short distance from the Goodwood racecourse, and lies in a hollow. It was built as a family seat by John, second Lord Selsey, and is constructed of flint

King Alfonso at West Dean

From a fellow-guest of his Most Catholic Majesty the King of Spain at West Dean, I learn that that young Monarch has vastly altered since his marriage. He is no longer the nervous, high-spirited school-boy, nor has he retained that overflowing *joie de vivre* and incessant wish for exercise which so characterised him in the days of his courtship of Princess Ena. His charm of manner, however, has, if anything, increased; anyway, it now captures all hearts, and that is fortunate, for it is this undoubted charm of manner and the eminently aristocratic impression he gives, which enables one to forget the defects of his personal appearance. He speaks far more clearly since the operation on his throat and nose, breathes more quietly, and has, in fine, almost assimilated that Teutonic serenity of look and manner which distinguishes his fair-haired Queen. Her Majesty, by the way, is not wearing her "best" clothes in England. She and her mother, shopping in London, wear the plainest, most "sensible" of garments. Yet it is said that a perfect mania for shopping has seized Queen Victoria. She spent £2,000 in jewellery in Paris alone, and she has spent as much again in London on a new trousseau for self and baby.

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A Royal Gift

Sir Frederick Treves, upon whom the King has bestowed a further mark of Royal favour in the presentation of Thatched House Lodge, Richmond,

Presented to the Royal Surgeon as a Token of the King's Esteem

Thatched House Lodge, Richmond, which has been presented to Sir Frederick Treves by the King, was, until recently, occupied by the Right Hon. Sir Edmund Monson, formerly British Ambassador in Paris. The original house, which is redolent of Georgian associations, still stands in the gardens. It is now a summer house, and the beautiful paintings on its walls, credited to Angelica Kauffmann, are in a perfect state of preservation

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On His Favourite Steed

Photo Knights-Whitlowe

H.M. THE KING RIDING TO THE COVERTS AT SANDRINGHAM

The King is almost invariably accompanied on his shooting expeditions by his favourite pony. On descending from his motor, the King rides to the coverts on this pretty little steed

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A Mystery of the House of Orleans

is a great favourite at Court. He first came into prominence there when he operated on the King in June, 1902, and it is to Sir Frederick Treves, of course, that we are indebted for that most indispensable and most fashionable malady of modern times—Appendicitis. I am not certain that he actually discovered it; that honour may belong to Lord Lister; but, at any rate, he made it very *chic*, and, for quite a long time, it was considered positively *vieux jeu* to have anything the matter with one which could not, somehow or other, be called appendicitis. It is said, however, that Sir Frederick was extremely nervous when he performed his favourite operation on the King. On his recovery of consciousness, the King, noting the somewhat careworn, not to say distracted, expression on Sir Frederick's face, remarked: "Don't seem to have been enjoying yourself, Treves!" "No, sir," replied Sir Frederick, "I haven't. In fact, I'd have given £10,000 to get out of it." The Royal family, by the way, do not pay for special medical services, the recommendation, introduction, and social kudos involved being regarded as sufficient reward. The King has no fewer than sixty medical attendants, most of them, however, purely honorary.

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Maria Stella, Lady Newborough

Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, whose photograph we publish, is the best all-round sportsman in the three kingdoms. The publication, at this particular moment, of Sir Ralph's book, "The Mystery of Maria Stella, Lady Newborough" (Edward Arnold), is of special interest in view of the Bourbon-Orleans wedding at Wood Norton last week. Maria Stella, Lady Newborough contended that she was the legitimate daughter and eldest child of Egalité, Duc d'Orleans. She spent twenty years of her life, her health, and all her money trying to prove it, and many people are even now searching for documents, said to exist, which would prove her supposed Royal parentage. Were it to be proved—and there is an overwhelming mass of circumstantial evidence in its favour—could it be shown that Maria Stella was the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, then all the members of the existing House of Orleans are illegitimate, and her descendants—the Yarboroughs—are heirs of all his wealth, as well as that of his wife and children.

Photo *Savony*

Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey

The well-known sportsman, Sir Ralph, in his book, "The Mystery of Maria Stella, Lady Newborough," unearths a strange story, which disputes the legitimacy of the "reigning" branch of the house of Orleans

Maria Stella, Lady Newborough

Alleged to be the legitimate daughter of Philippe Egalité, Duc d'Orleans, substituted at birth for the son of a village constable, who was passed off as the heir, from whom the Duke of Orleans is descended

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The Present Lady Newborough

Her Story

The story, re-told by Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, is that, in 1772, Egalité and his wife, then Duke and Duchess of Chartres, were travelling *incognito* in Italy as the Comte and Comtesse de Joinville. The Duchess gave birth to a daughter. The Duke greatly desired a son, chiefly for pecuniary reasons, for had his Duchess pre-deceased him without leaving a son, nearly all her immense wealth would have reverted to her family. His wife was very delicate, the only survivor of seven children, and there seemed little likelihood of an heir. So the Duke, the story goes, exchanged his infant daughter for a boy born on the same day to the wife of one L. Chiappini, constable of the village of Modigliana. This girl-child was brought up in the constable's family and passed for his daughter. She was married at Florence, when only twelve, to the first Lord Newborough, a widower of somewhat eccentric habits. The son of Chiappini was, for a monetary consideration, handed over to the Duke of Orleans, and eventually became Louis Philippe, King of France.

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The Proofs

The most convincing proofs that such an exchange was effected would seem to be found in the personal appearance of the parties chiefly concerned — Maria Stella and Louis Philippe. Louis Philippe, in person, in manner, and in the contour of his physiognomy, resembled an Italian peasant. He had a dark, coarse skin, very common appearance, and heavy, underbred physique, while Philippe Egalité, his reputed father, was said to be the handsomest and most elegant man in France. His three younger children were all fair and refined looking, and bore no kind of resemblance to their supposed elder brother. On the other hand, Maria Stella's likeness to many members of the House of Orleans, particularly to the children of Egalite, was most striking. She bore no resemblance to the undoubted offspring of Chiappini, her reputed father. That she was the daughter of an individual calling himself the Comte de Joinville is established. What cannot be irrefutably proved is that this Comte de Joinville was the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Philippe Egalité, *incognito*.

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A Notable Amateur Troupe

THE WINDSOR STROLLERS' FORTHCOMING PERFORMANCES

Lady Gooch Sir Daniel Gooch

The Strollers in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment"

Photo *Shadwell Clerke*
Lady Susan Yorke
A Windsor "Stroller"

Photos *Russell*

The Strollers in "Brother Officers"

The Windsor Strollers will give their annual performances at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, on the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of this month, when the plays chosen are *The Mischievous* and *The Importance of Being Ernest*, the latter being preceded by the comedietta, *A Peep Council*. The casts will include Lady Susan Yorke, Mrs. C. Crutchley, Mrs. W. Murray, Miss Emily Loch, Miss Olga Montagu, Miss Holmes, Colonel Chaytor, Colonel Newnham Davis, Captain Liddell, the Hon. Stephen Powys, and Mr. Cowley Lambert. The music will be supplied by the Ranee of Sarawak's Ladies' Orchestra

BACK ROW (*left to right*): Mr. W. Stephenson, Mr. C. Drummond, the Hon. W. Goschen, Major Nugent, Mr. Cowley Lambert, Mr. C. W. A Trollope, Colonel Chaytor, Miss Elsie Chester, and the Hon. S. Powys
FRONT ROW: Miss Adeline Baird, Mrs. Blakeston, and Miss Winifred Fraser

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The Late (and the Present) Lord Chesham

Photo *Ku ell*

The Late Lord Chesham

An obituary notice of whom appears in "By Field, Stream, and Covert" (p. 384)

Maria Stella's Descendants

The first Lord Newborough married Maria Stella, then a singing girl, in Florence, in 1782. She was barely thirteen, and he was fifty. Her sons succeeded as second and third Barons Newborough. The present Lord Newborough is her great-grandson. He has no children, and is married to a Miss Grace Garr, of Kentucky, sister of Mrs. Chauncey, a wealthy American widow, who also prefers England to her native soil. Though an Irish baron, Lord Newborough is Welsh (and French) by descent and connection. He owns property in North Wales, has served in the Denbighshire Yeomanry, and is High Sheriff of that county. His family seat, Plas Newydd, bears the same name as that of Lord Anglesey in his titular island, a peer who also, it is rumoured, is contemplating an alliance with the stage.

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Quenby Hall

Followers of the Quorn will be interested to learn that Quenby Hall, Leicestershire, one of the most beautiful and most interesting houses in England, has been purchased by Mrs. Edward Greaves, through the well-known agents, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The old Hall is a wonderful example of early seventeenth-century work, and, unlike many early English houses, the sites of which were chosen on low ground, Quenby stands 500 ft. above sea level. Its striking façade in stone, dressed red brick, flanked by towers, is familiar to the architect and antiquary, and the interior is rich in old carved oak-work. The estate is mentioned in records of the thirteenth century, and was in the possession of the Ashbys for 800 years. In renovating the interior of the hall, Mrs. Greaves has had the benefit of the advice of Mr. Gotch and the late Mr. Bodley, R.A.

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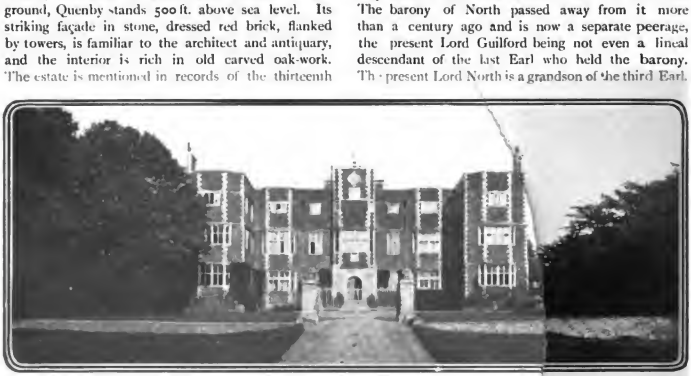
Lord and Lady Guilford

Lord Guilford, who yesterday celebrated his thirty-first birthday, is a very popular young peer, who hunted his own harriers for a good many years at Waldershare Park, his Kentish seat, and has always shown his followers excellent sport. Three years ago, Lord and Lady Guilford gave up residence at Waldershare, and now live at Eythorne, a somewhat smaller place on the family property. Both Lord and Lady Guilford are tremendously keen on horses and hunting. Lord Guilford inherits his sporting proclivities from his father, who, it will be remembered, met with an untimely death in a steeplechase at Windsor, when his son and heir was quite a little boy. Lady Guilford, too, comes of good sporting stock, for she is a daughter of Mr. W. H. Pawson, of Shawdon, Northumberland, a niece of Lord St. Vincent, and a sister of the Mr. Pawson whose courser, Pistol II., won the Waterloo Cup at Altcar in 1905. Lord and Lady Guilford have two little sons. The elder is designated Lord North, but the title is purely a courtesy one, the barony of Guilford being the only inferior title now annexed to the earldom. The barony of North passed away from it more than a century ago and is now a separate peerage, the present Lord Guilford being not even a lineal descendant of the last Earl who held the barony. The present Lord North is a grandson of the third Earl.

Photo *H. W. Barnett*

The New Lord Chesham

Aged thirteen; lately the Hon. John Compton



The Sale of Another "Stately Home": Quenby Hall, Leicestershire

A wonderful example of early seventeenth-century work, attached to an estate of great antiquity. It has recently been purchased by Mrs. Edward Greaves. The mansion is well known to huntsmen with the Quorn

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Of Hunting Renown

Photo *Lambert Weston*

LORD AND LADY GUILFORD

At Eythorne, their residence (near Waldershare, Kent, the family seat). Lord and Lady Guilford are devoted to sp[illegible] of all kinds, particularly to hunting

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Songsters of the Hour

La Tetrazzini

At last, a singer who can "act with her voice"! At last, a singer who combines with a technique surely almost perfect a vocal colour as varied as it is beautiful! "La Tetrazzini," as everyone calls her, is truly wonderful. Like that other great artist, discovered in a previous autumn season, Mme. Maria Gay, she can act as well as sing. "What price Melba now?" asked Covent Garden in the vernacular the other night as the last lovely notes of the famous "Sempre libera degg'io" in *La Traviata* died away, though ancient opera-goers shook their heads and applauded unwillingly, murmuring "Not quite Patti." La Tetrazzini sings with a complete absence of effort. As Violetta, her pathos and restraint, her exquisite pianissimo in the dying scene, and the fact that the actress was never quite lost in the singer, completely triumphed. It triumphed even over her appearance, which suggests the robust Italian *prima donna* rather more obviously than the consumptive courtesan, and it went so far as to triumph over those really dreadfully ugly Italian frocks of the day before yesterday, while the rest of the cast appeared in Thackerayan garb, fobs, side whiskers, and all. La Tetrazzini has sung in almost every civilised country except England and France. She is now engaged for four seasons at Covent Garden and for three in New York.

• • •

A Canadian Contralto

Miss Edith Miller is of those fortunate ones who have profited by an opportunity. At the smoking concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society early in the year she happened to be down to sing. She sang, and the King himself, who happened to be present, gave her applause with the Royal hands. More than this, he sent asking her to sing again, and afterwards personally congratulated her on her performance. Perhaps to obtain the Royal favour to-day is hardly what it would have been in mediæval times, but with the seal of kingly approval set on her performance, it is not surprising that her career should have been assured. Besides her qualifications for social success—she is tall and graceful, and has a particularly fascinating manner—she brings real musical talent to bear on what she undertakes, and those who heard her sing during the recent series of Promenade Concerts were charmed by the skill and restraint with which she used her contralto voice. Even now one can hear her singing "Me voici dans son boudoir" with delicious piquancy. It was at once evident that such proficiency could only have been the result of hard work, and, indeed, Miss Miller has been working very hard for the last ten years, when she first had the idea of leaving Toronto to study singing in London. Life has had its ups and downs for her, and at one time she was forbidden by the doctors to continue singing, owing to the effects of overwork. All that is past now, however, and, fortunately, her voice does not show any sign of the strain. To-day (Wednesday) she is giving, at the Bechstein Hall, a recital, which is to include a new song-cycle, composed by Mr. Roger Quilter, a writer of songs whose efforts have hitherto been directed more towards the achievement of an "atmosphere" than to the exposition of definite melodies.

A Canadian Contralto

Miss Edith Miller, whose Song Recital takes place at the Bechstein Hall to-day (Wednesday). At a recent "smoker" of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, Miss Miller was specially applauded by H.M. the King

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mme. Tetrazzini

The *prima donna* of the autumn Opera season. London has now discovered, what the Continent has all along known, that Tetrazzini is a great singer, and has, with its customary passion for inept comparisons, dubbed her "another Patti"

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A De Reszke École de Chant

If any proof is wanted of the vogue of music at the present moment, the whole of the "Smart Set" is learning to sing or having its voice found for it. Right in the heart of Mayfair, in a pretty house in Draycott Place, Cadogan Gardens, that robust singer and delightful personality, M. Edouard de Reszke has started an *Ecole de Chant*, which promises to become a centre of vocal fashion. M. de Reszke knows so many people, and so many people know him, both personally and by good repute, and he has also, as his right-hand man, so able a lieutenant in Mr. Walter Johnstone Douglas, that he is pretty certain, very soon, to be even more the fashion than he is at present. M. de Reszke is as clever a teacher as he is *raconteur* and singer, and can do more with you in half an hour than many others can do in half a day. M. de Reszke scouts indignantly the suggestion that we are neither a musical nation nor a musically critical one. He considers us both musical and critical, and, in addition, more appreciative of really good music than any other nation. His great difficulty with his English pupils, he tells me, is over their foreign pronunciation. So long as they sing in their native tongue all goes well, and he finds splendid material to work on. But start them on French, or Italian, or German, the languages of operas, and their troubles—and his—begin!

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Airing Their Views & VIEWING HIS AIRS

THE BROTHERS DE RESZKE OBLIGE LEONCAVALLO WITH A LITTLE ADVICE

Photo M. Edouard de Reszke M. Jean de Reszke Leoncavallo *Padgett*

Probably there are no two living men better qualified to advise a composer on operatic points than the famous Brothers de Reszke, who are above seen at a little *al fresco* consultation with the composer of *Pagliacci* and *Roland of Berlin*. M. Jean de Reszke (the erstwhile "peerless knight" of Wagnerian operas—the *only* Lohengrin of recent memory) has for some years left the stage, and is now engaged in training other people to become de Reszkes. M. Edouard de Reszke outlasted his brother on the stage for some years, but has been more in New York than in London. He is now, however, in our city, and is, too, taking up the task of teaching, for which he is so well qualified, being a basso of wondrous richness, and great experience

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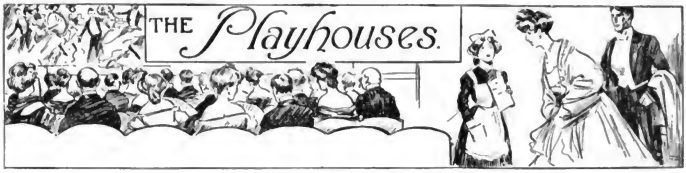

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

"The Thief"

"Thief" plays are quite the rage now, so it is not surprising to find Mr. Alexander enter the field with an adaptation by Cosmo Gordon-Lennox of *Le Voleur*, the play which has enjoyed a striking success in Paris.

M. Henry Bernstein's name is one to conjure with in Paris. He turns out successful plays with surprising regularity. One visit to the St. James's Theatre is quite sufficient to account for this happy faculty of M. Bernstein. He has the "sense of the theatre" developed to a remarkable degree. With M. Bernstein nothing happens "off." All his little excitements are engineered "on," and are witnessed by his full stock of characters. Raymond Leyton (Mr. Sidney Valentine) discovers that his wife has been missing bank-notes out of a drawer in her boudoir; he announces this fact to his assembled friends, as also the fact that the mysterious Mr. Protheroe is, in reality, a Scotland Yard detective. The assembled guests are filled with excitement by this announcement. Their excitement increases when they are told that Mr. Protheroe is about to give the result of his investigations and to proclaim the thief. They settle down in their seats with an air which plainly says: "Thoughtful host to arrange such a novel and entertaining surprise." It is, perhaps, needless to remark that in real life no such pother would have been made. The thief would have been quietly named by the detective to the master of the house in his study. M. Bernstein, however, is artful enough to disarm criticism by making one of his characters express precisely what the audience are feeling, namely, that the host is very melodramatic in his manner of arranging a "*coup*." The detective, too, feels that it is rather a breach of professional etiquette to name the thief before the assembled guests. His scruples, however, are soon overcome, and the excitement among the company becomes intense. The thief, says Mr. Protheroe, after a somewhat elaborate explanation of his methods of investigating the case, is Harry, the nineteen-year-old son of Raymond Leyton.

THE most CENSOR-ed Man of To-day

Mr. G. A. Redford, the Examiner of Plays, for whose blood an army of dramatic authors is metaphorically thirsting. Apart from his public position he is a most charming and cultured personality

The Inevitable Mistake

It is not long before we begin to suspect that Mr Protheroe has made a mistake. The boy is passionately devoted to one of the married guests, Mrs. Chelford. It is an innocent and youthful, but none the less strong, attachment. The youth has a leaning towards verse-making, and it is his habit to hide his effusions in Marise Chelford's boudoir. A real detective, we imagine, would have taken a very short time to discover that the boy, so far from taking notes from the boudoir, was interested in placing notes there. But then a real detective in a "thief play" would spoil the game. The boy, Harry Leyton, of course, shields the real culprit, the woman he loves.

The Great Scene

The second act takes place in the Chelfords' bedroom. By a rather clumsy stage device Richard Chelford (Mr. George Alexander) discovers the case in which his wife has hidden the stolen notes. Then comes the great scene of the play. However one is inclined to boggle over the artifice M. Bernstein has employed in leading to this scene, one cannot help but be carried away by the strength of it. The wife prevaricates and lies, but her poor defence is soon broken down by her indignant husband. At last she confesses the truth. She has stolen the money in order to buy expensive gowns. Her love for her husband is so great that she cannot bear to see him even glance at the wealthier women in her set who can afford to dress so much more elaborately than she. Her husband is her world. To gratify her intense longing to look beautiful in his eyes she has plunged more and more deeply into debt. Finally pressed on all sides by creditors, she is overcome by temptation to steal the money carelessly flung about her

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SKETCHED AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

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boudoir by her hostess, Mrs. Leyton. It is a fine scene. It is a scene in which Miss Irene Vanbrugh is given greater opportunities, perhaps, than she has ever before enjoyed. Miss Vanbrugh has played many emotional rôles, but after Marise Chelford her name will be one of the first to spring to the lips when one hears, as one so often does, French and German actresses belauded and English actresses belittled.

After all the sustained excitement of this scene, the rest of the play falls rather tamely. The motive is this: Richard Chelford, having found his wife to be untruthful, when accused of one sin, argues that she is guilty of another. He suspects her relations with the boy, Harry Leyton, who has acted so nobly in shielding her. This motive is not convincing. In the last act, a farewell takes place between Raymond Leyton and his son. Harry is being sent to Brazil to make a new start in life. The guilty woman watches him without a word. Suddenly the full reality of her cowardice surges up in her. She springs to her feet and confesses her guilt. This action, unprompted by her husband, has the effect of softening his heart towards her. They are reconciled, though for one awful moment we are led to believe that Richard Chelford intends to call Harry back into the room and learn the truth of the relations between the boy and his wife by employing the cross examining tactics in the use of which he is so adept.

Photos

Miss Mabel Scalby—

She is now playing Miss Gracie Leigh's part during the tour of *Miss Hook of Holland* through the provinces

The play is strong indeed, but does not escape crudity. It is melodrama cleverly disguised by the setting. The unthinking may possibly leave the theatre under the impression they have seen a powerful play of modern life. I wish them well of the idea. It is better to be carried away by the power of the play than to remain in your place carping at the unreality and theatricality of the theme; at strained situations, at stage tricks old and new. However, if it does nothing less, the play acts as a searchlight upon the great talents of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and for that one reason must be commended. Mr. Alexander was better in the normal than in the dramatic passages; in the latter, he was, to say the least, over-emphatic.

Mr. Sydney Valentine and Miss Lilian Braithwaite, as Mr. and Mrs. Leyton, did all that was required of them to keep up the thrills in the play. Mr. Reginald Owen worked hard to make the boy, Harry Leyton, real. It was a difficult task. No young actor could succeed in making this character (in an English version) other than a young cub who needed to have his silly fancies knocked out of him. E. C. S.

THE NEW HENGLER'S

Since its renovation Hengler's can boast of being one of the handsomest places of amusement in London, and should prove a veritable fairyland for children. The corridors, flanked with mirrors, the hundreds of electric lights dotted here and there, and the artistic decorative paintings, offer a perfect feast for the eye. It is almost impossible to identify the present Hengler's with the rather dilapidated building of a few months back. A strong programme is presented twice daily by M. Beketow's Russian Circus, and the size of the audiences points to the fact that this form of amusement continues to attract a large public. Space will not allow me to write at any length about the good things to be found in the programme, but I should just like to make mention of the Fergana Trio, a troupe of very clever eccentric acrobats; Mlle. Wardia Beketow, who gives an exhibition of equestrian jumping; the Wolkowsky troupe of singers and dancers, whose dances are both clever and quaint; M. Beketow's horses; and, lastly, the Four Lepicqs, who give some daring aerial trapeze displays. Then there are some really comic clowns, performing dogs and elephants, and many other turns too numerous to mention. R. M.

Whitlock

—A Charming Miss

Her performance at the different towns visited during the tour of the piece has been a marked success

THE LYCEUM PANTOMIME

"Robinson Crusoe"

Mr Ernest Carpenter promises to take full advantage of the large stage at the Lyceum to give some very fine spectacular effects in the forthcoming pantomime. The chief "transformation" will be entitled, "The Coral Realms under the Sea," introducing a coral ballet, and ending with an ascent of a great fairy diving-bell. The principal boy will be handsome Miss Dorothy Craske, the principal girl Miss Sybil Arundale, and the principal comedian Mr. George Le Clerq, supported by Mr. Brown Newland.

Scala Theatre

In our issue of November 6, in which we published a notice of a performance at the Scala Theatre, we gave the name of the production as *Stemming the Tide*. The title of the play should have been given as *Stemming the Stream*.

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The Orleans Wedding

It must have struck many newspaper readers that the Bourbon-Orleans wedding is attracting but little attention in France, whereas the marriage of Princess Marie Bonaparte has excited much. Nearly every garment that the future Princess George of Greece has bought has been described in the various weekly periodicals, whilst in the case of the Orleans marriage, hardly anyone to whom I have spoken even knows who the bridegroom is. Is it an instance of "out of sight, out of mind," or has France really come to consider the Orleans family as remote foreigners, and to be as indifferent to them as to the Grand Dukes of Austria? Or is there, perhaps, a tacit understanding among Republicans that the function shall be ignored as a political danger? Whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains that the newspapers have paid no attention to it, and the public shows no desire for news. The truth is that, under the leadership of the Duke of Orleans, the party is rapidly dwindling into absolute insignificance. So far as the Orleans family is concerned, the great expenditure on the wedding is obviously intended to show the world, and especially the Royalties of other countries, that the family has no intention of abandoning its Royal prestige.

* * *

The Kaiser and the Scandals

In spite of the great anxiety to keep the Kaiser's name out of the recent Berlin scandals, German opinion is still exercised as to his Majesty. It is not that the Imperial reputation is affected, or that Prince von Bülow has lost any of the esteem in which his fellow-countrymen hold him. The something is that Germans, knowing Berlin to be a sink of human iniquity, have a confused idea that "there is some fire where there is so much smoke." The bad reputation of Berlin among Germans for immorality and perversity exceeds anything that was ever enjoyed by Paris. There was a time when Hamburg had the unenviably bad name of *das Kleine Paris* (Paris being the wickedest place in the world), but the bad name of Berlin has now quite eclipsed it. Comparing Paris with Berlin, Parisian vice is either graceful or horribly vulgar, but always joyous. That of Berlin is offered, with all the grim determination of German business

Before the Orleans Wedding

Prince Charles of Bourbon, the bridegroom, walking in the streets of Madrid with his *fiancée*, the Princess Louise de Orleans. The wedding was celebrated at Wood Norton on the 16th inst.

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habits, to the dull provincials who swarm day and night along Unter den Linden and Freidrichstrasse. The unsavoury hints which Messrs. Harden and Brand have echoed probably only show that the *noveaux riches* of Berlin are not yet sufficiently experienced in luxury to make the necessary distinctions. The Kaiser, however, in spite of everything, is doing all he can to popularise Berlin with the foreigner. He is jealous of the success of Paris and London, and is bringing forward all kinds of suggestions and schemes which he fondly hopes will make Berlin more of a world's capital than it is at present.

* * *

The Case of Fallières, fils

Presidents have their family tribulations, like other mortals, as President Fallières has reason just now to complain. Those two virtuous champions of public morals, the *Eclair* and the *Libre Parole*, have just unearthed a scandal into which they are trying to drag the President's only son. The occasion is the recent suicide of a young French advocate, which they ingeniously attribute to sorrow over the unfaithfulness of his wife, with whom young Fallières seems to be acquainted.

Here again, politics, rather than any deep attachment to the preservation of Presidential propriety, are certainly the moving cause. Both papers are strongly Nationalist and reactionary, and M. Judet and M. Drumont have more than once been the victims of the ruling party in France. It is not at all impossible that the young man may have been exposed to the temptations of a President's son, and his having given way to them may be the reason why his father recently sent him to Constantinople, where he had the benefit of the care of that astute and virtuous statesman and diplomatist, M. Constans. People will have had time to forget that it was he who checkmated General Boulanger; but that is another story. Young Fallières, like his father, is an advocate. He is popular in Republican Society, has had a brilliant University career, and is generally described as "a man with a future."

* * *

An Italian State Trial

The English maxim that a man shall be tried by his peers has been adopted not only by France, but also by Italy, and yet in all three countries it is applied differently. In the Nasi trial, the ex-Minister, accused of prodigality in the employment of the public money, is being tried by a Parliamentary Committee composed of Senators, and his prosecutors are another Committee composed of Deputies. This extraordinary mixture of judicial and Parliamentary functions works out in a succession of violent political tirades. The end of it, no doubt, will be that Signor Nasi's broad back will be thumped by both sides, and by the end of the trial he will slink away with his bruises hardly observed, leaving the two parties exhausted by their respective attacks on each other. To our Northern minds, the charges sound perfectly preposterous. What could a Minister have done with 67,900 visiting-cards? Of course, if, as Minister of Public Instruction, he had to return a card to every school teacher who sent him one at the New Year, the number would soon run up, and surely he may very fairly argue that this was expenditure connected with this office. The only other explanation is that he was a lunatic, and hoarded them as treasure. Another of the charges is that he paid for 219 locks! Perhaps the 219 locks were for cases in which safely to store the 67,900 visiting cards! Such trumpery details recall a not quite dissimilar case, when President Grévy's son-in-law was charged with the acts of indiscretion which resulted so disastrously for himself and the President. There was general indignation at his having franked with the Presidency stamp nearly all his private letters! For a time, this venial sin dwarfed much more serious charges, but, as in the case of Signor Nasi, it is these little things that arouse envy and jealousy in a not over discriminating public, especially when blinded by political hatred.

Photo *Topical Agency*

President Fallières as a Shot: The Chasse Presidentielle in the Forêt de Marly

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The charge that Signor Nasi fled in his motor-car will probably be cleared up. But from what I have heard of Italian justice, he may have been like Victor Hugo, who once observed that if he were accused of stealing one of the towers of Notre Dame, he would take the first train to the Belgian frontier rather than submit himself to the ordeal of a jury trial in Paris.

* * *

The Progress of Toselli

If a pianist has not sufficient talent or a sufficiently strong impressario to conquer a refractory public, he will only have to follow the new method of Signor Toselli: marry an ex-Queen who prefers the "simple life" to the pomp of royalty. Signor Toselli was a nobody in his art, struggling to appear at any concert, and overjoyed at the condescending notices of local papers. He married ex-Queen Louise of Saxony, and has now been engaged at £400 a night, for one hundred concerts, in America and Germany, all expenses to be defrayed by the contractor. Will the marriage now lose its romance in the eyes of the ex-Queen, with fortune thus staring her in the face, and wealth again inflict its odious comforts on her?

On Trial in Rome

Signor Nasi, ex-Minister of Public Instruction, whose trial for alleged misappropriation of public funds has aroused such keen interest

Molière and Scenic Effects

It is a common thing to say that London is, in general, a borrower in matters dramatic from France. This may be disputed, but there is one instance at least in which Paris is unquestionably borrowing from London; that is in scenic effects. London managers gallantly withstood the sneers of critics, who held up French acting as wine that needed no such bush. Antoine has now gone a step further, and has tried the same experiment with Molière that Irving, Beerbohm Tree, and Oscar Asche have so successfully carried out with Shakespeare. The piece he has chosen for this purpose is *Tartuffe*—on the whole, a rather tiresome play, acted in the old conventional way, with one solitary *décor* and a few seats and a table. He has reproduced the architecture, a garden, a drawing-room, and a bedroom of the period, and thus given a new life to the piece. This will probably be followed by a regeneration of interest in Molière, who, like Shakespeare, not having to consider the cost of scenery, lends himself, as Antoine has just shown, to the picturesque, in a high degree.

Photos supplied *P.P.A.*

A French Painter to Paint the British Queen

M. Francois Flameng, the popular Parisian portrait-painter, who has been commissioned by the King to paint the portrait of H.M. the Queen. M. Flameng is a veritable Van Dyck of to-day—so far as social popularity and high prices are concerned

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DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLAN

Photo

Deer-stalking, which an enthusiast has described as the noblest of the wild sports that remain to Britishers at home, recently
but heads were disappointing, and it has been recorded as a regrettable fact that the majority of antlers, nowadays,
two were killed on

THE LAST SHOT OF THE SEASON

Reid

Highlands, the season having been fairly successful. Heavier haunches than usual were brought down on most of the best forests, favourably with those of thirty years ago. In some of the larger forests this year "royals" were so scarce that only one or yielded over sixty stags

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OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 105

A STAGE JESTER

By ELEANOR VICOCQ

ANTHONY LEWES pushed open the door of his study with the languid movement that tells of almost complete mental and physical exhaustion.

His home-coming, somewhere about midnight, was always the same in this respect. To make stage-going London laugh immoderately every evening from eight till eleven was sufficiently fatiguing.

The dark room, not even fire-lit, as it was summer, looked inhospitable enough he thought, with a sigh, as he switched on the electric light.

In the sudden brilliance he discovered that to-night there was someone to welcome him.

A young man sprang up from a lounge chair and came forward.

"You didn't expect to see me, did you, pater?" he said, in brisk, pleasant tones.

"Harry? 'Jove, is it you?"

The older man's thin face lost its weariness, and a smile, very unlike his well-known professional grin, illumined it.

"I've been sitting in the dark—thinking," said his son.

Lewes put his hand on the young man's shoulder, and patted him affectionately.

"It's good of you to come and cheer me up like this," he said. "How is it you can spare the time? I thought you were in Perth."

"I was—last night. But something has happened. I had to see you at once," replied Harry.

This was said with an added dignity in contrast to his evident youthfulness.

"Hullo! Been getting yourself into difficulties?" inquired his father.

"I thought I told you I wasn't going to make a fool of myself over money again."

"So you did. But you're young, you know. Never mind, what is it then, if it's not money?"

The older man produced whiskey and soda from a cupboard and arranged them invitingly on a small table.

"I've been staying with the Glenhassets," said Harry.

"So I saw in the papers."

Lewes dropped into a chair, and closed his eyes involuntarily.

A line appeared between Harry's dark eyebrows.

"Perhaps you don't care to hear about it?" he said abruptly.

"Rubbish! Of course I do," said his father, summoning his energies with an effort; "sit down and go on."

"Well, I care more about Claire Glenhasset than anyone else in the world," said Harry. He reddened under his father's scrutiny, but went on unfalteringly.

"There's nothing I hate so much as saying one's in love. I won't say that, but if the way Claire and I feel about each other is being 'in love,' we certainly are."

"I hope you understand how much I appreciate the honour of being told all this," said his father.

"Don't rot me about it, pater. I don't feel like it. It makes one feel jolly serious somehow."

"It does," admitted the older man.

His thoughts went back to the period when he was Harry's age.

"But I can't marry her, that's the drawback." Harry poured himself out a thimbleful and reached for the soda.

Lewes looked sharply at his son.

"Why not? If it's a question of income, you can easily have more."

"It isn't that. Don't think me a cad, but they—Claire's people—they don't approve of—of professionals."

Lewes sat silent, his face blank.

"It's such beastly bad luck that you had to make your fame that way, isn't it? I often wonder why you didn't go into law or something of that sort—you're such a hand at talking and keeping everybody interested."

Lewes made no answer, and Harry continued impulsively—

"You never tell me anything about yourself, but it's impossible you could have been meant to—well, to be funny, every evening, for money. Off the stage anyone would take you for a man in some decent profession. Old Glenhasset himself isn't any better style."

"It's very lowering, then—my celebrity? You don't care to have your father celebrated, I suppose?" said Lewes, looking absently at the array of signed photographs of great folk on the mantelpiece.

"I don't grudge you that—if you'd only got famous over something else. But really, you know, the professional rotter isn't much better than——"

"Than what?" inquired his father.

"Oh—I don't know. I don't want to offend you, pater, but you know I always say what I think."

"That's all right; you needn't control your frankness—a few home truths are a pleasing rarity for me."

Harry took two or three strides round the room, and then, with his hands in his pockets, confronted his father.

"It really seems to me that when you sent me to Harrow and Oxford, turned me out a fellow of good standing, and gave me enough money to live among people worth knowing, you ought to have thought how awkward my position would be for me."

"No doubt I should have," replied Lewes, slowly, his eyes on his son's alert, determined young face.

"I'm not ungrateful for all you've done for me. But at school they kept asking me, 'What's your name—Lewes? Who's your father? Oh, *Anthony* Lewes!' And after that they'd be chummy enough in term, but you wouldn't find their people asking me down for the holidays, like other fellows. I didn't say anything, but I knew why well enough. It's the same now," said Harry.

"You seem to get a good many invitations now, though," said his father.

"Yes, they don't mind having me round; but they don't want me to marry their daughters. Old Glenhasset has been no end good to me, but you should have seen his face when I told him Claire and I wanted to be engaged."

"Miss Claire doesn't share her family's golden opinions of me?" suggested Lewes.

"Claire's not the sort to let a fellow's relations make any difference to what she feels about him.

(Continued on page 378)

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A Forthcoming Peeress?

Phot: *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS ZENA DARE

Whose engagement is rumoured to the heir of a noble house, not unknown for his achievements in the world of sport and politics. Miss Dare is now appearing in *The Gay Gordons* at the Aldwych Theatre

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(Continued from page 376)

But she doesn't hide from me that any other chap, situated as I am, wouldn't have had the ghost of a chance."

"And what do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Haven't you had enough advertisement and all that? You're getting on in years, too. You've made your pile. Why don't you retire?" said Harry.

"Retire?" repeated his father, blankly.

"I wish you would. You might travel for a year or so, and get out of touch with the professionals here. In that case, Claire and I would have no difficulty. People would soon forget who you were. They say nothing goes off so quickly as the celebrity of actors once they're off the boards."

"Yes—my celebrity would go soon enough," said Lewes, with sudden fervour—"the work of years would be forgotten, the highest rung of the ladder given up to the next comer. Easy enough. You and Claire would be married. It is very simple."

"I don't mean to be selfish," said Harry, with a puzzled look, "but, surely, it must take it out of you to make an ass of yourself every night. Wouldn't you be thankful to drop it?"

His father made no reply.

. . . . . .

A week later found the celebrated low-comedy actor spending his summer vacation in the Highlands.

The little village he had selected consisted of a few grey cottages at the foot of a castle-crowned hill-top, where the lairds of Glenhasset had for centuries ruled in semi-feudal state.

The day after his arrival Lewes walked up to the Castle from the farm he lodged at.

When the great mediæval doors were opened, he a ked if Miss Glenhasset were at home.

She was at home, but, it was thought, not able to see anyone that afternoon.

"I've no card with me. Say Mr. Lewes would like to see her, if possible."

Something in the actor's appearance impressed the man who ushered him in without more ado.

Later, the drawing-room door opened, and a slight, fair girl swept in with a flutter of white skirts.

"Harry! Harry!—oh!——"

The little cry of delight died away—the quick movement was checked.

"Not Harry—but Harry's father," said Lewes, bowing.

The girl stood irresolute. She had a drooping grace, enhanced by a soft, shining, white dress, the short sleeves revealing slim, bare arms. Long-lashed blue eyes met his hesitatingly. It was only natural that Harry should find no room in his thoughts for anything else but this girl, reflected his father, as he watched her.

"You wanted to see me," she said, with a touch of hauteur in her tone.

"Yes. First, let me remind you that I have not come as 'Tony Lewes,' of whose performance at the 'Olympic' you have probably often heard, but in the private character of Harry's father."

She gave him a look which seemed to decide in his favour.

"I didn't know—you, you're not——" she paused, blushing.

"Not what you expected? If Anthony Lewes is not quite the sort of person you care to meet, there's no reason why Harry's father should be like that, is there?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lewes. Do sit down. I'm all alone, as it happens; the others went to a garden-party, but I had a headache."

"Thank you. Harry has just told me of his scheme for my retirement. You approve of it, I hear," said Lewes.

"It's not for myself," she began, "but my father, you know, is rather old-fashioned. I don't want family quarrels——and Harry said you would be glad of the opportunity——"

"When I was Harry's age I was at Sandhurst," said Lewes.

"Sandhurst?"

"Yes. And there I should have stayed if it hadn't been for someone. Well—you see, like Harry, there was a girl in the case."

"Ah, then you can understand," said Claire, softly.

"Yes, I understand," he repeated, but she noticed that his eyes looked past her with an abstraction which suggested that he was oblivious of the present as he told her his romance.

He was an extraordinary man, certainly, but as different from the mirth-provoking buffoon of the illustrated papers as her own father.

"I left Sandhurst and went on the variety stage. I had always had a gift for that sort of thing, and it seemed the only way to make money quickly. My first two or three hits justified my hopes—but when I had sufficient income they wouldn't let her marry me because of the profession I had chosen."

He absently brushed some scattered rose-leaves from the mantelshelf, against which he was leaning.

"So we took the law into our own hands," he said as the red petals fluttered down. "Don't think I'm advising you to make a runaway marriage—but in my case it was entirely successful."

He paused, fresh lines appearing on his worn face.

"After two years—she left me alone with Harry. She was always delicate, and, of course, she felt the estrangement from her own people. Her greatest wish was that Harry should grow up one of her own sort; so I sent him to a public school and the 'Varsity; and he got his present appointment through his Oxford friends. I was making money and could afford it. I've done my best to keep him out of the theatrical atmosphere—it was what his mother always desired."

"Yes," said Claire.

"And now his career is spoilt by my reputation. To marry you would be the making of him; but I am in the way."

"No," she began.

"Yes," he interrupted. "I confess that at first retirement seemed almost impossible, my work is such an essential thing to me. It used to be detestable enough—now I *must* do it. I don't want leisure to sit and brood——"

Claire sat silent.

"But, of course, after thinking it over, I see that it is inevitable. Harry is right. The sooner I drop my undesirable profession the better. He has the right to have nothing in common with the stage jester who happened to be his mother's husband. I will make a little addition to his present income, and when his father has no longer any connection with the stage, I trust Lord Glenhasset will have no further objections to him."

Lewes walked away from the fireplace, and picked up his hat from a chair.

"I took rather a liberty in demanding an interview with you like this, Miss Glenhasset. Perhaps you will excuse me if I tell you that I thought I should like to see you for the first—and last—time."

"The *last* time!" repeated Claire.

"Yes. After my retirement, I shall go abroad—as Harry suggests. It is the best way to court obscurity."

(Continued on page 380)

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Great Expectations

AN ARDENT YOUNG SPORTSWOMAN ON A SCOTTISH TROUT STREAM

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(Continued from page 378)

He held out his hand and took hers.

"So it only remains for me to thank you for the honour you will do my son by marrying him. He isn't a bad boy, I admit—only a little opinionated. I hope he realises how fortunate he is."

His face brightened as he looked down at her.

"He doesn't realise anything — but his own importance," said Claire, under her breath.

. . . . .

The next day Harry came down to stay with his father, the agreeable proximity of Glenhasset Castle making the visit doubly inviting.

Having arrived unexpectedly, he started to walk the three miles from the station, and his spirits raced upwards as, coming round a corner, he espied a smart dog-cart driven by an erect young woman in tweeds.

The certainty that it was Claire made him forget the dignity of twenty-three, and run up the steep lane, reaching the trap flushed and breathless.

"How hot and 'citified' you look, Harry," said Claire, as she checked the mare.

"Well, this *is* luck!" panted Harry. "Did you know I was coming?"

"I naturally supposed you would be coming down to see your father," she said, as he climbed in.

"Of course—but it's *you* I really wanted to see."

"Don't—I detest being embraced in a trap—it looks so stagey."

She jerked his arm away, and the mare started off at her fastest trot.

"You're somewhat disagreeable," observed Harry.

"Don't be pompous; it's ridiculous for a mere babe with long legs and bad manners like you to pose as a budding great man."

Harry stared at her in bewilderment.

"Why don't you talk sense, Claire? What the dickens is the matter with you?" he demanded.

"It is such a pity you should have—connections in the background," said Claire, reflectively.

"What?"

"I saw your father yesterday."

Harry coloured.

"Well, he looks better off the stage than you'd expect. You'll admit that?" he said.

"He looks as if he had seen better days," remarked Claire.

"Claire! Hang it all! the pater's profession mayn't be very eligible, but I didn't mean you to get the idea that he wasn't a gentleman in himself."

"I expected someone quite shady. You always gave me the impression of being ashamed of him——"

"Ashamed! Upon my word, Claire, you've got mixed. It's always been a trial for me his being what he is; but a man isn't ashamed of his father unless he's a criminal, for instance!"

Claire laughed and flicked her whip over the mare.

"I thought we were going to have such a ripping time alone for once; you needn't be ratty, and spoil it all," said Harry, disconsolately.

"I'm only amused. I suppose you inherit it from your father. You can't help being humorous. Isn't he considered the funniest man living?"

"After all, Claire, it's me, and not my father, you're going to marry," protested Harry.

"Am I?" said Claire.

"What? You're not treating me fairly; I can't make out what you're driving at——"

Harry's perplexed grey eyes gazed at her resolute profile as the trap swept round a corner at an alarming speed.

"You're the most disgustingly selfish person I ever met," said Claire suddenly.

"What do you mean?"

"You say you aren't ashamed of your father; then why do you look down on him and do your best to get him out of your way? Of course, such an aristocratic person as you mustn't have any disreputable connections."

"Disreputable! Good Heavens! What's disreputable, I should like to know?"

Harry's wrath was unconcealed.

"Every night for years your father has forced himself to be grotesquely funny to amuse the public, so that you could have every advantage and live at your ease. I suppose you think it's quite pleasant for him to do it?—no effort whatever?"

"Why he simply walks on and reels it out. It's true if I'm there I never can help roaring the whole time—that's just what I object to; you don't want to laugh at your own father," said Harry.

"And afterwards," said Claire, "he goes home with every nerve strained—worn out; while you're playing the man of means——"

"Steady on, Claire!" interrupted Harry. "I don't deny the pater has done a lot for me; but you're talking exaggerated rot."

"You only think of yourself and your concerns. You seem to forget that he might have had *his* troubles." Claire's voice faltered.

A sudden consternation filled Harry's face.

"I declare you're crying—you *have* succeeded in making things beastly!" he remarked.

"Well, he's going to retire. Deliberately to efface himself on your account—but not on mine. My father has met him now. He says he hopes he knows a gentleman when he sees him; there is no reason why I shouldn't marry a gentleman's son. But I have had a lesson; you're too self-centred, Harry. Any illusions I've cherished have vanished——"

"You mean you're going to chuck me?" said Harry.

He used slang, but his tone was not casual.

Claire made a gesture of assent.

Harry hastily took the reins and restrained the mare, who objected to her unusual treatment this afternoon.

"I believe you're right—I *am* too keen on myself. And I've been saying—and that I think it all true. Good-bye," he said, jerking himself off the step.

"How tremendously dignified you look!" Claire called unsteadily after him, as he strode up the road.

"And—Harry! I—I take back what I said—some of it."

Harry swung round.

"Claire!"

"Come and see us when your father can spare you," she commanded, as she turned the trap and swept off homewards.

"Thanks—I'll come round after dinner," said Harry.

His eyes followed her for a moment; then he resolutely turned and hurried forward to meet his father, who stood watching his son in amused perplexity.

ELEANOR VICOCQ

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A Few Readers in the Dominion

On the Shores of Okanagan Lake

The sender, Mr. R. Leckie Ewing, Okanagan Landing, British Columbia, says:—"This picture was taken on the shores of the Okanagan Lake, where we fruit farmers look forward to the coming of the mail-boat bearing the copies of The Bystander."

From a Far-away Corner of British Columbia

Sent by Miss E. Richardson, Meldrum Creek Ranch, P.O., Soda Creek, British Columbia

Welcome Arrivals

The sender, Mrs. H. P. Lane-Bayliff, Chilancoh Ranch, Chilcotin, B.C., writes:—"This photo was taken while I was on a hunting trip with my little son in the Chilcotin country, a part which has hitherto only been visited by one white man, a surveyor, some years ago. The mail which brought The Bystander had come 300 miles by stage and horse."

A Quiet Read While the Kettle Boils

During the heat of the summer months, all the ranchers who are fortunate enough to live near any of the great lakes or rivers are glad to go a'camping, and many are the wonders of culinary art performed by "the Missus" over the open-air camp stove. Sent by Mr. R. Leckie Ewing, Okanagan Landing, British Columbia

A Reader in the C.P.R. Camp, Ontario

A photograph taken at 10.15 p.m. in one of the C.P.R. engineering camps in Northern Ontario. In the foreground is the stove, by means of which some effort is made to keep out the temperature between the thin canvas walls of the tent

On the Shores of the Bay of Fundy

The sender, Capt. F. C. Turner, Hallo Harbour, King's County, Nova Scotia, with his party, is enjoying the paper while waiting for the tide to rise before starting on a day's pollack fishing. The lady on the left is Mrs. Turner, who can haul in her 21 lb. pollack, and is as good a "fisherman" as the oilskin-clad sea-dogs who complete the crew

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ROUND THE TOWN

At the New Gallery

It is a dull affair, the exhibition that has been opened at the New Gallery by the Society of Portrait Painters. One's prevailing impression, after going through the rooms, is a perpetual wonder as to why on earth the owners of at least half of the pictures allowed them to be exhibited. There are a few good portraits. Mr. Lavery has painted Lady Norah Brassey again, and rendered her, in his inimitable manner, more charming than ever. Mr. Greiffenhagen's picture of Miss Dorothy Luther is restful to look upon, and a great relief after the unending stereotyped busts of Society ladies in evening dress, which form the subject of about every fourth or fifth picture. A beautifully painted full-length portrait of Mme. Gabriele d'Annunzio is interesting rather as a subject than as a picture. In the same room is the most striking painting in the Exhibition. It is a portrait of Mr. Hugh Lane by Signor Mancini, and it has more life in it, and more truth, than all the other pictures put together. Close to, it is an astounding conglomeration of paint, dashed on apparently haphazard. At the proper distance, the tremendous reality of all the stuffs and objects which fill the background render the subject almost insignificant. But the flowers gleam out like jewels, the silk shines, the marble is satin smooth. It is a refreshing bit of audacity.

* * *

A Rather Nice Autumn Season

The coming and going of quite a number of kings and queens, the fact that most shoots are in an unsatisfactory condition this year, and the numerous appearances of King Sol, have all conduced to an exceptionally nice autumn season. Dull moments have been few and far between, though social events have been confined to the inevitable theatre parties and restaurant dinners of which we seem never to tire. Big houses remain closed, but that is no deterrent to the carrying out of the social duties of their owners. Lunching (on food and drink quite ambrosial in its excellence, by the way) at the Hyde Park Hotel the other day, I gathered that the fine ball and reception-rooms which are a notable feature of that much-favoured hotel are booked-up for dances, and weddings, and parties right up to Christmas, and after. For the hotel-habit increases daily, and small wonder. The entertaining of some thirty or forty people in one's own home involves household disorganisation and personal discomfort, even in the largest establishments. At a place like the Hyde Park Hotel, one signs a cheque and the deed is done.

* * *

The Progress of the "Divine Sarah"

It was a sight for the gods, or any mortal on the spot, to see the "divine Sarah" going *en grande dame* from the Carlton to "His Majesty's" on Saturday week. Her dinner was bolted. "*Vite, vite*, it is rude to be late; we must be there before the curtain rises." Consequently, in lots of time, Sarah sallied forth, clad in white satin gown and draperies and furs, preceded by one of her "valets," and supported, metaphorically and literally, by a man with a mass of black curly hair, carrying his hat in his hand, and followed by two ladies and two men. They made their way on foot. The Royal entrance was used. Wild excitement. "Who is coming?" The onlookers at her approach doff their hats or bow low. "Who is it? Let me see; *I* don't know." She passes on in her regal manner; two more "valets" receive her, and her party, with much *empressement*, are handed into the Royal box.

The Charm of the Old-Fashioned

The charm of a room furnished in an old-fashioned style is frequently spoilt by the lack of harmony in the curtains and coverings. To remedy this, the well-known artistic firm of Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road, are now offering "Old-Fashioned Fabrics," being careful reproductions from the best examples of Early English fabrics in printed linens and cretonnes. These will come as a boon to those who have formerly had difficulty in getting materials to go with their furniture. This firm is also making a speciality of reproductions of Old English earthenware, and their toilet-ware designs, in delicacy of colour and simplicity of outline, accord charmingly with the simplicity of modern furniture design.

The Charm of the Antique: A corner of a bedroom furnished in the "old-fashioned" style
The apartment is decorated with Heal's reproductions of old-English embroideries, the corner washstand being fitted with an example of this firm's old-fashioned ware, from Spode, Wedgewood, and Mason designs

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Where Are You Going To, My Pretty Maid?

Photo *Fourtram and Banfield*

The Latest Photograph of Miss Gabrielle Ray, now playing Frou-Frou in "The Merry Widow" at Daly's Theatre

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BY FIELD, STREAM, AND COVERT

The Opening Meet of the Hampshire Hunt at Chawton House, near Alton: Waiting at the Covert at Berryhill

The Late Lord Chesham

Sadness and grief reigned in the Midland hunting district when the news of Lord Chesham's death (to which brief allusion was made in these pages last week) became generally known, for there was no more popular man in Buckinghamshire and the neighbouring counties. To Pytchley and to Bicester men the fatality came as a great shock, as he had been for more than twenty years their constant companion in the field, and he frequently rode, too, with the Grafton, Warwickshire, Old Berkeley (West), and other packs. Lord Chesham was a heavy man, and it is possible that the black hunting-cap which he wore proved more harmful than good when he was pitched on to his head. This is not the first time that a hunting man has had his neck broken as the result of a fall while wearing a hard hunting-cap, which by many people is considered likely, in the event of a fall, to afford protection for the scalp at the expense of the neck. This, no doubt, is the reason why the silk topper has become the general wear in the well-dressed hunting field, the velvet cap usually being confined to the Master and hunt officials. Lord Chesham, as an ex-M.F.H. and a Deputy-Master of the Pytchley, always kept, it would seem, to the cap. The unusually blind state of the country, no doubt, had something to do with the fatal accident, as the ditch into which Lord Chesham's horse blundered was almost invisible owing to being choked with leaves and rank undergrowth, and, this being so, it was a perfect death-trap for the unwary.

Mr. W. J. Yorke Scarlett
The Master of the Craven, leading the field to Wickham Heath at the opening meet

A Keen Sportsman and Gallant Soldier

During the past forty years, the Bicester Hounds have been fortunate in possessing such excellent Masters as Lord North, the late Sir Algernon Peyton, Viscount Valentia, Lord Chesham, Lord Cottenham, and Mr. J. P. Heywood-Lonsdale. None did more to improve the pack than the deceased sportsman, who believed greatly in the value of the

[Photos] The Opening Meet of the Craven Hounds at the Kennels at Kintbury [Dixon

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First Run of the Season With the Craven

Photo *Dixon*

RIDING THROUGH SLOE WOOD TO GET A GOOD START WITH HOUNDS

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blood developed by Lord Henry Bentinck, and afterwards by Mr. Henry Chaplin, in the Burton and Blankney countries, and he lost no opportunity of buying hounds of this strain. Trained in his youth with such regiments as the Coldstream Guards, the 10th Hussars, and the 16th Lancers, Lord Chesham was the right man to take in hand the task of preparing the Yeomanry for active service during the war in South Africa. The value of his influence and hard work in this direction was incalculable, and was recognised by the authorities when he was appointed Inspector-General of Imperial Yeomanry. He sustained a deep loss during the war by the death of his eldest son, who was killed in action. Lord Chesham was a happy example of the soldier-sportsman who may always be relied upon to come to the front in the time of the nation's need. It has been recorded that he was Master of the Royal Buckhounds, but his absence in South Africa prevented him from ever actively filling that position. By the time Lord Chesham had returned from the war the entire stag-hunting establishment had been broken up. The deepest sympathy will go out to Lady Chesham, who, in such sad circumstances, has lost a son, a daughter (killed in a riding accident), and her husband, during the past few years.

Recent Sport with Hounds

Foggy November days have not been suitable for sport during the past fortnight, and up to the time of writing there had been no night-frosts to strip the hedges of their leaves, the country being dangerously blind in some places. Thus there have been a plentiful crop of accidents, among the victims being Earl Manvers, who was rather badly hurt while hunting with the Rufford soon after the opening of the season. Mr. Fernie has not yet fully recovered from the effects of the bad fall he took during cub-hunting, but his hounds are doing well under Arthur Thatcher, their gallop from Bolt Wood into the cream of the Cottesmore country on the 9th inst. being the best performance in the Shires during the present season so far as it has progressed. The Grafton are doing well under Mr. McNeill, and opened the season last week. A Towcester correspondent sends me the following note :—

The Grafton had a real good gallop on the 4th inst —a seven-mile point, and ten miles as hounds ran. The first part was very fast, and over a stiff line of country, and owing to the blindness of the fences there were a good many falls. Mrs. Cartwright was one of those who saw the whole run well. She is a beautiful horsewoman, and always near hounds, and does wonders with a difficult mount.

The New Master of the Ludlow Hounds
Mr. F. R. Milbank, the son of Sir Powlett Milbank, recently succeeded Sir William Curtis as the Ludlow M.F.H.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*
Earl Manvers, Master of the Rufford
Who sustained a bad accident while hunting last week, but is recovering satisfactorily from his injuries.

From the North Country some good runs are reported, notably a very fine hunt of over two hours with the Bedale Hounds who hunted a fox from Lingy Moor into the Marquis of Zetland's country, and killed him, another good run of seventy-five minutes following.

A Successful Amateur Huntsman

The young sportsman who aspires to the Mastership of a fox-hunting country is usually ambitious as well to hunt the hounds himself. But when he does take the job on, he more often than not finds that the work is not so easy as he believed it to be. In brief, there are very few amateur huntsmen of whom it can be said that they are good enough to rank with the professionals. Mr. Frederick Milbank, the son of Sir Powlett Milbank, of Norton Manor, Presteign, is one of these few. With the Radnorshire and West Herefordshire Hounds he showed a natural aptitude for hunting hounds and exceptional ability in doubling the positions of Master and huntsman. It was a great compliment to him when the members of the Ludlow Hunt invited him to take the place of their M.F.H. of twenty years' standing, Sir William Curtis, who retired at the end of last season. Something akin to dismay was spread among the Radnorshire people when Mr. Milbank accepted the command of the more important country, for he had shown them excellent sport, was most popular, and was looked upon as likely to remain many seasons because of his home connections. However, he has taken their best wishes with him into the Ludlow country, and those who have marked his quickness and resource and cleverness with hounds, do not doubt that he will prove as successful with his new pack as he was with his old.

A. W. C.

"The Hunting Annual"

One of the most handy publications appealing to followers of hounds is "The Hunting Annual," compiled by Messrs. Walter M. May and Arthur W. Coaten, which this year has made its appearance in an enlarged and improved form. Besides providing a diary for the hunting months, it gives much information of value to those who ride to hounds. The book is published by Messrs. Love and Malcomson, 4 and 5, Dean Street, High Holborn, W.C., at one shilling.

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OUT WITH TWO SMART PACKS

2. *Photos* *Dixon and Topica Agency*

1. With the Tipperary Hounds: Forward Away!

2. The Rufford Hounds at Thoresby Park: Coming up the Beech Avenue after a good run

In front are riding Capt. Amory, Lord Manvers, the Master, who was severely injured in a fall just after this photograph was taken, Ladies Cicely, Sybil, and Alice Pierrepont, Lord Manvers' daughters. Just behind is riding Mrs. Armstrong

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Golf Notes and Notions

Oxford University v. Woking
Mr. Stuart Paton, who played for Woking

Mr. C. C. Lingen

Last week I was writing about old Tom, the Nestor of the game, who, in extreme old age, is happily still with us. This week it is my sorrowful task to chronicle the untimely decease of Mr. C. C. Lingen, one of the most promising players of the younger division. His early death has come as a sad shock to those who, like myself, saw him at the Amateur Championship this year at St. Andrews, apparently full of life and health. But the fell disease which has carried him off in the full tide of early manhood must have even then marked him for its own, for his play then showed none of the confidence and precision which had carried him so far and so high the year before. This year he fell out as soon as the third round, while the year before, as all will remember, he covered himself and his club with glory by winning through to the final, when he was defeated, after a tough struggle in the second round, by Mr. Robb.

His Championship Play

I have been looking with melancholy interest at my account of his play in last year's Amateur Championship at Hoylake. This, together with a fine photograph of him in the act of driving, appeared in THE BYSTANDER of June 6, 1906. I may, perhaps, be pardoned for quoting what I then wrote: "Mr. Lingen's best game was played against Mr de Zoete in the first tie on the Monday. I was then most favourably impressed with his resolute, business-like, and finished style. . . He has the regular modern right-leg style, gets down very low to his ball, and drives a long very low ball with lots of run on it. . . Mr. Lingen did not do himself justice in the final, but one must make allowance for the strain of a week's hard play, and for the fact that one of his hands, the left, was very sore." Little did I dream when writing these lines about one in the first flush of early manhood, who had played a series of difficult and arduous matches in consummate style, and who looked the embodiment of hardiness, health, and strength, that within eighteen months I should be called to the mournful duty of recording his untimely death. His has been but a short career, but, short as it was, he gave conclusive evidence during it that he had the makings of a great player. I do not know where he learnt his golf, but I imagine that the finishing touches to his style were put in at Sunningdale, where he played most of his golf.

A Great Loss

I cannot say how deeply his loss has grieved me, for though my acquaintanceship with him was but a brief one, made during the tournament at Hoylake last year, yet it was long enough to give me a most charming impression of a frank, buoyant, and singularly manly nature. He always seemed cheery and good-tempered, even during the reverses which befell him in the final match, and he struck me as possessing an eminently suitable temperament for the game, one that would meet good or ill-fortune with a smiling mien. His loss is a great blow to the younger division of players, and more particularly to the Sunningdale Club. I feel sure that if he had been spared he would have added many more laurels to the goodly wreath which he had so early collected. Alas, his earthly game has been played out all too soon, and all that remains to us is to cherish the memory of a singularly attractive and sunny individuality, and to bear in mind the fine performances which shed lustre on his all too brief career. I humbly lay this small tribute of appreciation on his grave, and tender my heartfelt sympathy to his family and friends on their grievous loss. ERNEST LEHMANN.

Mr. S. W. Strathairn (Oxford)
Playing from a bunker half filled with water

Oxford University v. Woking

Considering that the Dark Blue golfers had not won a match since early in March last year, their win over Woking must have come rather as a surprise to them. The Oxford men seized their opportunities nobly, and won by 6½ matches to 3½. Lord Maidstone, who played top for the University, did a really good performance in defeating V. A. Pollock by 2 and 1, for the latter has had so many victories this year that he was becoming quite invincible. Oxford has another excellent golfer in D. F. Landale, who looks very likely to get his Blue; he defeated Ernley Blackwell, no mean achievement. R. K. Winter, the Hon. C. N. Bruce, J. M. Challinor, and C. H. Gidney also won their games.

La Boulie

La Boulie, the golf course of the Société de Golf de Paris, where the Open Champion, Arnaud Massey, is the professional, is one of the most charming spots on which golf is played on the Continent. A mile and a half from Versailles, the course runs down a charming valley, with woods on all sides. The golf is of really good quality, and he who would beat 80 on it must not only be a fine player, but be playing his best. Indeed, no expense has been allowed to stand in the way of making La Boulie worthy of its championship honours, and its greens, relaid on eighteen inches of sand, might well deceive even the expert into imagining that he was on a seaside links.

Photos Dixon
A Fine Recovery by Mr. M. K. Mackenzie (Oxford)
Oxford won their contest against the Woking Club by 6½ matches to 3½

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France's Premier Golf Club

SCENES ON THE COURSE AT LA BOULIE

M. Pedersen, the Swedish Consul-General, Putting

The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, Driving

Mr. Ovey, Secretary to the British Embassy at Paris

The Clubhouse at La Boulie, near Versailles

The La Boulie, the course of the Société de Golf de Paris, at which Arnaud Massey, this year's Open Champion, is the professional, is situated about 1½ miles from Versailles, and is one of the most charming spots on which golf is played on the Continent. It is the most fashionable and exclusive club in France, and among its regular players are many members of the Corps Diplomatique

Mr. Mason, the United States Consul-General

M. Pierre Deschamp, the President of the Club (on the right), and Mme. Alphonse de Rothschild

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THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books of the Week

"Lord of the World." By Father Hugh Benson. (Pitman: 6s.)

"Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna." By An English Officer. (Long: 12s. net.)

"The Record of an Aeronaut." By Gertrude Bacon. (John Long: 16s. net.)

The Decline of the British Novel

An eminent German critic, Dr. Richard Wulker, discusses, in his newly published *History of English Literature*, the modern English novel. Briefly, Dr. Wulker concludes that the English novel no longer maintains its position and sovereign power; that the art of story-telling has made but little progress lately; that German novels are far more interesting, more vigorous, and more brilliant, than those of English novelists. In explanation of the decline, the learned Professor suggests that the "Imperialist movement" is at fault. British energies are absorbed in "political and economic struggles." It is certainly true that to write a novel is no longer regarded by your clever man as an ideal pinnacle of fame. On the contrary, not to have pressed oneself between boards and priced oneself six shillings, is to convict oneself of what German journalists would call "abnormal inclinations." To have published a novel is not, in our day, regarded as a sufficient proof of exceptional talent; hence, the average man of ambiton, and perhaps of genius, is indisposed to make it the Alpha and Omega of his art. As a means of attracting attention, the novel is, perhaps, as good a passport to popularity as any other—it is not an end in itself. If one has a certain view of politics, or society, or religion, or morality to propound, the novel is considered quite a desirable medium. A number of the novels which have really stood out of late years have been notable not as art, but as propaganda. Look at the scores of novels written to "draw attention" to this or that—to the disabilities of marriage, to theories of sociology, of religion, of politics. The novelist of to-day is eternally shouting something at you—about your Empire, or your Government, or your posterity, your faith, your morals, even your anatomy. Plain tales, therefore, are not told much to-day, not because of our inability, as a nation, to tell them, but because of our preoccupation in the enormously nobler task of trying to improve each other. There will, of course, be a reaction: we shall get tired of the problem of Ourselves. Then, the demand to be told a story will reappear; and English literature will again, I doubt not, take the lead, with new Richardsons, Goldsmiths, Sternes, Scotts, Lyttons, Dickenses, and Eliots.

Photo *Abbott, Lindfield*

Father Hugh Benson

Whose *Lord of the World* (Pitman: 6s.)—a novel of prophetic purpose—is likely to cause a good deal of heated discussion in religious and philosophical circles

A Priestly Paradoxist

Beaten on his own ground, will Mr. Bernard Shaw now take a back seat? Religion's arch-paradox has been propounded—by a Catholic priest. The two opposing forces in the world of the future will be, if you please, God against Good. The *raison d'être* of the Wrath to Come will be that the world has grown righteous. Satan, beaten in his various campaigns, has yet one card up his sleeve. He can take up the pose of probity! He can capture the hearts of men by the simple process of running a Messiah of his own. Run Socialism, Communism, and the rest of current Utopian schemes, to their ultimate issue — unity of the world from China to Peru in a Universal Brotherhood. Then, select a devil of noble mien, with a magnetic presence and a silver tongue; let him make an oratorical tour, and so electrify humanity as to be appointed President of Europe. From that proud eminence, what easier than to stamp out the smouldering remains of Christianity, and so proclaim the world's independence of God? Such, briefl, is the trend of *Lord of the World* (Pitman: 6s.), Father Benson's new novel. One hundred years hence, he prophesies, there will be, in the Western world, but two religious camps — Catholicism and Humanitarianism—and that these two will be in fierce opposition.

The War of God Against Good

Humanitarianism will have conquered the world; all the States will be federated; Universal Brotherhood will obtain. The only vestige of Christianity will be the Catholic Faith, which will remain, as of yore, with Rome as its headquarters. The leader of the Humanitarians will be one Julian Felsenburgh, preacher of the Brotherhood of Man, a ubiquitous personage, who, on a swift "volor" (airship), passes from one country to another and electrifies all who hear his oratory. The cause of the final war with Rome is: Felsenburgh (as President of Europe) has superimposed on Humanitarianism the principle of worship, on the ground that mankind requires "some corporate profession of what all now believed." Instead of the Persons of the Trinity, the Virgin, the Saints, etc., etc., will be worshipped abstract principles —Maternity, Life, Sustenance, and Paternity. Rome, seeing its final bread taken out of its mouth by this rivalry on its own ground, attempts a revenge by means of a new Order. But Felsenburgh is too powerful; he sends a fleet of "volors" and destroys Rome, driving the Pope and his *entourage* into Palestine. Thus, the world is conquered for Humanitarianism. But there yet remains the Divine Power. The forces of Nature can yet be put into motion. Therefore, the moment of man's triumph is the signal for the destruction of the

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world by fire—which is acclaimed as "Victory" for the Almighty. I have read the book with great delight, but am somewhat curious as to the view of it likely to be held in Catholic circles. True, the author states that his story is "pure sensation." But need he have stated the Enemy's case quite so convincingly? The case *for* Humanitarianism is wonderfully appealing. The idea of God *resenting* the spread of Brotherhood, and, incidentally, of peace and happiness, because, forsooth, it has not been enacted by his own emissaries (*i.e.* the Church of Rome), is a view of the Divine attitude likely considerably to encourage the scoffer. If Satan's latest pose is to do good, and if Satan succeeds in doing it, then the average man will be disposed to think there is a good deal to be said for Satan. But one scarcely expected it to be said by a priest of the Catholic Church, even in a "sensational" novel.

"The House Prefect": An Explanation

It seems that I did Mr. Desmond Coke an unwitting injustice in my recent reference to his excellent school story, *The House Prefect* (Hodder: 6*s.*). In referring to the "Seftonians" about whom he writes, I spoke of "their cant about public-school spirit" where I should have made it clear that the "cant" was almost entirely on the part of the Head, who was derided by the school for that very failing. Though the heroes of the story are, I still think, in their actions, abnormally sensitive to the dictates of school honour, it is only fair to Mr. Coke to absolve them from any charge of "cant" in connection with it. I take the opportunity of recording my keen personal enjoyment of the story, which is one of the cleverest and most interesting books of the kind lately published.

A New Novelist

In Mr. Joseph Prague we have to reckon with a promising essayist in the romantic style of fiction associated with Mr. Stanley Weyman. Mr. Prague has selected, for *The Abductors* (Greening: 6*s.*), an original *locale*—Austria, between the whiles of the Napoleonic wars. His hero is a young Scotsman, who has had the original notion of seeking his fortune, not in London, or Paris, or America, or the Indies, but, of all places, in Vienna! If he fails to find fortune, he finds a great deal of adventure. Mr. Prague writes with taste and grace; as his opening chapters foreshadow a narrative somewhat more subtle than actually follows, perhaps it is as well to assure the reader in advance that the story is one of action and sensation rather than a study of life and character.

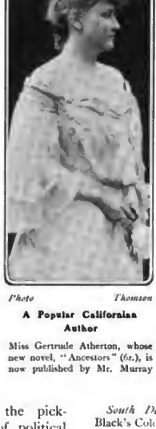

Photo Thomson

A Popular Californian Author

Miss Gertrude Atherton, whose new novel, "Ancestors" (6*s.*), is now published by Mr. Murray

Small Political Change

The *Pocket Full of Sixpences* (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), with which the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell has just appeared in the literary crowd, is well worth the attention of the pick-pocket in search of the small change of political reminiscence. Mr. Russell can be called a *causeur*—that is, his pen chats rather than writes. But, unlike most *causeurs*, his chat is made up of some-things rather than nothings. Between the lines of his essays, one gathers that Mr. Russell has been a Liberal with more than the average critical bump. He dared to see Gladstone as a mere human being rather than a demi-god. And yet Mr. Russell, in the foreign politics of the 'nineties, proved himself more G.O.M. than the G.O.M. in his passionate advocacy of a Forward Policy against Abdul, or whoever might be massacring at the moment. He is not going back to Parliament. A pity. A disliker of Socialism, he might have attracted so much interest as President of a Liberal Backward group.

A Famous Aeronaut's Life

Probably no cleric ever lived who could more accurately be called a "high Churchman" than the late Rev. J. M. Bacon, the aeronaut. Mr. Bacon was one of the few aeronauts who risked his life exclusively in the interests of science, and has, himself, recorded his impressions overhead in many books and articles. As if to give us a bird's-eye view of a man who spent so much of his life taking bird's-eye views of others, his daughter and fellow aeronaut, Miss Gertrude Bacon, has just issued his life, *The Record of an Aeronaut* (Long: 16*s.*). Even those who never intend, in this life, to try their luck in the clouds, should take the opportunity of knowing something about this excellent man. I never spent a pleasanter day in my life than that on which I accompanied Mr. Bacon on a super-metropolitan cruise.

In View of Christmas: Some Sumptuous Gift-Books

The illustrated edition of *Boswell*, issued in parts by Messrs. Pilman, has now run its course, and has emerged in two handsome volumes. In the mass, the edition makes one of the finest gift-books possible, assuming the recipient to have self-improving tendencies.

South Devon is the latest theme to be treated in Messrs. Black's Colour Book Series. At the price of 6*s.* net is presented this collection of pretty colour plates (by Mr. C. E. Hannaford), assisted by readable and well-informed letterpress by Mr. Charles R. Rowe, who evidently knows his South Devon well.

A new book by Mr. Clive Holland on Japan is somewhat of an event. It has happened, and is entitled *Old and New Japan*. It has fifty illustrations in colour by Mr. Montague Smyth.

The latest Spanish subject to attract Mr. A. F. Calvert is the city of Toledo, which he treats with his usual charm and thoroughness, is a volume entitled *Toledo*, with 500 illustrations, published by Mr. Latte.

Nooks and Corners of Old Paris is the irresistible title of a book by M. Georges Cain, which takes us, by picture and letterpress, over the most enchanted city-ground to be trod by Western feet. It is published by Mr. Grant Richards at 10*s.* 6*d.*, and has 100 illustrations. An ideal gift-book.

Among the persons who have to be remembered at Christmas is one's Private Secretary. A handy little volume that one might give him is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin (price 1 suppress, because he might see), and written by Mr. Arthur Sheppard. It is called *How to Become a Private Secretary*.

VIVIAN CARTER.

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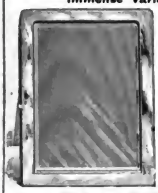

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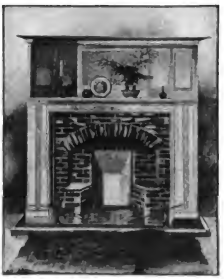

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HOCKEY

The Four-half-back Nuisance

I am very glad to see that the discussion of the vexed four-half-back question—even though it does not seem to get much "forrarder"—is still being kept alive, for the question is eminently one that calls for determination before another season is upon us. Everybody seems to be agreed that the four-half-back formation spoils the game, and yet that it pays, especially where a goalkeeper of more than ordinary proficiency is not forthcoming. This amounts to an admission that there is a flaw in the laws of the game which must be removed by legislation; but how to do it is a question which has yet to be answered satisfactorily. I cannot help thinking that the majority of the would-be reformers, although they include men whose position in Hockey gives the profoundest weight to their opinions, are on the wrong tack. Their solution of the difficulty is, on the face of it, a simple and obvious one. They say: Let us boldly ordain that a hockey team shall consist of a goalkeeper, two backs, three half-backs, and five forwards, eliminating the words in Rule 1: "But this formation shall not be compulsory." This looks all right on paper, but would it be possible to enforce such an enactment in actual practice? A goalkeeper loses nothing by advancing outside the limits of his own circle except his right to kick the ball, so that if he chooses to forfeit this right, he is entitled to call himself a goalkeeper even when he is half-way up the field; and, if the backs have a roving goalkeeper to assist them, there is nothing to prevent one of them from going up and assisting the half-backs. He can still call himself a back, even if, by force of circumstances, he finds himself in the half-back line, or even in front of it. In fact, to put the argument in a nutshell, you can't limit the sphere of a man's activity by merely giving him a label.

Photo *Thiele*

From Sport to Politics

Mr. J. E. Raphael, the Oxford double Blue, who has been adopted as the Liberal Candidate for Croydon at the next election

The Best Way to End It

The true solution of the difficulty seems to me to lie either in the enlargement or the total abolition of the circle. One generally finds this suggestion placed in subordination to the other, but, as a matter of fact, from a practical point of view, it beats it hollow. The abolition of the circle, would render a goalkeeper an absolute necessity, and would, at the same time, give him more to do. The reason why a goalkeeper's position at hockey is so unenviable and so little cultivated is that he either has too much or too little to do. As long as the goal has an inanimate protector in the shape of the circle the eleventh man is better employed outside its limits, unless he has a peculiar aptitude for stopping shots. His side, even when attacked, find it better policy to carry the war, as it were, into the enemy's country, and strengthen their first line of defence, leaving the protection of their base, more or less, to chance. Hence the four-half-back formation, and the fact that when a goal is scored against a four-half-back team it is usually of the kind known as "soft." I am convinced that if it were possible to take a shot from any part of the ground (say, within the half-way line) the four-half-back nuisance would at once disappear, and the game would be rendered more satisfying for the players and (probably) more interesting for the onlookers.

A Smart Team

There is not much doubt that, if the 'Varsity Hockey Match were to be played to-morrow, Cambridge would win it; in fact, this year Cambridge have got something just as much out of the common in the way of a hockey team as Oxford have in the way of a Rugger team. The secret of their success seems to lie in the speed of their forwards, which is so great that few backs can live with them through the whole of a match. In their match, for instance, with Mid-Surrey, the game was even for a while and the score two all, but after that Cambridge went right away, scored six goals in less than a quarter of an hour, and ultimately won by 11 goals to 2. The team, moreover, has shaken together remarkably quickly, and L. M. Robinson is in the happy position of having got the men he wants after one or two trials. It is probable, therefore, that, bar accidents, the team may be regarded as definitely made up, and a very fine team it is. Oxford, on the other hand, are still very much in the experimental stage. They are strong

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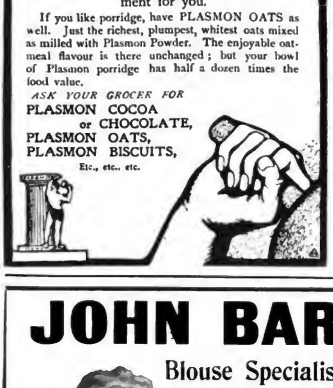

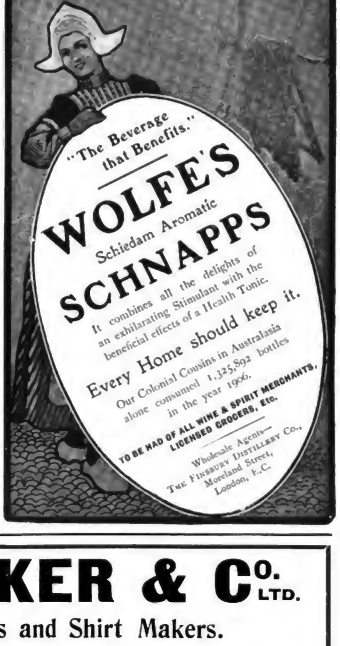

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Photo *Dixon*

The Ladies' Inter-County Golf Championship: The presentation of the Championship Cup to Yorkshire, the winners

In the final of the Ladies' Inter-County Golf Championship, played at Budleigh Salterton last week, Yorkshire beat Worcestershire, and, having won all three of their matches, secured the Championship with a total of six points. The Cup was presented by Mr. Whytock, Secretary of the East Devon Club

enough at back and half-back, though the left half-back position still appears to be difficult to fill quite satisfactorily, but the forwards are not a harmonious whole as yet, and C. S. Hurst has been trying several different men in the last two or three matches. Their weakness, at present, lies in their play within the circle, and their lack of ability to get goals. Mirfield is, on present form, about the best shot, but they have no one as yet to compare with H. J. Goodwin, the Cambridge centre. By far the best performance Cambridge have done yet was their defeat, on Saturday, of Southgate by 7—0. Southgate, like the 'Varsity, had an unbeaten record, and as the strength of a good 'Varsity team is ordinarily reckoned as about equal to that of one of the crack metropolitan teams, a close fight was anticipated. But the way in which Cambridge overran their doughty opponents proves them to be an exceptionally fast and clever team. The next in notability of Saturday's results was the draw which the Hawks managed to achieve against the redoubtable Hampstead eleven. A draw (2—2) also resulted from the meeting of Blackheath and Wimbledon.

RUGBY

The London Welsh Beaten

There were several rather unlooked-for Rugger results on Saturday. The chief of them, perhaps, was Guy's Hospital's win by a goal and two tries to a goal against the hitherto unbeaten London Welsh. The fact that Guy's are a very smart side this year was not properly appreciated until they beat Cambridge, about three weeks ago, by a try to nothing. Three days later they played the London Welsh and drew with them at two tries all, and now, in the return, they have gone one better. The Welshmen were without Maddocks (who has gone back to Wales), Meyrick, and Dyke. The Old Merchant Taylors greatly delighted their supporters by the way in which their forwards stuck to the all-conquering London Scottish eight. The Taylors were beaten, by three goals and a try to a goal and a try, mainly owing to the comparative failure of their backs as an attacking power; but in defence they were, as usual, quite sound, and all the Scottish tries took some getting.

A Welcome Win for the Nomads

The Marlborough Nomads have been wanting a win badly for some time past, and they got one on Saturday, their victims being the Old Leysians. It was quite a case of a sudden streak of form, for right up to half-time there was very little in it. Then something happened to set the Nomads going, and, at the end, they had run up three goals and a try to a penalty goal. Blackheath's defeat of Northampton by such a big score as a goal and five tries to nil is partly accounted for by the fact that an injury to H. C. Palmer compelled Northampton to reorganise (and, at the same time, disorganise) their back division. But the Blackheath forwards were in great form, and the return of their captain, Basil Hill, to the pack has worked like a charm. The 'Varsities both won again, Cambridge easily against Lennox and Oxford pretty easily, too, considering that they had Williamson injured early in the second half, against Richmond. But the critics who saw in Oxford a second Vassall's team are beginning to wish that they hadn't been in quite such a hurry to say so.

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The Cedar as a Lawn Tree

The selection of trees and shrubs should depend largely on the surroundings. It would be absurd to plant cedars, for example, in a small suburban garden, magnificent though they are in a large park, especially when looked at against a background of old masonry. Even the battered appearance which they generally acquire in time is no disadvantage to them in such positions, but many a valuable branch might be saved if a little support were given to it at the approach of the stormy season, and also if in winter no heavy weight of snow were allowed to accumulate on it. The slow growth of the ordinary cedar is rather against it, but for those who want to see more rapid progress there is another fine species, the Indan cedar, or deodar. These trees, like the majority of conifers, should never be pruned. If the leading shoots are cut they are utterly ruined, and even shortening the branches should be avoided. It is equally important, when transplanting them, not to damage any of the main roots; these should be left full length. Hence the difficulty of moving large specimens satisfactorily. They should be quite small when they are bought at the nursery.

The Fall of the Leaf

The changing colour of the foliage, which is one of the signs of autumn, is a most interesting process. Many of the materials—the chlorophyll, the starch, and the phosphoric acid—which the tree has accumulated in the leaves, are too valuable to be wasted; so, as the temperature falls, they gradually recede from the leaves to the buds at their base, and there remain during the winter to supply them with food when growth starts in Spring. One result of the withdrawal of these materials is that the leaves turn yellow or sometimes red; another is that their connection with the branch is gradually weakened, until at last a very slight breeze is sufficient to shake them down. For the sake of tidiness, they must be swept up anywhere near the house, and when they are very numerous, it is not always easy to dispose of them. As they contain a fairly large percentage of potash, they form, when placed in a heap to decay, a valuable fertilising agent; but if the trees from which they come have been attacked by insects or fungoid diseases, it would be safer to burn the leaves. The ashes possess some manurial value, though it is considerably less than that of leaf-mould. It is impossible to have too much leaf-mould in the garden. It is always wanted for potting purposes, and there is no better material for top-dressing lawns or flower-beds; it makes, when mixed with sand, an excellent substitute for peat for such plants as rhododendrons and azaleas. If frequently turned, the leaves are generally fit for use in about a year. H. C. DAVIDSON.

A Horticultural Catalogue

A number of beautiful catalogues—on "Bulbs," "Roses," etc.—are issued by Messrs. James Backhouse and Son, Ltd., of York, a firm that has held a leading position in the horticultural world for a couple of centuries, but, perhaps, the most attractive of all is the one dealing with "Alpine and Herbaceous Plants," for this is a branch to which Messrs. Backhouse have long devoted special attention. In a charmingly illustrated booklet, published by the firm, "Concerning Artificial Rock Gardens, and What Should Grow in Them," there are many views which are full of suggestiveness to the rock-gardener, and the lists of plants for special positions—for sun or shade, for damp or dry soil, and so forth—are most useful. Among new plants, Messrs. Backhouse offer a new Alpine primula of their own raising—brilliant crimson with a white eye—which is very handsome.

Cedars as Lawn Trees

For lawns, especially if there is a background of old masonry, no trees give a finer effect than cedars. The slow growth of the ordinary cedar is rather against it, but there is another species, the Indian cedar or deodar, which makes rapid progress

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By MRS. JACK MAY

I am rather in the mind to talk of Christmas presents, but since it has been intimated to me that I shall be granted sufficient space wherein to exhaust the subject more or less completely very shortly, my enthusiasm shall be temporarily suppressed. But the air is positively thick with the subject, and among those always well to the front in this, as in everything else of a like nature, is

Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

A visit there, however, one day this week, had more directly to do with wearing apparel in general, and a certain striped tailor-made suit in particular. This has been sketched by our artist with her customary clever grasp of the general effect to be aimed at in the wear.

At the hem of the plain, perfectly cut skirt there is applied a broad, dove-tailed strapping, while the long basqued, semi-fitting coat of equally irreproachable cut is trimmed with black silk braid, and completed by the revived Bishop sleeve, the fulness at the wrist laid in small, stitched tucks beneath a turn-back cuff. As a whole, this suit is unique in excellence, the coat being lined with silk, and it is a pleasure to give mention of the price—6¾ gns. As goes without saying, there are several varieties of the model.

Marshall and Snelgrove have, moreover, once again struck just the right note in a novel chenille tie with a plaited tassel finish, a feature included in the sketch. The fascination of this pretty thing no mere words can describe, and it is procurable in at least fourteen or fifteen colours. There are many and divers ways of wearing this tie, one of the cosiest and most becoming being an entirely double adjustment, the two ends being caught through the loop thus formed. Then, too, there is one of Marshall's coveted hats, a real masterpiece of pale tabac brown velvet, the brim lined taffeta, and just lightly curled up the left side of the front beneath a mass of brown wings, through which two smart quills are run. The tempered discretion of this model is obvious, and yet it is unquestionably *chic*.

The rumoured Henri II. fancy is an accomplished fact at Marshall and Snelgrove's, whose recognition is sufficiently significant, apart from all the real charm of the departure. For the instruction of those to whom the title conveys nothing in particular, the Henri II. hat boasts a high soft velvet crown, allied to a small, slightly curled brim, a tall plume of ostrich feathers imparting a decorative touch a little to the left of the front. On a very dark myrtle-green velvet, the feathers were of the now decreed natural hue, while another example was carried completely through in mole-grey. The eye, wearied to exhaustion by the awful travesties on the one-time graceful mushroom, will turn with indescribable relief to this Henri II. shape, with its appreciable crown and infinitesimal brim. As a hand-made hat, it

Photo *Maund*

A Princess's Jewels

The magnificent jewels belonging to Princess Marie Bonaparte, whose wedding with Prince George of Greece is shortly taking place

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The Home Beautiful.

Spring Edition of "The Home Beautiful," containing Coloured Illustrations of Carpets, Chairs, Settees, &c. New and Original Ideas and Illustrations of the Treatment of Casement Windows, Muslins, Lace Curtains, Vitrage Nets, Cretonnes, Linens, &c.

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will be spared the fame of acquiring a too-speedy popularity.

About Evening Shoes

Of recent days the question of foot-gear has attained a singularly high position of importance. Shoes to match the gown are no longer regarded in the light of a luxury, but rather as an absolute necessity, and now there has arrived the fresh departure of striped evening shoes, in all white, black, tan, or contrasts, such as gold and brown with gold heels, white and silver with silver heels, etc. The stripes are infinitesimal, and arranged down the centre of the front in V points, which has an immediately becoming and narrowing effect. In self-shades silver evinces premonitory signs of standing first in favour, although the rivalry is bound to be severe in coloured leather to suit each gown, leather, slowly but steadily, ousting satin—always an ephemeral covering for the feet—from the field.

Another notable convenience is the undertaking of the best of shoemakers to provide hosiery *en suite*. Of course, it is to the advantage of the shoe purveyors to see that their carefully prepared offerings are not ruined by some unfortunate proximity; at the same time the comfort of the customer is considerably enhanced thereby.

Williamson and Cole, High Street, Clapham

I confess it, Clapham alarmed me. Initially, it was an unknown country, and how to get there in the shortest space of time was shrouded in mystery. But it was eventually accomplished in the very simplest manner, travelling by trains galore, to say nothing of many motor omnibuses, coming from apparently anywhere and everywhere, all making for Clapham and its environs.

The point is, I got there, and what is more, I am going again and again, until, indeed, Williamson and Cole cease to be. For this is essentially the establishment we all want, one determined to provide artistic draperies, good alike in colour and design, at reasonable prices. Messrs. Williamson and Cole rightly argue that because a thing is cheap it need not necessarily be criminally inartistic, and they have, consequently, set their inventive minds to work towards the end of providing such everyday goods as Bolton sheeting under the best possible auspices, at the same time offering originally devised woven borders that range from 6½*d.* the yard. For maids' bedrooms, schoolrooms, nurseries, and the like, these Bolton sheeting curtains are simply ideal, and the choice in colours is quite fastidiously artistic.

For their casement curtains, Messrs. Williamson and Cole are known the world over. For these they provide a special challis cloth at 2*s.* 6*d.* per yard, also a perfectly wonderful Cassia cloth at 7¾*d.*, 31 inches, or 50 inches 1*s.* 3¾*d.* The latter is particularly recommended for India, as it is quite impervious to the influence of the sun, and washes perfectly. In this there are over fifty colours and shades. For curtains the firm recommend their unfadable Jasper cloth, the colours of which, as the name implies, are guaranteed fast. This is only 3*s.* 6*d.* the yard, and is very remarkable value, as is the Novello plush for a similar purpose at 2*s.* 11*d.*, 50 inches wide.

An Attractive Tailor-made Model

At the hem of the skirt there is applied a broad dove-tailed strapping, while the bisqued semi-fitting coat is trimmed with black silk braid. The tie shown is of chenille with a plaited tassel finish (Sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove's by Dorothy Millar)

Without attempting to touch prohibitive prices, this house has a range, both of wool and silk tapestries, that will hold its own anywhere, and triumph in price every time. In the wool qualities, the Carleon stripe is exceptionally good, alike in taste and originality, and a brocade damask is startling value at 7*s.* 1*d.* In the Phyllis brocade, Messrs. Williamson have essayed a new pink that will immediately take the fancy of those in quest of something out of the way that is at the same time purely legitimate in character.

As will be surmised, the large bulk of this business is done through the post, patterns and full descriptions being sent on application, and every possible effort is made to meet the growing demand for refined furnishing draperies at reasonable rates. Messrs. Williamson and Cole are very distinct and valuable additions to the large army of home decorators.

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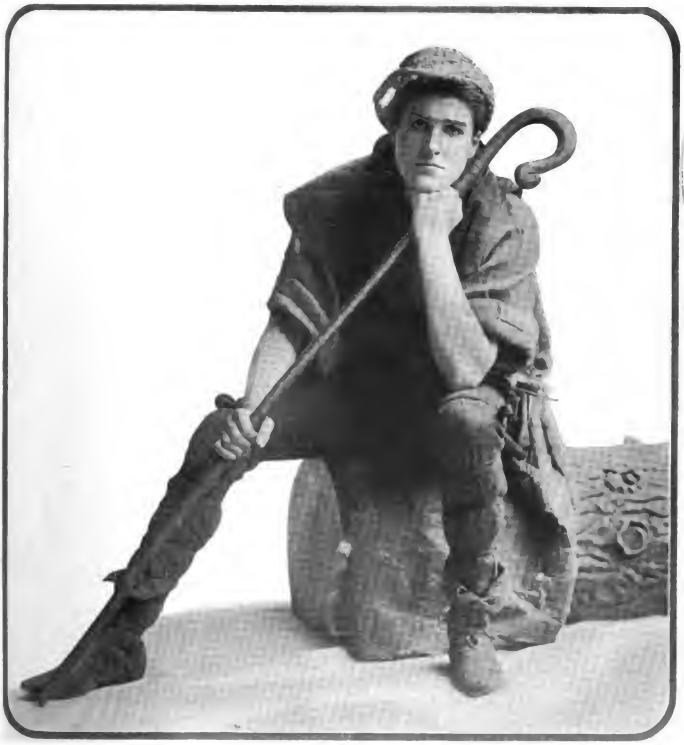

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"UN JEUNE HOMME BEAU" *(As the French would say)*

Mr. Godfrey Tearle, now playing the part of Silvius in "As You Like It" at His Majesty's

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No. 208.—Vol. XVI

CONTENTS

Wednesday, November 27 1907

	PAGE
Frontispiece	401
Bystander Comments	403
Wig and Gown	404
The World's Pageant	407
Egypt for the Winter	408
People in the Public Eye	410
Continental Chat	418
The Playhouses	421
By Field, Stream, and Covert	423
"Simple Simon" at the Garrick	426
Our Worldly Short Stories: No 106.—"Cupid and the Comedian." By Mrs. Jacques Futrelle	428
Automobile Topics	438
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	444
The Library	446
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	451
The Garden	VIII
A Woman's Note Book	X

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 4711 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"The English Stage of To-Day." By Maria Borsa (Lane: 7s. 6d. net.)
"The Wagnerian Romances." By Gertrude Hall. (Lane: 5s. net.)
"Toledo." By A. F. Calvert. (Lane: 3s. 6d. net.)
"The Life of Samuel Johnson." Vols. I. and II. By James Boswell. (Pitman: 18s. net each.)
"Baily's Hunting Directory, 1907-08."
"Si Mihi." By Egomet. (Brown, Langham: 3s. 6d. net.)
"Sing Song." By Christina Rossetti. (Macmillan: 2s. net.)
"Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales." (Constable: 3s. 6d. net.)
"The World at Eighteen." By Ray Costelloe. (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d.)
"How to Become a Private Secretary." By Arthur Sheppard. (Fisher Unwin: 1s.)
"All-Story Book." (Munsey: 6d.)
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£2,000 will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *non-fatal* holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare paying passenger, season-ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder; or

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Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

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36-44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom 1d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be 1½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday November 27, 1907

Once again the innate delicacy of American women has asserted itself to the great benefit of their country. They have decided that it is not quite nice to keep their money in their stockings.

• • •

The giving of fanciful wedding-presents quite unsuited to the needs of young couples just starting house seems, in the meantime, to have spread from this country to the States. The more intelligent young brides and bridegrooms over there are particularly disgusted by the prevalent habit of giving "cheques."

• • •

The Navy is not so grateful as might be expected for the interest taken in its concerns by the ha'penny Press. Its name for sailors who know more than their Captains about matters concerning the general welfare is "sea-lawyers"; and it is now looking about for something to describe reporters who know more than Admirals. In view of the somewhat contradictory information the former manage to put before the public, perhaps "see-sawyers" would be the right word.

• • •

Monocles, which confer such an air of distinction on the wearer, are—according to the *Daily Graphic*—much used by the House of Commons, but are not greatly favoured by the Upper House. Is this another example of that self-complacent spirit which blinds our Second Chamber to its own deficiencies? Surely the Members of our Upper House might, at least, try to look like lords.

• • •

"Egypt in England" is the somewhat ambiguous title given by the *Daily Telegraph* to an article which, after reading, we found to be a description of those sunny townships, Hastings and St. Leonards. Why Egypt in England? Why not Arabia? Or Burmah? Or Iceland? But, perhaps, our genial contemporary's representative, strolling thoughtfully through the streets, was misled by seeing inscribed on the window of some hotel the mystic word "Pyramids."

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Recently, Mr. Roosevelt tested the Assistant-Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, by name Beekman Winthrop, in a manner peculiarly his own. He took him for a ten-mile walk in pouring rain, and finally made him plunge through the bed of a deep stream. With the attempt that has been made in some quarters to depreciate the value of this test we do not agree. It seems to us at least interesting to know that an Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury will not die by drowning.

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Lecturing to the members of the Pyscho-Therapeutic Society last week, on the evils of flesh-eating, Mr. Sidney H. Beard, President of the Order of the Golden Age—a vegetarian society—instanced the remarkable case of Captain Dimond, of San Francisco. Though aged 107, this military man, who has not touched meat for eighty years, still goes on boxing. A sad as well as a remarkable case it must have seemed to the grain-eaters. For, clearly, the deplorable fighting instinct in this aged captain's case cannot be attributed to carnivorous habits.

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The lecturer went on to say that the Captain had been pronounced physically perfect by a doctor, who considered that he might live for an indefinite period. Luckily, it is not England that has to pay him his pension.

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Answers to an Inquirer. (1) The Portland Estates and Portland prison are quite separate. It is to the former only, of course, that the claimants in the Druce case hope to make good their title. (2) Mr. Calkins is the name of the American claimant, and he would in no event be addressed as the Duke of Calkins. (3) Druce rhymes with sluice, noose, loose, ramoose, goose. (4) The Coffin does not in any case contain the late Duke. (5) The King of Spain has not been stopping at the Baker Street Bazaar. (6) The fact that you are christening your son Portland Druce Robinson will not make him eligible. (7) Try a rest-cure.

OUR DRAMATIC CLUB

VILLAIN (*who has been foiled by the heroine*): "Cur-r-rse her! How beautiful she is!"

By ARTHUR LEE

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Bogus Actions

A very unusual application was made to the Courts the other day, when Mr. Justice Darling was asked to order the solicitor of an unsuccessful plaintiff to pay the defendant's costs out of his own pocket, on the ground that he must have known from the beginning that his client's case was bogus and fraudulent. It failed, because the applicant was unable to prove any personal default on the part of the solicitor, who appears only to have omitted to exercise proper supervision over his clerks; but the case will serve as an illustration of a defect in our present judicial system which is well worth the attention of law reformers—if there are any nowadays.

Mr. Pickwick's Case

The defect in question, which has been in existence, at any rate, since the leading case of "Bardell *v.* Pickwick," is the ease with which persons of means can be blackmailed by the unscrupulous, whether solicitors or clients. The most usual victims are railway and omnibus companies, and successful company promoters, but no one with a fair balance at his banker's is secure from such attacks. A bogus action is commenced by a man of straw, and the defendant is informed that the matter can be settled for, say, £100 down. He knows that even if successful it will cost him at least twice the money to fight, and, therefore, usually submits. Only a few months ago a man, who I am thankful to say is now in prison, was proved to have made his living for some years by stumbling over cellar-flaps and brewers' ropes, and pretending to hurt his leg.

How Not to Stop Them

It is generally supposed that the only way to put a stop to such actions is to forbid solicitors to imitate Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, by promising to charge their client nothing for costs, unless they can get them out of the defendant; but, as Lord Russell once pointed out, such an agreement may be perfectly legitimate, and to forbid it would be to put a serious obstacle in the way of the poor man with an honest claim. It is true that such persons can, in theory, get their cases taken up by the Official Solicitor at the public expense, but the procedure is difficult and circuitous, and the remedy, consequently, of little practical value.

A Possible Remedy

I venture to suggest that the best way of meeting the difficulty would be—first, to reform and simplify the *in formâ pauperis* procedure, and secondly, to pass a Rule of Court or Act of Parliament providing that whenever the Judge at the trial considers that a bogus action has been brought by a pauper plaintiff, his solicitor shall be ordered to pay all the costs out of his own pocket unless he proves not only that he did not know the claim to be frivolous, but that he took all reasonable means to satisfy himself that it was genuine. This would, on the one hand, enable defendants to fight blackmailing actions on fair terms, and would, therefore, practically put an end to them; and, on the other, would, I think, give every chance to the honest claimant, and be free from the reproach of creating one law for the rich and another for the poor.

Photo] **Mr. Justice Darling** *[Whitlock*

Our merry Judge, who enlivened the recent *Truth* action with many quips

The Court of Criminal Appeal

The Court of Criminal Appeal, whose powers will not take effect till Easter, has at last been constituted by the appointment of the Lord Chief Justice and his brethren, J. C. Lawrance, Ridley, Darling, Channell, Phillimore, Walton, A. T. Lawrence, and Pickford, as its members, any three of whom will form a quorum. This list is a fair average sample of the present King's Bench Division, but I should have expected that only the best of the Judges, and those most experienced in criminal law, would have been chosen for such a novel and important duty, at any rate during the first years of the Court's existence. Three notable names have been omitted. No doubt Mr. Justice Bigham could hardly be spared from the Court of Appeal and the Commercial Court, but it is not easy to see why the new tribunal should be deprived of the services of Mr. Justice Bray and Lord Coleridge. As I have often suggested before, the want of a great criminal lawyer among the present Judges is very apparent, and one name like that of Lord Brampton or Sir James Stephen would have given great prestige to the Court.

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The Business Friend

PUTTING IT TO HIM NICELY

BY ARTHUR WATTS

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THE KING OF SPAIN THE KAISER THE QUEEN THE KING

Photo] THE QUEEN OF NORWAY THE KAISERIN THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL THE QUEEN OF SPAIN [*W. and D. Downey, Ebury St., W.*

KING EDWARD'S ROYAL GUESTS AT WINDSOR: EIGHT CROWNED HEADS IN ONE HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPH

The above is not only a historic photograph telling of the cordial relations between various nations which have arisen as a result of King Edward's statesmanship. Those depicted are of such elegance, and, in some cases, of so high a degree of personal beauty, that the picture is a delight of itself. It is an effectual answer to those who are sceptical as to Royalty's claim to be called regal

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To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Franco-Bonaparte Wedding

Paris, as someone remarked somewhere, when she does not devote herself to Passion devotes herself to Fashion. For the last month, to the exclusion of all other subjects of interest, the trousseau of Mlle. Marie Bonaparte, whose marriage to Prince George of Greece takes place shortly, has absorbed the attention of our neighbours. Drecoll, into whose hands the making of the Royal trousseau was entrusted, having, by means of a judicious lowering of his colossal bill, obtained permission to exhibit, issued something like ten thousand invitations to leading Parisians, and for two days the Hôtel du *Journal des Modes* was a battlefield of humanity (both sexes) struggling to view a future Princess's wardrobe. Mlle. Bonaparte herself is extremely disappointed that, owing to the adamant attitude of the Pope, she is not to have a grand Catholic wedding in the fashionable church of St. Pierre de Chaillot. The Bonaparte family were prepared to make large gifts to the church, and had intimated their intentions. But the Pope abhors mixed marriages, and Prince George is, of course, Greek Orthodox, while his bride-to-be has been brought up in the Roman rite. The Pope's conditions were: A Roman Catholic education for all the children; the fullest liberty to the mother to give them such an education; and a written promise to do all in her power to bring her husband into the true faith. With these it has not been found possible to comply, so the marriage will take place in Athens.

Photo *Boissonnas and Taponier*

AFTER THE ORLEANIST, A BONAPARTIST, WEDDING

Mlle. Marie Bonaparte and Prince George of Greece

Whose wedding, in Athens, is to be celebrated at the earliest possible date with much pomp and splendour. After the recent display at Wood Norton, the reminder of the existence of the Bonaparte House is politic and timely. The Princess's chief charms lie in her beautiful, delicately modelled, Southern profile, and in her tender, truly Bonapartean smile

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The Trousseau

The Bonaparte trousseau surpasses in extent and expense all records. It is said in Athens that the future relations of the bride-elect—the Grand Duchess Marie, her sister-in-law; and the Duchess of Sparta, the Princess Nicholas, and the Princess Andrew, the three wives respectively of her future brothers-in-law—are making desperate efforts to bring into line their wardrobes before this *chic* Parisian new relation comes among them. From one of those *invitées* who attended the Drecoll exhibition, I learn that the body and house linen alone is quite breathlessly beautiful. The costliest lace, the finest batiste, and the most exquisite embroideries compose the *vêtements intimes* of this Bonaparte Princess. Sheets of gossamer texture are lace-inserted, ribboned, emblazoned with embroidered arms, and bordered with wide flounces of priceless lace. Pillow-slips are such cascades of finest laces that really they seem hardly suitable for the head of so hardened and so ponderous a sea-dog as George of Greece, however much they will become Marie. The bride's *mouchoirs* (how *can* one call such dainties "pocket-handkerchiefs"?) are of such thistle-down soft material that their lace bordering is positively necessary to hold them down to earth. The bridal gown is a costly marvel of Venice *point de rose*, while the veil is dazzling.

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Peace by Photography

Not often is the camera called on to mirror history in a flash. Our photograph opposite depicts, to borrow the words of a contemporary in printing a similar group, "eight monarchs photographed at once!"—not separately, mind; not in one composite splodge, but singly and by themselves. Our contemporary might, of course, have made it twelve while about it, for the King and Queen are also Emperor and Empress of India; the Kaiser and Kaiserin, King and Queen of Prussia. But never mind. The symbol of the photograph remains—Europe at peace.

A Withdrawal

In a page illustration, in our issue of November 13, of Miss Estelle Christy, it was stated that this lady was engaged to be married to Lord Eliot. I much regret that we should have been misled by a photographic agency into giving publicity to an untrue statement. There is not, and there never has been, the slightest foundation for the announcement, and I take this opportunity of giving it, on Lord Eliot's behalf, an unqualified denial.

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Egypt for the Winter

The Flight into Egypt

The flight to warmer climes, particularly to Egypt and the Riviera, has already begun. In these dark, latter days of November, the rich man's thoughts lightly turn to sun and warmth, the poor man's heavily to fog and mud and the glumness of our London winter. Pioneers in the rush to the East were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who are now journeying up the Nile, and will not return to England till after "April's there." Viscountess Trafalgar, Sir Charles Hartopp, Lord and Lady Rothes, Lady McIlwraith, Sir Barrington and Lady Simeon, are other Egyptian pilgrims, while the fame of India as a winter resort is yearly increasing. Among those who leave for India this week are Lady Maud Warrender, who goes to join her husband, Captain Sir George Warrender, in command o the East India Squadron; Sir James and Lady Walker; Sir William Bisset, who was at one time Director of Railways in India, goes out, with Lady Bisset, to the scene of his former labours; and Lord and Lady Kensington, Lady Wilhelmina Brooke, Lady Lethbridge, Lady Nesta Fitzgerald, and Miss Susan Hicks-Beach, are all leaving England for the winter.

Photo *Langfier, 239, Old Bond Street*

The Countess of Rothes, with her little son Lord Leslie

Lady Rothes

Lady Rothes, whose photograph we publish, together with her little son, Lord Leslie, is so devoted to her Scottish home, Leslie House, Forfarshire, that neither she nor Lord Rothes are often to be met in London, or anywhere where the world of amusement foregathers. Lady Rothes, who is small, brown-haired, blue-eyed, and very gentle and appealing in manner, is the only child of Mr. Thomas Dyer-Edwardes, a very wealthy man, who bought, some twenty years ago, Prinknash Park, Gloucester, a lovely place on the Cotswold Hills. She and Lord Rothes are a most unfashionably devoted couple. When they were first married, they lived in a small house at Paignton, Devonshire, Lord Rothes not having come into possession of the family seat, Leslie House, until about eleven years after he had succeeded to the earldom. No fewer than five countesses in their own right have held the ancient Rothes earldom during the last two centuries. Lord Rothes himself succeeded his grandmother, and she, in turn, had inherited the title from a niece. Leslie House, one of the stateliest

Photo] **The Duke of Devonshire's Convalescence in Egypt** [*Wade*

The Duke (on the right, with sunshade and fly-whisk), followed by the Duchess (on the left, with sunshade only), proceeding aboard a Nile steamer. The Duke is reported to be enjoying good health in Egypt's congenial climate

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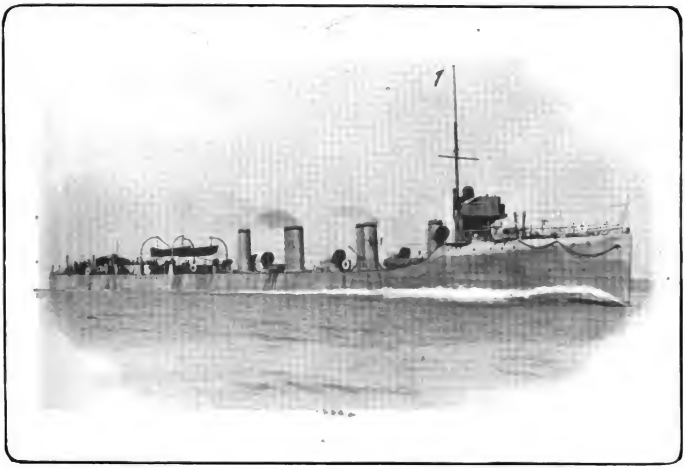
New Admirals: Another Nautical Record

Photos

Vice-Admiral Sir George L. Atkinson-Willes, K.C.B., just appointed Commander-in-Chief at Devonport
(He has been promoted over the heads of eight seniors of his own rank)

Russell

Admiral Sir A. D. Fanshawe, K.C.B., to be Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth



Another Nautical Record: The Destroyer "Mohawk," which has made the record speed for any vessel in sea-going trim

The official six hours' speed trial of this vessel took place on the Mapling on Friday, November 15, when a mean speed of 34·5 knots was obtained on the six runs on the measured mile, and an average speed of 34·25 knots was maintained on the continuous run of six hours. This remarkable result was obtained in a fresh breeze, carrying a load consisting of, or representing, her armament, crew, equipment, and stores, ready for service. The fuel consumption was 15 per cent. below that allowed by he Admiralty for 33 knots. This is the only vessel of her class fitted with the "White-Forster" boiler, and the result seems to show that they are in every way highly efficient. This constitutes a record for sea-going conditions of any torpedo boat destroyer afloat, either in the British or foreign navies. This vessel was built by Messrs. John Samuel White and Co., Ltd., of East Cowes

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People in the Public Eye

houses in Scotland, was built by an ancestor of Lord Rothes, a famous Scottish statesman upon whom Charles II. conferred a dukedom. It was built in the form of a great quadrangle, but three of the four sides were burned down over a hundred years ago and have never been rebuilt. Lord and Lady Rothes are both very keen on salmon fishing.

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Two New Commanders-in-Chief

One at least of the recent important naval appointments—those of Vice-Admiral Sir G. L. Atkinson-Willes, K.C.B., to be Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, and of Admiral Sir A. D. Fanshawe, K.C.B., to be Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth—has occasioned some surprise. It is that of the first-named. Sir George Atkinson-Willes has been selected over the heads of no fewer than eight senior officers of his rank. He is, therefore, junior to several other Vice-Admirals, all of whom are qualified for that plum of the Service—the Devonport command. Sir George Atkinson-Willes is a member of an old Yorkshire family. His brother, who assumed the name of Slingsby, is the owner of the Scriven Park estates, near Knaresborough. Marked ability and severe practicability are the new Commander's salient characteristics. He has been in the Service for just upon half a century, and was last on duty as Commander-in-Chief on the East India Station. Admiral Sir A. D. Fanshawe, who goes to Portsmouth, was recently Commander-in-Chief in Australia. He was A.D.C. to Queen Victoria, and second in command of the Channel Squadron in 1899-1900.

Photo Fellowes & Wilson

To Make Room for the Kaiser

Sir Alfred Cooper, the tenant of Highcliffe Castle, who vacated the same in favour of Germany's resting Emperor

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Sir Alfred Cooper

Sir Alfred Cooper—who, although himself in by no means the best of health, has so obligingly vacated Highcliffe Castle and moved into a small house close by in favour of his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor—is a tea merchant and chairman of several well-known companies. He made his fortune out of the universal teapot, and with it he has been extremely charitable, particularly where hospital work is concerned. In recognition of his services during the Boer War—when he maintained at his own expense, in the private theatre of his house, The Gables, at Surbiton, a hospital for wounded soldiers as an adjunct to the Princess of Wales's hospital ship—Sir Alfred Cooper was knighted in 1901. He rents Highcliffe Castle, furnished, from Colonel and Mrs. Stuart-Wortley. He has been twice married, and now divides his leisure between the two pastimes of yachting and motoring.

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Lady Gwendeline Bertie

Lady Gwendeline Bertie, who has just celebrated her twenty-second birthday, is a daughter, by his second marriage, of the Earl of Abingdon, and a niece of Sir Francis Leveson Bertie, our Ambassador at Paris. Lady Gwendeline is almost as well known in diplomatic circles in Paris as in London, for she is quite often the guest of her aunt, Lady Feodorowna Bertie, most unconventional of Ambassadresses, at the British Embassy. Lady Gwendeline is a regular Bertie in appearance, tall, fair, and quiet-looking. She has not caught the modern girl's passion for athletics; nor has she followed Lady Feodorowna's example and taken with desperate ardour to continuous Bridge.

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Lord Cobham

Lord Cobham, who, on Saturday, St. Andrew's Day, is to be elected President for 1908 of the Old Etonians' Association, is the head and not the least distinguished member of the distinguished Lyttelton family. A man better fitted for this presidential post it would seem difficult to find, for he is himself, of course, an old Etonian: all his five brothers were at Eton—one is now Headmaster; and his four sons were, or are, I believe, at Eton too. Lord Cobham's career has been, perhaps, a little outshone by those of his brilliant brothers; but as a cricketer his name is still renowned, and he is a model country gentleman, greatly interested in affairs agricultural. His four sons have inherited in full the athletic prowess of the Lytteltons.

Photo Langfier, Eye, Old Bond Street

Lady Gwendeline Bertie

Daughter of the Earl of Abingdon and niece of the British Ambassador at Paris, Sir Francis Bertie

Photo Walkinch

Lord Cobham

Forthcoming President of the Old Etonians' Association. A cricketer of old, he is the head of the famous house of Lyttelton

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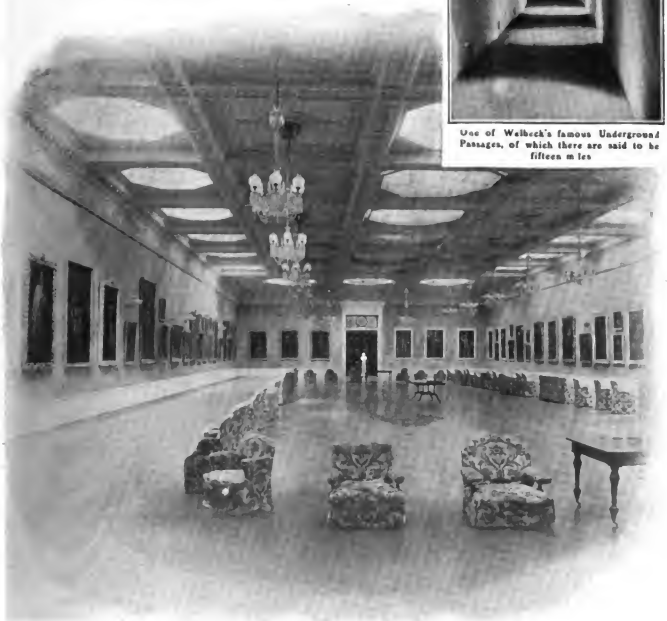
The Coveted Glories of Welbeck

THE SCENE OF LAST WEEK'S GRAND BALL

Welbeck Abbey: South front

The famous residence of the Duke of Portland, the possession of which is the ultimate object of the Druce litigation

One of Welbeck's famous Underground Passages, of which there are said to be fifteen miles



Photos *D. Knights-Whitcome*

The Underground Ballroom

In which, last Wednesday, was held a grand ball in honour of the *début* of Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck. Present were the King and Queen of Spain and many noble and notable guests. The hall was constructed, at a cost of nearly three millions, by the fifth Duke (of Druce case renown), and is of wondrous beauty. It is fifty yards by twenty in area, is decorated with the utmost richness, and its walls are hung with paintings of priceless value. It has no windows, being entirely underground

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On the New York "El."

A Shooting Week

The last weeks of November and first few of December invariably see the height of the shooting season. The King, as usual at this time of the year, is visiting, at Castle Rising, his intimate friend the banker-peer, Lord Farquhar, to whose indefatigable services as Master of the Household the present perfect system of Royal housekeeping is due. That other kingly sportsman, Alfonso, having had a delightful time amid the wonders of Welbeck (that most topical of ducal houses), has gone to Eaton Hall, where he will shoot over the hitherto unshot preserves of Eaton Park and Eccleston, and on one day of his visit will attend a meet of the Cheshire Foxhounds, of which the Duke of Westminster is now Master. Next week, King Edward, accompanied by the Queen, will visit Lord and Lady Lansdowne at Bowood, and there, too, the King is to have some shooting, and in the following week, the King and the Prince of Wales will go to Blankney, Lord and Lady Londesborough's fine place in Lincolnshire, where some very big bags have already been obtained.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Lady Victoria Cavendish Bentinck

Who made her *début* in Society at the ball at Welbeck Abbey, held in honour of the visit of the King and Queen of Spain. Our photograph shows her with Lady Alice Pierrepont, daughter of Earl Manvers, in Thorsby Park

* * *

A Cause Célèbre

Although for ten years, off and on, the Druce case has been before the public, it is only the latest developments thereof which have made of it a fashionable *cause célèbre*. Mr. Plowden's Court last week at Marylebone and Clerkenwell became the hub and centre of the social universe. Neither the Duke of Portland (who was entertaining the King and Queen of Spain at Welbeck) nor Lord Howard de Walden was present, but in their place, swarming over the Bench, overflowing into the seats allotted to counsel, into the Press seats and among the witnesses, came a fashionable, chiefly feminine, crowd which evinced the keenest and most breathless interest in the proceedings. It was an amusing and an amazing spectacle. Mr. Plowden, with his almost

Photo] **The Recent Accident on the New York "El."** *[Illustrations Bureau*

The "Elevated" is one of the New Yorker's many means of traversing his city. The several tracks follow the lines of certain of the avenues from north to south, with stations at very short intervals. The "elevation" is, as will be seen, by no means high, and consequently the "El." is easily accessible from the street. There are numerous expresses; but the station-to-station service is as frequent as could be desired. From the photograph above, it will be seen that the procession of trains is almost unending. Accidents on the "El." are by no means more frequent than on other electric systems; the trouble is the danger that a smash will send you hurtling down into the street below. The photograph shows the Sixth Avenue Elevated at its crossing with Broadway—one of the most crowded junctions of street traffic in the world, and to the right is seen the remains of the train recently smashed

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Clerkenwell Becomes Chic!

THE DRUCE CASE AS A FASHIONABLE "DRAW"

(1) Mr. Plowden, with much difficulty, effects an entry to the Court, and with many apologies (and jokes) manages to squeeze his way to the Magisterial Bench

(2) "Really, quite amusing! Coming next week? Rather!" (3) "Adjourn for lunch? My dear, no!" (*The police purvey sandwiches*)

(4) The "General Public" arrives (chiefly by motor) at the Court

The most notable thing about the Druce case is, next to the revelations of Miss Robinson, the extraordinary interest taken by the fashionable world in the hearings. Well-known titled people by the score queeze into Mr. Plowden's Court, and "make a day of it"

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Lorgnettes at the Druce Case

French expressiveness of hands and face, kindly, aristocratic, gentle, courteous alike to witnesses, counsel, and visitors, sat enthroned—perhaps a little tightly wedged, but nevertheless enthroned. To right of him, to left of him, in front of him, behind him, stood and sat his lady friends, punctuated at rare intervals by a few mere men. Bright eyes, fair skins, burnished hair, the sheen of dark furs and soft laces, the sparkle of diamonds, and jewelled lorgnettes, lit up resplendently and strangely a dingy police-court erstwhile sacred to the doings and appearances of "drunks" and other minor misdemeanants—I beg pardon; I must be careful; alleged drunks and other minor alleged misdemeanants. So appreciative and exquisite an audience encouraged both counsel and magistrate to their best efforts. Not a word was lost during the exciting cross-examination of Miss Robinson. Not even when Tetrazzini sings does a fashionable crowd sit so quietly and behave so well; and if, by the way, the unwavering stare of a hundred well-bred eyes could kill, Miss Robinson should be a dead woman.

Photo *Dickinsons*

Colonel E. J. Stuart-Wortley

Who has been motoring with the Kaiser through Hampshire. He is the owner of Highcliffe Castle

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The Audience

At each hearing of the case Mrs. and Miss Plowden, almost exactly alike and wearing similarly shaped hats, were seated on the magistrate's left-hand side. The same people turned up each time with commendable regularity. Three charming Americans took an undisguised interest in the case. Princess Hatzfeldt, in beautiful sabl s, twice brought the diplomatic mind of the daughter of one of America's cutest Railway Kings to bear on matters Drucial; and Lady Bagot very lovely, and Lady Grey-Egerton very well dressed, were two more fair representatives of the West country. Lady Chichele Plowden sat below the Bench, and seemed to have a lot to say, and others present were Lady Vivian, Lady Desart, Lady Evelyn Cobbold, Lady D'Arcy de Knayth, Lady Clayton, Lady Fitzgerald, and Lady Susan Yorke, looking very pretty. Lord Hardwicke, looking still very much of a sailor, with his son, Lord Royston, a bachelor still in spite of the American papers, Baron Heinrich Thyssen Bornemiszen, Colonel Maude, and Sir Philip Burne Jones were among the men.

Photo *Lallie Charles, 31a, Curzon Street, W.*

Miss Bowles

To marry Captain Bailey, D.S.O., of the 12th Royal Lancers, eldest son of Sir James Bailey. She is the daughter of Mr. E. Gibson Bowles, familiarly known as "Good Old Tommy," who was for some fifteen years Member for King's Lynn

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Witness and Counsel

A most imposing array of counsel and solicitors provided the main bulk of the male element present in the Court. Mr. Avory, counsel for Mr. Herbert Druce, small, alert, "pounce-y," as a young lady on my right declared him, hardly ever took his eyes off the witness of the week, Miss Robinson. Mr. Atherley Jones, leading counsel for Mr. G. Hollamby Druce, with screwed-up eyes, benevolent face, and quiet voice, did his best to encourage the witness, and expostulated gently when Mr. Avory became what Miss Robinson declared to be "too severe." Miss Robinson herself, as I have said, seemed not in the least disconcerted by the keen scrutiny of the Court. She was fully self-possessed. With true femininity, she never, much to Mr. Avory's irritation and the prolongation of the proceedings, says "yes" and never says "no." She looks her fifty-six years. Her hair is grey, her face deeply lined. Her features, though heavy, are marked. Her chin is determined, her nose well shaped, and the grey eyes, which one guessed remarkable, were almost hidden from view by drooping hair and upturned veil. Twice on one afternoon she pleaded faintness, and it was not until counsel—quite worn out at five o'clock—concluded proceedings that she declared herself quite well again and "ready for anything."

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Our Portraits

Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, for whom, by the way, Queen Victoria stood sponsor in person, is, like her mother, tall and dark and a vegetarian. The great ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Portland in honour of the King and Queen of Spain marked her *début*. She is very accomplished, highly musical, and a good linguist, speaking French, German, and Italian fluently—Colonel Stuart-Wortley, D.S.O., whose military services began with the Afghan War of 1879, and, with much between, brought six clasps to his Queen's medal for South Africa, is a younger

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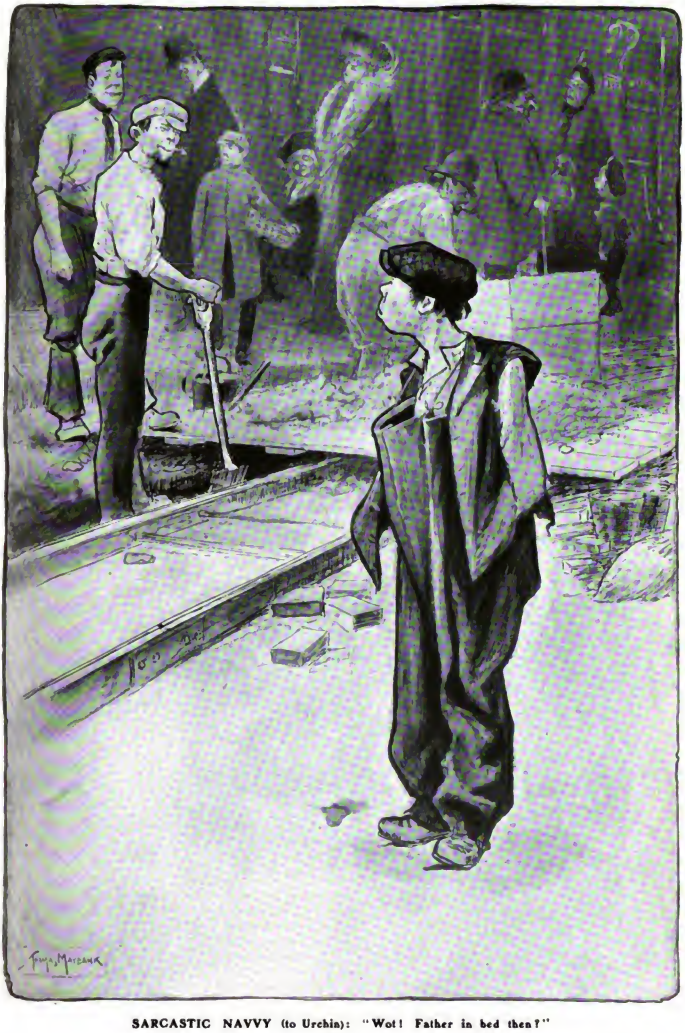
The Explanation



SARCASTIC NAVVY (to Urchin): "Wot! Father in bed then?"

BY THOMAS MAYBANK

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"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell"

brother of Lord Wharncliffe, and is married to one of the heiress-daughters of Mr. J. A. Guthrie. Highcliffe Castle, his "fairy palace by the sea," now occupied by the German Emperor, came to him through his kinswoman, the beautiful Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, who in her turn inherited it from her father, Lord Stuart de Rothesay. It was the centre of a series of brilliant entertainments in the days when it was rented by Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, a grandson of the third Duke of Portland.

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The Guards' Inquiry

On Friday was terminated the hearing of Lieut. Woods's case against his official superiors—that they boycotted him, barred his progress, and sought to force him out of the Service. Well, much good may there come out of it for this studious and ambitious young man, who seems, from some unaccountable cause, so to have set by the ears all his colonels, and captains, and fellow lieutenants, that scarcely one has come forward to sing his praises. Lieut. Woods seems to be one of the great legion of misunderstood. In every profession of life there are men of whom it is said by their fellows, "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell." Often enough these "Doctor Fells" live long enough to laugh their critics out of court—the qualities that have been suspected as the attributes of the Prig turn out to be merely those of the Genius. Take any leading man of the day, and look back to his youth, and surely will you find that unpopularity has some time or other been his lot. The all-round "jolly good fellow"—who hears of him, after his roystering days are over, as anything else *but* a "jolly good fellow"? Where is he on the world's stage? Yonder morose, taciturn, spectacled snob, with his aloof manners and his hole-and-corner habits—he has become a Viceroy, a Cabinet Minister, a Judge, or a President. The only reservation to be made is that, of all the walks of life, the one in which there is least hope for the "Doctor Fell" is the fighting service of the King, where to enjoy the confidence of large bodies of men is one of the most vital of necessities.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lieutenant Woods
Complainant in the Grenadier Guards' "ragging" action

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The Complainant, his Father, and the Regiment

Lieut. Woods, himself, was educated at Harrow, passed thence to Sandhurst, and was gazetted to the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards in August, 1900. His father, who, it was suggested in letters from officers read in court, being "very fond of litigation," had "forced" his son to adopt the course he has taken, is Lieut.-Colonel William Woods, formerly Radical candidate for Wigan. The Colonel is closely connected with the industrial life of Wigan, and it was while serving that city as Mayor that he developed his well-known views on the eight-hours'-day question. He is also lord of the manor at Warnford Park, Hants. As for the regiment of which he and his son have fallen foul, it is, of course, one of the smartest, most fashionable, and most exclusive in the Service. Its social traditions are manifold, its sporting tendencies, in which, apparently, Lieut. Woods took so very little interest, well known. Its Colonel-in-Chief is the King, and it numbers among its officers many noblemen and sons of distinguished men.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The scene in Court during the hearing of Lieut. Woods's action against his official superiors, which concluded at Chelsea Barracks last week, when the Court submitted their Report to the War Office

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The Opposite Poles of Football

RUGBY AT RICHMOND: PROFESSIONAL SOCCER AT STAMFORD BRIDGE

A Genuine Amateur Game: London Scottish v. Cambridge University

The London Scottish this season have proved themselves to be one of the finest club teams ever known, and they play absolutely clean foot ball. They beat Cambridge on Saturday by 31 points to 6

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

A Typical Professional Game: Chelsea v. Bristol City

The success of a professional team depends primarily upon what it can afford to pay other clubs for the transfer to its own ranks of their crack players. Chelsea have recently been spending thousands on these importations, and on Saturday they scored a win over Bristol City by 4 goals to 1. Thirty thousand people watched the match under the impression that they were assisting at a sporting event

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CONTINENTAL CHAT

The Austrian Succession: A Curious Situation

While the health of the Austrian Emperor no longer causes immediate anxiety, his illness was not of the character that can be regarded lightly in a man of his age. Therefore, in Vienna, discussion still continues as to the succession. One of the most important issues will be that of the status of the Princess Hohenberg (formerly Countess Chotek), the wife of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. It is generally accepted that, while precluded from sharing the Imperial Throne, not being *ebenbürtig* (of equal rank), she is not precluded from becoming Queen of Hungary. Hungary, of which, of course, the Austrian Emperor is King, does not subscribe to the doctrine of *ebenbürtig*. Further, the Countess Chotek, being herself a Hungarian, and, in the eyes of the law and of the Church, the wife of the heir, is extremely likely to be recognised as Queen, whether she likes it or no, and her son (precluded from the Austrian succession) is equally likely to awaken one morning and find himself King of Hungary—by which event the long-expected separation between the members of the Dual Monarchy will become a fact. And then what will Europe say?

Photos *E. N. A.*

THE QUESTION OF THE AUSTRIAN SUCCESSION

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand
Heir-Apparent to the Imperial and Royal Throne of Austria-Hungary. He is morganatically married to the Princess Hohenberg (Countess Chotek)

The Princess von Hohenberg
Who, as the morganatic wife of the Archduke, cannot be Empress of Austria, but is, it is said, not precluded from occupying the position of Queen of Hungary, when the time comes

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Our Imperial Guest

Was there ever a *Camarilla* round the Kaiser? The Monarch himself declares there never was one; others say that there was, and that, even now, a new one has been formed. Having some experience of Berlin and the gossip of the German capital, I must say there was, only recently, a prevalent idea that certain persons monopolised the Kaiser's confidence. The Hof-Marschall von Eulenburg (not his relative of unenviable fame), who is visiting England with the Emperor, was supposed to have a Cerberus bark for anybody who tried to approach his Majesty. Monarchs are, necessarily, more or less in the hands of their *entourage*. Thus, with one exception, the Kaiser reads the papers by deputy. And the one journal he reads is probably selected because it has no particular opinion, and is a bare record of events, stated in the shortest possible form. From the others a selection of cuttings is made, and these are pasted on sheets of paper with a large margin, and submitted to his Majesty as the day's news. No doubt, at times, the selection is prejudiced. That news is occasionally kept from the Kaiser is certain. For instance, last year, when the Crown Prince's son was born, the fact, owing to doctors' orders that the Emperor must have no nervous excitement, was carefully concealed from him for nearly forty-eight hours. He was at the Kiel Regatta. I happened to be there at the time, and heard the speculations of those who were in the secret. Incidents like these might very well mislead outsiders into supposing there was an organised *Camarilla*.

Throughout the Continent the Emperor's assurances as to his desire for the peace of the world have attracted particular attention. There seemed to be no special call for saying what he did say, unless it was said to the world generally. In France, any feeling of distrust there may have been in the hearts of less far-seeing people has been dispelled, and the Kaiser's visit to London is regarded as a pledge, deliberately taken by him, that he wishes his country to be on better terms than at present with its two great Western neighbours. The Emperor's health has of late frequently been a subject of great anxiety to his family. Three years ago, well-informed Germans spoke of his Majesty as a doomed man. But the alarming symptoms abated, and he is now much better than he has been for a long time. The Kaiser has never been known to acknowledge himself ill, and yet, in spite of all he says to the contrary, the condition of his throat is a constant source of worry to him. Those who have the right to talk to him on such an "intimate" subject as health, would never dare to excite the Imperial wrath by telling him he looked out of sorts. Just before the present visit to England, the Court physicians were most alarmed about the Kaiser's health, and a

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rumour was spread abroad that he would be forced to postpone his visit. In anticipation of future exertions, he was ordered to rest as much as possible, and had not these rumours reached his ears he would have done so. Then it was he decided to take part in one of the wild boar hunts of which he is so fond, and which resulted in one of the violent colds to which he is subject. Rather than allow his people to think him ill, he preferred to run the risk of appearing at Windsor sneezing, coughing, and, perhaps, speechless. There are some people who try to find a motive in the Kaiser's every movement. If, as he himself maintains, he is enjoying the best of health, why is a rest-cure in England so absolutely necessary? William II. gives as a reason the ties of blood which attach him to the mother-country and his uncle, with whom he is now finally reconciled.

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The Kaiser's Stay at Bournemouth

The Emperor is killing two birds with one stone. He gets a fortnight at Bournemouth away from the cares of State, and at the same time he is having his throat and general health thoroughly overhauled. Why not in Germany? A German friend, who has access to much social knowledge, says the Emperor wishes to be out of the hands of the *Geheime Hofràthe*, the accredited Court medical advisers, and get the opinion of an independent expert. He is not free to select any of his medical advisers at will in a country of minute professional classification such as Germany. Sir Felix Semon, whom the Emperor has just honoured by conferring on him the Second Class of the Order of the Crown, and who is one of the greatest specialists in the world for throat complaints, is a native of Dantzic. He studied medicine in Berlin, Heidelberg, Vienna, and Paris, before he eventually settled in London, where he became physician at St. Thomas's Hospital. This is the man the Kaiser is consulting just now. There is something almost pathetic in the fact that the Emperor has to cross the North Sea to get the advice of one of his own subjects.

Will Delcassé Return?

The Paris correspondents of the London daily papers have hardly done justice to the main features of the debate in the Chamber of Deputies on Boni de Castellane's *interpellation* on Moroccan affairs. Boni de Castellane is the well-known ex-husband of Mme. A. Gould, who is shortly to be re-married. His attack drew out of his *quasi*-retirement another husband of an American lady, M. Ribot, the most finished political orator of France, and an ex-Prime Minister. That would all have been ordinary Parliamentary fare, but the great event was M. Ribot's vindication of M. Delcassé's policy, and the ovation which followed for M. Delcassé. This is the first step towards the possibly not-far-off return of M. Delcassé to office. Since his fall over the Morocco question, he has remained in absolute retirement, voting assiduously, but never opening his lips. He had a rather heavy fall, because the matter on which he fell involved peace or war in Europe. But he was a sincere patriot, and he did his work well. If he fell, he fell only because he held to the traditional policy of his party. But that is not a subject for THE BYSTANDER. What is interesting is M. Delcassé's own personality. A journalist of no particular account, but well versed in foreign affairs, he was made Minister of Foreign Affairs *faute de meilleur*, more as a stop-gap than for any well-known ability, and certainly without any idea that he would turn out the great Minister he became. He has no presence, is without either length or breadth, has no big voice as some little men have, no particular dignity like some other little men—yet no man made himself felt as he did. It is true the movement for an Anglo-French *entente*, which he took up with such energy, was not started by him, but by a well-known Englishman whom he made his friend and collaborator. Still, to him is due a lion's share in the work; and Englishmen will always feel gratitude and esteem for the man who believed that Englishmen and Frenchmen were naturally friends—not enemies.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

A Girl Postman on the Scottish Moors

This young girl of fourteen delivers and collects letters at Inverfarigaig, Loch Ness. The mail arrives daily at 5.30 p.m., when she starts on her rounds, walking many miles over very rough country with her mail-bag, which, during the winter storms, is no light work

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Discovered by Antoine

A NEW INGÉNUE AT THE ODÉON

Photo] MLLE. SYLVIE [*Reutlinger*

Is the talented actress whom M. Antoine has brought out in his more recent productions. She is now playing in *Son Père*, the piece which has succeeded *Les Plumes du Paon*, and is not unknown in London, where she acted with M. Antoine last year, under the direction of Mr. Gaston Mayer, at the Royalty. She excels in *ingénue* parts.

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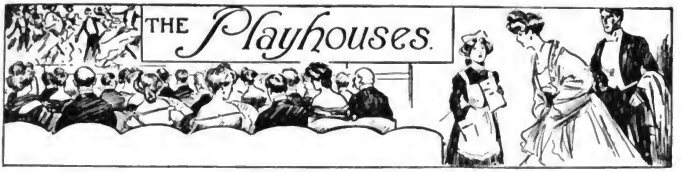

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

GARRICK THEATRE

"Simple Simon"

Last week I described the painstaking manner in which M. Henri Bernstein, the successful dramatist of Paris, has worked up to the big scene in *Le Voleur*. The same description would fit the methods employed by Mr. Murray Carson and Miss Norah Keith. They, too, have a "big scene," prepared with much care and artifice. In many ways it is an unpleasant scene. And it would be more unpleasant if the authors had succeeded in creating live characters rather than galvanised stage types into the semblance of life. If the play had been cruelly true to life, we should have been shocked and impressed by the scene between Simon Strange and his wife on the day of their return home from their honeymoon. He makes an amazing confession to his wife of a few weeks. In speech to his wife, he analyses his feelings towards her, and announces that his protestations of affection have been a sham; that he married her out of revenge, and went through the honeymoon not alone without loving but without respecting her. Fortunately, the authors, in their mad career along the path of unreality, have here pulled themselves up. They fire the wife with very righteous disgust and indignation. She listens in amazement to this brutal confession, and then gives her husband much better than he gave. The honours of the conflict rest with her. She withers him up in the white heat of her rage. For, what is her crime? Merely a few harmless deceptions, to which she has been prompted by her natural desire to make the way less hard for the man whose suit she has rejected. The reader will scarcely credit (unless he goes to see the play) the chief grounds for Simon Strange's detestable admission. He has conjured her not, on any account, to take off his engagement ring. Captain Villiers, the rejected one, comes to say good-bye. A woman with the slightest claim to delicacy of feeling would be impelled in this situation to take off the glittering badge which binds her to another man. Gladys Gwyn-Stanley has treated Villiers badly enough. There has been an "understanding" between them, which amounted practically to an engagement. True, he is a detrimental of the most thorough-going type—poor not only in pocket, but in character. Upon the arrival of the rich Simon Strange, Gladys, with very little tribulation of mind, plumps for the eligible suitor. Hard and mercenary as she is, she feels a slight compunction when Villiers comes to say good-bye. So she has the decency to take off her engagement ring. She carelessly leaves it on the table. Strange comes in and spots it lying there before she remembers to snatch it up. She does not know he has seen it, and tells about the incident surely the whitest of white lies. So he marries her out of revenge! There are some plays which are so delicate of texture, which depend so entirely upon characterisation and upon charm of writing, that to set forth the plot of them is tantamount to subjecting them to unfair treatment. *Simple Simon* is not of this class. It is a "strong" play which cannot suffer from the recital of its plot. There is no charm of writing, and as to the characters they are "strong" to the point of unpleasantness. Rarely have a leading actor-manager and his leading lady been called upon, as are Mr. Bourchier and Miss Vanbrugh, to play such disagreeable characters as Mr. and Mrs. Strange. The actor-manager system has been often ridiculed because it tends to glorify the middle-aged at the expense of the youthful lover. The authors of *Simple Simon* have gone to the other extreme. It is true that Simon triumphs where Villiers fails. Yet the sympathy lies with the younger man. As for Simon Strange, he is best described by a phrase which is strong, but which has already been spoken (in *The Man Who Was*) upon the London stage, so do not blush, gentle reader. He is a peculiar and extensive swine.

Photo **Signorina Fregolina** *Mezzy*

The clever girl quick-change artist from Tuscany, who is creating quite a sensation at the Empire

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The Second "Fun City"

In a few days, an army of carpenters will invade Olympia to prepare for the second annual Fun City, which opens on Christmas Eve. Last year this mammoth entertainment drew 1,247,021 persons through the turnstiles. However sad the tale theatre managers may tell, we have evidently not lost our love of entertainment. Among a bewildering list of shows, middle and "side," special mention must be made of Beketow's Circus (free to all), an entire Touareg Village (which has been brought from Bordeaux by special permission of the French Colonial Office), the marvellous German submarine from the Berlin Exhibition, a new cake-walking device of wonderful ingenuity, and a musical ride on real horses for all comers. Aerial flights, cinematographic and gramaphonic exhibitions, the New Zealand giant family, the dancing hall, performing lions, tigers, and panthers, the most famous of all Italian marionette theatres, and hundreds of similar attractions will make a mass of amusement such as pleasure-seekers can, in sunshine or in rain, find nowhere else in England.

E. C. S.

TERRY'S THEATRE

If you want to spend an evening of pure delight, go to Terry's, where The Follies frivol for two and a half hours nightly. They have just revived their pantomime burlesque, *Bill Bailey*. The characters include Cinderella, Dick Whittington, a most woebegone Baron, and a host of other names familiar to us all at Christmas time. Mr. Lewis Sydney, in the rôle of Idle Jack, scores tremendously with his song, "And so my Dream Came True." Dick Whittington is burlesqued indeed, for one seldom sees, in the real thing, such an altogether dainty and charming principal "boy" as Miss Dollis Brooke makes. Mr. Pélissier undertakes the triple rôle of a cook, the Fairy Godmother, and a Demon Author. The effect upon the audience I leave to your imagination. The "take off" of the song, usually entrusted to the fairy queen, inserted to keep the audience quiet while the final scene is being set, is one of the neatest things in the little sketch. In the first half of the programme The Follies give a skit on Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture, entitled "Take-offski's '1912.'" It is a very clever little piece of work, and both Mr. Henry J. Wood and Mr. Sousa are caricatured in turn. Mr. Pélissier evokes roars of laughter with his "A Burglar's View of Life," and "In the Springtime." Mr. Lewis Sydney tells some funny stories with great neatness, and also has a very amusing number with Mr. Pélissier, when the two endeavour to sing "Excelsior." The other members of the company all contribute to the excellent programme.

Photo *Edis and Walery*

The Late Mr. Henry Kemble

Who will be remembered best as an actor of fat men's parts. He was also a well-known figure at "first-night" functions. He will be greatly missed by everyone interested in the world of farce

HAYMARKET THEATRE

The Educat on of Elizabeth was transferred from the Apollo to this theatre on Monday. Miss Hilda Antony, a charming young actress, lately touring in Miss Alexandra Carlisle's part in *The Morals of Marcus*, now plays Elizabeth.

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Mr. Maurice Farkoa has taken over the part of the bandmaster in *Miss Hook of Holland*. He has some new numbers.

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At the Alhambra, Mlle. Gaby Deslys will shortly present a new sketch. At this hall, the new ballet, a photograph of which we give below, is going strong.

R. M.

Photo] **"Les Cloches de Corneville" at the Alhambra** [*Campbell-Gray*

A dance in the Orchard scene of the new ballet. The adaptation of operas for ballets has caught on among patrons of the variety theatres. Instead of following the (occasionally) complicated plot of a new ballet, the audience can lean back in their seats and revel in familiar scenes and familiar airs

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By Field, Stream & Covert.

An Extraordinary Incident

Hounds had got on the line of a good strong fox, the field had settled down in the expectancy of a rousing gallop, and the pack came streaming out of covert on a useful scent. Suddenly the report of a shot rang out, and a man was seen hurrying away with a gun as fast as his legs would carry him. Reynard was struck, but managed to struggle on for a few minutes, and then the poor beast was run into by hounds. Words will scarcely describe the indignation of the followers, but when one of their number got off his horse and gave the scurrying vulpicide a handsome thrashing, it was generally voted that the right thing had been done. All this occurred during the present month with one of the best-known English packs, and happily very few parallels to it can be found in hunting history.

Mixed Sport in the Midland District

Sport in the Shires has been of rather a mixed description since the start of the season, scent having been more than usually variable. But some packs have managed to score remarkably well at times, notably Mr. Fernie's Hounds, who had one or two memorable gallops early in the month. Arthur Thatcher's quickness and resource would be certain to count heavily in any country, and he promises to do as well with the Fernie as he did with the Cottesmore. So far, Mr. Fernie has only been able to drive to the meets of his hounds, the injuries he suffered in his fall in October being more severe than was at first imagined. Another M.F.H. at present laid aside is Lord Manvers, who is missed from his accustomed place with the Rufford on account of a bad accident. Scent has not served the Cottesmore with any consistency as yet, but occasionally they have run with a dash and determination which augur well for their prospects of sport.

A Run with the Quorn

Of the doings of Captain Frank Forester's pack my correspondent at Melton Mowbray wrote as follows on the 18th inst.:

There has been nothing very brilliant in the way of sport up to now. Indeed, my experience is that November is one of the barrenest months in the hunting season, as I question very much if ever there has been an average of one smart gallop during this particular month in the memory of any of your readers. A low glass, accompanied by unsettled weather, with a blue haze hanging over the country, and perchance a white frost thrown in over night as a make-weight, are not conducive to scent such as is required to bring off a good thing. I will not trouble you with any details of sport prior to Friday last, when the Quorn met at Ingarsby station. Drawing Botany Bay first, they got away quickly and on through the Coplow, where they wheeled sharp left-handed over the road, and for a few minutes, as they swept down the valley towards the G.N. Railway, looked like doing something great, as hounds were running in good style. At the line, however, our fox turned sharp left-handed again towards Quenby, and after many twists and turns, was marked to ground in the earth in Hungarton Fox-holes. A better gallop resulted in the finding of our afternoon fox at Baggrave. A preliminary canter took us to Barkby Holt, and from there we came away past South Croxton to Barsby. Here hounds turned sharp right-handed just short of the village, and ran hard past Ashby Folville nearly up to the new plants at Ashby Pastures. It was not until this point was reached that the bulk of the field got on terms with them, having been thrown out by the sudden turn at Barsby. Running prettily, we retraced our steps *viâ* Gaddesby, finally losing our fox through the interference of an outlier near South Croxton, who, apparently, had not the same quality of scent about him. It was a pretty gallop of an hour and thirty minutes, and was voted by all to be the best of the present season. I have been out with the Belvoir on three days on their Leicestershire side, but they, too, are suffering, as are their neighbours, from lack of scent. The season is young as yet, so we must not grumble too much at what we commonly term "bad luck."

I have also a letter from Towcester, giving a brief account of Grafton doings, which shows that Mr. McNeill has made a good start in his new country.

Coming Changes

Before the regular season has got very far advanced, we hear of one or two interesting changes likely to be effected next Spring. For instance, Mr. Albert Collison has decided to give up the West Norfolk Hounds. Members of this historic hunt club have endeavoured to induce him to continue in office, for they know that the value of a good M.F.H. is practically above price; but I understand

Photo *Tate*

A Meet of the Brass of Derwent Foxhounds at Derwent Bridge, Rowlands Grill, November 12, 1907. Mr. Lewis Priestman, M.F.H., in the foreground

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that Mr. Collison's mind is quite made up. Then from Yorkshire the news comes that this will probably be Mr. Charles Brook's last season in command of the Holderness. He does not leave Yorkshire because he is tired of hunting hounds, but because he has been asked to succeed his brother, Mr. E. J. Brook, and Sir Robert Jardine in the Mastership of the Dumfries-shire Hounds. The retirement of the two last-mentioned sportsmen will bring to a close an eminently successful joint Mastership of the Scottish pack.

The Hurrying Life of the Harrier: With the Hailsham Harriers

Our photograph gives an idea of the excitement of the sport. The Master, Mr. A. Campbell, is seen ahead of the pack, clearing a very wide ditch

M.F.H. and Parson, Too

In the Lake district everyone knows the Rev. E. M. Reynolds, who has been keenly devoted to sports and pastimes since his Cambridge days, when he rowed in his college boat, and later won much distinction as a lawn-tennis player, as the cups and other trophies now to be seen in his dining-room at Meadow Bank, Ambleside, remind all visitors. It is said that he does not care to be called a "sporting parson" in the hackneyed sense of the term, but there are few members of the Church keener for hounds and hunting than he is, and for a good many years he was the only clergyman on the active list of Masters of Hounds. Latterly, the Rev. Sir William Hyde Parker and the Rev. E. A. Milne, who still holds office in the Cattistock country, have shared the distinction with him. Now Mr. Reynolds finds that failing health will no longer allow him regularly to follow the strenuous life of fell fox-hunting, which sometimes involves climbs to a prodigious height in the rough and wild Coniston country. Accordingly, he has handed in his resignation, and Mr. George Grundy of Cote How, Rydal, has succeeded him in the Mastership.

In the Blackmore Vale

Yet another M.F.H. about to retire is Colonel Percy Browne, who gives up the Blackmore Vale Hounds at the end of the season. There should be no great difficulty in finding a suitable successor to him, for outside of the Shires there are few more attractive countries than the Blackmore Vale, with its oceans of scent-carrying pastures, and wealth of stout-running foxes. In one part of the Vale you are seldom off the grass, and you need the best-bred horse you can get in order to live with hounds when scent is serving them well. The remaining part of the country is composed of small fields with big double fences. Sherborne, perhaps the best hunting centre in this part of the Kingdom, has been well described as the "Melton of South-West England" Colonel Browne is recognised as an extremely capable Master, and before taking over the B.V. he had good experience with the South and West Wilts Hounds, which he gave up when he went to South Africa with the Dorset Yeomanry.

Photos *Coster*

With the Hailsham Harriers: Another "thrill." Enthusiastic foot followers coming over an awkward place

A "Book of the Dog"

How many dogs are there in the British Isles? Surely an awkward question to answer off-hand, and I fancy the estimates which different people would give would be amusingly at variance with each other. Mr. Robert Leighton, the editor of a handsome and important volume, "The Book of the Dog" (Cassell and Co.: 25s.), attempts to work out the problem. He arrives at the conclusion that there are over four millions of dogs in Great Britain and Ireland, licensed and unlicensed. To the owners of this vast army of canines, "The Book of the Dog" will prove strongly attractive.

A. W. C.

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The Last of Reynard!

Photo *Cozier*

A KILL WITH THE SOUTHDOWN HOUNDS AT ALFRISTON

The Huntsman throws the fox to the hounds—their well-deserved reward for a fine hunting run

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SCENES IN

MR. BOURCHIER'S NE

NED: "You were mine in the beginning, you'll be mine for all time."

Photos] **Miss Violet Vanbrugh**
(Gladys Gwyn-Stanley)

SIMON: "If ever you approach my

SIMON NOT SO

In these days of the actor-manager, it is not uncommon to find the middle-aged lover triumphing over his younger rival. The "two-men and one-girl" play illustrated above is a case in point. When Simon Strange, the millionaire, comes upon the scene, Gladys Gwyn-Stanley, in revolt against the poverty which harasses her, instantly breaks off the understanding (it was hardly an engagement) with Captain Villiers. The soldier takes the matter fairly philosophically. But he returns to the house after Mr. and Mrs. Strange have returned from their honeymoon. He makes love to Gladys. She, of course, sternly rejels him, and Simon, entering later, practically kicks the young man out

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MPLE SIMON"

MEDY AT THE GARRICK

Bourchier (Strange) Mr. Cyril Keightley (Captain Williams) [Ellis and Walery

kill you!"

he third photograph (in the right-hand corner) illustrates the great scene between ife. He has found out that his wife before her marriage had deceived him in one atters. So in reveng he marries her without entertaining any respect for her. s unpleasant piece of news o his wife on their return from the honeymoon. Her very naturally revolt against his brutality. All comes right in the end, as it has upon the stage.

SIMON: "You've killed my faith—you've crucified my love."

GLADYS: "It's not true—I love you—love you!"

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No 106 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories

Cupid and the Comedian

By Mrs. JACQUES FUTRELLE

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

MR. WILLIAM CARTON, comedian, plunged into the hotel lobby, made a dash for the register, seized a pen, dug it into the inkstand viciously, and wrote his name. He wasn't at all in a hurry—that was just his way of doing things, one of his histrionic assets. It was an awful nuisance anyway, this eternal hotel register everlastingly staring him in the face, always the beginning of something that never seemed to get anywhere—a lonesome, desolate rushing about the country, month in and month out.

As he trailed off his signature to the end, his eyes took in casually the name just above. He put the pen down slowly and read it over, pronouncing the syllables to himself as a schoolboy learns to read. He hadn't seen it for a long time—that name with the familiar curl to the K. He put his forefinger on it, thoughtfully.

"That's queer,' he remarked to the world in general.

"Beg pardon?" The clerk smiled agreeably. He knew Mr. Carton. Mr. Carton, being a comedian and a star, must of necessity be funny. The clerk expanded his smile; he didn't want to miss anything. "Beg pardon?' he repeated.

"That lady is my wife," volunteered Mr Carton. "I haven't seen her for three years.'

A fleeting look of astonishment passed over the clerk's face; then it merged into another smile.

"Oh, yes! Ha! ha! Yes, indeed!" he laughed. Then he paused to wonder who the joke was on.

Mr. Carton stared at him very straight and very hard, whereupon the clerk redoubled his laughter, and the comedian turned away in disgust. His reputation was against him; he was always expected to be funny.

"Show Mr. Carton to Suite 4," the clerk instructed the bell boy.

But Mr. Carton didn't go. He struck a match and gazed at it abstractedly until it burned down and nipped his fingers.

"Suite 2," he remembered—that was what the register said. It was up one flight and around the turn—probably adjoined Suite 4. He stalked off gloomily in the direction of the café, where he sat for a long time, drumming the polished table top with restless fingers.

"First time we've run together," he mused in deep abstraction. "Featured now I think—star some day. The best woman I've ever known!"

His mind took in, in a disconnected way, just what he had heard of her in the last three years. He called a boy and sent for a newspaper, to see the notices.

"*The Way of the World*, with Katherine Sanderson!" He remembered, then, the success she had made of a serious rôle—a woman who gives up her child for a man she loves, and is finally deserted by him. Simple enough, but, according to the critics, well written and well played. He glanced over the names of the company, and flicked the paper twice in evidence of his disapproval Then, casually and indifferently, he read his own notice. He had always taken a certain pride in the fact that his name came first, in imposing type, and the name of the play merely trailed along as if it were of little consequence. But he didn't like it now. Somehow, he wanted it different; and it could have been, except for his selfishness in pushing on ahead when the opportunity offered.

Little seeds of professional jealousy soon grow and flourish, especially when success is reached through years of drudgery and privation. This had been his experience, and the woman found herself thrust on one side just when the goal was reached. His argument had been a good one: "Stand back, and I'll give you a lift later." But her pride was hurt, and, instead of stopping to soothe her disappointment, he had rushed on after the bubble of fame. And when he turned to look back she was gone.

He hadn't seen her since. He had sent her several liberal cheques, which she acknowledged, adding that she had given the money to the Children's Hospital. He smiled at that, and wrote offering a splendid engagement which he could influence, but she replied that she was agreeably and lucratively settled, and thanked him. So, after a time, even communication between them ceased; their relationship dissolved into thin air, indifferently and finally.

It seemed not to have mattered until now. Success had been sweetheart and wife for three years, but success is a cold, inanimate thing, and not equal to the love of the one woman in the world. They had been so much to each other, too, when circumstances were against them. He had an indescribable longing to see her, to hear her. Two of the company broke in upon him, and began to talk "shop." He excused himself abruptly.

"Seems cut up over something," remarked one, looking after the retreating figure. Then his eye fell upon the newspaper where it was folded along the notices, and he whistled understandingly. "Too bad they couldn't hit it off," he continued, pointing to the page. "Corking good fellow, Carton."

Mr. William Carton, comedian, wandered away in the direction of the writing-room. He was turning

(Continued on page 470

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Miss Vivienne West

Photo *Rita Martin*

Now playing in "When Knights Were Bold," the merry farce with which Mr. James Welch has been drawing the town for quite a long spell

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(Continued from page 428)

something over in his mind. He sat down, and fingered a pen idly. He had never before been irresolute, but now when the pen touched paper no words came. He crumpled the sheet and held it in his hand abstractedly. Some one speaking to the clerk attracted his attention.

"Any mail for Miss Sanderson?"

He scrambled to his feet and rushed outside. A plain, thin girl was reaching for some letters. He regarded her with interest. Suddenly he disliked her. He wanted to say so, but couldn't think of the exact words just at the moment, so he followed her into the elevator and got out when she did on the floor above. He stood watching her around the turn in the hallway, and a moment later the door of Suite 2 opened and closed. He went nearer, and regarded the figure "2" solemnly. He could reach out his hand and rap. Then he heard footsteps, quick footsteps, crossing the room. He was sure he ran—anyway, he was breathless when he hurst into Suite 4, upon his astonished valet.

"Beg pardon, anything wrong, sir?" asked Wilkins.

"Nothing, Wilkins, except—I'm a fool."

"Yes, sir," said Williams.

Half an hour later, Mr. William Carton, comedian, made up his mind about something. It was evident from the smile of satisfaction around his mouth. He seized hat and coat and went out as suddenly as he had come in. He searched five florists' shops before he found what he wanted. Roses—red roses—not American beauties, with their pinkish redness, but warm, rich, dark red roses that he knew she would lay in the hollow of her arm and nestle against her cheek. He sneaked into the hotel and up to his room without meeting anyone. Then he undid the cover of the box, and when Wilkins had gone into the other room, he kissed the roses and did the pack ge up hastily again.

A bell boy came in answer to his ring.

"Take these to Miss Sanderson in Suite 2," he said. "If she inquires where they came from, why you don't know—see, sonny? Just somebody gave them to you to bring to her—understand?" He pressed a tip into the small hand. "I'm sure you've completely forgotten where they came from?"

"Rather," replied the boy.

"The lady is my wife anyway, sonny, so it's all right." Somehow he felt called upon to make an explanation.

The boy winked solemnly.

"I don't think!" he grinned, and disappeared with the box around the turn in the hallway.

Mr. William Carton lounged on a couch that afternoon with his fingers clasped behind his head—dreaming. He sent Wilkins to the theatre on some foolish pretext, and stole stealthily, guiltily through the rooms to the last, where he brought up against a door. It was a plain, ordinary wooden door, but beyond was Paradise and—and HER. His own selfishness had barred the door, and he was outside, a glum, melancholy comedian, whose sole object in life was to rush madly about the country signing hotel registers

He listened intently; all he heard was silence. But finally there came the notes of a song—a gay, silly, little everyday verse—a ridiculous sort of thing to come out of Paradise. The singer came into the room there just beyond him; the sound of her voice pulled at his heart-strings, and seven times seven he tried to swallow the lump in his throat. It seemed to grow there. The song floated off, back the way it had come, and in the distance he heard a door slam.

"She's gone!" he said to himself.

He stood there for awhile, with a feeling of utter desolation; then he had an inspiration. In another minute he was caged in the descending elevator with a fever of impatience. He heard her speaking to some one in the lobby. She started out just as the boy pulled at the iron door. It stuck persistently, and delayed him. When it finally rolled back, two languid women, going out slowly, further delayed him, and when he reached the side-walk, she had entered her carriage and was being driven away.

But he caught a glimpse of a red rose at the carriage window, and, although the day was cold, he mopped the perspiration from his forehead.

. . . . . .

An audience holding its sides with laughter is the sweetest music in the world to a man whose business it is to make that audience laugh. But it was a matter of supreme indifference, that night, to Mr. William Carton, whether the audience laughed or not. Usually he liked to watch the heads in front as they bobbed at certain lines, but now his mind was away with roses—red roses—and a woman pressing them against her cheek.

The manager came back after the play with some newspaper men and a supper project, but when he entered the star's dressing-room he found a limp comedian, with his make-up still on, gazing at the toe of his shoe.

"What's the matter?" he asked. Usually, Carton was the first one out.

"Er—just thinking," replied the comedian. "Er—good audience."

"Er—you bet," said the manager. "Some newspaper men want to tell you that you are—er—funny."

The comedian glared at him and grunted.

"It has taken me just fifteen years to convince the gentlemen of the Press of that all-important fact." He smiled and thought a moment. "I'll see them for a minute, but no supper. I'm not fit company to-night. I'm ready to look after my interests some other time. To-night, me for bed."

But he changed his mind when he was left alone, and lingered in the darkened theatre in a senseless way until the watchman reminded him that he was locking up. When he reached his hotel, he stood vacillating between the elevator and the dining-room. She always liked supper after the performance. Perhaps——

She was there. He saw her glance up when he went in, and glued his eyes fiercely to the back of the obsequious individual who deigned to conduct him to a table. He didn't dare look again—just yet. But he went on to the chair opposite the one that had been drawn out for him, so that he could sit facing her across the room.

When he did look, her eyes met his frankly, with a tiny smile about the mouth. He sat there staring for, it seemed to him, an eternity, then she motioned to the chair across the table, with an invitation in her eyes.

She put her hand in his and he gave it a hearty squeeze. But he didn't say anything. Somehow there didn't seem to be anything he could say.

"Are you sure it's me, Billy," she asked, smilingly.

"No," he answered, "I'm not—quite. I tried to get a glimpse of you all day."

"I saw you."

He glanced at her inquiringly.

"You were standing on the side-walk when my carriage turned the corner." She hesitated an instant. "I shook a rose at you, but you didn't see it."

Didn't see it! Great Scott! And he had been living on the thoughts of that rose all the evening.

(Continued on page 432)

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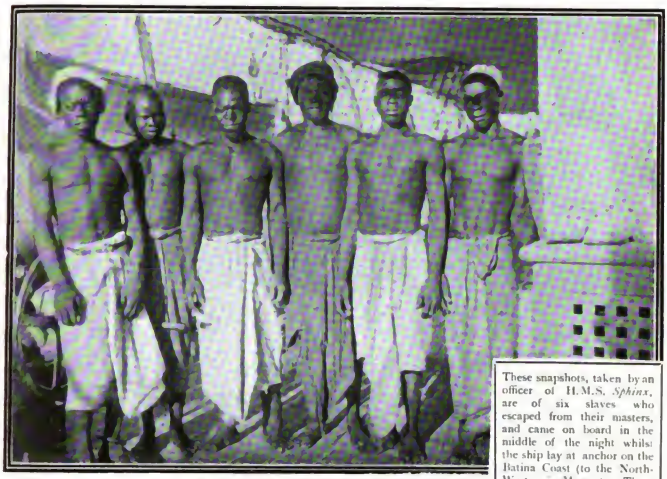
Where Slaves Are Slaves NOT CHINESE THIS TIME!



A British Ship or Safety

Six slaves aboard H.M.S. *Sphinx*, to which they had escaped. Note leg-iron on left foot of the slave on the extreme left. The iron has been removed from his other foot

These snapshots, taken by an officer of H.M.S. *Sphinx*, are of six slaves who escaped from their masters, and came on board in the middle of the night whilst the ship lay at anchor on the Batina Coast (to the North-West of Muscat). Three came on board at one village and three at another. In the lower photograph they are reading, or rather studying, the pictures in THE BYSTANDER. You will notice they have been rigged up in odd garments by the men, who took a very great interest in them, as slaves are a very rare thing nowadays

A Little Much-needed Mental Improvement

Released slaves are furnished with copies of THE BYSTANDER, which tell them all about a great country where slavery is, of course, *never* practised. The oddity of their costume and headgear will be observed

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(Continued from page 430)

"Some one sent me a box of roses this morning—beautiful dark red roses." Her eyes challenged his.

"You are fond of flowers, aren't you?" Idiotic, but he just couldn't think of anything else to say.

"I'm fond of roses—dark red roses," she laughed.

"Well?"

"Thanks," she replied. "It was dear of you, Billy."

He laughed too.

"Now, just tell the man what you want to eat." She shoved the card to him. "And then I want to know all about you and your play. I hear it's tremendous."

It wasn't so strange, after all, to be sitting there talking to her—telling her about the play, and dipping into reminiscences—remembering this and recalling that.

"Do you remember," he asked, finally, "that little place—Squeedunk, or something—where we played *Stoops to Conquer*, and only had seven people and a dog in the house when the curtain went up?" She remembered. "A fat man laughed so, six more people came in to see what was the matter. You nearly killed me, Kate, for counting them. Remember? When we finished the play the house was pretty fair—the next night it was S.R.O."

"I remember," she smiled.

"You are the only Kate Hardcastle I know, and, if ever I find a man who is my idea of Tony, we'll revive it in a big way—together. I believe in the old comedies myself."

But she shook her head.

"It wouldn't do for you to bury yourself as Marlowe," she said. "And I'm not in for comedy, now. I've been persuaded differently, and—I've made good."

He made an impatient little gesture.

"You're the only woman I know who never lost a legitimate laugh," he said. "I wish I could see you playing this lead with me. Do you know the little way you have of pausing and letting the point come out all in a heap—plump, right at you?"

"You taught me that."

"That's where you belong, too, in comedy."

She shook her head again.

"Come to see me in what I'm doing now," she suggested. "I play a Wednesday matinée and you don't, and I would like to know what you think of me in my play. I'll make you laugh some, but I'll make you cry, too. It's human, every line of it, Billy, and even when you laugh there's a tiny gleam of pity there. I can't explain it, but I know it's there, for I can trace the hysterical catch. Billy, I love my audience when it cries."

"And I don't—unless it cries with laughter. Good Heavens, Kate, there are enough tears without looking for them in the theatre."

He noticed a tremulous droop at the corners of her mouth, and he didn't like it. She loved that play too much. He knew he was not jealous of her success, but he encountered a chord of pathos in her nature. He had made her suffer, and it was her knowledge of suffering, and not art alone, that enabled her to touch so faithfully the emotions of her hearers. He wanted to pick her up and take her away somewhere—anywhere—but away from tears. He wanted her to laugh. He loved the light in her eyes and the curve of her lips when she smiled. He told her funny stories for an hour, but he refused to remember this and recall that. He didn't want any more pulling at heart-strings.

The waiter finally intimated that the dining-room was closing up.

'Continued in our next," she said, as she gathered up her wraps.

"Upstairs?" he inquired.

"To-morrow," she answered.

But he lingered at her door, reluctant to let her go. She had opened the door and bidden him good-night. He could see over her head into the room, and his eager glance took in all the little feminine touches.

"Good night," she repeated. Her hand fluttered to his coat-sleeve and rested there a moment. It was his undoing. He gathered her in his arms and pressed a kiss on her lips; then she was gone, and he stood outside the closed door like the Peri shut out of Paradise.

The next night, there was no gazing at the toe of his shoe after the performance. He removed the grease paint and, without stopping to change his clothes, plunged into the waiting carriage. Fortunately, he wore a frock-coat and silk hat, and Wilkins threw his ulster into the vehicle as it moved away. His name took him past the stage doorkeeper at Miss Sanderson's theatre, and as the performance was not finished he found a dark corner in the wings and watched it.

There's no illusion in looking at a play from behind the scenes. But it didn't take him long to understand why the audience wept, for well as he knew her, he wasn't prepared for acting like that. It was all so simple and direct. She reached in and pierced the heart, and let out the blood drop by drop. When the man finally left her alone she didn't rave and weep; she looked around the room bewildered, desolate, the figure drooped. She drew aside a curtain and looked out. The sound of rain beating against the window made her turn back. She came slowly to the centre of the stage, keeping her audience so still that only a sob now and then broke the silence. She reached for a book on the table as if she would read, then she spread out her hands in a pititul, hopeless little gesture, and sank down in a crumpled heap. The curtain went down.

She stumbled upon Carton in the wings, with his heart in his mouth while the audience frantically insisted on her reappearance. She never answered a call after that final curtain.

"Billy, you frightened me," she laughed.

He stared at her. The spell of that deserted woman was still upon him.

"I was mistaken," he confessed. "You've no business playing trash." Then he smiled into her eyes and found there an answering smile. "Wonderful little woman," he said softly.

He dismissed her carriage as a matter of course and handed her into his own.

"I don't like your going to and fro by yourself," he complained. "Isn't there some one——"

"I don't want to be bothered," she explained as he paused. "You see my manager is—that is, he isn't; and my leading man is, too. I'm not afraid. Really—well, do you bother about whether your leading woman gets home or not?"

"I don't have to. Some one else bothers."

"Suppose——" she began, then leaned back and laughed. "I like to be independent," she added.

She wondered if that were true. It was good to have some one to care about the little things, to take possession of her and bundle her up in her wraps and put her into a carriage, some one who had the right to do it. Somehow their misunderstanding seemed now to be a silly mistake.

"What do you let your press agent print?" he asked, abruptly.

(Continued on page 434)

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Awaiting Winter

A STUDY IN SYLVAN RESIGNATION

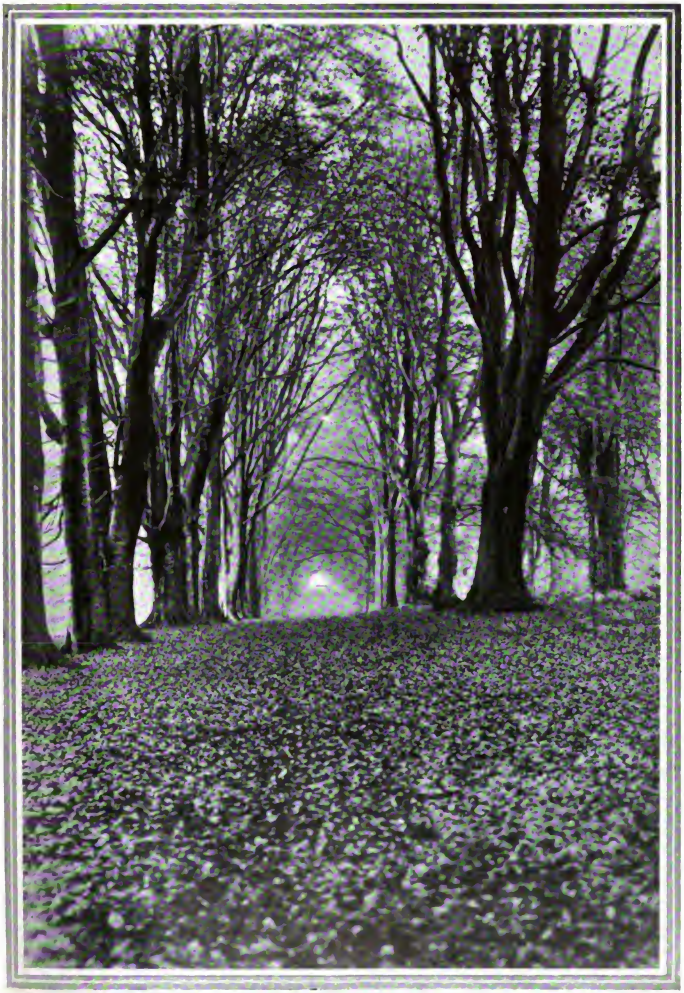

Photo *Topical Agency*

The celebrated Beech Avenue at Salisbury Park, Rufford—one of the finest in England—a study typical of the present attitude of the woods in view of winter's approach

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(Continued from page 432)

"Anything, so long as it's dignified," she replied. "Why?"

"I've been scared blue ever since my manager suggested—— Did you ever happen to think that the newspapers might get hold of us?"

"Well?"

"Well, how do we stand?"

"I hadn't thought of it."

"I've been sitting on my manager's neck all day for fear he'd let the story out. I told him if the newspapers got it I'd—I'd refuse to go on."

"If it does come out, Billy, there's no divorce. There's my ring—I'm your wife."

His heart was in his eyes, but she couldn't see there in the darkness.

"Of course, in case I'd been caught without knowing your way of thinking, I'd generalise—er—generally. But it had to be one way or the other."

"So few seem to know," she said after a pause. "I guess we were not of enough consequence then—when the trouble began." Unconsciously his hand sought hers. "It would be a pretty story," she went on, pleasantly, "when they don't know about the—the trouble, especially with some of those hard-luck stories that are funny now."

But he didn't hear. He was thinking of that locked door between Suites 2 and 4—the wooden door of Paradise. On his side it was dreary and gloomy; on her side it was cheerful and cosy. It smacked of homeliness and happiness. He felt that he might even tolerate the maid, if he had a chance.

When they reached the hotel he stared for the dining-room, but she motioned toward the elevator.

"We'll have something sent up," she said, "and I want to ask your advice about some plans for next season."

He stepped across the threshold of Paradise, and sat down in the middle of it, content. A scheme of home began to creep into his brain, and made his heart stand still. They talked of her plans, and she brought out a contract that had been sent to her to sign.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "You're a star—a big one?"

"I suppose it's knowing that I have reached the top, and have only to put out my hand to grasp the last rung of the ladder, that makes me willing to give it up."

"Give it up?" he echoed, astonished.

"I'm tired, I think, Billy. Everything seems rather useless after all. What do I get out of life except a living? I want a home." She put into words his own longing. Finally, she came close to him, and her hand fell lightly on his shoulder. "And you? Do you understand?"

He was a dense, dumb-headed man, like all the rest of them, but he did. She was in his arms in an instant.

"I know it was all my fault, Kate——" he began; but she put her fingers on his lips.

"Some day, perhaps, we'll do *Stoops to Conquer* in a big way—together."

Her arms crept around his neck, and the contract fell unheeded to the floor.

. . . . .

Mr. William Carton, comedian, was downstairs speaking to the clerk.

"Say, give me the key to that door between Suites 2 and 4," he said. "My wife, you know." And this time, the clerk didn't laugh.

MRS. JACQUES FUTRELLE.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Old Order Changeth: Callander Bridge, Perthshire

Now being rebuilt and widened for the benefit of the motor traffic. It spans the River Teith, and is a very picturesque attraction of the holiday resort of Callander. It dates from 1764

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Where Tiller Trains

STAGE DANCING AND WHERE IT IS TO BE LEARNED

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Everybody must be acquainted with the name of Mr. Tiller. At the pantomime, at the music hall, at the ballet, on glancing at the programme we are invariably confronted with the information that "a troupe of Tiller's dancers will perform." The above photographs were taken at Tiller's Training School in Charing Cross Road. No. 1 shows some of the pupils at swinging exercise. No. 2, Miss Kay, from the Hippodrome, is here seen teaching the "young idea." No. 3, Miss Lola Green in a difficult pose. No. 4, Aspirants to the ballet doing difficult back exercises. Miss Kay is the central figure

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At Maxim's—A Merry-Thought

There is magic in the name of Maxim's. Not to know Maxim's is not to know Paris. To confess one's ignorance of the famous restaurant in the Rue Royale is to admit that your only knowledge of Paris has been gained in a hurried scamper over there for a week-end at a season when the railway companies issue cheap tickets. Maxim's has always been a by-word in Paris; but the seal of everlasting fame was set upon the restaurant when it gave its name to a play. *The Girl from Maxim's.* What a title! It calls up the very spirit of fun and merriment.

It has often been remarked that English people, when they visit Paris, shed an outer garment of respectability. They seem to be infected by the gaiety which exists in the very air of the French capital. They drop some of their insular reserve. English people who have a reputation for being staid and formal in their own country have been known to catch the liveliness and animation of their Gallic neighbours. This may account for the fact that Maxim's is the Mecca of English visitors. They turn out of the Place de la Concorde and progress up the Rue Royale. It seems impossible to pass the "whirligig" doors crowned by a famous name without entering. Possibly they may receive a shock of disappointment. They came expecting to see a revel, and they find a well-appointed *café*, differing very slightly from others in Paris. There are little tables adorned with the finest of white napery; there are waiters hurrying to and fro, and avoiding terrible collisions with each other by a hair's breadth; there are diners who have the unmistakable air of enjoying themselves; there is laughter and chatter, the rattle of knives and forks and the popping of corks—always the popping of corks, a very fusillade. "Is this the famous Maxim's?" they ask, and are told that even at Maxim's revelry has its appointed times (from 11.30 p.m. onwards). The fact is, of course, that Maxim's during the day is merely a first-class restaurant of very attractive appearance, and containing one of the best-appointed American bars in Paris. You can dine at Maxim's if you will, but people prefer to have supper there. Maxim's is *the* supper place *par excellence*. It is impossible to tell when and how the spirit of gaiety descended upon Maxim's. One thing is clear. It is commonly supposed that if a man with a gloomy and depressed air presented himself at Maxim's he would be refused admission, unless he could produce a guarantee that in a very short time he would fall under the spell of the place.

I am supposing, therefore, that our party is tuned to the spirit of Maxim's. We make our way through the *café* down the steps into the supper-room to our reserved table. The head waiter approaches. Where have we seen those sandy, mutton-chop whiskers before? Why at Daly's, in the last act of the *Merry Widow*, of course. The Maxim's scene is realistic to a whisker. We study the menu while a waiter takes upon himself the burden of suggesting the drinks. Mechanically, with the air of one who fulfils a task which has become second nature to him, he places champagne upon the table. Everyone drinks champagne at Maxim's.

Who goes to Maxim's? The answer is simple Everybody. Take a look round the room, and your host, if he knows his Paris, will reel off a string of names which proves that the crowd at Maxim's is as cosmopolitan as that which laughs and jests at a carnival. Dozens of divers types, as wide asunder as the poles in manner of living, in character, in temperament, but all for the time drawn together by the common determination to have a good time. Celebrities in the worlds of Society, of Sport, of the Drama. The English are there in force. Racing men, jockeys, bookmakers, a young peer who is going the pace—that pace which was set by the first young Englishman who plunged into the whirl of Parisian gaiety—and has never slackened since! And the women? A medley of types like the men—actresses who have made their names on the stage, and "actresses" who have made them off the stage. English girls and American girls, with the light of fun shining in their eyes from the contemplation of a scene which they cannot duplicate in their own countries. A *recherché* supper, costing about 125 fr. (£5), for a party of four, not to speak of the waiter, who expects a "*Douceur*," with a big D. But then no one counts the cost at Maxim's. We go into *le monde ou l'on s'amuse* to see the people. For it is not Maxim's that makes the people, but the people who make Maxim's.

Supper at Maxim's

More fortunes are made by the restaurateurs in Paris than in any other business. People in France live in the restaurants, all their meals are taken there. There are no bad debts—Cash—it makes one envious to think of the cash taken during one week a Maxim's.

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RACING: The Past Season. BY CARBINE

Baltinglass at Manchester

Last week I wrote that I thought the issue of the Manchester November Handicap rested between Wuffy and Baltinglass. The first named, who looked to have the better of it at the weights, ran much below his true form; but Baltinglass came out in great style, and proved that the folk who backed him with such confidence for the Cesarewitch were not far wrong. He had a man on his back on Saturday and not a boy, and that made all the difference. A vast sum was lost over Baltinglass at Newmarket, but those who were bold enough to give him another chance will have recouped themselves with substantial interest, as 8 to 1 was an excellent price. The bulk of the money on Saturday was for The Bedouin and Wuffy, while Lischana was thought by many to be one of the Manton "good things." Nothing stood much chance with Baltinglass, and I was glad to see the Stewards overrule the subsequent objection to him, for, though there was undoubtedly a little scrimmaging up the straight, I am sure that there was nothing to affect the result. Baltinglass and Wise Mason were right out by themselves at the finish.

Owners' Varying Success

Thus the season wound up triumphantly for Major Eustace Loder, but, as a matter of fact, it has not been a really good year for his horses, judged by his own standard. Not since 1902 has "lucky Loder" won so small a sum as £7,647 as the result of a season's racing. It is a big drop from the £17,849 won last year. But I don't think the popular Major will get much sympathy; dozens of owners would think his winnings good enough to be going along with. One sportsman who really does seem to be suffering from a lot of ill-luck is the King. The sum which his Majesty's horses have won this year will go a very small way to paying the bare expenses of keeping them, let alone the original outlay involved in breeding them. One ray of hope is Perrier—not, by the way, the excellent mineral water, but the two-year-old of that name who ran so promisingly in the Dewhurst Plate. Quite a number of good judges think that the King's Perrier will win the Derby of 1908. Next year we are almost sure to find his Majesty a great deal higher on the list of winning owners, for he is leasing half a dozen two-year-olds from Mr. Hall Walker, and it will be strange if there are not one or two cracks among them.

Prominent on the List

Lord Derby, who was an easy first last year, is now only fourth, and the failure of Keystone II. to win a race has been keenly disappointing to this notable patron of the Turf. Mr. Hall Walker, one of the best all-round sportsmen of his day, and a man who believes in breeding racehorses on scientific lines, always does well, and it is not surprising to find him at the top of the tree this year. He has won £17,810 in stake-money, yet even he has had some bitter disappointments, first and foremost among them the breakdown of Polar Star; then the one failure of Witch Elm after winning the One Thousand Guineas: and, finally, the poor form displayed by White Eagle in his last race. Mr. J. B. Joel, who so unexpectedly won the Oaks with Glass Doll, comes second on the list, followed by Mr. Bass. Lally's victories gave Mr. W. B. Purefoy a high place, while Colonel L. W. Baird has to thank Woolwinder for the greater part of his big total.

What's Wrong With Mr. Croker?

Boss Croker finished higher on the list of winning owners than he has ever done before in England, and to be possessed of two such celebrities as Orby and Rhodora within the year has been a delightful experience for the ex-leader of Tammany Hall. Just now racing people are asking what is the hullaballoo between Mr. Croker

The Leading Jockey of the Year: W. Higgs
Who rode five successive winners at Newbury. He is the leading jockey of the year, and has won 146 races

and his trainer, Doctor MacCabe? Evidently there has been a big row about something. Can it be over Rhodora's unlooked-for win in the Dewhurst Plate? What we do know is that Dr. MacCabe's authority to act for Mr. Croker has been withdrawn, and this looks as though the "Boss" is going to change his trainer. It is a quaint situation at the end of a Derby year. W. Higgs has been the most successful rider of the season, having had 146 winners. Maher has ridden 114 firsts, and he boasts of much the best percentage among the crack horsemen.

Steeplechasing Selections

This week is really the first of the National Hunt season, and form is naturally unreliable when horses are scarcely fit. **Abelard**, who ran very well at Newbury last week, ought to win the Belvoir Steeplechase at Leicester on Thursday. For the week-end there are interesting programmes at Kempton Park. Despite his big weight, **Rassendyl** is such a nailer that I think he will take the Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap on Friday. For the Wimbledon Hurdle Race my selection is **Broomstick**, and I take **Nanoya** for the Uxbridge Steeplechase. On Saturday, the Middlesex Steeplechase may be won by **Judas** and the Richmond Steeplechase by **Do Be Quick.**

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LAWN TENNIS

The Trade Influence Question Again

Although the acute stage of the "trade influence" controversy in lawn tennis may happily be said to be over, there were still signs at the recent annual general meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association that the waves of the storm which it brought about have not wholly subsided. Of the various resolutions which figured on the list of agenda there were three which were aimed, directly or indirectly, at trade influence. The fact that they were all three defeated may, at first sight, appear somewhat discreditable to the governing body of the game; but the thing that is really discreditable is that the necessity for the discussion of resolutions of this kind—resolutions which, if carried, would find a permanent place in the statute-book—should ever have arisen. Personally, I am rather relieved to think that they were not passed, and that whilst, in the case of two of them at any rate, an actual majority of the meeting testified to its approval of the principle which they involved, it was not a majority of the requisite preponderance (the customary two-thirds) to give them the full force of law. That an amateur game like lawn tennis should be governed by amateurs is a self-evident proposition which ought to need no legislative support, and a substantive enactment to the effect that no person who makes money out of the game in the way of trade is to have a voice in the conduct of its affairs is nothing more than the expression of a prohibition that is so absolute that it ought to be taken for granted. I am sure it was this feeling, and not a desire to foster trade influence, which caused the voting to go the way it did. It is quite bad enough that the purity of the constitution of the L.T.A. Council should ever have been impugned. We do not want a permanent record of the fact; and I think that we can trust to the good sense of the lawn tennis community as a whole to prevent the recurrence of one of the most painful and degrading controversies that has ever disgraced an otherwise healthy and progressive pastime.

Tarrant

The Australian cricketer with a Middlesex qualification, who has recently incurred the wrath of certain cricketers by playing for Victoria against M.C.C.

Likewise the Ball Question

It was, of course, inevitable that the ball question should also again be raised. There are several manufacturers of lawn tennis balls, and every tournament is absolutely free to use whatever make of ball it pleases, but naturally enough the All-England Club, holding, as it does, the Chamionship Meeting, sets the fashion. Hence the argument that it has power to create, and in fact does create, a practical monopoly for the maker whose ball it elects to use for the Championship Meeting. Unfortunately, the All-England Club has been so unwise in the past as to allow its former secretary to associate himself with a leading firm of ball manufacturers — the very manufacturers, in point of fact, whose ball was, and still is, chosen as the Championship Meeting ball, a proceeding which at once engendered the suspicion that the monopoly, in so far as it existed, was a monopoly of influence and not of sheer merit. The real grounds for that suspicion have long since been removed by the resignation of that secretary, but the suspicion, whether groundless or not, still remains, and found its expression in a proposal that the choice of the ball to be used in all National Championships should be vested in the Council of the L.T.A. The idea was a most praiseworthy, but, at the same time, a most mistaken one, and, as an opponent of any step which tends to the creation of a monopoly, I can only say that I am heartily glad that it did not materialise. For if the All-England Club has power to create a monopoly by the selection of a particular make of ball for its Championship Meeting, how much greater would be the monopoly created by the Council of the L.T.A. when once it had decided upon the make of ball to be used "in all National Championships"? There is also the further argument embodied in the well-known saying that he who pays the piper has a right to call the tune. The L.T.A. is not a financier of lawn tennis tournaments, and has not, for that reason, any voice in the placing of their orders. But whether these arguments are sound, or whether they are not, I firmly believe in

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the proposition that lawn tennis players know tolerably well what they want, and that, if the ball which they are in the habit of using is not satisfactory, they will not be deterred by any consideration whatever from looking out for a better one.

Footfaults

A good deal of the afternoon was spent over the discussion of these and other topics, and when the time came for the consideration of the proposed new "footfault" rule, everybody was apparently bored and anxious to get away, so that a proposition that the whole question should be referred to the Council was joyfully accepted. The new proposal, put shortly, is that the server should be compelled to have *both* feet on the ground and behind the base-line when serving, and it is in effect a retrogression to the rule which was superseded over twenty years ago, with the exception that in those days the server had to stand astride of the line instead of behind it. For this reason, I am extremely doubtful whether, in spite of the fact that it has much to recommend it, it is ever likely to become law. Players have been allowed for upwards of twenty years to lift the rearmost foot from the ground when serving, and they are hardly likely to relish the task of unlearning a thing to which they have been so long accustomed. On the other hand there is no doubt that the present rule is in the last degree unsatisfactory, for the simple reason that it is quite impossible to enforce it unless base-line umpires are forthcoming, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are not. I hope, therefore, that when the Council comes to consider the proposed alteration, it will bear this in mind. It may possibly not approve of the alteration, but, if it does not, it should not content itself with simply rejecting it. Some improvement upon the existing rule has got to be discovered, for the present state of affairs is hardly tolerable or decent. It is quite bad enough to think that we shall have to put up with the footfault nuisance for another season.

Bedfordshire v. Northamptonshire: A break-away by the winners

At Bedford on Thursday last, Bedfordshire beat Northamptonshire by 3 goals to nil

CRICKET

The Tarrant Controversy

I confess that I am unable to understand why such a fuss has been made about Tarrant's playing for Victoria against the M.C.C. The argument, of course, is that, possessing as he does a Middlesex and English qualification in virtue of his recent term of residence in England, he ought not to play against the leading club of the county and country of his adoption. But Australia is the land of his birth, and if he is qualified by birth to play for Victoria, why on earth should he not be entitled to exercise the right given to him by that qualification? One might just as well contend that if another team of South African Rugby footballers were to come over here and play Oxford, none of the South African members of the Oxford team would be entitled to play, if asked, for South Africa against the 'Varsity. Besides, a cricketer is always eligible to play for the county of his birth, and never loses that eligibility by availing himself of some other qualification. Did not the great "Sammy" Woods play for Australia in 1888 against England, and, in the same season, for Somersetshire and Cambridge? And there are other instances. The truth is that, if Tarrant had not done so particularly well in the match, nobody would have said a word against him.

Photos *Dixon*

Bedford b're v. Northam tonshire

Rest and refreshment at half-time

Practical Advice for Golfers

For some time past, golfers have felt the want of an establishment where they can get personal and practical advice in the matter of the selection of golf clubs, also in getting their requirements in the making of clubs to special pattern and ideas faithfully and expeditiously carried out.

Messrs. Benetfink and Co., Ltd., of 107 and 108, Cheapside, London, E.C., specialists in golf requisites, have, with their usual foresight and enterprise, secured the services of (Arthur Jackson) an expert club-maker and professional coach, who will at all times be pleased to give advice gratis to all clients.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Mr. E. Manville, the subject of our Car-icature this week, is one of the most prominent figures in the world of automobilism. As Chairman of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, he presided at the banquet which was held on the Friday preceding the opening of the Exhibition, and the next night saw him, genial, cheery, and in his happiest vein, presiding over the Daimler dinner at the Prince's Restaurant. As chairman of our premier motor manufacturing company, he perhaps feels fairly well satisfied with his firm's doings, and no doubt the record of orders, including a car each for four brothers on one day, have occasioned him a good deal of satisfaction. Mr. Manville is Chairman of the Car and General Insurance Corporation, and has been a keen motorist for several years. He is by profession an electrical engineer. Mrs. Manville, who is also a keen motorist, driving a 40 h.-p. Daimler, is an all-round sportswoman, is devoted to hunting, and is an accomplished swimmer.

* * *

The severity of the strain on those who were looking after the stands of the various exhibitors was evident during the last week of the Olympia Show. Day after day and hour after hour, a continuous stream of inquiring persons, all asking the same questions, but few having any intention of purchasing, left the salesmen exhausted and worn out. During the second week of the Show, too, intending purchasers were few and far between, so it is not surprising to find that exhibitors are signing a "round robin" requesting that, next year, the Show shall continue, as was the case till this year's Exhibition, for but one week. Several of the leading firms are well satisfied with the results, the Daimler Company, for instance, having booked a great number of orders, but many of the lesser firms are, I fear, despondent owing to the lack of support which their wares received. The most curious feature of the Show is that, as yet, the "man of moderate means" has not turned up in his battalions, the orders for small cheap cars being but meagre. That he exists, and has been bitten with the desire to own a car, is not to be doubted, but the truth is, a great quantity of otherwise sane persons are suffering from the delusion that a fast car with four cylinders, fitted with the latest refinements, and having a side-entrance tonneau body, can be sold for something under a hundred pounds, and, if they wait long enough, will be obtainable at something like this price. They go, therefore, to Olympia to feast their eyes on the various exhibits, and make a mental calculation as to which shall be their particular selection when prices drop to somewhere about the figure quoted. That this idea is widely prevalent there is no shadow of doubt, and is assisted by the belief that prices are largely inflated by manufacturers, who ask the retail purchaser anything over 100 per cent. more than the cost of production.

Car-icature—No. LI.: Mr. E. Manville
One of the most prominent figures in the world of automobilism. Chairman of the Society of Motor Manufacturers
(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

A good many English people visited Paris last week to see what the Salon had to offer, and to compare the French exhibits with those at Olympia. The Salon has an entire absence of that grave and serious business-like precision which distinguishes Olympia. The stands, viewed *en masse*, remind one of a Brock's benefit. The whole building is one dazzling mass of multi-coloured lights, and the vast building, crowded with a light-hearted throng of merry-makers, seems to be the last place in the world where the prosaic business of trade is being conducted. The feature of the Paris Show is the number of single-cylinder, low-powered cars, of which the most generally admired is the famous Sizaire-Naudin, the little car that has so far won every open event for which it has been entered. The only British manufacturer exhibiting at Paris is the Siddeley Co., which is a pity, for the French are decidedly nervous at the advance made by British firms, and the great amount of attention and advertisement which the Siddeley firm have received would have been equally displayed towards any other high-class British production.

* * *

The official certificate awarded to the Napier car after its 3,000 miles test on Simcar Benzol, a British fuel produced in many parts of Great Britain and sold at a lower price than petrol, is extremely important as well as interesting. The car—a 40 h.-p. six-cylinder—ran an average of 22·65 miles to each gallon of fuel, and it is instructive to note that after the test the same car, driven on petrol, ran four miles less to the gallon, though possibly this may have been partly due to the need of adjustment of the carburettor. What I want to know is, where can Simcar Benzol be purchased? Can it be used in smaller cars, and does it smell very unpleasant?

* * *

Great interest is being caused in Glasgow by an Arrol-Johnston car just built to the order of the Sirdar, Sir Francis Wingate. This car, which is designed to take the place of the camel for patrol work in the desert, has many interesting features and special points to enable it to carry out its strenuous duties. The engine is, nominally, 45 h.-p., but is capable of

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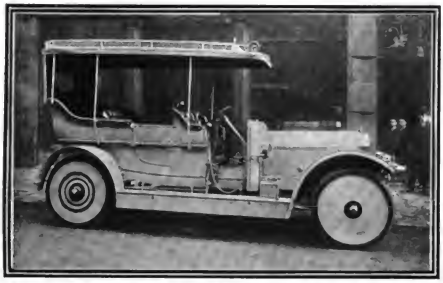

Photo] **To Supersede the Camel in the Desert** *[Halftones, Ltd.*

The new 45 h.-p. Arrol-Johnston car, built for Sir Francis Wingate, with the machinery so encased as to defy the sand of the desert. The Sirdar intends to use the car for patrol work in the Soudan

developing as much as 75 h.-p. A point of note here is, that the engine is entirely cased in with sheet metal, and is thus rendered perfectly "sand-proof." The gears and back axle are of the ordinary Arrol-Johnston type, except that they are made heavier to withstand the excessive strains thrown on them by solid tyres, with which the car is shod throughout. The four road wheels are of cast steel, with discs of sheet steel bolted on to each side. Paddle-blades are bolted on to the driving wheels, which greatly help in ploughing a course through exceptionally soft sand. The body is made to seat seven people, and is specially constructed on a steel frame, the panels being made of thin sheets of the same material, and so built that any one panel may be taken away from the car without displacing a part of the framework. Water and provisions may be carried both for man and car to last a considerable time, as journeys of very great distances are sometimes undertaken. On good roads a speed of thirty-five miles per hour is attainable, but the average travelling pace does not much exceed eighteen miles. The new Arrol-Johnston Car Co., Ltd., are not without experience in building cars of this type, this being the second they have built for the Sirdar, Sir Francis Wingate, to do much the same style of work in the Soudan, while my readers will remember that only recently we published a photograph of a car to go to the South Pole with Lieutenant Shackleton's expedition.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

The House Dinner given at the Motor Club on Wednesday, 20th inst., in celebration of the Olympia Show, as well as the entertainment organised and provided by Messrs. Harvey du Cros, Jun., and Charles Jarrott, was a huge success. Every seat in all three dining rooms had been secured several days previously, and the theatre was packed.

It is interesting to note that H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught used the first Rolls-Royce car that was ever made—namely, a small two-cylinder 10 h.-p. car—during some manœuvres several years ago, on which occasion he expressed to the Hon. C. S. Rolls, who was driving, great admiration for the little car, and he predicted that this new make would have a great future before it. His Royal Highness was, for this reason, specially interested in examining the 1908 Rolls-Royce chassis at the Show, and the working parts of the "Silver Ghost."

To meet the demand for a self-starting device, the Winton Company has made the following equipment a feature of the new "Sixteen-Six." The first cylinder of the six supplies the motive power, only a part of its compression being necessary. This is piped through a check valve to a storage tank. The check valve on the cylinder is spring-controlled, and the spring is sufficient to withstand the fresh charge, so only the spent gases are utilised. To start the motor the valve on the dash is opened, permitting the pressure to flow from the tank to the distributor valve, which is driven by the cam-shaft and timed so that the pressure is led to the cylinder which is about to fire. The pressure, entering the cylinder that is about to fire, forces its piston downward and the charge is exploded, compelling the motor to take up its cycle. If the first cylinder does not fire, the pressure is automatically shunted into the cylinder that is next to fire, and forces its piston past the firing point, having previously compressed whatever charge remained in it by the revolution of the crank-shaft, and drawn a fresh charge into the third cylinder to fire. The motor will continue to turn over under the pressure of the storage tank automatically distributed through the moving valve, just as if it were operating under its own power. As the capacity of the tank is calculated with a generous factor of safety, the motor will turn over for a number of times, and cannot fail to start.

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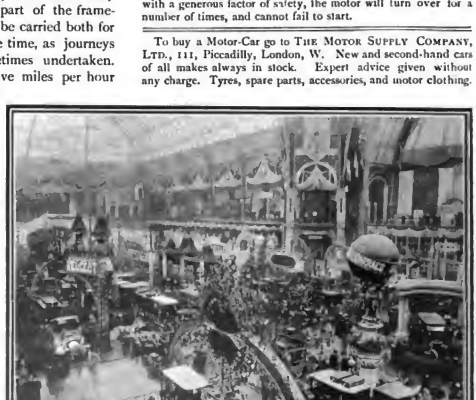

Photo *Topical Agency*

A Bird's-Eye View of the Paris Salon

A feature of the Salon this year is the number of small single-cylinder cars being exhibited. Only one British firm is represented at Paris this year

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

A Memory of Lord Kilmaine

I must once again speak of sad events this week. The tragic death of Lord Kilmaine in Paris has grievously shocked the hosts of friends whom that amiable nobleman had made during his life. I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Lord Kilmaine at Pau about ten years ago, when I paid a short visit to that delightful winter golfing resort. It was at Pau that Lord Kilmaine was perhaps best known, and it is difficult rightly to appraise the value of his help in all matters that concerned the game there. The handsome Cup, for the possession of which the Pau and Biarritz Clubs annually strive, was his gift. The insidious malady which clouded his later years, and led to his untimely end, had not then touched him, and he was of a singularly bright and cheery disposition. He was particularly interested in a sporting little course at Argelès, near Lourdes, in the Pyrenees. I remember well his kindly hospitality when he included me in a happy party of Pau golfers whom he took there for a day's golf, towards the end of my stay, in the early Spring. He gave us a most delightful day's golf on the admirable short course, laid out on a fertile little mountain valley. I shall never forget the beauty of the day, the charms of the game, and the hospitable entertainment provided for us by the kindness of Lord Kilmaine. His loss will be deeply felt at Pau, where he was a constant and beloved visitor, and his memory will be cherished by all those who, like myself, had the good fortune to call him friend.

Photo *Thiele*

The Late Jack Kirkaldy

Of St. Andrews. His sudden death has caused general regret in the golfing world

And of Jack Kirkaldy

I come now to a further loss which the community of golfers has suffered by the death of Jack Kirkaldy. Like his more famous brother Andrew, Jack was closely identified with St. Andrews. I grieve to say that I missed seeing him during my late visit to St. Andrews, for he only returned, a few days before I left, from an engagement which he had been fulfilling further North in looking after a private course belonging to Mr. Neumann. His illness must have been quite sudden, for I heard nothing about it when I left for the South. I knew Jack almost from my earliest days at St. Andrews, when he, with poor Hugh and Andrew, formed a trio of splendid players. Hugh was, perhaps, the most brilliant of the three, and the only one who achieved Championship honours, though Andrew once tied for first place in 1889, while Jack was third in 1882. Hugh, alas! died quite young, and now poor Jack has followed him to the further shore. Though not such a brilliant player as Hugh, nor so powerful as Andrew, Jack was a very fine player indeed. In contrast to Andrew, Jack had a very deliberate swing, and was a much calmer and more methodical person in all his ways than either of his brothers. His best club was his cleek, the most difficult club in a golfer's pack, to my way of thinking. About three years ago he came on to a very brilliant game, and during this halcyon period he twice negotiated the old course in 72, while his best score on the new course was 74. There were many who fancied his chances in the Open Championship at St. Andrews two years ago, but he failed to play up to the form he had been consistently showing before the tournament opened.

I remember that that Championship was played under most trying weather conditions, and that the course had been stretched to its utmost by the Committee to save it from the ruthless hands of the record destroyers. So poor Jack's failure was not to be wondered at. I met him last a year ago at North Berwick, at the time of last year's Open Championship at Muirfield. He then showed me, with great pride, two very handsome pins given him respectively by the King and the Grand Duke Michael. These he produced from a handkerchief in which he was carrying them. I should doubt whether he ever wore them, or whether they ever had any safer receptacle than a handkerchief. But I shall not easily forget his simple, honest pride in showing me these tokens of august appreciation of work done by him for the kindly donors. His death makes another gap in the ranks of the familiar faces at St. Andrews, where he was very much liked, and where his excellence as a player and his pleasant and quiet individuality endeared him to all who knew him. As an instructor of beginners, and as a caddy in an important match, he was unrivalled. Jack, I make bold to say, never made an enemy in his life, and will be sincerely regretted by a wide range of players and friends.

Ernest Lehmann

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By VIVIAN CARTER

Books of the Week

"The Literary Man's Bible. By W. L. Courtney. (Chapman and Hall: 12s. 6d.)

"Brummell." By Cosmo Hamilton. (Long: 6s.)

"The Monarchs of Merry England." By Roland Carse and W. Heath Robinson. (Alfred Cooke, Ltd., Leeds.)

The Bible as Literature

The plea for the Bible, on its literary merits alone, has often enough been proffered. Usually, however, by those whose critical pulse is quickened by the warm blood of faith. That the beauties of the Scriptures should be praised by one chilled by the shivers of scepticism is remarkable and interesting. In *The Literary Man's Bible* (Chapman and Hall: 12s. 6d.), Mr. W. L. Courtney seeks to rescue the Old Testament from the pulpit and the school-desk, and get it into the library. He would have us see that, though divested of its "goodness," it remains good. He demurs, of course, to any idea of inspiration. "Isaiah," he says, "is as inspired as Shakespeare, but not more so. Plato is as inspired as Job, though, perhaps, a little more so." Mr. Courtney's actual classification of the Bible as literature divides it into four sections: Historical, Prophetic, Poetic, and Wisdom. Many people who would never open the solemn, black-bound, text-divided volume in their pews in search of literary beguilement, may be induced by this novel method of grouping to look at Scripture through new glasses. Arranged as straightforward prose, Bible history may be read as history; set forth in the lines of verse, Bible poetry may be read as poetry; its theology can be left to the task, for which it is sufficiently well qualified, of looking after itself. I confess myself, however, more fascinated by Mr. Courtney's masterly and extremely outspoken introduction to the edition—a sort of digest of the "Higher Criticism" so far as it has gone to date. We know well enough the sceptic who scouts the Creation and throws cold water on the Flood. Rarely do we encounter a critic able to do such things with so sure a hand, and so exact a knowledge, as the brilliant literary critic of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Photo *Russell*

Mr. W. L. Courtney

Who has compiled a "Literary Man's Bible"—a treatment of the Scriptures according to their literary rather than their theological merits

Truth or Mythology?

The Bible's divine authenticity Mr. Courtney frankly disputes. He is a vigorous subscriber to the theory that, in the main, the Biblical version of the origin of the world is but a Hebrew adaptation, for Hebrew purposes, of Chaldean mythology, coloured always by the belief in one God rather than many. The *Genesis* story of the Creation is derived, he believes, from the Babylonian tablets discovered at Nineveh in 1872, the Hebrew God being merely Marduk, the Babylonian god of light. The Flood, with Noah, the Ark, the dove, etc., are also derived from the same source. The story of the Fall of Man is attributed to a Babylonian cylinder seal, in which a man and a woman are depicted before a tree with hanging fruit, the serpent in the background. Much of the Mosaic law is also, it is averred, derived from Babylonian sources. Here, of course, Mr. Courtney traverses fairly familiar ground. So interesting and well-reasoned, however, is his presentation of the position, that no criticism can be made without needless controversy. The reader must take or leave it, according to the openness or otherwise of his mind. Suffice it to say that the book assures him of mental food calculated to keep him well over the Festive Season.

A Tiresome Type of Hero

There is a kind of young man the novelists are, evidently, not going to lose hold of just yet—the young man in love with the heiress, but who, because she *is* an heiress, will never, no *ne*-vah, marry her lest his friends think his aim be greed of gold and not true love. Mr. Leonard Merrick gave us a glimpse of him in "The House of Lynch." There the young man did marry the girl, but only on condition that she forswore her inheritance. In *Love in a Mist* (Hodder: 6s.), Mme. Albanesi has him much worse. Her young man, though devotedly in love with his heiress who is devotedly in love with him, and though her fond parent cordially approves her choice, is absolutely obdurate. He simply won't marry her. She appeals to him, and chases him up hill and down dale; when she is tired, papa takes the reins, and has a run after the quarry himself. Not for a long, long time is he run to earth and finally captured. Personally, I have nothing to say against the young man. He typifies the Quixotic spirit in our day, and is a worthy example to throw at the heads of our money-grabbing youth. But he is not exactly sensible. He wants the girl; she wants him. Their life's happiness depends on their union. Now, just because one or two silly people may suggest that he has merely been after her dollars, is the poorest of reasons why he should sacrifice the happiness of their two young, fresh lives. It is as ungallant to throw over a girl because she is rich as because she is poor. After all, her wealth is not her fault; it is no disgrace; besides, because one is rich is no reason why one should not

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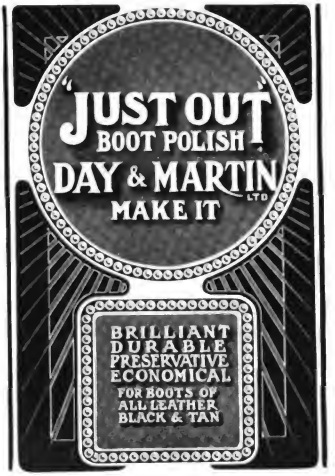

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be proud. Some of our oldest and noblest families suffer from the stigma of extreme opulence, and yet are unashamed. When, therefore, our young man allows it to be a bar to his life's happiness, while admiring his nobility of spirit, I should like to get him somewhere quietly, and shake him gently for an hour or so, as a silly, silly fellow.

A Heroine of Sorts

While my mind is on the subject of silly heroes, a word may be inserted as to the silly heroine—though here I must add the word "objectionable." She comes along with somewhat regular iteration, from which publisher, and in which books, it is better, in the interests of all, I should not say. Her position is this. She is married, or not married—it doesn't matter. She is indiscriminate in what it would be polite to call her "affections." She floats from one lover to another with butterfly inconstancy, and draws no line anywhere. Her adventures are usually blazoned forth to the world as "a book of striking human interest," a phrase which covers a multitude of sins, moral and literary, though worse in the latter respect. I do not want to shake this lady at all, but think that the authors who favour her deserve a little "treatment." Their fault is not that they write about her—that can be done to any extent if done realistically or satirically—it is that they *glorify* her; that they make light of her minx-like peccadilloes; that they gloat over her infidelities, covering them with nauseating eulogies of her beauties, etc., etc. The woman who is married, but loves another, is fair enough sport for fiction; the woman who makes her marriage the base from which to conduct campaigns of misdemeanour is objectionable, and certainly no fit subject for a novel published by a reputable firm.

The Fright of Matilda
One of the humorous historical pictures by Mr. W. Heath Robinson in "The Monarchs of Merry England"

Making Fun of History

Assuming that there is no intention to allow the children to see them, there are always a number of amusing children's book issued at this time of year. Of these, a prominent place is taken by *The Monarchs of Merry England* (Alf. Cooke, Limited, Leeds and London). This is a series of very humorously imagined scenes from our history, done in colour by the whimsical Mr. Heath Robinson. Some quite commendable verse has been done to suit the occasion by Mr. Roland Carse. The reader can be guaranteed plenty of fun. As to whether it is "policy" for us "grown-ups" to place in the hands of youngsters a version of history which casts wholesale ridicule on the men and events which we pay pedagogues to teach them to regard very seriously, I don't know. It is a little alarming to look forward to the prospect of having one's kindly allusions to the distinguished dead greeted with guffaws. It is about the most difficult thing out to get a child to see the serious side of a matter it has once been allowed to deride. But, again, there is probably no idea on the part of our poet and artist of their work getting anywhere near the nursery.

"Brummell"

Brummell, introduced by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton a year or so back to the *World*, and now put into a book all by himself, is (to borrow his way of talking) no end of a fine feller—what? They called him, some writing Johnny did, the "Mr. Dooley of St. James's Street," d'y'know—doosid silly habit these pressmen have of makin' nonsensical comparisons. Brummell, though, as his name implies, a dude, with a dudish way of expressing himself on various social and political topics, is, through it all, no end clever—so jolly clever and original and paradoxical and all that—what?—that it's a bit of a question if he's Brummell at all, and not some writing Johnny like Cossie Hamilton, masquerading as a silly ass, when all the time he's an awful wise old boy. D'you follow me? (Published by John Long, Norris Street Haymarket, 6*s*.—what?)

Wagner Again

Yet another digest of the *Wagnerian Romances* (Lane. 6*s*.) is with us, in the shape of a volume by Miss Gertrude Hall. Industry is an admirable quality, but surely Wagner has been written about almost enough by Wagner, and other appreciative critics, to last on for a bit? Besides, do his romances want explaining quite so much? Is not the suggestion that they do, a little unkind to one of the most powerful and one of the most easily understood of the great composers?

VIVIAN CARTER.

Feeding the Mind is the title of an interesting little monograph by the late Lewis Carroll (Chatto and Windus: 1*s*.). It suggests the advisability of treating our mental digestion (of books, papers, etc.) with the same fostering care that we extend to the digestion of our food. It reminds us that the mind has also its "little Mary."

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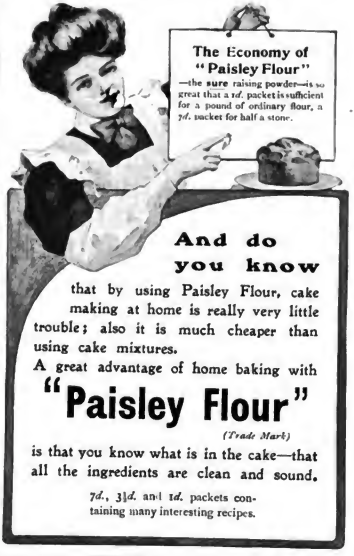

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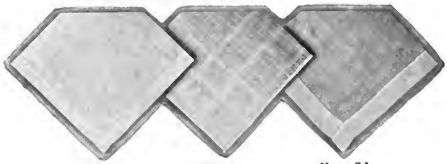

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

As I write, the Show at Olympia continues on its hot and exhausting way. The heat, ye fates! the heat! each stall vying with its fellows in illuminated electrical display. As a fashionable gathering, the autumnal Show at Olympia has acquired a distinct vogue, although one hazards the conjecture why two-thirds of the people ever go at all. They never look at anything, but just loiter along, and are just buffeted here and there—human flotsam and jetsam—with the same bland indifference and resignation to a situation to which they have been called by convention.

And the poor expiring women in furs! I can safely aver that it was reserved for Olympia to hold the first big fur show of the season, which was a really fine piece of irony. One was able to realise at Olympia the amazing magnificence of the modern stole, its plethora of tails and pads, and all-enveloping breadth across the shoulders. Almost at their most excessive do these furry fitments revert to a primitive aspect, as though hastily cured skins had been flung about the form anywhere and anyhow. It is quite possible we are carrying the peltry craze to an inevitable extreme.

Evening Frocks à la Josephine

The prevalence of the clinging, *collante* skirt is almost without precedent, the full hem resting several inches on the ground in front and at the sides, and consequently exacting some serious amount of care on the part of the wearer. An admirable exponent is Miss Irene Vanbrugh, in *The Thief* at the St. James's Theatre, whose evening gown forms the subject of our first sketch. An admirable effect is attained by means of the severe skirt of cream brocade, patterned with large gold roses, allied to a soft upper part of pale-pink gauze, powdered with silver sequins, of which the tiny chemise under-sleeves are also fashioned, and a sort of skeleton coat of fine gold lace, worked with silk embroidery and gold *paillettes*. The actual silhouette of this gown is simple in the extreme, and yet could anything be more effective?

Of course, everyone is talking about Miss Irene Vanbrugh's wondrous *negligée* of vivid green soft satin, enhanced by a floral embroidery of silver, the fronts opening on an under-dress of green chiffon. But this does not bear nearly so directly on the *modes* of the moment as the Josephine evening toilette and the day gown of elephant-grey cloth. It doubtless takes a slender, sinuous figure, such as Miss Vanbrugh's, to carry off with a l due success the rather classical suggestiveness of this gown, with its little square-cut corsage and artistic sleeve, the fulness drawn to the arm, a short distance below the elbow, into close lace cuffs.

Incroyable Coats and Napoleon Collars

It is impossible to escape the trend of the period surrounding the First Empire, which has once again cropped up in a coat that is unmistakably of the period, with its high waist and excessively high turn-down collar. Expressed in a plain cloth, and worn with a high-waist striped skirt, *La Mode* is met in the happiest spirit. But, at the same time, there are

Miss Irene Vanbrugh's Wondrous Negligée of Vivid Green Soft Satin (in "The Thief" at the St. James's)

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

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costumes that require the right environment, such as Rumpelmayer's for tea, Private Views, and of visiting. One feels at once that they would be woefully out of place in train or tube. For they are distinctly *incroyable*, and failing the necessary exaggeration, the whole *chic* is lost. Touches of embroidery, applied chiefly to the corners, are introduced on these high velvet collars, which have frequently no connection whatever with the rest of the costume in the matter of colour. While below, down either front of the coat, the most favoured ornamentation comprises *pattes* of broad braid, simulating a military appearance, and which cease just about the figure-line.

Children's Party Frocks

Having a necessary personal experience to go upon, I am perforce induced to ponder the subject of these essential accessories to the seasonable festivities, and my immediate inclination goes out to fine ring-spot net. A sweet little frock to come under my immediate notice was destined for a girlie of some seven or eight years, the full skirt, set on to a V-shaped yoke of fine lace, was caught to the figure, to effect a slightly high waist, by two or three cordings. At the hem of the skirt there were three rows of narrow white satin ribbon, just eased on. It was all so adorably simple, but I can see the fortunate little wearer securing many an envious glance from mothers of less tastefully clad companions.

Personally, I have no single word of praise left for the over-elaborated embroidery and lace frock, notwithstanding that only the few can possess these by reason of their prohibitive price. A plain muslin, trimmed lace, or full-skirted ninon frock is infinitely preferable, while nothing is more suitable for picturesque requirements than a soft satin, the skirt set perfectly plain into a short bodice, but widening out to dancing width at the hem. Beyond a little good lace on the bodice, or perhaps a chemisette and sleeves of chiffon, no further decoration is required. And therein, I insist, lies a particular *cachet*. A pinafore velvet frock supplemented by transparent sleeves and chemisette, is essentially artistic, the skirt preferably kept excessively short. There is an altogether irresistible air about a very short standing-out skirt, although, at the same time, I am compelled to say that only a really smart child is capable of doing it justice.

It is quite *de rigueur* now for tiny children to wear wreaths of suitably small flowers in their hair. For a dark-brown-haired child, who wears a straight-cut fringe and a careless side parting, there is nothing prettier than a narrow chaplet of gold gauze ribbon, the ends tied in bows a little to one side of the front. As the sole relief to a simply fashioned frock of white ninon, the gold chaplet is effective in the extreme, and could not possibly evoke adverse criticism, even from those who are always studiously behind the times and consistently condemn anything novel.

Child's Coat-Wrap, with Sleeves
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Really Practical Party Wrap for a Child

Of late years, the coat-wrap with sleeves has entirely superseded the impractical cloak hitherto adopted. But it has been reserved, I think, for our pictured model to take the prize with its deep-cut armholes, into which the fluffiest frock-sleeves can be inserted with impunity. Mrs. Dorothy Millar has expressed the idea in black velvet, lined squirrel lock, and trimmed with collar and cuffs of white Russian hare. An accessory, and one not absolutely demanded, is a little fur hood *en suite*; although a really cosy head-covering such as this is the wisest precaution when an automobile chances to be the selected form of transit.

THE WEEK'S WEATHER.

Nov. 27 to Dec. 3

By Hugh Clements

The combined atmospheric tide caused by the moon and sun will be crossed on the 28th by that of the nadir moon and sun, and will cause great atmospheric disturbance along the forty-fifth parallel of North and South latitude, but will only slightly affect England, and tend to lower the barometer from its average, or rather mean, height on the 27th. The barometer will continue to fall on the 29th and early part of the 30th, as the nadir moon and nadir sun-wave approaches the Channnel and South England, passing London on the early part of the 1st, when the barometer will begin to rise and remain higher on the 2nd, to fall slightly on the 3rd, when the atmospheric tides of the nadir moon and sun and the nadir sun and moon cross again, causing great disturbance in the weather along and near the 45th parallel of North and South latitude.

During the week, at London and South England, there will be finer weather on the 1st and 2nd, with slight unsettlement on the 27th, 30th, and 3rd, and slight rain on the 28th and 29th. In North Ireland, North England, and Scotland, the weather will be unsettled, with rain on the 28th, 29th, and 1st and 2nd, with finer weather on the 27th, 30th, and 3rd, when it will be colder. It will be windy on the 28th, 29th, and 2nd and 3rd.

The Week in London and the South

November 27—Unsettled.
,, 28 } Slight rain.
,, 29 }
,, 30—Unsettled.
December 1—Fine. Barometer rises.
,, 2—Fine.
,, 3—Unsettled. Barometer falls.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Frontispiece	453
Bystander Comments	455
The World's Pageant	458
A 'Varsity Mock Funeral	464
The Wordy War Against Socialism	465
An Award and an Appointment	466
Winning Owners of the Year	469
The Playhouses	471
Continental Chat	475
Our Worldly Short Stories: No. 107.—"The Croupier." By Basil Macdonald Hastings	480
Preparing Poultry for the Shows	487
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	488
By Field, Stream, and Covert	489
The Library	493
Automobile Topics	494
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	503
The Garden	VIII
A Woman's Note Book	X

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"Popular Bridge Player." By "Cut Cavendish." (*Hereford Times*: 1s.)

"Silas Marner." By George Eliot. (Macmillan: 6s.)

"Keats' Poetical Works." The Globe Edition. (Macmillan: 3s. 6d.)

"Napoleon (Our Last Great Man)." By Elystan M. Beardsley. (Sisleys: 5s. net.)

"Mrs. Maclean." By John Dalison Hyde. (Sisleys: 6s.)

"Vignettes of the Regency." By William Toynbee. (Ambrose: 6s. net.)

"Love While Ye May." By Henry J. Swallow. (Jarrold.)

"Mid Pleasures and Palaces." By Mary Landon. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"Lloyd's Family Doctor." By Dr. Andrew Wilson. (Lloyd's: 6d. net.)

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"The Strength and Weakness of Man." Edited by Herbert Ives. (Lane: 1s. net.)

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"Brunnell." By Cosmo Hamilton. (Long: 6s.)

"Miscellanea." By Dean Swift. (Greening: 2s. net.)

"Adventures of Baron Munchausen." Vols. I. and II. (Greening: 1s. 6d. net each.)

"Love and the Mirror." By Rathwell Wilson. (Greening: 3s. 6d.)

"Feeding the Mind." By Lewis Carroll. (Chatto and Windus: 1s. net.)

"Un Petit Vieux Bien Propre." By "Willy." (Bibliothèque des Auteurs Modernes: 3 fr. 50.)

"The Little City of Hope." By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan: 2s. 6d. net.)

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday December 4, 1907

Advocates of the re-afforestation of England have been much encouraged during the last few days. Both the oak and the cedar, which the Kaiser planted, are doing nicely.

* * *

During the same period, our much-maligned weather has established quite a fine reputation. Owing to it—says a contemporary—"The Kaiser has entirely lost that sallow look." The roses in the cheeks of the Swazi representatives also deserve a passing mention.

* * *

It is a pity, but the sixty-one Mormon missionaries who have arrived in London from Utah have not timed their visit happily. Here the æsthetic movement is over, and it is no longer fashionable to be "too utterly Utah."

* * *

President Roosevelt's action in tossing coins to decide who should receive political appointments in South Dakota has not met with universal approval. Reactionaries even declare that the posts were often just as reliably filled by the older method of paying them.

* * *

Chaffinches are *chic* birds. "Owing to their capacity for high speed," says the writer of "Nature Notes" in the *Daily Graphic*, "and their disinclination to be hampered by the society and care of their wives and families, the males nearly always travel apart." Quite *dans le mouvement*, in fact.

* * *

Three million German domestic servants are to be organised into a Trade Union, and fixed hours are to be one of the things they will strike for. Fixed minimum wages are another. There is a lot to be said for fixing things, so long as these do not include the number of young men they are at liberty to entertain.

* * *

"An excellent device for trapping burglars," says the *Daily Mail*, "may be arranged with nothing more elaborate than a reel of cotton. A thread is tied knee-high across each of the entrances to the premises, and, should a constable find one of the pieces of cotton broken, he knows at once that someone has entered." The burglar has still to be caught, of course, but the police should be grateful for this hint. We append one or two others:—

(1) Removing the paving-stones in front of a suspected house, dig out the earth beneath, and construct an elephant-trap in the hole thus made. Anyone trying to enter the house in the dark will fall into this and may be arrested. Genuine householders should be released on furnishing their names and addresses, and prosecuted later for using bad language.

(2) Enter the house yourself, and sprinkle the floors and walls of all the rooms with bird-lime. The prints thus obtained will be invaluable, and may lead to the capture of a black-beetle.

(3) Barricade both ends of a suspected street, so that no one can enter it. This is the surest way of preventing a burglary; and prevention, remember, is often better than cure. Residents, in this case, should be warned that by attempting to break out or in they render themselves liable to a very serious charge.

Exceptionally Dense

MR. BINKS (*more than usually shortsighted after attending a friendly gathering*): "Blesh my soul! Worsh fog I ever member. Positively coming down in lumps!"

(BY DUDLEY BUXTON)

* * *

Messrs. Gamage continued their business as usual on the morrow of the great fire at their Holborn premises.

Damage
Gamage?
Fire?
Liar!

THE LATEST OF ALL THE
CHRISTMAS NUMBERS
IS THAT OF
"THE BYSTANDER"

Incidentally, it is probably about the best, for it is really remarkably bright and interesting; it has pages and pages of light and airy gossip; a fine selection of whimsical jokes; the usual features; a Special Colour Supplement; Timely Short Stories by Well-known Authors.

Out Next Tuesday: 100 Pages. Usual Price Sixpence

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RACING NOTIONS

KEMPTON AND SANDOWN. BY CARBINE

Steeplechasing in the Gloom

It wasn't exactly black with fog at Kempton Park for the meeting on Friday and Saturday, but the mist hung over the low-lying ground so heavily that one's view of the racing was very limited. You said "Good-bye" to the horses as they jumped the fence round the first bend, and then you waited with as much comfort as you could find while they were battling it out on the far side of the course. Who was leading or who was falling you did not know. The only thing to do was to be patient, and count the horses when they were once more in view. Suddenly the cry goes up, "Here they come!" and all glasses are levelled on an impenetrable wall of gloom. Gradually you see spectral forms weirdly appearing; at first the colours cannot be distinguished, but when the last obstacle is jumped can you tell which are "in it"? You should if you happen to find the colours which you are interested in, for this is all the excitement you will get out of the race. You have one moment of glorious tension as they rise at the final jump and struggle for the mastery on the flat. Then the winning post is soon reached, and all that remains is to "draw" or pay, most frequently the latter at this early stage of the season. Such is steeplechasing in the gloom, and I think the company assembled at Kempton voted it very poor sport.

Winners Hard to Find at Kempton

More especially so as winners were very hard to find, and those who think it the best plan to "follow the money" were frequently led astray. Take Saturday's card for example. In the first race one was told that Cynique was the best thing, and he gave his supporters a very fair run for their money; but there was one too good for him in New Moon II., whose lighter weight, when it came to racing on the flat, just turned the scale. The three-year-olds in the next race were looked upon as being dangerous to meddle with, but Mistake II. had been seen out before to some advantage, and was accordingly best fancied. But Mr. Horatio Bottomley, always formidable at these meetings, was to be reckoned with, winning with a rank outsider, Dancing Girl. "Thank Goodness," exclaimed punters, when the numbers for the next race went up, "we have some good-class horses at last." And really it was quite pleasant to see such capital jumpers as Oatlands, Roman Law, Judas, Denmark, and Flutterer. The last-named simply cantered away with the race. The greatest blow of all was when Do Be Quick was beaten. Many plunged on this good mare in the hope of "getting it all back!" Who should beat her but old Timothy Titus, who came out as fresh as a four-year-old after the summer's rest.

Selections for Sandown

Altogether, then, it can be guessed that it was not a pleasant time for backers at Kempton, but "hope springs eternal," and we shall all be bent on "spotting 'em" at Sandown Park this week. Somehow, Sandown always seems to provide better jumping than most meetings around London, and there looks like being some capital racing on Friday and Saturday. On the first day it will be interesting to see Queen's Cup, Sandboy, and Venetian, who finished in that order at Kempton, meet again, and good jumpers like Simonson and Amersham head the handicap. My selection is **Sandboy.** The chief event of the week comes on the second day, when some of the smartest jumpers in training will meet in the Sandown Steeplechase. There cannot be much between Old Fairyhouse, Seisdon Prince, Nanoya, Ross, Dathi, and one or two of the others, but the victory should rest with **Ross** if he is still the clinking performer that he was last season. In the Milburn Hurdle Race I think **Nulli Secundus** will give us the opportunity—unfortunately so rare nowadays—of cheering a Royal success. **Ante** for the Juvenile Hurdle Race is my only selection at the Gatwick Meeting.

Jockeys' Arrangements for 1908

No sooner is one flat-racing season dead than we begin to think about the next, and it will interest many to know what arrangements the leading jockeys are making for 1908. It is known that Madden will not be riding any more for Alec Taylor's stable, and his successor will be Trigg, for whom this is a fine appointment. It cannot be said that Trigg is one of the most polished horsemen on the Turf, but his style improves every season; and one good thing about him is that he is not so fond of cutting things unnecessarily fine at the finish as some of our crack riders are. Danny Maher's connection with Lord Derby and the Stanley House stable has been such a happy one that it is not surprising to learn that he will again be their first jockey. Several owners have offered big sums for second call on his services, but Maher refuses to bind himself down. Higgs has fixed up an arrangement again with Mr. J. C. Sullivan and the Beckhampton stable, and Halsey and Dillon will ride for the same people as they did during the past season. An interesting retainer is that which Mr. W. Hall Walker gives to the Australian jockey, Hewitt, who thus will get an excellent chance of distinguishing himself in this country.

A Contradiction

In our issue of November 20 we published a photograph of Miss Zena Dare, against whom it was alleged that she was engaged to a certain well-known nobleman. We are requested by her father, Mr. Arthur Dones, to give publicity to the fact that the report is totally without foundation, and, as we have been informed that it has caused Miss Zena Dare some disquietude, we are glad to have the opportunity of contradicting it herewith.

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Cambridge 'Varsity Steeplechase

SNAPSHOTS AT COTTENHAM

Mr. A. H. Law's Loddon II.
Winning the Veterans' Challenge Cup

Inter-Varsities Challenge Cup
Mr. T. F. Montague's Sunbeam VI., winner

The Cambridge 'Varsity Steeplechase at Cottenham: Veterans' Challenge Cup
Mr. R. W. W. Burton's Steamer leading. The winner was Mr. A. H. Law's Loddon II.

Baron Veltheim
After falling from his horse, Amber, in the Inter-Varsities Challenge Cup

Nearly an Accident
A collision in mid-air between four horses at the water jump

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

There was a large attendance at the opening steeplechase of the Light Blues held last Wednesday at Cottenham. The weather cleared in time for the racing, but owing to the recent downpour, the ground was soft and heavy. Though, as our photographs show, there were one or two mishaps, none of them, happily, proved serious. In fact, considering the state of the course, the meeting was singularly free from unfortunate occurrences

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Court

In honour of the celebration of the birthday of H.M. the Queen last Sunday, a small week-end party was entertained at Sandringham. In addition to the members of the Royal family, among whom were the King and Queen of Norway and the Crown Prince Olaf, several guests were invited. They included the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Marquis de Soveral (who enjoys the revived position of Court Jester, and is regarded with much favour by the ladies of Queen Alexandra's Court), the Earl and Countess of Derby, and the Earl and Countess De Grey, the latter an old and valued friend of the Queen's, and one whose ability in the evenings to "give us a little music" is highly appreciated at Sandringham. The King will come to London on Monday to pay his usual visit to the Cattle Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, and will visit Lord Burnham at Hall Barn one day in the week following for a day's shooting over his lordship's fine preserves. The Queen, except for a brief visit to the Metropolis on shopping intent, will remain with her daughters at Sandringham until the New Year.

C.B.'s Retreat

The convalescent Premier snapshotted at Charing Cross Railway Station on his way to Biarritz (pausing awhile in Paris)

Rest-Cures "De Rigueur"

Rest-cures are always rather fashionable, being as a rule quite beyond the reach of any but the very leisured classes, often very convenient, and now more than ever "the thing." The Kaiser's example has been quickly followed by the Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who has gone to Biarritz to lay up health and strength with which to tackle the arduous Parliamentary months which lie before him. Any number of lesser lights (most of them, I am told, husbands), and all, of course, of the unemployed variety, have, with startling unanimity, suddenly declared themselves in urgent need of a rest-cure, and have departed for some quiet retreat, preferably one with a Casino, the best motor and a kindred soul or two in willing tow.

* * *

The Work of a Prime Minister

It is, I suppose, one of the disadvantages of an advanced civilisation that, owing to the strenuous

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Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

THE KAISER'S REST-CURE

His Majesty (in the centre, in Inverness cloak) having planted a young oak in the grounds of Highcliffe, smilingly called to the young Misses Stuart-Wortley to "come along and finish the job." They are above seen doing so, the Kaiser walking towards his motor-car, *en route* for Wilton House

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Properly British

THE KAISER'S SUNDAY WALK TO HIGHCLIFFE CHURCH

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

HIS MAJESTY WALKING THROUGH THE GROUNDS (WITH COLONEL STUART-WORTLEY)

The Emperor has, during his stay at Highcliffe, been seen walking as well as motoring. His Sunday walk to church, through the pretty Ilex Avenue, was greeted by the respectful salutations of the parishioners. When at Potsdam, it is the invariable custom of the Kaiser and his family to walk, not drive, to church. The Imperial costume is, as will be seen, rigidly "respectable"—the Inverness cloak being, perhaps, from the strictly fashionable standpoint, somewhat reminiscent

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Hull Loyal to the House of Wilson

struggle for existence and place, the "plums" of office, the greatest and most arduous positions in the Empire, must go to men who, at the same age in other spheres, would be sitting at home by the fireside preparing their souls for another and a better world.

* * *

The Two Sir Alfreds

Owing to one of those awkward accidents, which will happen in the best-regulated of illustrated papers, the photograph in our issue of November 27 of Sir Alfred Cooper was not, as was stated in the underline, that of the well-known Chairman of Ridgways, Ltd., the tenant of Highcliffe Castle, but that of the eminent surgeon of the same name and title, the late President of the R.C.S., who resides in the summer at Whiting Bay, Arran, and is married to Lady Agnes Duff, daughter of the fifth Earl of Fife. This Sir Alfred was knighted in 1902; his namesake, the previous year. The Sir Alfred Cooper of Ridgways' is not, however, unconnected with surgery himself, for, as I stated, it was as a reward for his services in connection with the hospital for wounded soldiers during the Boer War that he received his own knighthood.

* * *

Spanish Royal Movements

The King and Queen of Spain, who leave England this week, leave golden opinions behind them, and, it is fairly certain, take some away, too. The Queen, though somewhat of the buxom type of beauty, carries herself so perfectly and holds her chin at the queenliest of angles. Her colouring is more lovely than ever, her hair more brightly gold, and the massed turquoises she constantly wears accentuate both. Unlike the ladies of the English Royal family, she rather likes to dress in Royal fashion, and at Windsor her velvet and ermine and plumes were a great contrast to the severity of the gowns of her English relations. King Alfonso, everyone agrees, is "delightful." In order not quite to neglect the serious side of affairs, he spent exactly three minutes at the South Kensington Museum last week, but much

Photo Langfier, 230, Old Bond Street

Miss Shouts, the Latest Fair American Engaged to a Duke

Miss Theodora Shouts, daughter of Mr. Theodore Shouts, Chairman of the N.Y. Interborough and Metropolitan New York Railway, whose engagement is just announced to the Duc de Chaulnes

The Liberal Victory at Hull

Lady Chesterfield (sister of the successful candidate, the Hon. Guy Wilson) canvassing in the Liberal interest

Photo Elliott and Fry

The Late Lord Battersea

longer at tea next day, with his wife, at Rumpelmayers'. He talks continuously, and with astonishing rapidity. He speaks French with most people — including his wife —but German with his mother-in-law.

* * *

A Wilson for Hull

In a personal sense, nobody will be found to object to the success of handsome young Mr. Guy Wilson in the Hull Election. It may, or may not, be fair to acclaim this as a "victory for Free Trade." The thing to rejoice over is that Socialism is, this time, at the bottom, not the top of the poll. "Wilson for Hull," cried the Liberals; and Hull has agreed. After all, to a large extent, Wilson *is* Hull; and Hull *is* Wilson. Only the most dogged of partisans could wish for a rift in so idyllic a lute.

* * *

The Waste of "Waste"

So *Waste* has been performed, Mr. Redford notwithstanding (though I am by no means sure that I did not catch sight of him in a distant stall at the Imperial on the night I was myself there). Our dramatic representative does the critical honours to the piece, and our artist pays it the tribute of the pen, elsewhere in the paper. Enough is now known of the piece to make the general public ask, rather furiously, why it should be prohibited from seeing it and judging for itself whether or not it ought to have gone. It is clear that here Mr. Granville Barker has tackled a problem of deep significance: a problem that, every decade, confronts us in public life—whether a man's moral lapses should disqualify him in his pubic capacity. Sometimes it is a politician; sometimes a poet-dramatist; sometimes an artist; sometimes a great singer, that is found trespassing from the strict paths. The question is contantly arising whether his public mission should thereby be imperilled. Mr. Barker's offence is, apparently, that in his play he indicates rather too realistically the nature of the offence and the manner of its committal. Therefore, the B. P. mustn't see!

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The Gamage Damage

ABLAZE TUESDAY—"BUSINESS AS USUAL" WEDNESDAY

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Who Says Britons are Unenterprising?

A view of Gamage's shop, in Holborn, after the fire, when damage to the extent of £30,000 was done

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

"Business as Usual"

The next day, as usual, the shop was open, and business proceeded merrily. We don't know if £30,000 worth of business was done, but with such enterprising management it is quite possible

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Interested Parties in the Druce Case

And with natural indignation it asks, why not? Because the theatre is open to all, and there may be in the audience some who would suffer moral damage by it! But the kind of person who would, knowing as he should the theme of the play, take an impressionable young person to see it is the person to be "censored," not the poor dramatist. And I may as well add that anyone who would take a young person to the theatre to poison its mind—wouldn't. It could be done at home, far more effectually, and at much less expense.

• • •

The Druce Case Smile

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O, what were man?—a world without a sun

If only to see the smile, the beaming, confiding, knowing, and-you-know-too smile, which Mrs. Hamilton, the new Druce case witness, bestowed upon Mr. Plowden, and the equally knowing smile Mr. Plowden bestowed in return, it was well worth while spending six or seven hours in Clerkenwell Police Court last Wednesday. A very battery of rippling smiles the old lady turned upon him—she wasted but few on mere counsel—and most delicious, humorous, inviting smiles they were. The learned magistrate took them all in with, at any rate, outward calm. He is, of course, so used (since the Druce case became so fashionable) to a perpetual feast of such nectared sweets, that his placidity was perhaps not surprising; to a man less highly favoured they might have proved almost embarrassing.

• • •

The New Witness

Mrs. Madge Hamilton, who is now known to be the mysterious, veiled lady of an earlier portion of the case, was a god-daughter of the fourth Duke of Portland. She is connected with the Scotts of Ayrshire, one of whom, the daughter of General Scott, a great heiress, married the fourth Duke. Under the gentle prompting of Mr. Jones's "learned junior," she started giving evidence, in a clear, silvery voice, in a manner at once direct, delightful, and garrulous. In tones that implied a final and irrevocable settlement of all doubts on the question, she declared Mr. Druce and the Duke of Portland to be one and the same man. "Of course he was," she flashed; "he had lots of wigs and false beards and false eyebrows, and I used to steal them from his pockets and hide them."

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Howard de Walden

Entertaining a shooting party at Audley End. His lordship is watching the Druce claim with almost as deep a personal interest as the Duke of Portland himself

A more complete contrast to the preceding witness, Miss Robinson, it is impossible to imagine. Where Miss Robinson was dull and vague, seemingly quite dazed, in fact, Mrs. Hamilton, though some twenty odd years her senior, was bright, alert, and very much to the point. She is a pretty old lady, white-haired and very fragile-looking, and one was hardly surprised at her smilingly made assertion that the late Duke threatened more than once to marry his "little cousin." She stood all through the long afternoon, declaring that she preferred to do so.

• • •

The Duchess of Portland

Entertaining and being entertained are not at all in the Duchess of Portland's "line." Her Grace leaves both to her less highly placed sisters. During the recent visit to England of the young Queen of Spain, however—her Majesty's partiality for the good-natured, high-spirited Duchess being well known—the Duchess (formerly Miss Dallas Yorke) has had, willingly or unwillingly, both to entertain and to be entertained. From scarcely any function graced by Queen Victoria has the Duchess been absent, and at all of them she has been in great good looks and beautiful clothes. The magnificent ermine cloak she wore at the Welbeck ball she had herself discovered locked away in an old chest in the Abbey. It had been placed there two hundred years ago, but so carefully was it wrapped up that it was in perfect preservation. The Druce developments do not, it seems, in the least weigh on her. On the Duke, however, they are said to be beginning to take some effect. He jokes no longer on the subject, and, indeed, neither discusses it himself nor allows others to do so in his presence. By the way, I am surprised that no one in the Courts has yet mentioned that on the Welbeck estate there is still a covert known as the Druce Covert, though, of course, I don't draw any "inference" therefrom.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Mrs. Hamilton, the Newest Druce Case "Sensation"

Mrs. Hamilton's evidence startled the Court hardly less than that of Mr. Caldwell and Miss Robinson. She made very decisive statements as to the Duke's identity with Mr. Druce

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The Debatable Duchy

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Her Grace opened the bazaar on Tuesday at the Hyde Park Hotel in aid of the East London Hospital for Children. This is the first sitting of the Duchess given for many years, and was especially granted to the Graphic Photo Union. It is of particular interest at the moment when the Portland Dukedom is so much in the public eye in connection with the Druce litigation

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A 'Varsity Mock Funeral

Photo *Cole*

"Ragging" at Oxford: A mock funeral of a rusticated Balliol Undergraduate

The latest Oxford "rag" was the mock funeral of a popular Balliol man sent down for some minor misdemeanour. The procession consisted of fifteen cabs, the drivers' whips having black ribbon, and the occupants of the cabs being in deep mourning. The procession was headed by a band, which played them through the principal streets. At the station, the "corpse" was resuscitated and made a pathetic speech, thanking his mourners for their tearful tribute

The Ragging Wave

"Rags," declared an enthusiastic 'Varsity exponent of the art to me the other day, "rags are mostly made by crowds and proctors." There is at least a modicum of truth in his remark. Without a crowd a rag is often but a saddening thing. Without proctors it would lose those delights of mystery and mischief which constitute three parts of their charm. Man, especially youthful, college-keeping man, is an imitative animal. Initiative, even in rags, is not his strong point. Imitation is. Half a dozen men plan a rag—a man has been sent down, there is a twenty-firster at Univ., or it is just the Fifth—a rumour runs that some fun is afoot, and both town and gown turn out to see it. Inspired, intoxicated by publicity, the aforesaid half-dozen originators, who, alone, could be cowed and sent home to peaceful by-by by a single policeman, become avowed, if slightly Bacchic, leaders of men. Admirers flock to their banner, there is at once a crowd and a "binge"—and a healthy rag is in full progress.

* * *

A Fashion in Rags

There is, it seems, a fashion in rags. For months, sometimes for whole terms, the ragging habit lies quiescent. Then, one after another, a whole series runs through the academic world. Of late, this foolish ragging-wave has swept not only the time-honoured homes of such delights—the older Universities, Oxford and Cambridge—but also the minor seats of learning—London, Aberystwith, Birmingham. The latest, which comes from Oxford, is, perhaps, the most amusing and least troublesome. A well-known undergraduate (of Balliol, I believe) was ordered to be "sent down." His "sending down," which means that he may not be seen within the gates of Alma Mater for the rest of the term, was observed with all the customary rites. A funeral procession was formed, and this, at the slowest pace, went from the College to the railway station. The procession consisted of an outrider in the guise of a proctor on a donkey; an advance guard of five men on horseback, also in proctorial dress; and a heavily laden coach, with six horses and postillions. Fifteen cabs brought up a dignified rear. At the station the "corpse," being resuscitated, awoke to vigorous life, and made a speech which reduced his many "mourners" to a state of more than usually hilarious hilarity.

Photo *Hawkins, Ltd.*

A Ducal Mayor: The Duke of Marlborough as Mayor of Woodstock

(Left to right) Alderman Haynes, Alderman Whittock, Mr. J. J. Banbury, J.P. (Town Clerk). Duke of Marlborough, Mr. John Banbury (ex-Mayor). Mr. A. R. Hovey, J.P. The Mace-Bearer is standing. The Duke has received the honour of being elected Mayor of the ancient borough of Woodstock, with which the Churchill family has been so conspicuously associated

* * *

A Ducal Mayor

The Duke of Marlborough, who has just been installed Mayor of Woodstock, was playing to perfection the other day, at the wedding of his cousin, Lady Evelyn Innes-Ker with Major Collins, the part of

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The Wordy War Against Socialism

The Wordy War Against Socialism: A platform duel at Hammersmith

The feature of the day in the political world (next to the Suffragette riots) is platform duelling between representatives of Socialism and Individualism. These have been in vogue all over the country, the Socialist gladiator finding himself faced, in turn, by both Liberal and Conservative antagonists. A large audience recently assembled at the Hammersmith Town Hall to hear the duel between Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P. (Soc.), and Sir William Bull, M.P. (C.). It was generally admitted that, from the debating standpoint, Mr. Snowden had by far the best of it

fond, lone parent. He brought his two sons, Lord Blandford, nearly as tall as his father, in an Eton suit, and Lord Ivor Churchill, a small boy who came with his nurse to act the part of page. The Duke, throughout the service, kept a watchful eye on his small son, followed the pack of tiny maids and men into the vestry, and tucked him into a cab *en route* for Woodstock immediately after the ceremony. At Woodstock, everyone is pleased to have the Duke at the head of Civic affairs. His seat, Blenheim Palace, now closed to the Duchess, is within that Royal manor of Woodstock which was settled inalienably upon John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and his heirs, a manor which his descendants still hold by presenting at Windsor, on each Blenheim anniversary, a banner of the *fleur de lys* of France. For some time in Woodstock, owing to the much discussed domestic difficulties of the Duke, it has been feared that the house of Spencer-Churchill would cease to grace that interesting borough. But the Duke, since the open rupture with his Duchess, has been more often than ever before resident in the great palace which American dollars have made habitable. His acceptance, too, at very short notice, of the mayoralty of Woodstock would seem to confirm his intention of making the place his chief home in future.

• • •

"Winston" at Mombasa

The Duke of Marlborough was, it will be remembered, Under-Secretary for the Colonies in the late Unionist Government, a post in which he was succeeded by his cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill. And Mr. Churchill, it is rumoured, is to follow the example of the head of his family in allying himself with wealth. "Winston must marry money," declared a mutual friend the other day, breaking in upon a conversation in which the distinguished politician's name was coupled with that of a young and charming actress, who is even better known in social than in stage circles. "His mother," went on our informant, "is always sampling American beauties for him." Well, it is to be hoped Mr. Churchill will be discreet. Budding great men bud sooner and prove greater, as everyone knows, when there is no lack of monetary assistance. In the world of high politics the expense is great. Undollared love is, therefore, a luxury difficult to indulge in.

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Socialism Under Debate

The discussion of Socialism, it is obvious, calls into play the keenest of arguments and the sharpest of wits. Like religion and politics, the subject cannot, as a rule, be discussed entirely amicably. At a recent debate thereon, however, although it resulted in the wholesale routing of the unbeliever, it is yet to be remarked that amiability reigned supreme. On the fierce field of friendly argument last week, in

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

"Winston" on Tour: Mr. Churchill greets the officials at Mombasa. (No lions were bagged)

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An Award and an Appointment

Hammersmith, Sir William Bull, M.P., met Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., and the question discussed was "Whether Socialism is practicable and would benefit the nation." The Mayor, who presided, disarmed the combatants by describing the meeting as a sporting event—one which the audience, he hoped, would treat as sportsmen—and declared it to be his firm opinion that nothing that might be said would affect the views of any body present. After that, of course, it was impossible to get warm, much less heated. Mr. Snowden, however, who defined Socialism as

> the organisation of industry by Society and the social ownership of the land and the means of production; the instruments of production to be controlled by Society for the purpose of producing things needed for social use,

at least proved that to discuss Socialism on its merits with a keen and brilliant Socialist, such as himself, requires a rather more trenchant polemical attitude than that assumed by the esteemed Sir William Bull. Could, for instance, Mr. Bernard Shaw be induced to take up the case for Anti-Socialism, and argue it, at a public meeting, against himself; well, that would be grand. And how he would enjoy meeting so worthy and intelligent an antagonist.

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Sir William Crookes

Rumoured to be the Nobel Prize Winner for Chemistry

* * *

Lord and Lady Lanesborough

Lord Lanesborough, who has been appointed Military Secretary to the Duke of Connaught in Malta, is still well on the sunniest side of fifty. Last winter he commanded the Grenadier Guards in Egypt, and both he and his wife come of hard, fighting stock. Lady Lanesborough is the daughter of that distinguished soldier the late General Tombs, who won the V.C. before Delhi, and the granddaughter of Admiral Sir James Stirling. Lord Lanesborough, whose work, he confesses, does rather interfere with his favourite pastime of hunting, has two seats, one in Leicestershire and another in County Cavan. The first Lord Lanesborough was Colonel of the Battle-Axe Guards and had no fewer than twenty-three children, all by the same Lady Lanesborough. The present Earl and his wife are of a social turn of mind, and this, in Malta, will doubtless render them as popular as in Egypt.

* * *

The Nobel Prize

Professor Sir William Crookes, the discoverer of thalium and the inventor of numerous devices for showing the effects of radium and other elements, has, it is rumoured, been designated as the winner of the Nobel Prize for chemistry, worth £7,800. It was Sir William Crookes, it will be remembered, who, in his Presidential Address to the British Association in 1898, announced the awful proposition that the wheat supply of the world could not be relied upon as a permanent source of subsistence, as wheat-eaters multiply faster than the wheat-producing area. Sir William, who is seventy-five, is (if the award be confirmed) the sixth English winner of the Nobel Prize. Others

Photos *Thomson*

LORD AND LADY LANESBOROUGH

His Lordship has been appointed Military Secretary to the Duke of Connaught in Malta

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A Type of Russian Beauty

Photo Lafayette

THE COUNTESS ORLOFF DAVIDOFF

Daughter of M. de Staal, sometime Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The Countess is a regular visitor to London during the Season

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The New Jaggers : "Sandwichettes"

are Major Ross (for the study of malaria and mosquitoes), Sir Randall Cremer, M.P. (advocacy of peace), Lord Rayleigh and Professor Thomson (physics), and Sir William Ramsay (chemistry).

* * *

The Manner of its Award

Great dissatisfaction is being universally expressed as to the manner of the distribution of the Nobel Prize. It seems that the terms of Nobel's will have been ignored in the letter and in the spirit. The awards, Nobel specified, should be given annually to those persons who shall have contributed most materially to the benefit of mankind during the year *immediately preceding*. On no occasion have the prizes been given for work done during the preceding year. It may be said, of course, that there have been barren years. Yet it was Nobel's avowed object so to stimulate research that barren years should be well-nigh impossible. He wished also, it is believed, to encourage the younger investigators. Yet six of the twenty-eight recipients of the Nobel Prizes are dead, three of them having died of sheer old age.

Another Jaggers

William Bevan, the District Messenger, who was despatched the other night, at a few minutes' notice, to Berlin, where he delivered his letter, and promptly returned, occupying only three days on the double journey

* * *

A Russian Wedding

A recent visit to the Russian Chapel in Welbeck Street recalls to my mind an incident which occurred there on the occasion of the marriage of Mlle. de Staal, whose photograph we are enabled to publish, to Count Orloff Davidoff. The bride was the daughter of that most stately and charming of diplomats, the late Baron de Staal, predecessor of the present Russian Ambassador. His daughter's wedding, witnessed only by that *élite* which Mme. de Staal loved to gather around her, missed none of the picturesque elements of the Russian ceremony. Crowns were held over the heads of bride and bridegroom, they carried lighted tapers in their hands, and a hidden choir of male voices chanted special psalms. At the wedding of Mlle. de Staal, the bride's hand shook a little, the taper flared, and in a moment the lovely old gossamer lace veil she wore was in flames. With commendable presence of mind, she stood quite motionless, while those nearest her, including the King, then Prince of Wales, sprang forward and extinguished the incipient blaze. During the 'eighties, when the Thames between Maidenhead and Cookham was less frequented than now, Baron and Baroness de Staal and their pretty daughter were regular week-end visitors to Cliveden, which Count and Countess Karolyi used to hire every summer from the late Duke of Westminster before he sold the place to Mr. Astor.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Shall We Say—Sandwichettes?

Suffragists parade the vicinity of the various police courts with sandwich-boards, while representatives of the cause make demonstrations before the magistrates, protesting against "man-made laws." No. 2 in the procession is Miss Irene Miller

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Winning Owners of the Year

Mr. W. Bass
Owner of eight winners of fifteen races, value £13,803

Lord Derby
First in 1906, but fourth this season with a total of £13,709

Mr. W. B. Purefoy
The owner of Lally and other good horses, which won £11,822 in stakes for him

The expenses of the modern owner of racehorses are enormous, and the statistics of stake-money won during the season only present one side of the picture. But all the owners whose photographs appear on this page have a good margin on the right side, and Mr. Hall Walker, who has been the most successful of all, has won about £36,000 in stakes during the past three years. His best winners this year were White Eagle, Witch Elm, and Royal Realm. Mr. Bass owes his prominent place mainly to Sancy and Stockup, Mr. Purefoy to Lally, Captain Greer to Slieve Gallion, Mr. R. Croker to Orby, and Colonel Baird to Woolwinder

Mr. W. Hall Walker
Who heads the list of winning owners with seven winners of thirteen races, value £17,010

Colonel E. W. Baird
Who won £10,556

Mr. R. Croker
Who netted £8,340, this being much his best year on the English Turf

Captain J. H. Greer
Who is credited with £8,367 in stakes

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Cæsar and Cleopatra AS SEEN BY G. B. SHAW

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. Forbes Robertson (*Cæsar*) **Miss Gertrude Elliot** (*Cleopatra*)

Mr. Shaw, in this strange "history," does not attempt to make much dramatic capital of the relations between the elderly Cæsar and the youthful Cleopatra. Indeed, at the end of the play, Cæsar sails away from Alexandria with barely an expression of regret. Mr. Shaw has been chiefly concerned in showing us a prose-talking Cæsar as different as possible from the blank-verse, declaiming character we are accustomed to find in historical drama

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

SAVOY THEATRE

"Cæsar and Cleopatra"

Through lapse of memory, I omitted to make arrangements to purchase a seat for the production of *Cæsar and Cleopatra* (the Vedrenne-Barker management do not extend the customary courtesy to THE BYSTANDER); but a brother-critic came to the rescue, so I participated, at the *première*, in the very warm reception accorded to Mr. Forbes Robertson upon his return to London.

Mr. Shaw's motives in writing this play are apparent. He wanted to show us a Cæsar as different as possible from the character drawn by Shakespeare. Shakespeare's Cæsar, of course, is not Cæsar. At the same time, he is a very interesting dramatic figure. Strangely enough, Mr. Shaw, taking the diametrically opposite path to the earlier writer, arrives at the same goal. His Cæsar also is a curiously interesting dramatic figure. We are interested in the trend of his mind, as we are in the trend of Hamlet's mind. We want to analyse his motives and to discover the mainsprings of his actions. He is a very human creature, and it becomes of real moment to us to see into what dangers his leniency and clemency will lead him. In intellectual force, he towers head and shoulders above the other men of Egypt and of Rome. His personality is tinged with romance (Mr. Forbes Robertson's contribution to the rôle is very apparent here). At the moment when you think his Cæsar is going to be most weak, he develops suddenly the greatest strength. This Cæsar of Mr. Shaw's might have been, and probably was, written for Mr. Forbes Robertson. It is impossible to conceive any other actor in the rôle. Mr. Shaw has been almost equally successful in the portrayal of his other characters, Cleopatra and Brittanus (Cæsar's secretary, a Briton).

It is a wilful, fascinating, real child of sixteen that Mr. Shaw has drawn, and that Miss Gertrude Elliot acts with great skill and charm. The youthful Queen is naturally a creature of moods, and there is great variety in the emotions depicted. Miss Elliot was never at fault; she was so at home in the rôle that she played with it. She seemed to create all her effects without working at all for them. This is a severe test of skill in acting. Mr. Ian Robertson created much amusement as the gaunt, cynical Briton, whose humour is the driest of the dry. The actor made the part more valuable than it really is. As for the comic elements, they are sorry fooling. It is well, of course, to get away from the bombast and high-falutin' phrases sometimes put into the mouths of historical characters, but Mr. Shaw has gone too far the other way. The incongruity of modern phrases in the mouths of characters living in the year 48 B.C. fails to strike a humorous note. The first laugh in the piece was obtained by one of the characters calling the nurse a swivel-eyed old cat. The other humorous passages in the play were not of a very much higher order.

Photo *Kentlinger*

A French Actress Popular in London

Mlle. Marthe Regnier, of the Paris Vaudeville, who is so well known to audiences at the French theatre in London—the New Royalty

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

"The Cuckoo"

Mr. Charles Brookfield's old farcical comedy has been vigorously dusted, trimmed, and furbished. Originally it was adapted from the French of Meilhac, now it has been adapted to the present hour by Mr. Brookfield from his own adaptation of a decade or so ago. When the curtain goes up, two of the characters are "discovered" wrestling with the last line of a Limerick. *The Cuckoo*, in this latest version, becomes a journal which thrives upon the craze of the hour. It was a pity Mr. Brookfield did not go a step farther in bringing the play up to date and abolish or reduce some of the lengthy soliloquies. Even the introduction of Limericks could not obliterate these evidences of age. But much can be forgiven in a play which causes laughter. *The Cuckoo* is undeniably amusing played as farce. It contains a most ingenious plot, the complications of which do not make too preposterous a claim upon our credibility. The story concerns a

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partie carée old husband (Mr. O. B. Clarence), young wife (Miss Sarah Brooke), her admirer (Mr. Charles Hawtrey), and a lady of the dashing order, who finds her quarry among elderly and flighty husbands.

The joke is upon the husband. The two couples go off on the outing arranged in a manner that can well be imagined. The wife repents of her escapade and returns to find not an indignant, but a very repentant husband. The whole burden of the misadventures which have befallen his wife's admirer is placed upon his shoulders. And, being himself guilty, he has to grin and bear it. The company, headed by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, rattled through the piece in most commendable fashion. E. C. S.

THE STAGE SOCIETY

"Waste"

The production of the censored play, *Waste*, by the Incorporated Stage Society has done little or nothing to solve the very complex problem of whether the Lord Chamberlain does, or does not, constitute an exasperating hindrance to the development of dramatic art in its more virile aspects. The one thing which the play did emphasise, however, was the fact that, although transgressions of the moral code undeniably figure in the actualities of life, there are themes of human waywardness which are unsuited for public portrayal, even at the hands of a skilful author like Mr. Granville Barker. *Waste* makes daring advances into the forbidden region, and the impression the performance indelibly left was that Mr. Redford exercised commendable judgment in refusing a licence, although in the process he scotched the progress of a great play which gives Mr. Barker a right to take a foremost place among English dramatists.

Photo *Lafayette*

Miss Madge Tilberadge

Who was specially presented to the King after the performance of *The Clandestine Marriage*, in which she played at Sandringham on his Majesty's birthday. Miss Tilberadge is at present playing Rosine in *French As It Is Spoke* at the Playhouse

Henry Trebell, an aspiring politician of conspicuous ability, having, seemingly, conquered the amazing intricacies of national education in such a manner as to weld harmoniously the High Church lion and the Nonconformist lamb, is regarded as an extremely desirable addition to a new Conservative Cabinet which is being formed. At the very threshold of the realisation of his political dream, however, Mrs. O'Connell proclaims that the *liaison* which sprang up between them a few months before must inevitably lead to scandal in the guise of motherhood. Trebell is steeled against nearly every form of human sentiment, and only recognises that the affair may prejudice his political progress. He talks cold logic with almost brutal cynicism at the trying moment when the victim of his unthinking passion most needs the invigorating warmth of masculine sympathy. In the midst of her despair she seeks escape through the agency of a shady doctor, and meets her death.

The prospective disclosure at the inquest invests the situation with issues of national importance. Will Mr. Justice O'Connell, a worthy Irishman who has been living apart from his wife, revengefully blazon the scandal to the world, or will he permit himself to be swayed by consideration for the future welfare of Mr. Trebell? The pair meet under momentous circumstances, and both being confirmed woman-haters, adjust matters without a tinge of regret at the tragic ending of the woman's folly.

With O'Connell's pledge to silence the Trebell horizon suddenly clears, and, in the solitude of his awaiting the official notification that he has been elected a member of the Cabinet, he becomes conscious that he is not impervious to that phase of humanity represented by Mrs. O'Connell's desperate subterfuge in her intense grief. He begins to realise that contempt for human life exacts its own penalty, and it is while tortured by his own self-searchings that he receives a communication to the effect that the Cabinet will not require his services. He reels under the dual infliction, and ends all by committing suicide.

The story, as thus outlined, cannot claim to be startlingly new, and the form of the narrative, as here taken, would probably be acceptable even in supersensitive circles. It is the atmosphere of sex questions, however, in which the play lives, which lays it open to the charge of indelicacy, and a marked degree of chilling uncertainty in the minds of the audience.

As a great intellectual achievement the play is a notable triumph, although it attempts to grapple, with some degree of tiresomeness of detail, with a whole host of extraneous subjects. At times the dialogue gratuitously drags in abstruse social problems, but these are always clothed in epigrammatic terms of expression, and the mind, occasionally is called upon to indulge in a fierce chase after the subtleties which come tripping off the tongues of the speakers. Without, in any sense, sacrificing the power of the piece, the author might have steered clear of much that is prone to occasion embarrassment and left Mr. Redford very little to take exception to. In its broad aspect, the play is a veritable triumph of realism, but while duly appreciating the outstanding cleverness of the author, and the intense dramatic situation he creates, it has to be confessed that the theme is capable of mischief in an audience unequal to the standard of intelligence which Mr. Barker sets.

The whole of the characters was in very capable hands, and where everyone was excellent there is no need to signal out members of the company for individual praise.

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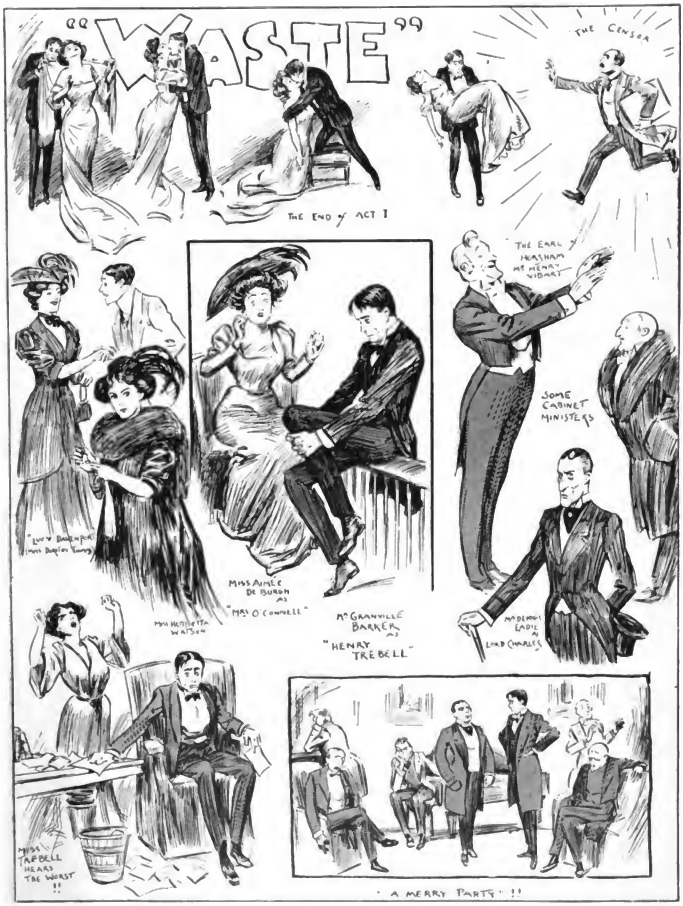
In Defiance of Mr. Redford



Scenes in "WASTE," Mr. Granville Barker's "Censored" Play, produced by the Stage Society at "The Imperial"

BY NORMAN MORROW

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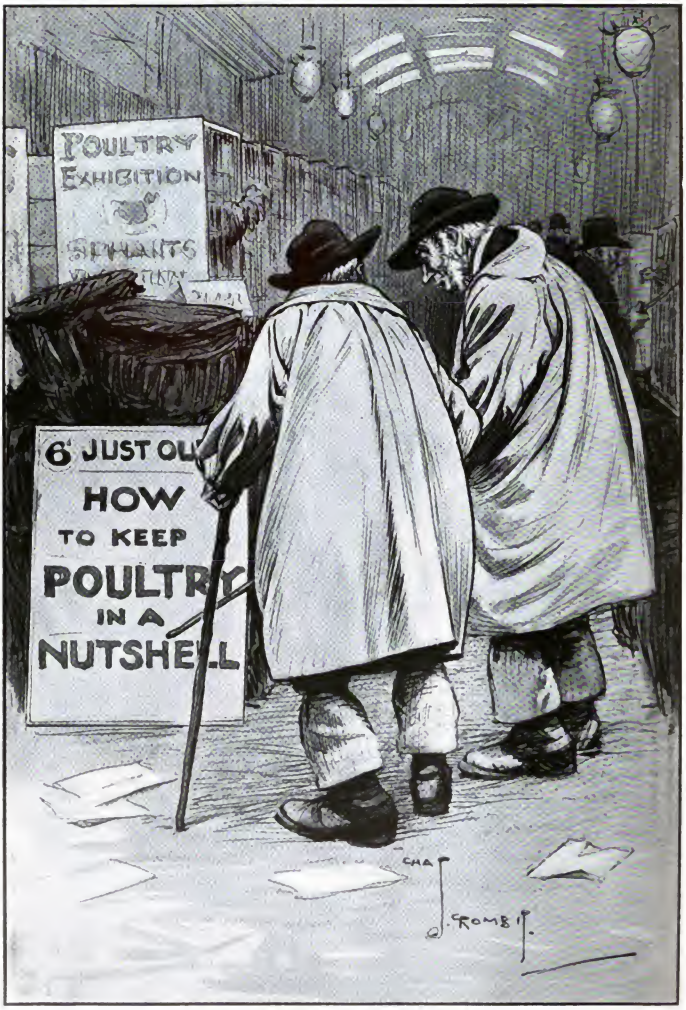
The Rural Mind



AT THE POULTRY SHOW

"What do 'ee think o' that, Jarge?"
"Wunnerful; but lor' bless me, what can be the use o' them size birds?"

BY CHARLES CROMBIE

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King and Parliament in Portugal

It is very hard to understand what is going on in Portugal. Most conflicting explanations have been given to me by Portuguese friends and others who know the country. Some say the King and his Prime Minister are trying to carry out a thorough purification of the official departments of State, in which bribery and corruption have become habitual. Others assure me that the King is only imitating the Tsar of all the Russias. A reason given for the alleged banishment of his son into some out-of-the-way castle is said to be that he has been swelling the amount of his pocket-money under the fostering auspices of corrupt officials. Others say that it is because his ideas about Constitutional Government do not coincide with his father's, which is quite possible, in view of the fact that his age is twenty. Meanwhile people who know the Peninsula are far less concerned about what is going on there than are people abroad, where a sort of French Revolution, with flight of the King, shooting of Ministers, barricades, street fighting, a commune, and so on, are expected. That is not, however, the way things work out "South of the Pyrenees." There, a Republican puts up very amiably with Monarchy. He has no subversive projects, he is evolutionist, and *not* revolutionist, merely regarding the Republican form of Government as the ideal towards which political development naturally tends, and, like a good doctor, he does not stand in the way of nature. Stoppage of newspapers by Government is viewed with comparative equanimity "South of the Pyrenees." The danger is on the side of possible military adventure, tempered by Anarchism, and any change of Government is quite unlikely to result in a Republic, seeing that the Portuguese military chiefs are all loyal supporters of the Throne. Still, the worst will be that the non-summoning of the Cortes may temporarily disaffect many of the King's staunch supporters. King Carlos will, no doubt, receive advice from our country, where he has many friends, to adhere *coute que coute* to the principles of Constitutional Government. If there were any real danger of Revolution, the King of Spain would not be enjoying himself in England.

Photo *Hamilton*

The Portuguese Premier, Senhor Franco

Alleged by some to be conspiring against, and by others to be conspiring with, the Crown in the present crisis

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Will King Leopold Abdicate?

There is some confusion in England about King Leopold's position with regard to the Congo. He is King of the Belgians and Sovereign—not *King*—of the Congo. If the Congo is annexed to Belgium he will cease to be Sovereign of the independent State, and it will become a part of the Belgian dominions. His abdication has been spoken of, and by the annexation he will technically lose his position as Sovereign of the Congo; but that is the only abdication of which there is any question. It would not be surprising, however, if he did abdicate altogether, considering how he is worried by his health, politics, and his critics. I don't suppose the Count of Flanders would be over-pleased to take over the succession to King Leopold at the present moment; but, perhaps, after the settlement of the question of the Royal domain in the Congo, the King will give up the rest of his life to the care of his gout, or will, at any rate, appoint his nephew as Regent for a time.

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The Belgian Heir-Presumptive

The heir-presumptive (Prince Albert) is a handsome, fresh-complexioned, good-tempered young man, almost as tall as the King himself, and has his uncle's gift of memory for persons and names. He is extremely popular, and his military training has given him a smartness and manliness which is often lacking in Belgian officers, as well as in many Royal persons. Judging from his appearance, I should think the Count of Flanders is rather over than under the average intelligence of heirs-presumptive. One sign of his cleverness is the manner in which he has been able to avoid being mixed up with any Court or political scandals. He confines himself to doing his social duties, and discharges them to the satisfaction of everybody. Early in life, he discovered that the art of being popular is not in *doing* anything, but in avoiding association with any possibly unpopular cause, however good he might consider it. This

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practice has saved him from being in the least affected by the sins of commission or omission of his uncle, and, if he remains true to it, he will run no risk of being stranded, like King Leopold, if anything he does turns out a failure. In spite of anything that may be said, Belgium owes her industrial prosperity, and the important place she now holds in the world, to the deliberate efforts of her present King, who drained his private treasury to obtain for his subjects the field of enterprise which the Congo has become, and who has directly patronised every undertaking of his subjects which could in any way be beneficial to the national industries.

* * *

The Queen of Belgium's Jewels

And so the jewels are still unsold! Four or five times now the great event has been postponed, and people begin to wonder whether there is not some family negotiation behind the affair after all. It seems incomprehensible that a Royal Princess, who has the sympathies of many people in Belgium, is unable to find a good friend to advance the necessary £1,600 and release the jewels. The King's attitude, which at first called forth such a storm of indignation, and for which no explanation has ever been given, will, no doubt, be cleared up. King Leopold is not a man easy to coerce, as we have seen over the Congo Question, and that no one comes to her assistance shows that there is no desire to interfere with him in the lesson he is giving his daughter. Like every man who has had hard work to rebuild his fortune, the King knows the value of money, and has the strongest aversion to waste and debts. He considers that an allowance of £2,000 is ample for a woman who has voluntarily parted with her Royal rank. This is not the first time that the "Royal Papa" has been counted on to come to the rescue when things reached the critical point. English people judge this question between the King and his daughters too much from an English point of view. In England a man can punish disobedient children by disinheriting them; in Belgium, as in France, the children have an inalienable right to a share in their parents' fortune, the proportion of which is fixed by law. Society, therefore, expects a stronger filial attachment on the part of the children than an English parent has any claim to, apart from his own acts. The general feeling of the Belgians, then, in spite of a large number of personal friends, is strongly unfavourable towards the daughter, who seems to miss no opportunity of wounding and humiliating her father, and, through him, the whole Belgian nation. I well remember the popular anger in Belgium when she published the story of her grievances in the Paris *Matin*.

Photo *E.N.A.*

The Latest Portrait of the King of the Belgians

Who, it is rumoured, has visited Paris lately. His abdication is being considered—by others

The Closing of the Mosques

Some crocodile tears have been shed over the closing of the Mosques in Constantinople to "tourists." Well, a good many genuine ones have in the past been shed because they were ever opened to them. In the case of St. Sophia alone, the damage done to the sacred building by the tourist has exceeded by far that done by the Moslems themselves when they took it over and adapted it to the requirements of Islam. They left it in much the same state as they found it, Christian effigies and all, and the only serious damage done was the obliteration of the mosaics which disobeyed the Koran by reproducing living forms. Even this, however, was not done thoroughly. One of the things in St Sophia to which the Christian visitor's attention is called by the guides is an effigy which the Moslems supposed to be a vegetable, but which is, in reality, a fish. The omission stands defiant and unrepaired to this day. Christian visitors to Mosques have, of course, to cover their feet with shoes to be hired from the janitors, and the process of crossing the floor resembles nothing so much as skating. To be duly reverent to the Moslem faith while executing curves and figures has long proved a difficulty to the "dog of a Christian." No longer will his risible faculties be called on to suffer the strain! However, I do not suppose the tourist of decent standing and genuine interest in architecture will find any difficulty in obtaining from his Embassy the needed escort.

* * *

King Victor Emmanuel and England

I hear that the King of Italy contemplates visiting our country next year. When he was here some years ago, before he came to the throne, he spent a great deal of his time in the London docks learning all he could about our shipping and trade methods. He delights in telling his adventures in London at that time, when Italy was still treated, like most other countries, with patronising *quasi*-contempt. He deeply resented this tone at the time, and determined he would do everything in his power to get for Italy a higher industrial place in the world. And lo! he has succeeded. There is no Italian Minister of Commerce who ever remains long enough in office to have time to master the details of Italian trade as he knows them. When he receives English visitors, which he does in a little, rather bare room, where he leaps into a broad sofa and exposes the soles of his boots to his visitor, he grows eloquent over the industries of his country. One thing that he delights to do is to chaff Englishmen on the "red tapeism" of the London docks, where he had experiences beating the most flagrant cases of Italian red tapeism.

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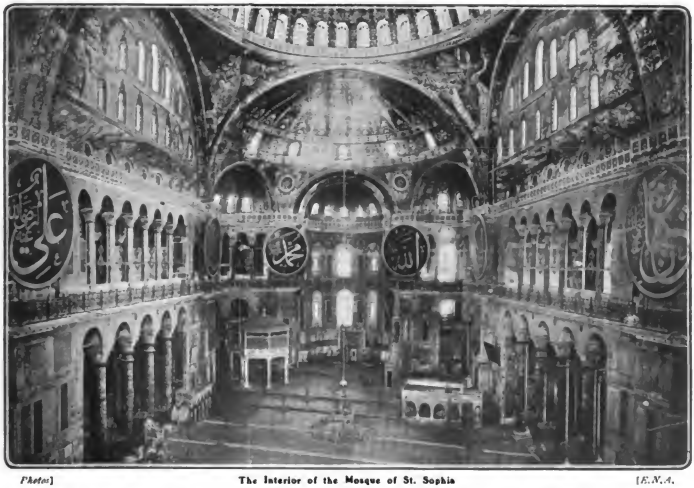
The Closing of Turkey's Mosques

ST. SOPHIA, STAMBOUL, WITHOUT AND WITHIN

The Exterior of the Mosque of St. Sophia



Photo] The Interior of the Mosque of St. Sophia [*E.N.A.*

A Mohammedan mosque dedicated to a Saint! The apparent absurdity of "St. Sophia," Islam's metropolitan "cathedral" (which, with the rest of the mosques in the Ottoman Empire, is henceforth closed to the Christian tourist), at once strikes the casual person. It should, therefore, be explained that "St. Sophia" means not an actual person, but "Holy Wisdom." It was originally built by Constantine, and was, of course, a Christian church, but it was not destroyed by the Moslems. On the contrary, the Christian effigies were left untouched, and the name of the Saviour is still among the prophets honoured therein. The interior of "St. Sophia," with its beauteous dome and its exquisite marbles and mosaics, is a sight not easily forgotten, and its closing will deprive the visitor to Stamboul of one of the chief sights of the Turkish capital

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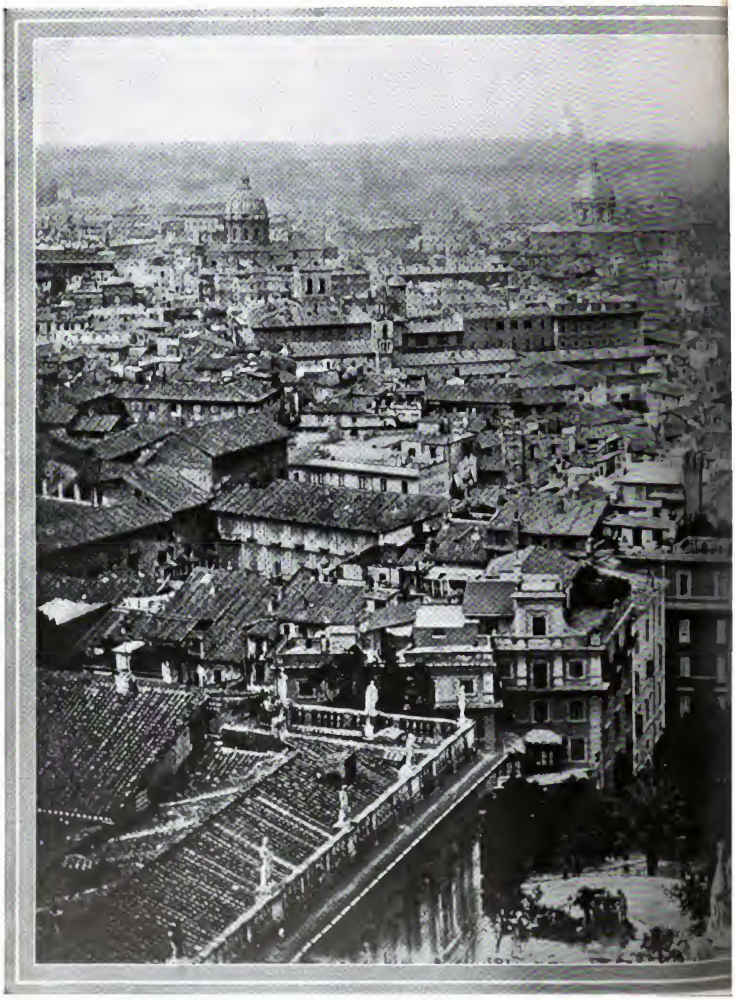
"Urbs Prima in Mundo":



Photo

THE SUPERB VIEW OF THE "ETER

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Panorama of Modern Rome

Graphic Photo Union

CITY" FROM THE PALATINE HILL

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OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 107

THE CROUPIER

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

FROM the manner in which he strolled along the pavement of the busy Strand, it was easy to note that Gerard Hyde was a bachelor. He was not even engaged to be married. For the engaged man with time on his hands rarely passes more than one shop in three, the married man passes all, the bachelor all but the tobacco shops, and perhaps bootmakers. Hyde made his first stop at a tobacco shop.

As he stood looking interestedly at some fine specimens of Calabash pipes he became conscious of a woman's eyes upon him. She stood in front of the next shop-window apparently looking at photograph frames. Hyde examined her effective appearance at first critically, then affectionately, for his was a temperament that accorded likes and dislikes with generous spontaneity. She was an ecstasy in blemishes.

From her little brown shoes—one was tied with a road and the other with narrow lace—to the tip of the tilt of her feathery hat she was artistically incongruous. She was a pretty personified epigram, a half beauty, a *blasé* baby in Victorian frills. Her frock was new and neat, but it did not suit her. Hyde afterwards came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to design a frock to suit her. Her Geisha-heaped hair defied the tailor-made, her almond-shaped eyes gave an air of wickedness to white tulle. She was dressed in a blue cotton frock that lent a yellow tint to the silken skin that seemed whitest round a tiny scarlet mouth.

Hyde moved away rather reluctantly from the sight of her. He crossed the road and stood at the entrance of a restaurant watching her. She still appeared absorbed in the photograph frames. A newsboy offered him a paper, and, as he turned to take it, Hyde lost sight of her. She was wrapped up in a throng of people, and he scanned the street in vain for her bright cotton frock. Impatiently turning on his heel, he entered the restaurant and ordered lunch, his mind still occupied with the little foreign girl. He was certain that her nationality could not possibly be British. When he had all but finished his meal, he was agreeably surprised to find the object of his thoughts sitting at an adjacent table, a little behind him, apparently also just finishing her lunch. He lit a cigar, and waited for her to leave.

On the steps of the restaurant they brushed against each other, and she smiled very bewitchingly in answer to his apology. At Charing Cross, she went into the post-office and sent a telegram. Hyde stood outside watching her. When she reappeared, he was about to lift his hat when she walked straight up to him and laughed into his face deliciously.

"Will you take me to the District Railway? My name is Alexina. I have to get home quickly. You can kiss me once when we say good-bye." There was a very clear, pleasing ring in her voice.

Hyde, for one fleeting moment, thought of his vocation for the Church. She still smiled, her mouth like the red petal of a white flower. Hyde would take her to the District Railway. His name was Gerard. He had not anything in particular to do, fortunately. He was much obliged for permission to kiss her once. He remarked that he had originally hoped to kiss her more often, but he knew that easily realised ambitions gave little permanent pleasure. The girl put her teeth together—very regular, white teeth, but small, too small—and made a quaint little hissing sound that Hyde afterwards learnt to translate as meaning "How foolishly delicious!"

At the entrance to the railway station he kissed her. She kissed him. They continued to look at each other, but the girl's glance was fleeting. She looked into his eyes, then at his shoulders, then into his eyes again. She was close to him. Presently her hand fiddled with his watch-chain.

"Obviously, we must meet again," said Hyde. He had made up his mind suddenly to be a barrister. Alexina shook her head without speaking.

"I won't leave you. I will follow you home." The legal profession lost its glamour. He would have to be a stockbroker.

"Come to-night then, when you like." She gave him a Kensington address. As they went down the dark station steps together, they kissed again. The die was cast. Hyde was already a full-blown music-hall agent.

"*Au revoir*, Gerard," squeaked little Alexina, from the carriage window.

"*Au revoir*, darling," replied the fervent Gerard. On his way home he bought a new watch, afterwards resuming his studies for the Church.

At a bachelor party that night Hyde told the story against himself, and put up with a good deal of chaff. It amused him immensely to describe the girl, but his companions, with the exception of one, a poet, who sub-edited a financial paper, did not seem at all interested in his analysis. After dinner, however, the poet took him aside, and plied him with pleasing questions. Did she wear ear-rings? How did she carry her hands, bent, straight, or clenched? Was she by any chance so ethereally imperfect that one could see one's reflection in only one of her eyes? The poet asked the question rapturously, as if a lofty and long sought ideal was about to be realised. Were her finger-nails white or pink? But Hyde had already told all, except one further delicious truth which fell on the poet's ears alone. Her eyebrows differed. One was long and silky, and the other stiff and quite bushy near the temple. The poet left early. He could not stop to play cards. He very nearly resigned his official position that evening.

The other men played cards till twelve, and then broke up. Hyde saw another man home, and on his way back, in search of a cab, he was suddenly confronted with the name of the road that the wonderful Alexina had quoted to him that morning. Seventeen was the number. It would be amusing to see the house, though extremely improbable that she lived there. It was at the far end of the road, and, like all the others, very prim and respectable in exterior. There was a low light in one of the bedrooms, but the rest of the windows were dark. Acting on impulse, he pressed the electric bell. He heard steps coming along a passage. The door was opened by a girl, but the hall was in darkness and he could not see her face. She shut the door, and, without saying a word, walked away. Suddenly the door at the farther end

(Continued on page 482)

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In "Carmen"

MLLE. MARIA GAY AND SIGNOR GIRAUD AT COVENT GARDEN

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(Continued from page 480)

opened, and threw a blaze of light into the hall. Alexina stood in the doorway.

She looked at him with a little start of surprise, and then her lips shaped that tantalising smile that had really been the cause of his entering the house. Her eyes wandered as before from his face to his shoulders and back again. He beckoned to her, but she shook her head and held open the door.

Hyde entered and took a seat at a long table. Only one or two of the men present raised their eyes to look at him. There were about twenty of them playing baccarat. The banker was an elderly, handsome woman, with features that recalled to Hyde the appearance of women he had met on a Russian holiday. She and Alexina, who acted the part of croupier, paying out and raking in at high speed, were the only women in the room. Hyde had not watched the play for long before he realised that a great deal of cheating was going on. At first he was shocked by the wholesale character of it, because, though a well-to-do man who had gambled high in a variety of environments, he had never seen anything more than what might be called a little sharp practice at any card table. Everyone cheated. The man on either side sitting next the tellers signalled the number of pips on the first two cards to the banker, the punters moved and withdrew stakes after the deals with reckless frequency, and the elfish croupier, now attired in an old-fashioned white silk frock, gathered in the money with a rake that had a quaint habit of taking the edge off the piles in front of such of the players as were too intoxicated to see what was happening.

His surprise at last gave way to amusement, and then to total disgust. Just as he was about to leave the table, the banker stopped the game. "Till tomorrow," said she, and at once the big pile of notes and gold disappeared into the table drawer. There was some grumbling, but the company soon dispersed, leaving in twos and threes, evidently by both back and front entrances. There did not appear to be an Englishman among them. Hyde wanted to speak to Alexina.

The elderly woman packed the money into a handbag after giving the girl, whom she called Mlle. Mavesyn, five pounds of it. Then she too left the house and drove off in an electric vehicle. For some minutes, Hyde sat in the deserted room with the door open. He knew that Alexina had not gone, for he heard the rustle of her clothes about the house. Presently she ran in, a little breathless, with his watch in her hand.

"I was afraid you would not come if I did not take it. I am not lovely, only nice, and the English are not passionate." Hyde accepted the watch and the explanation.

"Do you live here?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. It is a very nice house. You will find it nice by day, too."

"Alone?"

"Only with Madame's husband and a thin servant."

"You absurd child! What are you talking about?"

"Madame's husband, tall boy. He is fat, enormous. Alphonse is thin. I lock Alphonse up."

"But where is Madame's husband, and why don't they go home together?"

"Oh, M'sieur, how droll and wicked! Why he is enormous. He goes to bed at five, comes down one flight of stairs once, goes up once. He sleeps on the floor because the beds break under him. And when he wants to get up or turn over—eh, M'sieur?—he pulls the rope over him tied to a hook on the ceiling. He lives here and swears. I tease him because he can't catch me. He's rather fun. Madame goes away with the money, and no one knows where she keeps it."

"And do you enjoy this extraordinary household?"

"I don't know." She stared at him perplexedly.

"Whoever in the world are you?"

"A daughter of the dear devil, who is a woman. My father was Japanese. Do you love me?" Gerard Hyde picked up his hat. She snatched it from him and tore it.

"I will come and see you again. There, take my watch again. I will come for it." She stamped her foot and pushed him with both hands. He laughed a little, and then she burst into tears. He tried to console her, but she pushed him away. As he went out through the hall a terrific snore reverberated through the house, no doubt from the nostrils of the fat husband. He paused on the steps to light a cigarette. Suddenly the door opened.

"I am not ugly—not ugly," screamed Alexina, and again the door banged.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Gerard Hyde. He said it more than once on the way home.

It is a curious fact that the loveliest women are rarely the most fascinating. The more serene and incontestable a girl's beauty may be, the less need is there to set a guard over her honour. Woman does not fear great love, but low passion. To the philanderer, the hedonist, the *roué*, the majesty of supreme beauty is oppressive. They look and look away. It is as if their selfishness were palliated by the fact that the fairest thing is not for them. What they cannot desire, they do not desire, a negative virtue common also in ultra-respectable circles. Alexina Mavesyn had no loveliness, but a birthright of natural witchery that made her the prey of many fastidious hunters. That she cordially hated them all goes without saying, but of the nature of the lacking quality in these multifarious wooings she had no idea. Her instinct told her that a part of her being was still unknown to her; that in her relationships with her fellows, were they men, women, or children, she had never yet, even on one isolated occasion, found complete expression. In the early days of her friendship with Gerard Hyde she thought him boring. He was kind, and astonishingly gentle and respectful, but her senses, blunted by common contact with men of a base stamp, absorbed no new impression for many weeks. She was not sure that she cared for his kisses; but it was very delightful when she visited him, as was the case on six afternoons in the week—Hyde had a missionary sister who thought it her duty on Sunday afternoon to do something to brighten lonely lives—to be waited on, addressed deferentially, and, above all, asked if one took one or two lumps.

"You're like my old mother-hen," she said to him one day. "You take me under your big wing every afternoon—but only afternoon." She looked into his face a little plaintively. Hyde thought he understood the glance and laughed heartily.

"Do you really think I'm a bad man?" he asked.

"Bad! What is bad? You are not married." Alexina knew that it was wrong for married men to invite Alexinas to tea.

"No. I haven't a wife. Would you like to be my wife?"

"Wife? How horrible, horrible! Never, never, never!" Hyde opened his mouth wide. He had no intention of marrying her, although he was going to buy a City partnership, but it surprised him exceedingly to find his joking suggestion repudiated so emphatically.

(Continued on page 484)

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Irene's Sister

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS DORIS LYTTON

Who gives a clever performance of Irene Wycherley's sporting, slangy, and rather hard-natured sister Muriel in Mr Wharton's successful play at the Kingsway Theatre

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(Continued from page 482)

"And what is there so terrible about being Madame?"

"Ah! you are not a woman." Hyde waited for more.

"I have been a wife when I was fifteen. He died soon, and I was very sorry, because I wanted to kill him."

"Was he so cruel?"

"No more, no more," said Alexina, covering his mouth with her tiny hand. "What do you say? No need to cry over spilt milk?"

And no more than three weeks later, Alexina spoke very differently to Gerard Hyde.

"I have made up my mind never to see you again," she informed him one afternoon, as he pulled the pins out of her hat.

"And what has made you come to that decision?" laughed Hyde. The girl sat silent for a few moments. Then she knelt by his chair and kissed his hands.

"I love you, Gerard. I know, because I no longer love myself. I hate my pretty clothes, my wicked eyes, my rings, my mouth. They are not as you are. You would marry one of those big, pure English girls, not perhaps because you love her, but because she is different from me. I hate my hot blood, because you are made of iron. I hate my life, because it only tickles, amuses you. For those who lead it with me you have only contempt. I am here because I am bad, quaint, funny. I see you smiling and laughing often, and it hurts me now when once it pleased me. Once when you kissed me, you irritated me. Now I love your kisses, though my heart aches to know that, even when you are kissing, you think trivially of me. I can't bear to think of being with you, and I am wretched away. For me you are life, and you are torturing me. I love you and I hate you for teaching me to love you. I can never forget these days, because you have opened a sweet wound in me that years and years of the bad life will not heal. I am yours, and—oh, I'm sorry, sorry, so sorry." She sank in a heap on the floor, but no tears fell from her eyes. She seemed to be shivering.

Hyde sat still, his face pale and drawn. From the bottom of his heart he pitied her. In the course of an acute self-analysis he blamed himself a little more severely than the occasion warranted. He had brought grace to the heart of the savage, and now must return his *protégée* to her graceless kind. He had clothed and fed the beggar maid, and must now throw her to the thieves. Still he sat, while the girl quivered on the floor.

At last she rose to her feet, unaided. She kept her face hid from him, and pinned on her hat.

"Alexina!" The man's voice shook.

She did not answer, but bent to brush the dust from her trim serge skirt.

"Alexina, you must come to-morrow."

"Why, Gerard?" There was sullenness and yet softness in her voice.

"I don't know. But you must come to-morrow. Promise me you will come to-morrow." She promised, and went quietly out of the room.

The following morning found Hyde extraordinarily busy. He visited his lawyers, his bankers, his club, and his missionary sister. Alexina, when she called at three, found him eating a late lunch.

"Everything's settled, little girl," he cried as she entered the room. "Pass me up the salad from that end, will you?"

"What is settled, Gerard?"

"That you are to be my wife. Yes, we're to be married to-morrow. Do you see that little bag on my desk? It contains the money for your trousseau. Take it now quick, and be off and spend it. You will have no time to-morrow. Hang me if I can shave this cucumber." Alexina grabbed the little bag and shook it.

"Pennies?" asked she, speaking ecstatically.

"Guess again!"

"Little red sovereigns! Oh, dear little red sovereigns! I wonder if there are enough to buy everything!"

"Run away and see. And don't buy anything idiotic. You're going to be a British matron." Alexina filled the room with her laughter.

"Why," said she, "you would not love me if I was not idiotic over my trousseau." Which was perfectly correct.

What the women of Hyde's acquaintance said, Alexina would have given much to know. But her impetuous husband carried her out of England and kept her travelling for nearly two years. When they returned, fresh scandals and other even more outrageous happenings occupied people's attention, and the Hydes were allowed to settle down in Holland Park without a parochial protest. Always a very popular clubman, Hyde was soon sought out by old male friends, though the carpets of their charming house were rarely dusted by skirts other than those of Alexina.

Questioned by intimate friends as to the result of his extremely risky experiment, Hyde invariably gave sincerely rapturous replies. Alexina grew prettier, Alexina grew more womanly, Alexina grew more tender and devoted every day. She obeyed him in everything, read under his direction, revealed an hitherto unknown talent for music—she played the violin with exquisite taste—and managed his household as if she were a past mistress of the Schools of Cookery and Economics. The men who came to the house could not deny that everything they saw pointed to the truth of this eulogy. At the dinner-table she was pre-eminently vivacious and witty, in the drawing room she held them entranced with the music of her violin, and in the card-room she gambled so merrily and lost so good-humouredly that not a few envied Hyde his versatile wife.

Their married life might have prospered harmoniously, without any serious interruption, had not Hyde developed a failing that he had originally feared to find to a marked extent in the character of his wife. His delight in Alexina carried him to lengths of extravagance that in his younger days he would have shuddered at. Warnings from his bankers and solicitors were followed by daring speculations on the Stock Exchange, bigger betting at cards, and the usual crazy programme of efforts to recoup adopted by people who lack the temperament to face big losses. Things went from bad to worse, many of his superb gifts to Alexina were pawned, and tradesmen's debts were heaped high. But through all this time of stress and anxiety, through weeks barren of gifts of even flowers, Alexina's smile was as bright, her manner as vivacious, as ever.

One night a small party sat in the card room at the Hydes' house playing baccarat. There were five visitors present, two foreigners and three Englishmen. The Englishmen stolidly kept their sovereigns on each side of the tape, only reducing the stake when they lost. The foreigners' money wandered from side to side with systematic lack of system. Alexina held the bank, and was losing steadily; while her husband, although playing against her, kept picking the wrong side and made no headway. At one time there were

(Continued on page 486)

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In Summer Climes

(1) The Bystander is here shown in the hands of a very small reader sitting by the side of Napoleon's tomb on the Island of St. Helena. Sent by Mr. E. Sinclair, of St. Helena

(2) Taken in the semi-tropical climate of Colorado Beach, California. Sent by Mrs. Walker, "Silverdale Grange," Silverdale, Sydenham, S.E.

(3) Taken by a patient of the European Hospital, Kuala Lumpur, Selangor, Federated Malay States. In the group are shown the matron and nurses of that Institution. Sent by Mr. E. Jenkins

(4) Taken on the Victoria Falls Bridge, Zambesi, the highest bridge in Africa, 500 ft. above the water and 650 ft. long. The sender, Mr. E. Percy James, Mossel Bay, South Africa, says, in the course of his letter to us: "If acceptable, kindly send the prize to the 'Fresh Air Fund,' as I think it would enable some of the children also to enjoy a little holiday. Having been born in London and lived there many years, my thoughts often return to think of those who need sunshine more than we do in Africa." (The prize of 10s. 6d. has been duly forwarded to the F. A. F.—Ed.)

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(Continued from page 484)

three pounds on the left and twelve on the right. Alexina dealt the cards. No one struck.

"I am giving," said Alexina.

The left asked for a card and took a picture. Alexina smiled. She had the left beaten, but there were only three pounds on the left.

The right asked for a card and took a five. Alexina looked irritable. She turned up her own cards, a five and a two. The two tellers picked up their cards to show, but she stopped them. Hyde stared at her curiously. Who ever heard of a banker buying on seven?

Alexina turned up the next card. It was the two of diamonds. Her score was nine.

"Lord, what luck!" said the teller on the right, who also had nine. Alexina raked in the three sovereigns on the left, and the men made their bets for the next round. Hyde said nothing. He dared not look at his wife.

There were five pounds on either side of the tape. Alexina dealt three cards. Then one to the teller on the left, who promptly struck eight, one to the right, and one to herself. She exposed her cards. Nine! But her husband had seen something more. She had not looked at them before exposing! Hyde clutched at the table and leaned forward, looking straight into her eyes. She caught his look and flushed red. Then her face became deathly white. He knew! She was cheating.

"You are tired, Alexina," said Hyde, icily. "I think we will stop for to-night." The others professed concern at her pale face, and left almost at once. Hyde saw them off the premises and then returned to the card-room.

Alexina sat at the table, her face buried in her hands.

Hyde went to her, raised her head roughly, and wrenched a ring from her hand.

"Now, go!" he shouted, hoarsely, his lips white, his eyes red.

She flung herself on her knees at his feet, sobbing.

"Go, you——," he almost screamed.

She staggered to her feet and went out of the room.

Hyde went to a small desk, and took out and loaded a small revolver. He hid it behind a bowl of carnations and sat down. Presently he got up and opened the door of the room, that he might hear her go through the hall and out of the house. He seemed to be waiting hours.

Alexina came back, in a black cloak and hat. In her hand she had a small book.

"Say good-bye to me, Gerard, please, please. I am bad, bad, I know. I didn't deserve your trust. I tried to be better, but I was born with this vice in me, it seems. But do say good-bye. I can pay your debts. I never told you I had money when I married you. Now I have a great deal more, for Madame—you remember Madame of the gambling house?—she was my mother—you did not guess that—and she left me her all when she died. Never mind how it was got, but take it, please take it. It will help me, when I'm back again at the old life, to think that at least I did you one good turn."

An irresistible curiosity impelled Hyde to examine the bank-book she laid before him on the table.

She had over ten thousand pounds on deposit! And there was interest to come, interest that had never been noted in the pass-book.

For a long while there was silence. Hyde's eyes rested continuously on a marble statuette of an Arcadian shepherd.

"I will forgive you—I will forgive you for ten thousand pounds."

Presently they laughed together. B. M. H.

Photo *Wade*

Rameses the Great: His statue at Memphis

The great statue of Rameses II., known to posterity as Rameses the Great, at Memphis. This king of old was a great builder, and nearly all the cities of Egypt can show a temple credited to him. He was particularly fond of taking the credit for the erection of statues and buildings to which he had no right

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Preparing Poultry for the Shows

A Lesson in Calisthenics: Teaching a prize bird to show off its "points"

Before the Shows commence in the autumn, attention must be given to the prize cockerels and pullets, which have to be trained with little sticks to hold themselves properly, so that their "points" may be best displayed. Large prices may be obtained for the best birds

The Order of the Bath: Washing birds before sending them to a Show

Poultry farming, as it is generally understood—the rearing and fattening of poultry for the market—is not a profession which leads to many additions to the ranks of our millionaires. It can be made quite a profitable undertaking, however, if the farmer confines his activities to the rearing of the best strains of poultry only for exhibition and breeding purposes, chicks from prize strains fetching as much as two guineas a dozen. The course of training occupies but three weeks or a month, and this form of farming offers many opportunities for women seeking congenial employment

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Recent Decisions of the Rules of Golf Committee

The decisions given by the Rules of Golf Committee during the period running from May to September of this year were duly published at the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club. The queries which have necessitated these judgments, for the most part, have reference to questions arising out of the conditions governing club competitions. Such questions ought always to be settled by the committee of the club concerned, and it ought never to be necessary to invoke the assistance of the Rules Committee in such purely local matters. Perhaps it would be as well if I quoted the paragraph in the constitution of the Committee which confers on them the power of deciding questions submitted to them. It runs as follows: "The powers of the Committee shall be limited to dealing with proposals relating to, or questions of interpretation arising on, the rules and customs of the game of golf. On all questions of interpretation of the rules they shall be the final authority."

I will now quote one of the queries sent up to the Committee as an example of the sort of thing I am criticising: "A and B meet C and D in the final of a foursome competition. A and B receive one stroke at the third hole. The match was halved, and the players started again. The side which won the nineteenth hole claimed the match. Is there any rule bearing on the matter?" To this futile query the Committee are bound to respond, and their very proper answer is as follows: "There is no rule on the subject. The conditions of the competition should have provided for such a contingency."

There are other questions submitted which show such a deplorable ignorance of the rules of the game, that one is astounded at the incompetence of the committees who solemnly send them up for decision. One would think that a few minutes' study of the Rules would obviate the waste of the time of the Rules Committee involved by such thoughtless procedure.

I have such a strong feeling of the value of the Rules Committee that I deplore the misconception of their true position, which seems to exist in the minds of many of the querists.

If committees of clubs continue to send in such idle queries, there is a danger that the Rules Committee and its authority may be brought into contempt. It is this danger which makes me write so strongly, for, in the Committee properly understood, we have one of the most valuable bodies possible. The proper method for committees of clubs to pursue when they are in any doubt as to the rules which they should draw up for governing a competition, or as to the local rules which they should devise for the peculiarities of their course, is to put themselves in communication with the Rules Committee, and having fully armed that body with the requisite knowledge, to request their assistance in the matter. The Rules Committee will be only too pleased to give any assistance in their power to club committees approaching them on such subjects. In the matter of drawing up local rules they have always felt that it is part of their duty to advise clubs as to the best set of local rules suitable to the particular conditions of their courses.

If, therefore, the committees of new clubs, of which there are so many still being started all over the kingdom, would adopt this timely procedure, they would obviate any necessity for wasting the time of the Rules Committee in deciding questions which ought to be governed by local rules. It is quite impossible to draw up a general body of local rules. Such a thing is a contradiction in terms. But if the advice of the Rules Committee is sought by a club committee in drawing up their local rules, we may be sure that those rules will not conflict with the main body of rules, and will be as uniform as the conditions permit with those of other clubs who have followed the same wise course of action.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Deal: The New Championship Course

The third green on the Deal Links, which has just been added to the list of Championship Courses

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By Field, Stream & Covert.

A Veteran Fox-hunter

When one is approaching the "three score and ten," hard knocks in the hunting field cannot be taken so lightly as in the days of one's youth, and Sir P. A. Muntz, one of the best-known sporting veterans in the Shires, finds that the effects of his bad fall last season are more lasting than at first appeared to be likely. Consequently, he finds it advisable to give up hunting, and is desirous of selling Dunsmore, his splendid place near Rugby, from whence he has seen much brilliant sport with hounds, for it is one of the most convenient hunting centres in England. Here Sir Albert Muntz has bred magnificent Shire horses whose reputation stands second to none. Here, too, he has been very successful as a breeder of Shropshire sheep. Riding from 16 st. to 18 st., Sir Albert held his own for thirty years as one of the finest heavy-weight horsemen in Warwickshire, and in 1883 he had the distinction of winning the Pytchley Hunt Point-to-Point Race over a severe course on his own horse, Sir Robert, who carried 16 st. 9 lb. Friends without number will be sorry to know that he will not be seen in future in his accustomed place at the covert-side.

Photo *Betts*

Sir P. A. Muntz

Who is disabled from hunting in consequence of the serious accident which he met with last season. For thirty years Sir Albert was one of the best heavy-weight riders in the Shires

The Attractions of Cornish Hunting

The fashionable crowd hunting over the big scent-carrying pastures of the Midlands know very little of the sport in distant Cornwall, yet it is here that fox-hunting of the most genuine kind can be enjoyed. The country is rough moorland in many places, but against that you may set the happy fact that scarcely a strand of wire will be encountered from one day to another. The crack professional huntsman is not necessary in Cornwall, for here the hounds are given a fair chance of hunting their foxes, and are not shamelessly over-ridden by the thrusting brigade. In other details, too, fox-hunting is stripped of all artificiality in Cornwall. The foxes

Photo *Gill*

The Four Burrow Hounds and their new Master, Mr. S. H. Christy, D.S.O.

This good Cornish pack opened the regular season on Nov. 12 with excellent prospects of sport

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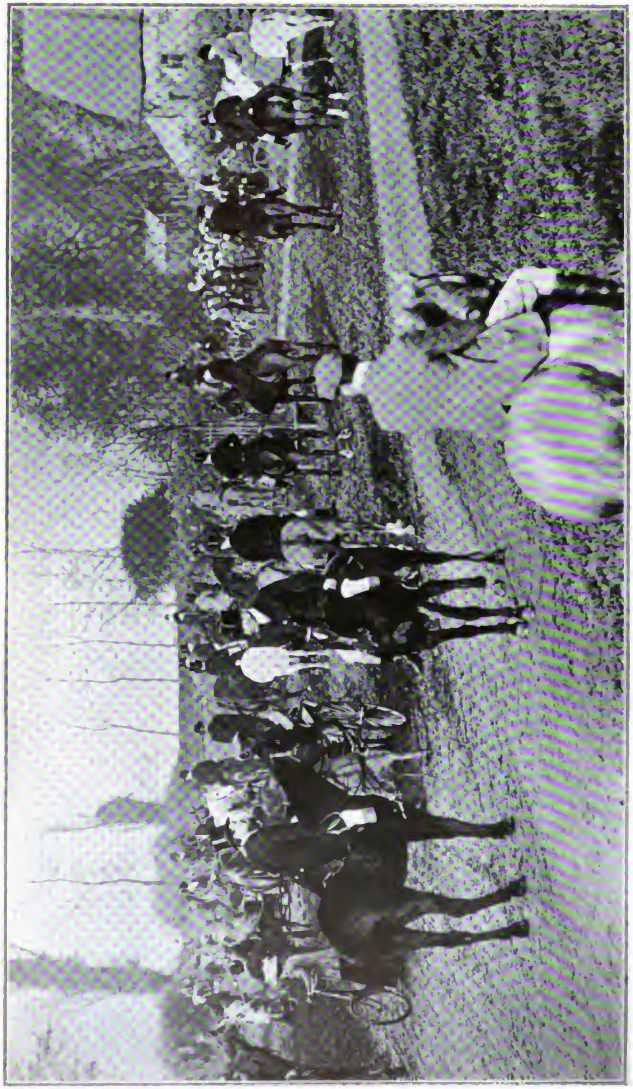

Photo] **MEET OF THE BICESTER HOUNDS AT COPREDY ON NOVEMBER 16: A HARD-RIDING FIELD** [*Topical Agency*

Many hard riders rode with the Bicester after the meet which is depicted above. The hounds are doing well under the leadership of Mr. J. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, a brilliant man across country and a popular M.F.H.

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are straight-necked and stout, and give long hunting runs. It is just the right county for a keen sportsman who wants to carry the horn, and it is not surprising to find that the Masters of the various Cornish packs are their own huntsmen. The premier pack in the county is, I should say, the Four Burrow. These hounds were hunted by the Williams family for nearly sixty years, and came to hold a high position among the foxhounds of the kingdom, owing to the skilful hound-breeding and perseverance of Mr. John Williams. That veteran sportsman gave up the command a few months ago, and an excellent successor was forthcoming in Mr. S. H. Christy, who was formerly in the 20th Hussars, and saw active service during the last South African War, wherein he earned his D.S.O. The hounds opened the regular season in very promising style after meeting at the Four Burrows on the 12th inst., about a hundred supporters of the Hunt turning out to give the Master a good send-off.

General Archdale, C.B.
Who was one of the shooters at the recent Spaniel Club Trials

Walking up rabbits at Cannock Chase, Rugeley, Staffordshire, where the trials of the Spaniel Club were recently held with great success, attracting a record entry

Bicester Hounds and Their Leaders

In the Bicester country everyone is agreed that the fortunes of the fine pack kennelled at Stratton Audley are safe in the hands of Mr. J. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, a grand light-weight rider and a worthy son of that famous Shropshire sportsman, the late Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, whose name was known to all followers of hounds. The Bicester have always been fortunate in their leaders. Who, for example, could have wished for a better M.F.H. than the late Lord Chesham? His predecessor, Lord Valentia, was equally successful. The last-named has taken a prominent place in the world of sport not only by his fine form in the hunting field, but by his association with polo. Lord Valentia was one of the pioneers of the glorious galloping game in England, and to-day he fills a position which, in polo, is equivalent to that of the presidency of the M.C.C. in cricket. In other words, he is Chairman of the Hurlingham Committee, the governing body of the game. Farther back in Bicester history, we have such great names as John Warde, Tyrwhitt Drake, and Anstruther Thomson.

Photo Rowe

Lord Leconfield, M.F.H.
In his country recently a fox was shot in front of hounds. Reference to the incident is made in the accompanying article

The Man Who Shot the Fox in Lord Leconfield's Country

Last week in these pages I described an extraordinary incident, the shooting of a fox which hounds were actually hunting. It is not always in the best interests of sport that these incidents should become the subject of discussion in the papers, and therefore I refrained from mentioning names and places. But it is now no secret that the occurrence was in Lord Leconfield's country. Mr. Walter Dawtrey, who tackled the vulpicide (who by trade is a blacksmith, I am told), was summoned by that unhappy individual for assault. As was to be expected, the verdict went against Mr. Dawtrey, but only technically so, as he was merely fined a shilling, and bound over in £5, the Horsham magistrates refusing to allow costs to the plaintiff. Whether selfishness, malevolence, or pure "cussedness," actuated the miserable outrage I cannot say. But this much is certain: the man who sets himself to exterminate foxes in his particular district is an enemy to the whole countryside and one completely deserving of ostracism by his neighbours. He utterly ignores the fact that fox-hunting is one of the national sports of the country, causing many millions of pounds to be spent every year, which would not otherwise be circulated in England. Sympathy will be felt for Lord Leconfield, who spares no trouble or expense in maintaining the family pack at Petworth Park, where eighty couples are now kennelled.

A. W. C.

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Why Winter Abroad?

A WORD ABOUT BOURNEMOUTH, IN THE VICINITY OF WHICH THE KAISER IS TAKING HIS REST-CURE

BOURNEMOUTH, THE EAST CLIFF: THE CARLTON HOTEL

The true nature-lover is eternally at war with that too strenuous servant of utility—the builder. Occasionally, however, he is forced to admit that his foe has done his work exceedingly well—and such a case is undoubtedly that of Bournemouth. If the Evergreen Valley was a beauty-spot eighty years ago, when it was almost virgin in its purity from bricks and mortar, it is a beauty-spot to-day, though the builder has been busy on it for a generation. Few towns of England have been so lavishly praised for their natural and urban beauty as that which lies about the banks of the Bourne, and over the cliffs beyond. "The City of a Million Pines," "The Forest City," "The Mediterranean lounging-place of the South," are only a few of its pseudonyms. Its beauties, however, are not its only claims to our notice. More practical and to the point is it to draw attention — if attention need be drawn at this time of day—to its wondrous climate. It is *warm in winter*, and yet it is in England, not in Italy or Spain or Egypt. That the Kaiser Wilhelm has selected its vicinity for his rest-cure from a troublous illness is alone enough testimony to its European renown. Mild, balmy, bright, dry—what a catalogue of qualities to be claimed by this English place in an English winter! And let it not be supposed that because abnormally warm in winter it is also abnormally hot in summer. Bournemouth is *cool* in summer in exact proportion as it is *warm* in winter. As a centre of fashion, too, Bournemouth's claims are overwhelming. Where such spacious parades, such lovely gardens, such superb entertainments, such splendid drives (including, of course, the new Undercliff Drive, the first instalment of which has now been opened), such excursions, and, in fact, such universal opportunities to see and to be seen by one's fellow men and women? Where, again, in England, is the public served so splendidly by hotels? The selection of one of these is, to the visitor, always a puzzling task. The possession of a name is, often, the only criterion; and is it not probably the best, after all? When, for instance, an hotel rejoices in the name of Carlton, one thing is fairly preassured—that its proprietors will have about the highest possible standard of elegance, comfort, and refinement. The chances are that the Carlton, bearing such a name, will be the leading hotel in the place, and it is amply safe to say that Bournemouth's Carlton is worthy of its name. Situated in its own grounds, it faces the sea, on the highest eminence of the East Cliff. It is the latest of Bournemouth's hotels *de luxe*, dating only from 1903. Its situation is unique; the grounds are over an acre in extent, and beautifully wooded. Bracing air and all the available sunshine are assured by the situation; comfort, refinement, and epicurean satisfaction are assured by the nature of the accommodation and the conduct of the *cuisine*. In fact, the "internal arrangements" are, generally speaking, of the highest possible standard commensurate with a moderate tariff. Above all, the visitor is made to feel at home. Centrally situated for shopping and pleasure purposes, the hotel is easily accessible from the railway station, and the new lift railway, which is in course of construction on the Undercliff Drive, will deposit passengers at its gates.

THE GARDENS OF THE CARLTON HOTEL

The principal rooms face south, and are spacious and well proportioned. The sitting-rooms, and the majority of the bedrooms, face south or west, and command magnificent views over the sea.

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THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books of the Week

"The Lord of Latimer Street." By Jane Wardle. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

"Ezra, the Mormon." By Winifred Graham. (Everett: 6s.)

"The White Rose Mystery." By Gerald Biss. (Greening.)

Miss Wardle's New Novel

Miss Jane Wardle wrote a decidedly clever novel in "The Artistic Temperament." Her second book, *The Lord of Latimer Street* (Alston Rivers: 6s.), is not quite so sparkling, but it strikes a somewhat deeper note. As in the former book, we are bidden to be interested in the psychology of the Young Man. In "The Artistic Temperament" the hero was weak-minded and unworthy; in *The Lord of Latimer Street* he is weak-minded and—worthy. Miss Wardle was satirical then; she is satirical now; but with stronger moral purpose. The interesting hero is one Lord Latimer, among other things an extensive slum-landlord. Stung by the taunts of philanthropic cranks and busybodies, that he attempts to do no good, he elects to disguise himself as a broken-down clerk and takes lodgings in "Wallsey"—the slum of which he is chief owner. While there, he, in Quixote style, seeks to do good; he is repulsed. The net effect of his attempts to play the Lord Bountiful is best summed-up by Mr. Reeves (under whose humble roof the adventurer finds shelter):—

> Means well. That's the curse of this blooming country. Everybody means well, nowadays, and the way they sets about it is mindin' every-one's business except their own, whether they likes it or not. An' then pattin' theirselves on the back for it.

As a result of unconsidered compliments paid to "Tilda," the daughter of the Reeves household, Latimer is suspected of being in love with her. The girl loves him desperately; Latimer is an honourable man, though a lord. How will he act? The reader is breathless to know. Miss Wardle scarcely rises to her task. She gets Latimer out of his self-sought dilemma by no more striking device than making him fall ill, and, while unconscious, he is discovered by his people and taken back to his home, Tilda being induced—for a consideration—to retire from the quest. The "Wallsey" chapters of the story are excellent; the pictures of slum life realistic. But Philip fails, rather, to excite interest as the story goes on. He is too vague and indecisive. One gets rather peevish with him, and is by no means sorry when his illness does get him back home to mamma, and safely away from love and sociology, subjects which are both entirely out of his line.

A Talented Novelist: Miss Winifred Graham
Whose new novel, "Ezra, the Mormon," is reviewed on this page
(*From a painting by T. Holgate*)

An Exposé of Mormonism

Though polygamy has long since been suppressed in Utah, the Mormon religion still sanctions it; there is, therefore, good reason to believe that plural marriages are still secretly celebrated in Salt Lake City. That being the case, Miss Winifred Graham can, no doubt, plead plausibility for the somewhat lurid *exposé* of dark intrigues, hypocritical rites, and vicious orgies, to which she subjects the Mormons who move in the background of her story, *Ezra, the Mormon* (Everett: 6s.) The story itself tells, chiefly, of the infatuation of an English girl, Thora Sutton, for a Mormon Elder, Ezra Dyer. So thoroughly does Ezra return Thora's love that he secedes from the "Faith" in order to be able to make her his bride. Vengeance of the Elders falls on Ezra for his apostasy, and he is duly murdered, while on a visit to London, by a supposed friend and fellow Elder, Sidney Sharp. The bulk of the story is a dissection of Thora's emotions under the stress of her infatuation, but much more thrilling are the concluding chapters. The murderer, Sharp, weds Nurse Baker, an Englishwoman, who duly accompanies him to Salt Lake City. To her surprise and disgust, her husband, once in Utah, announces his intention to marry another woman, and induces his wife to connive at the ceremony. She does so, but only in pretence, and as a prelude to taking her own revenge. The latter chapters are particularly thrilling, and the suggestion that such enormities continue to flourish in a civilised land is well calculated to make the British flesh and blood respectively creep and boil.

Mr. Biss's New Novel

Mr. Gerald Biss has promptly followed up his success, "The Dupe," with yet another sensational novel, *The White Rose Mystery* (Greening). This tells us of a startling Jacobite plot, with assassination as its chief means of expression, in which a large section of the aristocracy are involved. One member of the Cabinet after another is removed, and the police, as usual, find themselves quite unable to probe the mystery. The only clue is that to the corpse of each victim is attached a white rose. When the assassins are brought to heel, they are discovered to be some of the highest persons in the land. The occasion of their discovery is their failure to accomplish the death of one Earl of Ben Nevis, engaged to the heroine of the story, Lady Sabina. If anything, the story is even more thrilling than "The Dupe." Its action is intensely dramatic, and the mystery admirably sustained to the last.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The tragic death of Major-General Sir Henry Colvile cast a gloom last week over motoring circles. Scarcely a motorist but has, at some time or another, been within an inch of a violent collision, and everyone felt that a similar accident might just as easily have befallen him had he been at the ill fated Heatherside Corner at the psychological moment. It is true that the evidence at the inquest showed that Sir Henry Rawlinson, who was driving from Blackdown Barracks to Ascot, slowed his car down to between six and eight miles an hour, and left 10 ft. 10 in. of room of road for anyone to pass when he got to the corner, but evidently Sir Henry Colvile did not hear General Rawlinson's horn, while the high hedge effectually prevented his seeing the car till it was too late to avert an accident. In this particular case, Sir Henry Colvile was evidently not only riding at a reckless rate of speed, having regard to the proximity of cross-roads, but was on the wrong side of the road. It is useless to speculate on the reasons that led him to be on the wrong side, though it is possible he had intended to take the turn down the road whence General Rawlinson was coming. Who knows? By the irony of fate he was killed by the motor-car of one of his oldest friends, and it is far from unlikely that he had made up his mind to pay a call on him at Blackdown Barracks. This, at least, would explain his being on the wrong side of the road at a spot where, under ordinary circumstances, anyone would be careful to keep to the left side.

Car-icature—No. LII.: The Earl of Dudley

A great sportsman and lover of both motor-cars and horses. Was one of the most popular Viceroys in Ireland of present times. Is a great traveller, and President of the Ranelagh Club

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

But the real danger of these cross-roads is brought into prominence by this very sad occurrence. The country roads in Great Britain absolutely bristle with these death-traps. The marvel is that there are not many more fatal accidents than actually occur, for I defy any motorist to drive for any distance without taking risks of collision with something coming out of a side road. It is not feasible to expect that every motorist should lower his speed and put on his brake each time he comes to cross-roads, unless he wishes to take a turn to the left or the right, as the case may be. In nine cases out of ten, when going straight ahead, he thinks that to sound his horn is a sufficient precaution. But is it? Suppose one motorist is travelling from north to south, and another motorist is travelling from east to west? And suppose they meet on the cross-roads at the same moment? A collision is inevitable unless they have heard one another's horn, which I should say from experience is improbable, or have both slowed up to greatly reduced speed, also improbable. I repeat that practically every motorist, whenever he sallies forth, is really staking his life and the lives of his passengers against the chance of meeting another car at cross-roads crossing the same identical spot at the same instant. I don't know what the odds are against the coincidence, but no one will deny that the danger is growing with the increased number of cars on the roads.

Heatherside Corner, where Sir Henry Colvile was Killed

General Colvile was proceeding on his motor-bicycle as shown by the arrow. Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his motor-car, was turning the corner, as shown by dotted line. Owing to the high hedge on the left, it was impossible to see what was round the corner, and thus Sir Henry, being on the wrong side of the road, was unable to avoid the collision with General Rawlinson's motor, which resulted in his death

* * *

In the Colvile case I was glad to see that the jury suggested the cutting of the high hedge that

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prevented anyone seeing along the cross-roads. It is earnestly to be hoped that not only will the authorities at Frimley follow out the jury's recommendation, but that local authorities in other districts will take similar precautions. High hedges, or anything else, which obstruct a clear view where there are cross-roads, should not be permitted. In fact, the whole question of the highways and public roads in Great Britain demands urgent reconsideration by the Government, for the present arrangement of roads in the country generally, set between banks surmounted by high hedgerows, is exceedingly dangerous now that motor-cars have become universal. More and more does the necessity arise for a Traffic and Highways Board which will recognise that motors, having come to stay, require an alteration of the old system; sharp corners and high hedges at danger spots need to be swept away, together with other cobwebs of roads maintenance.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. LII.: The Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley, G.C.V.O.

Lord Dudley, the subject this week of our Car-icature, is one of those fortunate beings whose chances of distinction have come while still the "liquid dew of youth" ran in his veins. He was only nineteen when his father's death left him the possessor of large estates, including valuable colliery property. He became Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, and five years later was in South Africa on the staff of Lord Roberts. On his return he succeeded Lord Cadogan as Viceroy of Ireland, and in that capacity goes down to fame as "the most popular Viceroy Ireland has ever known." During his reign at Dublin Castle he twice entertained the King, and his lavish hospitality and charming personality, while it brought down upon him the accusation of extravagance—a very pardonable sin in a Viceroy—yet gained him unequalled popularity. Politically, he distinguished himself by the moderation of his views, his propitiatory attitude towards the Irish, and an inclination "to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas." Keen on sport of all kinds, he has of late years taken with avidity to motoring; but even the delights of the car have failed entirely to wean him from his older favourites—bridge and golf. He married Miss Rachel Gurney, and has just become the proud father of twins.

* * *

Miscellanea

Brooklands Motor Course, Weybridge, was the scene of Hampton and Sons' second Motor Sale on Wednesday last, when upwards of thirty cars were brought to the hammer. With night-like gloom hanging over London and the suburbs, it was surprising that so large and appreciative a gathering faced the auctioneer. There was a feeling that many bargains were obtained by the purchasers, but satisfactory business was done, very few lots apparently being without support.

The Automobile Association, during the Olympia Show, welcomed their 5,000th member, the gentleman who gained this distinction being Lord Vernon. The A.A. is evidently going very strong, as nearly 400 new members were elected only last week.

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Lord Vernon, the 5,000th Member of the Automobile Association

The photograph shows Lord Vernon seated beside Mr. Henry Hollingdrake, the well-known motorist, on the front of that gentleman's 35-50 h.-p. La Buire car that won the Manchester Motor Club Hill Climb at Bill-o'-Jacks on September 26 last

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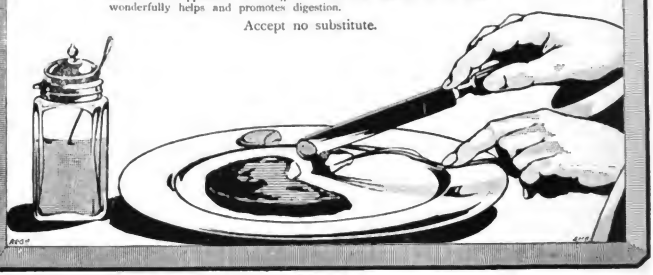

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ROWING

The Cambridge Trial Eights

There can be no doubt about the thoroughness with which the work of selecting the crews for the Cambridge trial eights has been performed, for the two crews which raced at Ely on the 28th represented the pick of upwards of seventy men (including coxswains) who had been tried since practice commenced on October 22. In spite of the fact that he rowed both in the Colquhouns and the Fours, the President, E. W. Powell, has given unremitting attention to the work, and has been well backed up by D. C. R. Stuart, the secretary. In the two eights as finally constituted, five of last year's trials-men again found places, and a sixth, F. G. Hudson (Jesus), would probably have been rowing if he had been fit. Another man who was not rowing, but is well in the running for his Blue, is the Freshman, E. G. Williams (Third Trinity), late captain of the boats at Eton. The colleges were represented as follows: First Trinity and Trinity Hall by four men, Jesus by three, and Third Trinity, Christ's, King's, Lady Margaret, and Caius by one each. The Hall also supplied the two coxswains. Of the two strokes, F. H. Jerwood (Oakham and Jesus) and G. B. Lloyd (Leighton Park and First Trinity), the former, besides having rowed in the trials last year, had more recently won fame as stroke of the winning Jesus crew in the Fours a few weeks ago. Of the race itself there is not much to be said, as Jerwood's crew proved a good bit the better. They got nearly half a length's lead in the first minute, and at Day's farmhouse were clear. Here Lloyd made a determined effort to get on terms, but the leaders were much better together, and Jerwood, by quickening slightly, easily held his own, and, drawing further and further away in the course of the last mile, won by two lengths and a half. The winners rowed so well together that it is difficult to single any one of them out for individual praise; but it may be said that the heavy men in the middle of the boat, besides showing good form, worked hard and fairly pulled their weight. In the losing boat, Lloyd, though he worked tremendously hard, failed to keep his men as well together as his rival, and whenever a spurt was attempted the rowing got short. About the best man in the boat was O. A. Carver (Charterhouse and First Trinity), the runner-up for the Colquhoun Sculls.

Two Distinguished Critics

S. D. Muttlebury and Guy Nickalls discussing the race

FOOTBALL—RUGBY UNION

The First R.U. Trial of the Season

Owing to the rule by which "aliens" are excluded from the International trials, the combined team which represented the 'Varsities against the Midland Counties in the first of the Rugby Union's trial matches on Wednesday last was not really representative of the full

Photo

G. B. Lloyd's Crew

Dixon

F. H. Jerwood's Crew

The race was rowed at Ely on Thursday last, and was won by Jerwood's crew by two and a half lengths. Jerwood was stroke of the winning four, Jesus, in the Fours a few weeks back

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strength of Oxford and Cambridge, for, by the rule, Macleod, Davies, Cunningham, Martin, and several others, were barred. Still, the prevalent opinion was that the 'Varsities would win. As a matter of fact, they were rather lucky in making a draw of one try apiece. Six of the eight forwards were supplied by Oxford, and the fact that the Oxford pack are not wholly to be depended upon was again clearly shown. Sometimes they appear to be irresistible; at others they are just the opposite, and this was one of their "just the opposite" days. In fact, they were so completely held by the Midland eight, who surprised everybody by the excellence of their scrummage work, that the backs were kept mainly on the defensive, and this incidentally served to show that they were quite reliable in this department of the game. Indeed, it was the spoiling of the halves, Flemmier and Godby, and the good tackling of the centres, Tarr and Eberle, and the back, Heads, which saved the side from defeat. In attack, Wright, the Cambridge wing three-quarter, was about the most dangerous man on the field; he scored the 'Varsities' only try. The Midlands' try was scored by Oldham, of Coventry, as the result of a forward rush; but Kirk, the Nottingham half-back, would have got another if he had not lost the ball when actually over, while Mobbs and Cooper were more than once only pulled up in the nick of time. Altogether, considering the weather and the state of the ground, it was a good game.

The Coming 'Varsity Match Discussed

Nearly everybody seems to think that Oxford are going to win the 'Varsity Match next Tuesday, and so they ought to; but it is sheer nonsense to look upon the result as a foregone conclusion, or to say, as I have heard it said, that Cambridge is one of the worst University sides ever turned out, or that there is not a better team in England than Oxford. As a matter of fact, both are good teams, and their records prove it. Oxford can be very good indeed, as they were against the United Services and the previously unbeaten Edinburgh Academicals; Cambridge have improved a lot since their overwhelming defeat by the London Scottish, and, moreover, they have in Macleod such a great player that he is quite capable, given a few opportunities, of winning the match on his own, or at any rate with the help of Wright. The scoring power of these two is quite equal to anything that Oxford can show. Oxford, however, seem to have a decided pull at half-back, and this, if the forwards play up to their true form, ought to turn the scale in their favour.

HOCKEY

Hampstead, the Invincible

By their victory by 3 goals to nil over Staines on Saturday, Hampstead still further vindicated their claim to the leadership among Southern clubs. Whilst their two great rivals, Southgate and Staines, have declined slightly in power this season, Hampstead have risen, and the acquisition of J. N. Burn, the International, and the Blues, J. H. Gunner and R. H. Preeston, has increased the temperature of an already hot side. I don't believe that even their most ardent admirers expected them to beat Cambridge last Saturday week, but they did it, and if they always play as well as that and keep at full strength, they are quite likely to preserve their unbeaten record through the season. Cambridge, since their match with Hampstead, have hardly been doing so well as before it. On Saturday, although they beat the Old Rossalians and got through eight times, they also had six goals scored against them. Oxford, though still in the experimental stage, are improving, and F. G. Mirfield is developing into a very fine forward. They beat Oxfordshire by 2—1 on Saturday. One of the best of Saturday's performances was that of Richmond in beating Molesey, 3—0; Blackheath and East Sheen drew at 2-all; Wimbledon beat Surbiton by a goal to nothing; and Mid-Surrey beat Ealing, 6—5.

THE WEEK'S WEATHER, Dec. 4 to Dec. 10

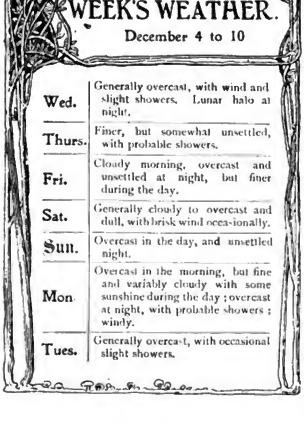
By Hugh Clements

The atmospheric conditions will be generally unsettled, with a variable temperature in the South of England, but will be finer as they proceed North, especially in North England, North Ireland, and Scotland, where it will be colder. The maximum air-waves will be confined to the Channel and as far North as the South Midlands and South Wales, and will pass and cause disturbance in the early morning.

On the 5th, the barometer will fall slightly from its position on the 4th, but will rise on the 6th, and keep higher on the 7th, falling again late on the 8th and 9th, and rising on the 10th.

A seismic wave will pass over England on the 5th or 6th, which will be arrested by the narrow channels in South Lancashire, Wales, or East Essex, causing earthquake shocks in one of these districts. A similar wave will pass over the West Indies simultaneously.

N.B.—Our readers will note that Mr. Clements, who has been forecasting the weather for the last six weeks, has been absolutely correct in his prognostications.



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By Mrs. JACK MAY

The small creative faculty in woman, where dress is concerned, is a dangerous thing. To create, it is necessary to be big or nothing at all. And oh! ye stiff-necked and stubborn young feminine generation, how much longer shall we have to inveigh against the ugly pose recently adopted, which starts with the dregs of the Gibson bend and concludes with an Edna May coiffure and any sort of a hat plastered low down on the back of the head? The irritation set up within me at the spectacle of this type of girl is becoming dangerously near exploding point. And she has her prototype in the other sex—specimens mostly found in her train, arrayed in coats bound to an aggressive depth with braid, and narrow, straight-brimmed bowler hats. Much commiseration should be granted those of us who are so temperamentally poised as to feel acutely the influence of these wholly wrong inartistic impressions. They really cause active suffering; and, alas! a prophetic vision gives little hope of the feminine aggressor being convinced of the evilness of her ways this side of the Spring.

Mauve and Red

That this blend is more or less an anachronism is frankly admitted. But, nevertheless, such are the colour opportunities of the day, one is fain to grant it the verdict of *chic*. A millinery display at a renowned West-End house the other day emphasised the trend with considerable favour, and, judging by the amount of attention it attracted, there is every likelihood the nucleus of a phase was serenely inaugurated. Open to criticism as this alliance is from a strictly artistic point, we have, nevertheless, nature's own authority to go on. Take, for instance, the dahlia, of recent memory, the gradations from mauve to red are delightfully subtle and invariably pleasing.

Then another debatable mingling of shades is Empire green and pale *nattier* blue. More than once lately have I met this under reliable auspices, otherwise I might have failed in courage to report on it. In one instance the green found expression in corduroy velvet arranged in one of the favourite high-waist long coats, with a suspicion of blue introduced in embroidered collar and narrow vest. This was worn with a long, clinging skirt of cloth, accompanied by a grey satin hat, plumed with blue uncurled ostrich and marabout feathers.

An evening coat of Liberty satin in this lately revived *vert* again is charming, lined with pale blue and ornamented down the front with masses of knotted gold cords and tassels. While anyone in doubt as to a relieving touch for a black gown is seriously advised to consider this Empire green, used sparingly, but, at the same time, with decision.

Hunt and County Balls

From the highest quarters we may accept the dictum of white and silver as a leading evening seduction. An embroidery, carried out in silver bugles and beads, starting in a continuous line at the hem and gradually tapering off up the skirt, on a groundwork of white satin, the corsage just simply swathed about the figure below a drapery of tulle, creates a gown that could do no wrong. There is, let me say, considerable art underlying these apparently simple bodices, always in the best favour among women who possess jewels. For these embroideries an ordinary soft-finished satin is considered preferable to an Orient. There has, during the recent Royal

Photo *Keulinger*

A charming débutante costume of white net trimmed Liberty satin, the bodice relieved by silver and gold embroideries

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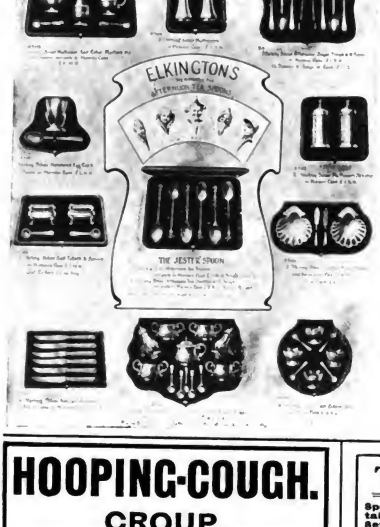

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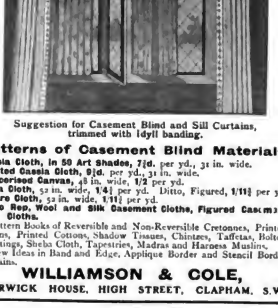

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festivities, been ample opportunity for verifying the predilection among the *haute monde*, who have carried it to every imaginable perfection of form and expression.

For young girls' dance dresses, the advance of net and tulle has been most marked, and so successful has been the handling throughout that nothing but praise is to be accorded the revival. Satin ribbon, ranging from a quarter of an inch to one inch wide, plays a notable part in the decorative scheme, applied in every conceivable fantasy and fashion.

A picture frock for a fair-haired *débutante* comprises a short waist gown of white tulle, veiling an under-dress of white chiffon, ornamented to the depth of eight or nine inches with a closely worked Greek design in silver. The waist of the *bébé* bodice is similarly defined with a very narrow replica of embroidery, while in the gracefully arranged Greuze coiffure a silver ribbon is threaded and tied in a coquettish little bow just behind the left ear.

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Crême de Japon et Cie.
13 - 14, New Bond Street

Town is very full; everyone is remarking it. But that does not suffice for the strain put upon the resources of that quiet little *salon* entitled Japon et Cie, where, in addition to the carrying through of the much-sought-after face treatment, those in the know are seeking Christmas gifts in the guise of combination boxes of the Company's famed emollients, powders, etc., cases of hair-combs, together with various dainty addenda beloved of the fastidious woman heart.

For the presiding genius of Japon et Cie has a quite peculiar understanding of what constitutes the first needs of the day to the *vraie élégante*. A more thoroughly welcome gift than the above-mentioned combination boxes, I make bold to say, cannot be found anywhere. Initially the boxes themselves, which can be had in either green or mauve, the two salient tints of the *salon*, lined with white satin, are immensely decorative pieces. But it is the contents that really matter, these comprising that irreproachable face powder wherefore the Company's name is being talked about far and near, together with the equally admirable crême, a puff, and scent sachet, while individual choice decrees whether a bottle of perfume, the lotion, or face tonic be included.

A Fashionable Bridge Coat
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Added to all of which there is not only a complete manicure set, everything of superfine quality, but a set that has been put together with practical knowledge of the requirements of the need. The polisher is a real beauty, and Japon et Cie have recently brought out what, in their opinion—and they know—is the most effective polish ever produced. The file, again, is no fancy silliness, but is composed of a flat piece of the best steel procurable, and enables the tedious filing process to be got through with incredible quickness. And yet, again, these prodigally supplied combination boxes include among their contents the always useful piece of chamois leather, cutical scissors, monkey-feet stick and orange stick, a soft face brush for smoothing off the powder, and a smaller one for the eyebrows. In fact, there is everything for face and finger beautification, packed away in a neat, concise manner, the whole providing a possession that is always at hand, whether at home or travelling. The story, however, would be in no way complete lacking proclamation of the price, which is the incredibly moderate one of two guineas, really the bare cost of the manicure.

A side issue is the jewelled combs, but one that will prove of paramount interest to those in search of genuine novelties; and here, again, the cost is moderate in the extreme. As to the restfulness of the face treatment, and also its complete efficacy, no adequate words of praise can be found, the methods employed being altogether at variance with the slap-dash treatment prevalent in some establishments. The combining of the hand massage with that of the Vibro is proving of the best avail, although it is always possible to have one apart from the other if desired.

But that time and space alike press, I should like to go back and say a great deal more of the admirable virtues of the Crême de Japon et Cie's combination boxes.

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Though, after glancing through the pages of this issue, it will hardly be possible to look anything else

(Photograph of Miss Pauline Chase, by Bassano)

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No. 210.—Vol. XVI

CONTENTS

Wednesday, December 11, 1907

	PAGE		PAGE
Frontispiece	505	Games and Pastimes	528
Here, There, and Everywhere	507	Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	530
The World's Pageant	515	Automobile Topics	533
Continental Chat	520	Christmas Presents	537
The Playhouses	522	The Library	546
By Field, Stream, and Covert	524	A Woman's Note Book	XXIV

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"Moles and their Meaning." By Harry de Windt. (Pearson: 1s.)

"Antinous and other Poems." By Montague Summers. (Sisleys: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Inclinations." By Edward A. Storer. (Sisleys: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Seals." By W. De Gray-Birch. (Methuen: 25s. net.)

"The Crimes of Urbain Grandier and Others." By Alexandre Dumas. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Romance of the King's Navy." By Edward Fraser. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)

"The Romance of the King's Army." By A. B. Tucker. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)

"The Lord of Latimer Street." By Jane Wardle. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

"I Heard a Child Singing." By Veronica Mason. (Mathews: 1s. net.)

"Life's Desert Way." By Kineton Parkes. (The Moorland Press: 6s.)

"The Light Eternal." By Peter Pasegger. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"Leaves from the Journal of Sir G. Smart." By H. B. and C. L. E. Cox. (Longmans: 10s. 6d. net.)

"Photographic Almanac." Edited by George E. Brown, F.I.C. (Greenwood: 1s. net.)

"Whose Home is the Wilderness." By William J. Long. (Ginn: 5s. net.)

The Industrian Magazine (December).

"Granford." By Mrs. Gaskell. (Macmillan: 5s. net.)

"The White Rose Mystery." By Gerald Biss. (Greening: 6s.)

"Lady Lilian's Luck." By De Brémont. (Greening: 6s.)

"The Unpardonable Sin." By James Douglas. (Grant Richards: 6s.)

"The Happy Moralist." By Hubert Bland. (Werner Laurie: 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Old Peabody Pew." By K. D. Wiggin. (Constable: 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Master Beast." By Horace W. C. Newte. (Rebman: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Firelight Fancies." By Wallace B. Nichols. (Tallis Press: 4s. 6d.)

"Highways and Byways in Kent." By Walter Jerrold. (Macmillan: 6s.)

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Signature.....

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THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited.
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NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8s. 2d. (for 52 weeks) and for 14s. 1d. (for 26 weeks) you receive THE BYSTANDER *post free and are insured as above.*

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" (CHRISTMAS NUMBER) are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, by Inland Parcel Post, 3d. per copy. Canada 1d. (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be 3d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

Foreword

Again this is our Christmas and our Birthday Number. It is practically impossible to disguise the fact, and we shall not attempt to. Were it but an ordinary Christmas Number, we might try. It is not. It is the best Christmas Number. Nor is that all, as might be supposed by the casual reader. No. We should not be at all satisfied if we were merely "the Best."

The Claims of Modesty

All the other Christmas Numbers are that. They must be. Their Advertisement Managers would have a shock if they were not. The Proprietors would see that they had a shock. That is what proprietors are for. But our Manager will have no trouble, for we are not only—as we have stated—the Best, but we are also THE BYSTANDER. In other words, though an atmosphere of Christmas envelopes us; though the festive feeling permeates our pages; though pictures of a suitably Christmassy order may be coming (Kindly buy us at the Bookstall before you ascertain. It is fairer); yet through it all we remain Ourselves. What that means, we hesitate to say. A thousand compliments spring to our pen, but they are all inadequate. Besides, there is Modesty to be considered. We had—for the moment—forgotten Modesty.

The Year's Achievements

Well, and why shouldn't we? When we think of our achievements during the past year it seems foolish to be bashful. We have much pleasure, then, in announcing that we have saved Crosby Hall for the nation. It is in the City somewhere, and historically interesting. The welcome we have extended to the Kaiser, King Alfonso, and King Haakon has, we believe, been much appreciated and is likely for some time to come to ensure the peace of nations. The Suffragettes are indebted to us for many a little hint that will doubtless bear fruit. Our timely quotation of the famous lines beginning "Birds in their little nests agree" has had the effect of soothing a quarrel that threatened disaster to our Navy. Englishmen may sleep peacefully in their beds. Indeed, these are quite the best places in which to make an attempt to sleep at all.

Continued

For our Territorial Army scheme Mr. Haldane must be given some credit. In fact, he may have it all, until we have seen how it works. Thanks to us, on the other hand, there has been no Railway Strike. Of course, Mr. Lloyd-George was the actual mediator. But, then, we have often spoken well of his ability. Undoubtedly, the knowledge that this was so helped him through the crisis.

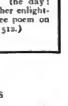
Will Christmas Last?

Let us now consider some other subject. It is, or soon will be, Christmas. Dickens' experts—an increasing body, owing to the subscription only being a shilling—maintain that Dickens invented Christmas. Though not wholly true, the statement will pass muster. Christmas, as we know it, is a Dickens affair. How long it will remain so is another question. A Yule-log, when it is a permanent structure lighted by electricity, loses something of its old attraction, even if you had it made to crackle—for a few shillings extra. Again, to

And Why Not?
"Well, 'ere's another thousand a year and one o' them American heiresses to you Bill!"
(By H. Hope Read)

OUR LITTLE ELVES

These little creatures visit us again this year. Watch them frolic around the borders of these pages, and see what mischievous sport they make of the topics of the day! (For further enlightenment see poem on p. 512.)



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drink cocoa out of a Wassail-bowl seems not quite the thing.

The Bird of Peace

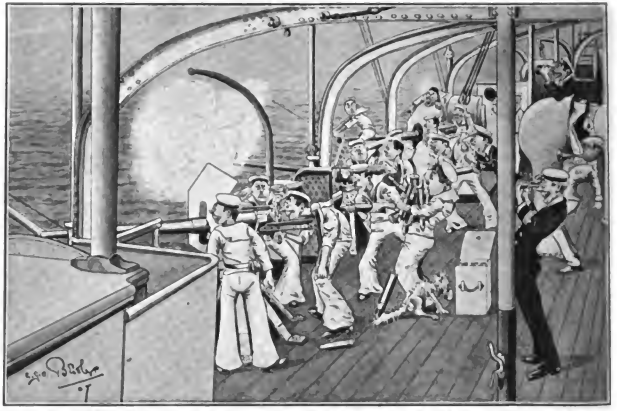
People with tired insides already protest against the Christmas dinner. "Why," they ask, "should we, for the sake of a sentiment worked up by a long-dead novelist, make ourselves ill?" Our answer is, "You should make yourself ill—if turkey and a glass of port will do it—not for the sake of a sentiment, but for the sake of a principle." That principle, which might vulgarly be termed "the Principle of the Bust," is a sane one. In these days of the tyranny of the Dietist and the Doctor it supplies the necessary outlet for our feelings. Without it there would be a revolution. A pea-fed host would march on Mr. Miles's restaurant and wreck it. Pale inmates of rest-cure establishments would rise and eat their physicians. In a fit of tigerish craving, Mr. Bernard Shaw might be found bolting his boots. The turkey, then, may be regarded as a Bird of Peace.

Turkey v. Vegetables

Moreover, it is a hospitable bird. You cannot entertain a large number of friends and relations off the same bean. You can off the same turkey. And so vegetarians can never have that feeling of fellowship which comes from knowing that you have all partaken of the same creature. Of course, they may not want it. They may not want their friends and relations to dinner. Their friends and relations may not want to come. But the Vegetarian loses by it. He will not have the pleasant thought that he has done his duty, and that there are twelve long months before Christmas comes round again.

The Subject Changes to Burglars

Once more the subject changes. (This is Lastly, by the way. At least we think so. We can't promise.) It strikes us that we ought to spare a thought for those who are not enjoying Christmas as much as we are. (Apropos, why does one talk so lightly of sparing a thought? It is the last thing most people can afford to give away.) These miserables include Postmen, Journalists, Cooks, M.P.'s, and Burglars. We have not time to consider them all. Let us select Burglars. They are much worthier characters than highwaymen were. We cannot regret highwaymen. It must have been a great nuisance to have to hand over all one's money without having even the prospect of getting in return a pamphlet on "How to Succeed," and then tramp through wintry snows because one's horses had been shot. Better the burglar's visit, when one has reached home swiftly, hanging to a strap. At least the poor man comes to us, and does not—if he can help it—disturb us. Yet he is harried by advancing civilisation. M. Bertillon's odious discovery has made him afraid of his own finger-tips. Policemen are constantly finding clues to him. His doings are chronicled in the *Daily Mail*. There is no Merry Christmas for him. While others are carolling away (or, rather, sending the carollers away) he is at his work. Perhaps he is upstairs now. Who knows? Let us leave him there. It is safer. And—as the Christmas Carols say—"A Right Cheery Yule-tide to ye all." Curious how Christmas card-makers never can realise that "ye," when governed by a preposition, becomes "you." But it doesn't really matter.



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAVY: NO. I. WORKING QUICK-FIRERS ON THE UPPER DECK

In order to give the British Nation a fine, true, and accurate idea of the way the Navy works, and to explode, once for all, the scandalous attempts on the part of certain sea-lawyers to belittle their work, THE BYSTANDER's special and truthful artist-correspondent, Mr. E. G. O. Beuttler, was commissioned to depict realistic scenes in the Fleet. This is the first of a series of six drawings. P.S.—Please keep these pictures by you, for the series, when complete, will be worth a fabulous sum to future generations as the only real authentic record of the British Navy in 1907 (By E. G. O. BEUTTLER)

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Superfluous Advice

INTELLIGENT RESCUER: "Steady, old man, steady! Keep cool!"

BY NOEL POCOCK

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Lessons in Journalese: No. I.

HOW TO DO A "STORY" (SAY "ROMEO AND JULIET") FOR THE "DAILY BLITHER"

SAD STORY FROM VERONA.

YOUNG COUPLE'S INFATUATION

INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON

DOUBLE SUICIDE

SON OF LORD MONTAGUE ONE OF THE VICTIMS

("DAILY BLITHER" SPECIAL)

VERONA, Monday.

A terrible discovery was made in the Public Cemetery here yesterday morning. Passing through the cemetery about 11 a.m., a priest named Laurence was astounded to find the family vault of the Capulets wide open, with a light burning inside. On going in he discovered, to his horror, the dead bodies of Miss Juliet Capulet, Count Paris, and the Hon. Romeo Montague, huddled together in a heap on the floor. The police were immediately communicated with, and the bodies removed to the mortuary to await formal identification. It will be remembered that only last Thursday the engagement of Miss Capulet to the young Count Paris was announced. On the following Wednesday, to the great grief and sorrow of the Count and her own family, Miss Capulet died—or, rather, apparently died—of heart failure. The sequel to this strange story proves once more—if, indeed, proof were needed—that Truth is almost invariably

STRANGER THAN FICTION

It appears that the unhappy Miss Capulet had some time ago contracted a secret marriage with the Hon. R. Montague, whom she had met at a dance at her father's house. Being afraid to tell her father—to whom, for family reasons, her chosen husband was obnoxious—she had feigned death in order to escape the second marriage with Count Paris, trusting, apparently, that, as soon as she had been placed in the vault, her husband would release her and they would be able to proceed on their honeymoon. Unfortunately for the success of the plot, the boy messenger, to whom Miss Capolet had entrusted the letter explaining matters to her husband (then at Mantua), missed his train.

The Hon. R. Montague, seeing an account of his wife's death in an

The scene in the cemetery. The Hon. R. Montague is marked with a cross (X). Inset is the last photograph of Miss Juliet Capulet.—("Daily Blither" photograph.)

evening paper, bought a pick-axe and a bottle of carbolic acid, with the object of gazing once more upon his dear one's face and dying by her side. (The pick-axe can be distinctly seen in the remarkable photo which was specially taken for the "DAILY BLITHER.")

It was nearly midnight when he reached the cemetery, and was just about to open the door of the vault, when he was interrupted by Count Paris, who had come to weep over the supposed

GRAVE OF HIS FIANCÉE

A question of precedence seems to have arisen, and in the quarrel which ensued the Count must have either received a mortal wound at the hands of young Montague—or run his head against the pick-axe in the dark. Death, in any case, was almost instantaneous. Entering the tomb, and dragging the Count's body after him, the young husband appears to have said his last farewell, and immediately afterwards to have drunk the poison he had brought with him.

Ten minutes later—but, alas! ten minutes too late to save the man she loved—Miss Capulet awoke from her trance, only to find her husband and her lover dead at her feet.

Overcome with grief, and, in all probability, only half awake to the awful thing she was about to do, the poor young wife unsheathed a dagger which her husband wore, plunged it into her breast, and fell dead at his feet. It was thus that the priest Laurence found them, but when questioned on the matter his answer is, "I can tell you nothing."

ITEMS

Up to four o'clock yesterday afternoon, over 17,000 persons visited the cemetery. The average daily attendance is fifteen.

The vault of the Capulets is 15 ft. by 11 ft. 6 in. internally, and is built of Carrara marble throughout. Cost, £1,700.

As far as violent deaths in family vaults are concerned, the present tragedy creates a new record.

It is not generally known that the Hon. Romeo Montague was an expert Diabolo player. He is said to have thrown and caught the reel sixty-two times in one minute. His unhappy wife did not play.

The name of the ill-fated Count appears this morning in the list of winners of £230 in the "VERONA VAGABOND'S *Competition Limerick*." The money, of course, will not be paid.

[ANOTHER LESSON NEXT WEEK]

NEWS ITEMS

The Sultan of Morocco, whose estates are also being claimed, is reported to feel a good deal of sympathy with the Duke of Portland. In his opinion, however, the thing to do is not to keep the lead in the coffin, but to put it into the claimant.

• • •

Negotiations for the release of Kaid Maclean are still proceeding, and the work naturally presses pretty hardly on the British Legation. Experts, nevertheless, believe that Raisuli will in the end either die or tire of the Kaid's company, and that English diplomatists are assured of another triumph.

• • •

King Alfonso's winning manners have made themselves felt even in the hunting-field. Several foxes have quite lost their brushes to him.

• • •

In the Woman's Parliament which is to hold its first session in February next, Mrs. Pankhurst—says a contemporary—will act as "Mr. Speaker." But why this deference to man-made traditions? Surely "Mrs. Chatter" would be more in keeping with the movement.

• • •

If Votes for Women are not included in the next King's Speech, the Suffragettes are determined to hold a mass meeting in the Albert Hall. So that for one afternoon in the year, at any rate, politicians and police-magistrates may be sure of being able to work uninterrupted.

• • •

In the cause of charity, duchesses have, at times, sold kisses for half a guinea. Owing to the new Corrupt Practices Act, which prevents them from paying in money, many tradesmen are of opinion that cooks will expect them to follow the example of the duchesses. As usual, the law will press hardest on the most deserving and bashful men.

• • •

"An Intermittent Reader" asks us why our Christmas Number is published on December 11. We must confess to a lapse in this respect. By December 11, most newspaper readers have long forgotten the usual Christmas Numbers, which appeared with some regularity between June and October, and are, in fact, anticipating the Summer Numbers of periodicals due about the time of the New Year. Ye-es, "Intermittent Reader," to publish a Christmas Number about the middle of December is, to say the least of it, unconventional. But we hope that some of our readers will forgive us, for, though "things are not always what they seem," we hope our Christmas Number will be looked on as a Christmas Number.

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"THE GOOD OLD TIMES" AND THE PRESENT. A FURTHER COMPARISON.

THEN. "YES, MAMMA."

NOW. "MY DEAR MOTHER, DON'T TALK TOMMY ROT!"

THEN. "PLEASE, IS OO FARVER KISSMAS?"

NOW "HOLLO! HOLLO!! HOLLO-O-O!!! LOOK AT FATHER, MAKING AN ASS OF HIMSELF"

THEN. THEY DANCED THE MINUET.

NOW (STAND CLEAR!) THEY WALTZ A LA MERRY WIDOW

THEN "TISN'T FOR SUCH AS ME TO BE LEAVING YOU, SIR, NOW YOU'RE IN TROUBLE — ME AS HAS SERVED YOU SO LONG AND YOUR FATHER BEFORE. YOU —" ("BOO-HOO!! FAITHFUL FRIEND!)

NOW "OF COURSE, SIR, I'M SORRY TO GO AND SO ON BUT I'VE HAD SOME SUCCESS WITH THE — ER — LIMERICKS AND IF YOU'D CARE TO BORROW A TRIFLE AT A REASONABLE RATE OF HINTEREST — THANK YOU, SIR, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, SIR, I SHOULD PREFER CASH."

BY F. GILLETT

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A CHRISTMAS FABLE

(For the Tots)

Alec and Vera were six and seven respectively. They were very unhappy. Alec had eaten three helps of turkey, two gills of chestnut sauce and seven mince-pies. He had also swallowed the sixpence in the plum pudding. Vera, in her dis-ap-point-ment (disappointment) at not getting this coin, had left her own pudding untasted on her plate, and had pinched Alec under the table. Their wicked step-mother had sent them both to bed. How ter-i-bel (terrible)! But Vera said, "Perhaps our Fairy Godmother will appear and help us." "She will have to come quick, then," answered Alec. He had scarcely spoken the words when there was a rap on the door and a beautiful lady appeared.

"What do you desire, chicks?" she asked. (Chicks are little hens.)

"I want to die," said Alec, ver-y simp-ly.

"Nonsense!" said Vera, who knew Fairies could do anything. "Alec only wants to have back something he has swallowed."

"He shall," said the Fairy, and, waving her wand, dis-ap-ered in-stantly. . . .

Later on, when Alec had been very, very ill, Susan, the kitchen-maid, found the sixpence in Vera's untasted pud-ding But Vera only found a but-ton.

Moral.—Not every little Boy has a Silver Lining.

Gone to the ——

"Always said that Madder Brown would do something great one day"

"Sold a picture to the nation!"

"Goodness, no! He's opened a Diabolo shop next door to a school"

(By Frank M. Williamson)

Isaacstein's Xmas Limerick

(We heartily recommend those of our readers who are interested in this form of competition to enter for it. Isaacstein's "hand-made" Mistletoe is undoubtedly the finest on the market.)

There is a Berried plant known as "The Mistletoe"
Which sometimes may be seen growing on apple trees, don't you know?
But Isaacstein's "Hand-Made"
Is quite English and does not fade——

Rules.—Fill in the last line to rhyme with the first two, and enclose 10s. for a Sprig. In the event of your winning, Isaacstein will give you:—

(1) A country cottage for life, one pair motor goggles, one hunting breeches, one red coat, one spade, one hundred balls, two foxes. County Society and "the simple life" will then be open to you.

(2) Or, a ticket entitling you to Life Membership of Isaacstein's Evening Dress Club. You will thereby gain the *entrée* to the London Smart Set.

(3) Or, Damages in not more than Three Breach of Promise Cases. This will give you great experience in the witness-box and elsewhere.

There will be Five Million Consolation Prizes. These will take the form of an autographed receipt from Isaacstein for the 10s. postal order.

Important Notice to Our Readers

Owing to the fact that this issue of The Bystander is unable to conform with the regulations of the Post Office with regard to newspapers, the postage rates will be somewhat altered. To any part of the United Kingdom, the paper will have to be sent by Inland Parcel Post, the price being 3d. For the Continent, abroad, and the Colonies Book Post is the best method of transmission, the charge being 3½d. For Canada, the new Canadian rate should be used—viz., 1d. for 1oz.

THE DREAM ELVES

(Being an Exposition in Rhyme of our own particular "Devils")

Around these pages, at their Revels,
Reader, observe our Christmas Devils:
Each one the quaintest little Cuss
Not in the least like you—or Us—
Yet, if we watch them at their labours,
Really absurdly like our neighbours.

Say, Reader, have—or have we not—
Set eyes upon that phantom Yacht,
The best that ever Sailed the Seas
And, yet unbuilt, has faced a Breeze?
Can we have seen (most queer the sight is)
Those waves of spotted Pageantitis,
On which stout Mayors, arrayed in mystery
And crowns, ride forth—to teach us History?
Have we beheld those various fools
Toss with tense hands th' evasive spools
As though they thought some trick to learn
Which would postpone the Burial urn?

Perhaps we have—nor all unknown
Those Kings and Queens that next are shown;
Look at the sturdy Democrat
Who, save to Kings, won't doff his hat!
Look at his wife, who hours will wait
To see a Prince perambulate,
And then such loyal zeal evinces—
As though all prams did not hold Princes!

Well, well, come to a pretty pass is
That country where the Middle Classes
Beneath the British workman's hobs
Must place their inoffensive nobs;
Where Peers are frightened by the hubbub
Made in a Nonconformist suburb;
Where ev'n the advanced Reformer quails
As, wearying of (or for) mere males,
Woman declares she'll make the Law;
Where Ministers their aid withdraw
From those who deal in Beers and Toddies—
And only License Busybodies.

Come to a pretty pass, indeed,
That country! And perhaps has need
Of censors to forbid the plays
Where vice and other nasty ways
Are shown with strength and drawn with loathing
(And actresses wear quite long clothing).

A most outrageous state of things!
But then—they're but imaginings—
Jests of a season. We ourselves
Are quite unlike these foolish Elves.

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The Pier Fishing Season

Christmas Morning at Puddleport

THE ANGLER'S FRIEND: "Caught something at last, then, Tom?"
THE ANGLER'S FRIEND: "Bass"
THE ANGLER: "'Ave I? What?"
BY THORPE

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An Ill-Considered Proposal

CABMAN (*to nervous old gentleman*): "Nah then, guvner! Don't stand there gapin' at 'im! Sit on 'is 'ead, carn't yer?"

BY CHARLES CROMBIE

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

> To London Town from Babylon
> The pageant of the world goes by!
> For you, for you, I pause and con
> A Stander-By

A Double Event

As will, doubtless, have been already gathered, we celebrate to-day a Double Event. Not only is this our Christmas, it is also our Birthday Number. We are four. A very healthy four. Young? Agreed. Precocious? Well—not very, considering, and if we are, 'tis but reflection of the Spirit of the Age. I hasten to offer the compliments of the Season to my sorely tried and much-forgiving readers, and to wish ourselves many very happy returns. Having done so, may I say that if there *is* one thing more than another which bores me past sighs, past tears, past words, past everything, that thing is—I must confess it!—Christmas. Already, in these islands, and in the usually restrained and chastened artistry of THE BYSTANDER's pages, I detect, to my secret horror, an atmosphere of turkey, sausages, crackers, and goodwill, from which I would fain dissociate both myself and "The World's Pageant." If, too, it jars on you, gentle reader, be indulgent! 'Tis but the "Christmas spirit," and it will soon be over. And in your service, too, I have spared you "some," for I have managed to avoid the company, at least, of the more *exigeant* of the Christmas—er—jokes, though I fear the borders of my pages are infested with those frivolous little "creepy-crawlies," which nothing seems to keep out of our Christmas numbers.

• • •

The Livers and—

Christmas, you know—I use the word solely, of course, in application to the more blatant festivities—Christmas *is* such a *bourgeois* proceeding, isn't it? Now, my *métier*, as my readers must know by now (or, if not, why not?), is to mix with and tell them about those favoured ones of the world who are either distinguished, interesting, or—rich. Not for my soaring soul has it been ordained that I should stoop to parley with or write of those unregenerates to whom, in particular, the sugar-candy sentiment of "a good old-fashioned Christmas" makes its most potent appeal.

• • •

—The Reasoners

Unto such—Philistines and *epicuri de grege porci*, as I have said—I have no wish to dedicate these remarks. It is to those others that my heart inclines. To those great captains of their souls (and waists) who, so to speak, mingling with my friendly bowl "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" and taking Christmas, as it were, in their stride, would rather make their Christmas dinner off a parched pea served elegantly on one of the printed pages of this journal, than grossly sit down (I'm not quite sure what I mean; the true Poet never is)—grossly sit down, I say (I wish to goodness I could get a full-stop in somewhere)—as I was saying, grossly sit down before the very finest seventeen-course Neronian banquet with nightingales' tongues on toast, dormice stewed in poppy-juice, and other priceless dainties (including feathers), all served up in the inimitably *recherché* and *intriguant* style for which we so confidently look to the *chef* of the [space to let for advertisement of restaurant].

The New Chinese Minister
Li Ching Fang, Lord of Wuwu, has arrived in England in good time for Christmas. He is, for a Chinaman, uncommonly tall. He is married, very rich, and very European in his tastes and sympathies. He first came to London with the great Li Hung Chang, his father, and he speaks English fluently. Li, by the way, is the Chinese equivalent for Smith

• • •

A Peaceful Christmas

Peace and goodwill, it seems, are to be our portion, politically and nationally, at any rate, this Christmas. There is no war anywhere, save for that slight unrest in Zululand, and even Rumour lies quiescent. With every nation in the world we are at peace, and with every country in Europe, thanks to the untiring efforts of Edward the Peacemaker, we stand in friendly relation. Even the War Lord, refreshed by his stay amongst us, ceases from troubling, and holds firmly in its sheath a sword stained not with blood, but currants! Aeronautically, rivalry is dead. Little "Nulli" is gone. Proud "Patrie" has fared little better. Politically, the Hague Conference notwithstanding Peace reigns supreme. Mr. Balfour, on his side of the field, has cleared the atmosphere by the discharge of a Tariff Reform maxim which has, at last, some claims to comprehensibility; while the Premier, modishly rest-curing at Biarritz, is as far sequestered from the battle's din as cables, telephones, and an F.O. messenger twice a week will leave him. "Winston" is pacifically, and almost discreetly, globe-trotting. Only the Suffragettes stand yet armed within the lists.

• • •

Christmas Resolutions

And talking of peace, "What is it," as the poet says, "that ruins married lives but husbands—not to mention wives?" So, too, I say, What is it ruins Christmas but broken resolutions—not to speak of bills? Every Christmas, as sure as morning

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dawns, do I, drawing a decent veil over the past, make good resolutions for the following year. Some people make them on New Year's Day. But I make them at Christmas. It's more distinguished, and, besides, it gives one something to think about during the hymns on Christmas morning. I keep my resolutions carefully for, say, a fortnight. Then the Christmas bills come in, and, to drown my sorrows, I fall back into past sins. I have made a rather good set of resolutions for 1908. My readers may like to appropriate a few. They are not copyright. They are:—To Lead a Brand New Life. To sit through Musical Comedy. To pay my Income Tax without demur. To refrain from inflicting too frequently on my unfortunate readers such good old stock subjects as Mr. Bernard Shaw and his Views on Marriage, the Smart Set, Peers and the Stage, or any other of those obvious topics upon which I am in the habit of falling back when space yawns, time presses, and brains are on strike *pro. tem.* To return my Partner's Lead. To Keep Off the Grass. Not to try to be funny (except in the felicitously sarcastic manner indigenous to a Christmas Number). Not covertly to listen when I overhear indignant remarks relative to the amazing "*cheek*, my dear, of that paper, THE BYSTANDER." Not to exceed the Speed Limit when there is any chance of being caught. Not to—but stop! I must refrain! Here is enough, and more than enough, to send me seeking, in less than a couple of weeks, a Brand New Death!

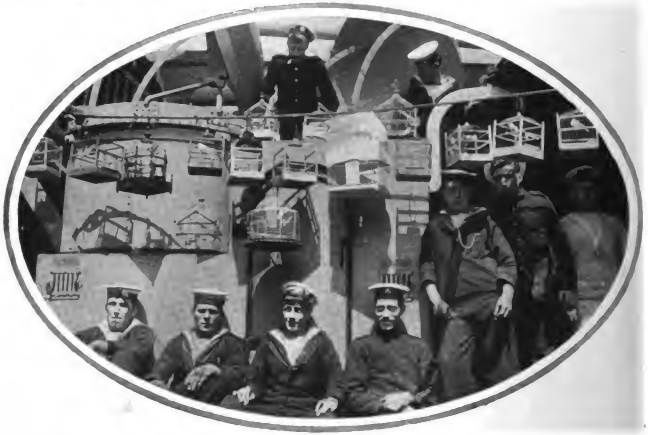
Resolved: for 1908

Excesses I swear off—
Regalian smokes, dear drinks,
Farewell. Now for some lof-
Ty thinks.

My taxes I'll pay up,
Forswearing every cuss,
Chuck "taxis" for a tup'
Ny 'bus.

I'll leave the social swim,
Sins shun, bores cultivate,
Life's purple hours elim-
Inate.

Then, blameless as a hymn,
I'll seek the rope or knife,
And simply end my sim-
Ple life.



Photo] **Home for Christmas** [*Cribb*

A paying-off scene on board a warship just home. Hanging to the rail are cages containing foreign birds, brought home by Jack as presents for mothers, wives, sweethearts, and—who knows what not?

The Poet's Christmas

In my sad lack of appreciation of the joys of merry Yuletide I stand, it seems, not utterly alone. Only in the minor, very minor, poet, I find, does the Yule-log fire a sleepy Muse. Often, soul-weary with much Christmassing, I have turned to my poet's corner for rest and refreshment, endeavouring dutifully at the same time to be topically correct in my reading. Keats on Christmas, I have thought, might lend some needed charm. But one searches his works in vain. He was too Greek; the season scarce remembered itself to him, much less appealed; Shelley was too pagan; Dryden and Cowper, Thomson and Pope, Byron and Moore, Wordsworth, Swinburne and Rossetti — to not one of all this great company has Christmas called. Only to Browning

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Truly a High Tea! KAISER WILLIAM'S CHILDREN'S PARTY

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The children of Highclife enjoyed one day last week an honour which they will never forget as long as they live, an honour granted to few indeed of their seniors—that of taking tea with the Kaiser. This was a high tea if you like, and the Kaiser himself cut the cake

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as a philosopher on religion, and to Tennyson as idealist and sentimentalist, has the festive season stood as sponsor for immortal verse. Christmas has not, it would appear, a numerous following among the high immortals — which, perhaps, accounts for the painful preponderance of the turkey and mince-pie element.

• • •

The Children's Party

Not the least aggressive feature of the Christmas season is the Children's Party. Owing to a natural ability to make myself agreeable under most circumstances, and to play the fool under all, I am rather in request at functions of this nature, and, already, my shelf is littered with cards inviting me to anything from Tea and Touch-Last with Tottickins at four to Dough-Nuts and Dancing with Doris at six. At five, at least, of these, I simply *must* put in an appearance. Charming mothers have made my presence a personal point, which, disregarded, will bode me ill. Others I shall do my best to avoid, for Children's Parties are no longer what they were. No longer do they, very properly, amuse the grown-ups, and bore to tears the children. The trail of the great god Reform is here as elsewhere. It is now the children who must be amused, the grown-ups bored. A topsy-turvy state of things which does not please me. If I *must* make an egregious ass of myself; if I *must* dance unceasing polkas for an hour on end with two-foot-five; if I *must* go Blind-Man's-Buffing, Hunt-the-Slippering, and Musical Chairing till my head swims—well, then I must. But gratitude—how sharper than a serpent's, etc., etc. Truly, it has been said, it is the Children's Age.

POPULAR PHRASES (Illustrated)
"Saving His Bacon"
By A. Melville Brown

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The Social Round

One ought, I suppose, even in a Christmas Number, not wholly to ignore the social scheme of things. Of affairs which come under this heading, however, so far as London is concerned, there is practically nothing to say. This "dear, damn'd, distracting town," now that an exceptionally brilliant autumn season is over, has but little to offer its votaries but fog and outer darkness. There are always, in the hub of the universe, of course, subjects for conversation: there is, for instance, the Druce Case and Fiscal Reform, the Government and Christian Science, the Divorce Courts and a long-awaited heir or two (another in Spain, also, I understand), the Censor, Christmas Shopping, ourselves. But it is not conversation which the world *qui s'amuse* is in need of. Conversation is "off"—an "also-ran," so to speak. It is deeds, not words, with the Smart Set of to-day. So now it is the Shires which form the centre of fashion, for there, huntin' and hunt-balls, shootin' and shootin' house-parties, all are in full swing. And now or never, by the way, should the winter species of *parti* be caught. At nights, he is too pleasantly weary to be wary. Salt well his tail, and, who knows?—you may catch him yet.

In Indoor Dress

In Motor Costume

SIMIANS IN SOCIETY

These photographs are of "Daisy," the youngest Chimpanzee in England, who is at present living under the chaperonage of Miss Hall, at 7, Park Place Villas, W. A keen motorist, who has toured much this summer, "Daisy" is not undomestic—at home, she sits up to table, and eats bread and butter and bananas, with a spoon

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A Victual Point

EMIGRATION AGENT: "Cancel your passage? Why?"

DOUBTFUL STARTER: "Chap's just told me that when it's one o'clock here, it's only four in the mornin' over in Canada!"

EMIGRATION AGENT: "Well! Well! And what difference does that make to you?"

DOUBTFUL STARTER: "Catch me goin' to a place where yer've got to wait all that time for dinner every day!"

BY FRANK M. WILLIAMSON

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CONTINENTAL CHAT

La Bourse - Paris

The two projected visits for next year of the King of Italy and President Fallières are still fitfully talked about, but there is nothing official as yet about either. Still, the President's journey is now confidently expected to take place next May, when the Franco-British Exhibition will probably be fit for inspection, all proper tardiness in the installation being duly anticipated. M. Fallières is not, like M. Loubet, one of the King's personal friends, nor has he any of the ex-President's easy charm. Both are from the South, but while M. Loubet came from a part of the Midi in which all the civilised race of antiquity have left their blood and their manners, M. Fallières comes from that jovial, but still barbaric, Gascony, which has given its name to a very different sort of character. It is even in curious contrast to the refined and joyous old Provence, where every peasant woman has the manners of a duchess of the *ancien régime*, and every man the dignity of a gentleman-in-waiting. Poor M. Fallières, who loves his pipe and his wine and his fiddlers three, is not at home in ceremonies. With a mournful smile, and ill at ease, he goes through them, only longing for them to be over, and, so to speak, to get into his shirt-sleeves again; but if he does not appeal to the pomp-loving instincts of the generality of his fellow-citizens, he is much beloved by his old friends, and a jollier or livelier Gascon than him never breathed. Fat and strong, and full of energy, he has done his political touring throughout France very respectably, and his guests at Rambouillet always have a good time with him in the unbuttoned moments of the shooting season.

The Only Way

HE: "There's the great Russian composer!"
SHE: "What's his name?"
HE: "S-l-i-v-i-t-s-n-i-s-k-i-e-y!"
SHE: "How do you pronounce it?"
HE: "With a sypbon, I guess!"

By Norman Morrow

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All the last lingering objections among Frenchmen to lady-barristers have been dispelled. The beautiful young "barristeress" of Polish origin, Mlle. Helène Moropolski, recently called, has tried all her charms in vain on the three judges of the Correctional Court. Neither smiles, nor gravity, nor bright eyes, nor the sweetest of dimples, availed her. She stamped her little foot, and smote her desk with her little fist, but the three judges, sterner than the elders, looked coldly on all this loveliness, and inexorably condemned the shop-lifting female, for whom she brought all these treasures of arguments to bear, to a month's imprisonment. Male barristers need not abandon the profession yet!

• • •

The Ullmo trial shows how spying offices of military and naval departments can, in order to keep themselves employed, waste public money. During the Dreyfus affair, it was discovered that one of the agents of the French Secret Intelligence

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Bureau at the Ministry of War had hired a flat next to the German Embassy, and bored a hole into the chimney of the room used by the Military Attaché for the purpose of overhearing his conversations with visitors. That considerable sums of money had been spent in purchasing the contents of his waste-paper basket, and that valuable time and labour had been expended in sorting the scraps and piecing them together, was evident. The famous *Bordereau* on which Dreyfus was condemned is supposed to have been procured in this way. Very serious representations by the German Government resulted, and the incident was the beginning of those strained relations which culminated in the dangerous Morocco affair. This time it is not the French spying department but the German Naval Attaché who seems to be the culprit.

Is there not something painful in the idea that armies and navies, supposed to be schools of honour, descend to methods which any gentleman in private life would regard with scorn? Perhaps, though, I should say, ought to regard with scorn, for spying seems to have a charm for many who would not cheat at cards or appropriate lost property, and yet would descend to the practices of thieves if they could satisfy their Jesuitical consciences that the end justified the means. "Sherlock Holmes" has, indeed, much to answer for in making men admire a profession which used to excite the contempt of every true-born British gentleman. Our War Office has no secret intelligence fund, and, judging from the frivolous way in which the French and German moneys are squandered, we do not lose thereby. I hear there is a controversy going on in high quarters abroad as to the advisability of having Naval and Military Attachés accredited to each other's Courts, and diplomatic developments, which may lead to a better adjustment of the whole diplomatic system to modern requirements, are awaited.

A Christmas Serenade! The Duet

By L. Carter

• • •

The Duchesse d'Uzès, with whom the Queen of Portugal has just been staying, is probably the most distinguished woman at present in France. She is not a friend of the Republic, and if she financed General Boulanger in his attempt to upset the then ruling section of Republicans, it was neither for love of him nor with the ultimate aim of carrying out his ideas, whatever they were. She thought he would serve as a bridge to the revival of the French Monarchy, as the second Republic served to the revival of the Empire. A woman who has notions of this kind and is willing to spend some millions of her huge fortune on their realisation is not an ordinary person; but, alongside her political notions, she has a number of attractive qualifications for public interest. Nothing appeals to her like talent, and many are those she has helped in their struggle for fame in art and literature. Nor does she merely admire the work of others. She is herself a sculptor of no mean order. And even this does not complete the sphere of her activity, for she delights in the hospitality she can offer to her friends, and invitations to her hunting parties, in which she rides with as firm a seat as a woman of twenty, are coveted, without reference to her political views. There is hardly any good work in which she is not the first to be thought of, and it is rare, indeed, that she does not head the list of public subscriptions. Among her latest doings is to accept the Presidency of the Paris branch of the Lyceum Club. In all this, the Duchesse differs from other representatives of the older French *noblesse*, who have retired to sulk out the rest of their existence in their old feudal castles, because the inevitable has happened.

• • •

The American cash famine is causing the greatest consternation everywhere in Paris, but particularly among those business houses which have hitherto reaped a golden harvest from their American clientele. I am afraid many of them will find a considerable shortage at next rent-day in January, the Christmas present season being one of the best for the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Royale. Large stocks of jewellery, etc., are always laid in to meet American requirements. Then there are the American buyers from New York, Chicago, and elsewhere, on whom the Paris dressmakers, milliners, and others count! What of them? Every attempt is being made in Paris to conceal the real state of affairs as long as possible, but already the pinch is being felt, and business men are at their wit's-end for ready money, knowing that any lender will put on the screw to the fullest, with money at its present premium. Royalty has already come to the rescue of a few of those unfortunate sufferers. The Queen of Spain, Queen Amelie of Portugal, and the new Princess George of Greece, have bought jewels and other extravagances at reduced prices, for which they have no immediate need, simply to help their accredited purveyors. And yet this is only like a few drops of rain to the parched soil.

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THE PLAYHOUSES

STRAY THOUGHTS

As a solution of the Censor difficulty, I propose that he should exercise his veto upon the grounds not of public morality, but in the interest of public amusement. Thus a play would be censored not for its immorality, but for its tediousness. The advantage of the new ruling lies in the fact that—even if they were made retrospective — some of Mr. Redford's recent judgments would stand.

• • •

During the *entr'acte* of a recent "first-night" bewilderment reigned at the bar. "Why on earth did he put up the play?" asked everyone of his neighbour. A man who has the reputation of knowing everything and everybody—a man who sits over the hub of the theatrical world and directs its revolutions—was not to be beaten even by such a poser. "My dear chaps, don't you know?" he said, with a pitying smile. "He put up this play for a bet."

• • •

It was during this play that the cloak-room attendant almost dropped from exhaustion during the interval between the second and third acts.

• • •

At Drury Lane Mr. Arthur Collins, going two better than his best, has rolled three fairy stories into one pantomime. This will not affect the "guillotine" which obtains upon the first night of the Drury Lane Pantomime. The curtain will fall at 2 a.m. sharp.

• • •

A true story. A friend of mine, as a slight sop to P.W.D. work in the blighting climate of Nigeria, is granted four months' leave for every year's work. When vacation comes he makes a bee-line for London and the theatres. In the rush and excitement of plunging once more into the whirl of civilised life he is apt to get things a little twisted. So it chanced that when telephoning to one of the Theatre Ticket Agencies for seats he found he had forgotten not only the unfamiliar name of the play he wished to see, but also the theatre where it was being performed. He knew it was a great success, and had a name which had something to do with shell-fish. In desperation he started to give the clerk a clue to his meaning. "Shell-fish," he called desperately through the telephone. The clerk could not help him out. "I know," he called, "The Oyster!" "No such play," said the clerk in a matter-of-fact voice. "Whelk?" "Mussel?" "Cockle?" he continued, in rapid succession, only to receive, after each, the same stony negative. At last he gave it up in despair and went to the Empire. Now, had that clerk possessed the needed gumption, surely he should at once have divined that the missing word was "Mollusc," and have duly fixed my friend up at the Criterion. E.C.S.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

A Restful Posture

Miss Marjorie Day, who plays the part of little Essie, Dick Dudgeon's incorrigible admirer and follower, in *The Devil's Disciple* at the Queen's, adopts a contemplative pose in which to be photographed. The bare feet, which form so attractive a part of her make-up, are here seen to exceptional advantage

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Would You Like to be the Snow Man?

Photo *Fowlsham and Banfield*

A REAL CHRISTMAS SCENE

A seasonable photograph of Miss Isabel Jay, the well-known light opera singer, executing a duet with an artist known to fame indeed, but with an annoying habit of disappearing just as we have become accustomed to him

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By Field, Stream and Covert

[Photo] With the Bicester—Meet at Cropedy, November 16: A large field out [Topical Agency

Sport and Popularity

No wonder Alfonso of Spain is popular in England. We have always a welcome for a keen sportsman, and the young King is certainly the keenest of the keen. In shooting he is not only an enthusiast, but a capital shot either at winged and ground game or clay birds. Polo—most difficult of games for any man to play who is not a fine horseman and has not a good eye—finds him an assiduous and very promising votary, because he possesses both these essential qualifications. And hunting, the most typical of British field sports, now claims him as one who has tasted the joys of a quick gallop across country and wants some more like them. The King of Spain, at the meet of the Cheshire Hounds at Eaton Hall on the 29th ult., was a sight to be remembered. He sat his fine chestnut horse like a "real good 'un." His sharply featured face was aglow with excitement. He was all animation and sparkle. Watching him following the movements of the hounds with the utmost interest, almost boyish and quite ingenuous in its intensity, one felt that here, at least, he was absolutely free from the worries and cares which his Sovereignty inevitably involves. He was lucky in that it was a very fair scenting day. Hounds found a stout fox in the Aldford coverts, and for eighty minutes he took them over some of the best of the Cheshire country, finally going to ground at Duckington. King Alfonso had a capable pilot, and was never far from hounds. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster laid themselves out to give their guest a very enjoyable time at Eaton, and I fancy he will always recall it as one of the most pleasurable episodes of his latest visit to England.

Photo *L. Bland*

America to the Fore

A keen young American sportsman who holds his own with the best riders in the Shires. There are probably more American visitors at Melton and other hunting centres this season than ever before

Wild Riding in the Shires

When there is a spell of bad scenting days, we always see huntsmen in the Midlands much harassed by a certain hot-headed section of followers who continually press on hounds and give them no chance of puzzling out a slack line. Unfortunately, the offenders are not merely confined to inexperienced youngsters, for whom ignorance of hunting etiquette could be pleaded. On the contrary, some of the worst are the old hands, who really ought to know better, and ought to be looked to to set a good example to the rest of the field. But there is so much jealous riding and anxiety to be with hounds when they do get a start, that I am afraid discretion is too often thrown to the winds, and Masters and huntsmen are driven wild with vexation. In Mr. Fernie's country the over-riding of hounds during November was scandalous.

Good Sport with the Grafton

Scent has not always been bad during the past fortnight. In proof of that, my Towcester correspondent writes that the Grafton brought off an eight-mile point on Monday, the 24th ult., and had some good sport on the Wednesday, when Mr. McNeill carried the horn, and hunted them well into the Bicester country. Two days later there was a lot of galloping and jumping over a fine country. The Weppenham brook was encountered, and Mr. Lucas, Miss Bishop, Mr. Hawkins, and a few more jumped it behind hounds, the rest of the field fording it some way down. Sir John Hume Campbell, the Master of the North Cotswold, is hunting with these hounds on Fridays, and on this occasion was among those who took a toss. The only wonder is that there were not more empty saddles, with the country riding so deep and holding.

A Fine Veteran

Readers who are aware of their historical facts will not need to be reminded that Viscount Tredegar, whose photograph is reproduced in these pages, is one of the members—a rapidly diminishing number—of the gallant "Six Hundred" who rode in that mad gallop at Balaclava fifty-three years ago. He fought through the Crimean War with the 17th Lancers. In every sense, he is a splendid

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Alfonso Rides to Hounds

veteran. Many years have elapsed since the hounds at Tredegar Park were turned from harriers to foxhounds, and the Viscount is as anxious as ever that the followers of his private pack should see good sport. It has been well said of him that he is one of the best of sportsmen and landlords, living entirely among his people, and devoting his whole energies to their pleasure and improvement.

Dates of Hunt Dances

What is so often spoken of as the festive season is close at hand, so it will be appropriate if I give a few details as to the arrangements for hunt dances made in various countries. Now and again the hunt ball is productive of more harm than good. That is when invitations are sent out indiscreetly. Local people naturally object to see the invitations go to strangers, while they themselves, who support the Hunt week in and week out, are overlooked. But when the affair is in the hands of a competent and discreet Committee there ought to be no hitch, and in the main I think it can be said that the annual fixture provides a lot of real pleasure, and would be sadly missed if allowed to fall through. January will be, as usual, a busy month for hunt balls. The United Counties' Hunt dance is fixed for the 16th, and is sure to be successful, as Market Harborough is very full this season, and on the same night the Rugby Hunt Ball will be well attended. The Southdown Hunt Ball comes off at Lewes on January 3, the Warwickshire at Warwick on the 8th, the Pytchley at Northampton on the following evening, the Eridge at Tunbridge Wells, the Oakley at Bedford, and the Ludlow at Ludlow, all on the 15th; the Fitzwilliam at Peterborough on the 21st, the Cottesmore at Oakham on the 22nd, and the Bicester at Bicester on the 23rd.

Photo Dixon

Viscount Tredegar

Who has been M.F.H. for many years. He rode with the Light Brigade in the Balaclava Charge

A Seasonable Anecdote

Apropos of hunt dances, an amusing story of a quick-witted lady of title and a young peer, whose extreme eligibility had rendered him slightly spoilt, went the rounds last season. The man of fashion accompanied a house-party, and his hostess was the afore-mentioned lady, who happened to be as well known in London as in county Society. Spying two pretty sisters, daughters of a local magnate, and great personal friends, the lady tapped the young man on the shoulder, and said, "D'you see the So-and-so girls over there? I'm going to introduce you to them." The lordling stared languidly at them, and drawled, "Thanks, awfully, but I only dance with *London* girls." Without a moment's hesitation his hostess demanded, "Indeed! Where d'you like them from? Upper Tooting?"

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The King of Spain enjoys a fine gallop in the Cheshire Country

King Alfonso is seen in the above picture with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster (on the left), who entertained him at Eaton Hall recently, and showed him some excellent sport with the Cheshire Hounds

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And the discomfited youth is said to have never been allowed to forget the incident.

An Artistic Production

One of the most artistic sporting productions of the moment is "Sporting Days" (Dent and Co.), a book arranged by Mr. J. Harry Savory, of Bristol, "for visitors and house-parties," and certainly an acquisition to any country house. The choicest works of many of our best sporting and other artists are reproduced in faultless style in its pages, and when friends have duly recorded their ideas and impressions, the volume would surely become a possession always to be treasured. Even at its published price of one guinea, the book is cheap.

A. W. C.

Racing Notions BY CARBINE

THE GIMCRACK DINNER

Are Our Racehorses Bad?

Have we had a bad lot of horses on the Turf during the past season? Lord Stanley says we have; but I take it that, in his speech at the Gimcrack Club dinner last week, he was thinking only of our three-year-olds. He mentioned Woolwinder and Galvani as being about the only good ones of the year, but I consider it is too early yet to form a definite opinion as to the merits of the three-year-olds as compared with horses older and younger. Next season, when the best of them come to race against horses of different ages, there may be another tale to tell. Apart from the three-year-olds, surely the past season was raised from mediocrity by the brilliant performances of Velocity, the best "all-round horse" seen on the Turf for many years, and also by the stout running of The White Knight, whose series of "Cup" successes and mighty effort to carry off the Cesarewitch were in themselves sufficient to make the season one to be remembered.

ARDENT MOTORIST (*badly cannoned in fog*): "Hi! where are your lights?"

(BY J. L. C. BOOTH)

A Strong Man of the Turf

Lord Stanley, who is to succeed Lord Downe as Senior Steward of the Jockey Club next year, is one of the "strong men" of the Turf. Next, perhaps, to Lord Durham, his utterances are received with the greatest attention by racing people, for he always shows the closest grasp of Turf affairs, and there is nothing antique or falsely sentimental about his opinions. He assures us that the Jockey Club are absolutely unanimous about the question of the starting-gate. They believe in it, and will retain it. I am convinced that they are right in doing so. No system can be absolutely infallible, and there are frequently indifferent starts through the use of the gate. But the trouble is nothing like so bad as it was in the old days when horses were started by the flag. I have a vivid recollection of many dreadful delays under the ancient system, and it was not uncommon for horses to bolt the whole length of the course. That is rarely seen nowadays. There is seldom any difficulty when horses are well trained to the gate.

The Question of Salaried Stewards

But I cannot agree with Lord Stanley as to the question of paid Stewards. Against this suggested innovation he absolutely sets his face. He cannot see why "because a man is paid he should do his work any better than those gentlemen do the work at the present moment." I should say that there is every reason why the work should be better done when there is a salary to be worked for. For one thing, Stewards would be obliged always to be at their post, surely a plan preferable to the present half-hearted arrangement. Occasionally, we have known not one of the appointed officials to attend the meeting, with the consequence that deputies have had hastily to be found. Another point is that paid Stewards would not be allowed to run horses. At present, a Steward frequently has to deal with races in which his own colours are being carried. There are other objections against honorary Stewards which I have not space to enter into here, and I believe that, in course of time, the Jockey Club will come to change their attitude in the matter.

This Week's Racing

These lines are written this week several days before the date of publication, and so my references to future events must be restricted. There promises to be some good steeplechasing at Newbury on Wednesday and Thursday, and on the second day my selections are **Bertillon** for the Hants Hurdle Race and **Cackler** for the Open Steeplechase. At Lingfield, on Friday, **Macora** may win the Cobham Hurdle Race.

A European Earthquake Predicted

(*Special to* THE BYSTANDER, *by* HUGH CLEMENTS)

On or about December 19, 1907, the seismic wave will be temporarily arrested in its rapid progress westward by the waters of the Caspian Sea, the Adriatic Sea, or one of the numerous lakes in the Alps district, causing earthquake shocks in the Caucasus, Bosnia, or Switzerland, less or greater proportionately to the magnitude and abruptness of the interruption of the wave's progress. There will be seismic wave activity on the 30th also.

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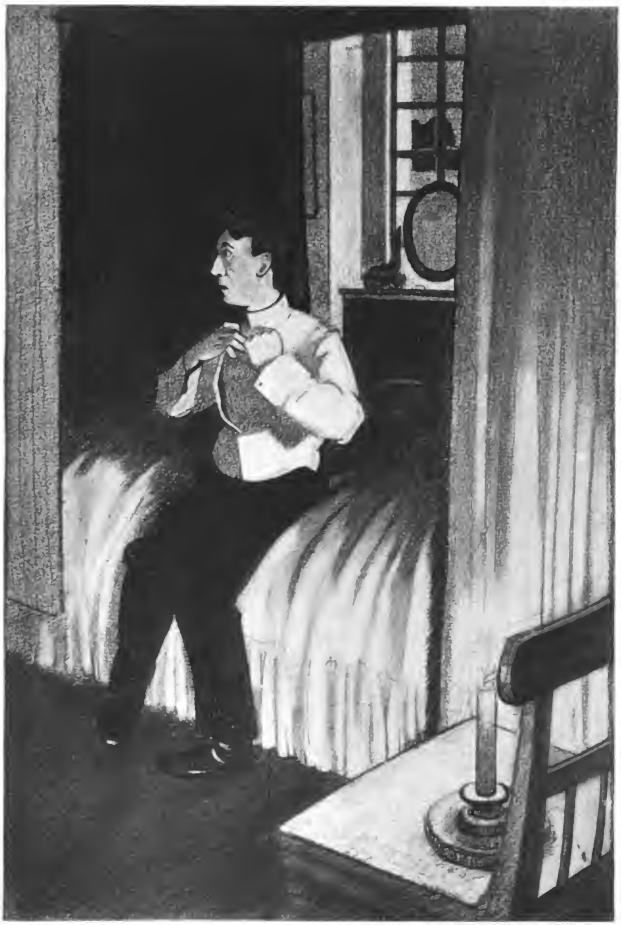
The Biter Bit!



ALGERNON (*slightly tremulous after the third mysterious tapping*): "I suppose it's nothing, but—I half wish I hadn't told 'em all those ghost stories after all!"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

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GAMES and PASTIMES

Fictional Football Fixtures

Whenever I open my *Sportsman* on Saturday morning and scan the lists of the players who are to take part in the various football matches which are coming off that afternoon, I am filled with wonderment at the marvellous capacity of the British public for swallowing unreliable information. Everybody knows that for a team to play "as advertised" is about as rare an occurrence as for a match to begin punctually; and yet these fallacious announcements are, and have been for years past, published week after week, and tolerated, because (I suppose) they are better than nothing. I daresay that there are some people, too, who, like myself, find that there is a good deal of fun to be got out of them. When you meet a man on Friday evening and he tells you (with a wink) that he has a very particular reason for taking a day off to-morrow, but that he had a hard job to convince his club secretary of its importance, you are quite enchanted to find, when to-morrow comes, that his name figures on the list of his club's chosen fifteen. Or, again, a little careful research will enable you to discover players who are so much in request that they are down to play for more than one team on the same afternoon. Only a little while back the names of two Rugby forwards appeared not only in two teams at once, but in two teams that were playing each other! The solemn way in which this precious piece of information was trotted out was quite delicious. I do not for one instant blame the *Sportsman* for these ridiculous fictions. The lists of teams are really in the nature of advertisements, which the *Sportsman* finds it to its advantage to insert without guaranteeing their reliability, any more than it would guarantee the reliability of a patent medicine or a pneumatic tyre. The people who are to be blamed are the advertisers, or, in other words, the match secretaries. Of course, I am fully alive to the difficulties with which they are beset—the eleventh-hour refusals, and so forth. Very often they don't know the composition of their teams until within an hour or two of the kick-off, and thus it often happens that they are driven to publish the names, not of the team that is actually going to play, but of the team that has been asked, or even is going to be asked, to play. Sometimes (though rarely) these hazy prognostications come off, but when they don't, the public is really being defrauded, though not perhaps very seriously.

A STUDY IN STILL LIFE

By F. A. Stewart

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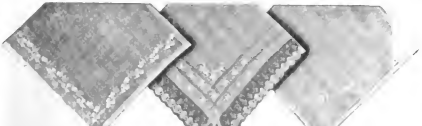

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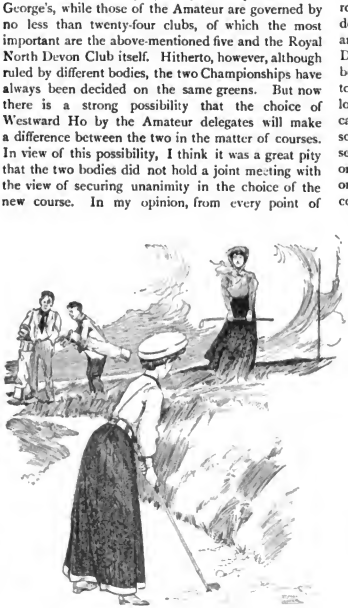
GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The New Championship Green

The selection of Deal as the additional course for the Open Championship has come as a surprise to most of us. After the vote taken at the Autumn Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, when the decision of the members went strongly in favour of Westward Ho as against Deal, it was generally thought that the same decision would be come to by the delegates. However, the event has turned out otherwise, and Deal has been chosen. It must not be thought, however, that this decision means that Deal will be chosen as the extra course for the Amateur Championship. The two Championships are not governed by the same clubs. The destinies of the Open are ruled by five clubs, viz., Prestwick, the Royal and Ancient, the Honourable Company, Royal Liverpool, and St. George's, while those of the Amateur are governed by no less than twenty-four clubs, of which the most important are the above-mentioned five and the Royal North Devon Club itself. Hitherto, however, although ruled by different bodies, the two Championships have always been decided on the same greens. But now there is a strong possibility that the choice of Westward Ho by the Amateur delegates will make a difference between the two in the matter of courses. In view of this possibility, I think it was a great pity that the two bodies did not hold a joint meeting with the view of securing unanimity in the choice of the new course. In my opinion, from every point of view, historical, sentimental, and practical, Westward Ho is infinitely to be preferred to Deal. It is a much older club, the course is of a higher class, and the golf is of different character altogether. It is on this latter point that I take my stand in maintaining that a mistake has been made in selecting Deal. We have already got Sandwich among the Championship courses, and although the Deal course differs in some respects from the Sandwich one, yet they are in the same district, governed by the same climatic conditions, and are separated by a comparatively short space of ground from each other. To my mind, the chief charm of the existing Championship courses is their difference the one from the other; not one is in the same district as the other; the surroundings are different, and the golf is influenced by the surroundings and gains in variety. Hitherto, the delegates have not informed the outside world what arguments influenced them in causing them to prefer Deal to Westward Ho. But I do not suppose I shall be far wrong in ascribing some share in the decision to the wishes of the professionals. No doubt the longer journey to Westward Ho frightened them, and caused them to put all their influence into the Deal scale. If this be so, I think it is a great pity. The selection of Westward Ho could have been justified on every possible ground, while that of Deal is, on account of the youth of the club and the comparatively recency of the elevation of its course to the dignity of an eighteen-hole one, more than likely to occasion cavilling and jealousy. I trust that the Amateur Championship delegates will not be deterred from choosing Westward Ho when it comes to their turn to select an additional course. The links which produced the Allans and Taylor, the Molesworths and Horace Hutchinson, ought most certainly to be included in the select band of Championship courses.



Fair Play
THE GIRL IN THE BUNKER: "How many strokes, dear?"
HER OPPONENT: "Thirty-three"
THE GIRL IN THE BUNKER: "I'll give you this hole"
(By EDGAR LANDER)

Death of Sir Arthur Kekewich and the Hon. Arthur Russell

Death has been again busy among golfers. Legal and golfing circles are both the poorer for the loss of Sir Arthur Kekewich and the Hon. Arthur Russell. The Judge was an enthusiastic golfer, and was Captain of the St. George's Club in recent years. His enthusiasm led him to convert a room in his house to the uses of indoor golf, where all departments of the game could be practised with the aid of padded walls. Judge Russell will be sorely missed at Woking, where he had made hosts of friends, as, indeed, he did wherever he went. In both cases death supervened on an operation for appendicitis, that merciless disease which in recent years has added a fresh terror to life.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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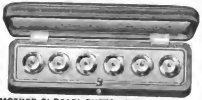

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

A hint for Christmas. If you have a motor-car go for a tour. If you haven't a car, go for a tour all the same.

• • •

There is nothing like a change of scene and fresh air to buck one up. On the other hand, by Christmas-time we have all become jaded and stale. Moreover, there is nothing more excessively depressing than the average family *omnium gatherum* when, having nothing else to do, we consistently over-eat ourselves.

• • •

Motoring is very quietly effecting a revolution all over the country. Before the days of the railway, the country hotel was a flourishing rendezvous among all sorts and conditions. But, with the new mode of travelling and the gradual disappearance of the coach and postillion, mine host of many a thousand of comfortable and quaint hostelries in all parts of the country fell upon evil days. To-day, thanks to the influence of the motor, business in the rural districts is being revived whenever the landlord of an inn pays proper attention to the wants of motorists. It does not matter very much where his hotel is situated so long as he builds up a reputation of being a friend of the motorist, when he has not long to wait for patronage. Motorists appreciate those who appreciate them.

• • •

The result indirectly is far greater than would seem likely at first blush. The countryman becomes accustomed to seeing new people, and people, what is more, who have that ease and repose of manner which is acquired by coming into frequent contact with others. Motorists, often touring about, whether they be men or women, must learn something. They must, meeting so many different people amid strange surroundings, gradually lose that insularity which has been a reproach to our race for so long a time. In fact, except when they talk motoring (of all "shop" the most unpardonable), motorists are broad-minded and, generally speaking, very well informed. Thus it comes about, when frequently finding the educated traveller continually in their midst, the erstwhile "bumpkin" begins to sharpen his wits. He realises that his own little village is not the hub of the universe. His wife, his sons and daughters realise it, too. It was remarked to me quite recently that there is a gradual change coming over the atmosphere, so to speak, of the British village life. It is becoming more brisk, more "hustling." A certain great statesman, not so long ago, said that the country required to wake up! And the motor is, I fervently believe, acting as a pioneer to this desirable end.

• • •

Then, again, motoring causes the circulation of a great deal of money, without reckoning police traps. How many thousands of pounds are spent in towns and villages in Great Britain each week-end I would not like to say. But it must amount to a great sum, for motorists are generous with their money. And yet, in spite of all this, there is no doubt that the motorist is looked upon as an enemy by a vast number of silly people who ought to know better.

Got Him Either Way: Pity the Poor Motorist

RURAL BOBBY: "I must take your name for furious driving."
MOTORIST: "Nonsense! I haven't moved from here for three hours!"
R. B.: "Ho! then I must summon you for hobstruction."

By DUDLEY BUXTON

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Of course, there are black sheep in every fold, but, although there are road-hogs here and there, the average motorist is a gentleman who shows consideration to the other road-users. Probably because motors have cut up the roads very badly in places, and have added incidentally to the cost of the local rates, there is a dislike felt for them by many citizens as do not themselves own cars. Yet to blame the motorist for the state of the roads is extremely unjust. The roads are badly and unintelligently laid. They are quite unable to sustain the friction engendered by many cars passing over their surfaces, and so they continually need repair. But many more cars are in use in France than in England, and they also are driven at higher speeds, which are more than ever detrimental to roads. Yet the French roads are immeasurably stronger and more lasting than ours. Why? Because they are built with some knowledge of their requirements, while ours, as a rule, are thrown together anyhow.

Sweet as Honey: The Jam of Nawanagar, Prince Ranjitsinhji, on his latest Lanchester Car

Seated beside the Prince is Mr. A. Maclaren, the famous cricketer, while the two native figures are his aides-de-camp. The car is a 28 h.-p. six-cylinder landau

Rightly or wrongly, however, there is a large and growing body of the public who are nothing better than fanatics whenever a motor is mentioned. For example, a solicitor wrote to the *Car* the other day and seriously suggested "potting" at motorists with a gun. Another individual who lives in my district wrote to the local paper and advocated the sending of every motorist convicted of exceeding the speed limit to prison without the option of a fine. It is only to be expected that, when there is an opportunity of fanaticism being on the warpath, there shall you find Mr. Justice Grantham. A judge, I take it, is expected to bring a well-ordered mind to bear on the cases he hears, but, whatever the case, it seems to be a mental impossibility for Sir William Grantham to be other than a violent partisan. At the Surrey Assizes recently, he stated that a motor-car was like a wild beast, for which those who had control of it ought to be held responsible. No doubt, Mr. Justice Grantham holds this view because he is a lover of the horse. Readers of this and other illustrated papers will remember seeing the Judge's manly form, sitting on his fiery steed, depicted some time ago. There are some horse-owners who hold to the opinion that the roads are intended for horses, and that motor-cars should be forbidden. Fortunately, this view is not prevalent with the men who count. Sportsmen like the King, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Fitzwilliam, and a host of other gentlemen, are not only lovers of horses, but are able to appreciate the usefulness of the motor-car at the same time. The Motor Union might do worse, as soon as it has a little time to spare, than send lecturers to different parts of the country to deliver free lectures on the subject of motoring, so as to teach the rural mind that its growth is a boon to the entire community. Here are one or two suggested themes: "The Motor-Car as a Civilising Factor"; "What the Motor-Car Means to YOU"; "The Influence of the Motor in the Back-to-the-Land Movement." COMYNS BEAUMONT.

• • •

Miscellanea

The statement that the armoured cover is responsible for nearly all the damage which motor-cars cause to road surfaces has appeared from time to time in all sections of the Press, and undoubtedly some of the evils attributed to studded covers are true. It is, therefore, worthy of notice that the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, whose non-skids have deservedly obtained such a high reputation in the past, have at last, after repeated experiments, produced a tyre that will not harm the road surface, or reduce its effectiveness as a non-skid. These tyres, which met with a great reception at the Paris and Olympia Exhibitions, are manufactured in the well-known black and red rubber style, introduced by the Continental Company, while the steel studs have been considerably shortened, and only project sufficiently above the rubber to preserve their non-skidding qualities. A further improvement has also been made in the canvas backing, which will greatly add to the life of the tyre. The results obtained in recent trials have been most successful, and it is predicted that the new "Continental" will be very popular.

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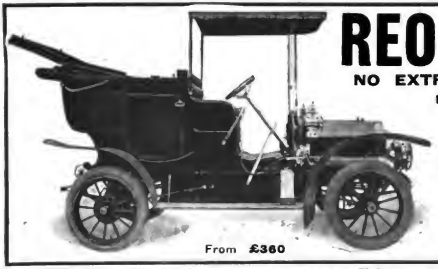

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CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Notwithstanding the threat that the payment of the income tax shall be enforced prior to Christmas, we are, one and all, beginning the customary pursuit of Christmas shopping. Domestics, I remark, invariably come first on the lists, and this is quite easily explained by the definite character of their gifts. A length of dress material, the last cry in caps and aprons, or some handkerchiefs, and the task is complete. *Voila!* But, for the rest, where choice grows catholic, complications set in, and it is just by way of smoothing away a few of the furrows that the business has been alloted to me of taking a survey of a few of the leading establishments, a duty, I assure you, of the most pleasurable order.

It is, let me say, both healthy and wise to be self-possessed at the Christmas hour, as only by that attitude can we hope to be unaffected by the surrounding influences of pessimism that every year seems to grow more pronounced, and to start at an earlier age. But to my story—after I have introduced, as briefly as my admiration will allow, the original skating costume pictured here. The suggestion is carried out in an olive green and fawn-stripe tweed trimmed with a heavy black silk braid and narrow lines of black astrachan. For outdoor skating, the coatee should be lined with fur or chamois leather, and to gain an added warmth, the fronts are built double-breasted. For the crowning feature, there is selected a squash felt, which would be charming in fawn, simply relieved by a dove *coque* feather plume.

An effective skating costume carried out in olive green and fawn
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Briggs and Sons, 23, St. James's Street

Just a year ago the coming of Malacca was whispered in my ear by Messrs. Briggs, who wield the leading power of the world where sticks, umbrellas, and whips are concerned. Well! Malacca has arrived as the leading fancy for sticks, thanks, it is superfluous to say, to the *cachet* it has acquired under the auspices of Messrs. Briggs. It is pretty well an open secret that the firm are controlling the market in Malacca, which they are persuaded will provide renewed history for some years to come. As will also be readily surmised, every known artifice is being brought to bear to render these cane affairs of artistic beauty; although, such is the fine knowledge of the house, the limits of good taste are never for a moment overstepped.

For evening use there is a straight cane, a genuine old-world Dandy stick, threaded with silk cord and tassel, while for day wear, approval coming from the highest in the land, has been granted the favourite crook handle, below which is introduced a ring of the rich coloured New Zealand jade, outlined by a gold hollow bead. The charm of this very graceful adjunct may be judged to some slight extent from the accompanying sketch, though, naturally, the attractive colour and character of the Malacca, which affords so admirable a background for the jade, is responsible for the major portion of the success. Malacca, it is well to remember, boasts the further merit of being beautifully light, and in every way Messrs. Briggs are entirely justified in granting it a first place in their august esteem.

Another innovation, this time for my own sex exclusively, is the enlarged *en tout cas*. The defining line between the latter and an umbrella is just as slight as it can be. But the new *en tout cas* promises to carry all before it, the example illustrated showing a crook handle, the ornamental top carved out of one piece of wood, with a covering of the new braid bordered silk. This braid effect, it will be understood, is woven in, and so unqualified has been the success of the departure, Messrs. Briggs are being encouraged to yet further flights of fancy in its regard that will, in due course, make their appearance in the *haute monde* of fashion. Certain gradations of brown are going well in these *en tout cas*, while nothing, as yet, has been able to wrest the crook handle from favour. The demand for this pretty and practical form of handle is universal.

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At Briggs's and at Barker's

It is always irresistible, when paying a visit to 23, St. James's Street, to linger long and lovingly over the exquisite tops devised for parasols and umbrellas. Which reminds me of a desire to refute the impression, extant in some quarters, that the prices at Briggs's are altogether beyond and outside the average income. A charming little set, comprising a ball-top of jade, encircled by an inset line of cut crystal and gold points, is procurable from five guineas—a most reasonable wedding offering, and one that would last for all time. The commencing price, however, of these sets is only three guineas; at the same time, for such who have the wherewithal, the choice is unsurpassed of chaste and exquisite fancies, the firm monopolising the services of admittedly the finest workmen in the art. The effects achieved in delicate gold *appliqué* work are peculiarly beautiful and of really intrinsic value; and, as was previously explained, all these luxurious and rare tops are fitted with the practical screwing-on piece, so that they may be adjusted to various sticks.

Walking-stick and umbrella

Additionally to the depôt in Paris, 33, Avenue de l'Opéra, the firm has recently opened agencies at Biarritz, Brussels, Madrid, Naples, Rome, and Vienna. Moreover, within quite recent days they have been privileged to add three Royal Warrants to those already held, granted respectively by T.R.H. the King and Queen of Spain and Queen of Portugal.

Complete set of handle and eight umbrella rib tips

AT BRIGGS AND SONS

Messrs. John Barker's, Kensington

A very pleasant day could be spent at Barker's, prospecting around the various fascinations laid in with special regard to Christmas exigencies. No matter the kind of offering required, or the price intended to be paid—it is a foregone conclusion that the most *exigeant* taste will find speedy satisfaction. The range of choice is positively colossal, and extends from the minutest thing in photograph frames and knick-knacks to jewellery of the most elaborate description, taking *en route* many covetable suggestions in blouses, costumes, fur sets, and the like always acceptable gifts to the young girl, who, whatever the size of her dress allowance, is hard put to it to make both ends meet.

Among the most seductive novelties, I espied some dainty "Basket of Flowers" tapestry work, the title shedding illuminative light on the graceful and artistic design employed throughout to distinguish the special line. Photo frames, stationery sets, glove and handkerchief boxes, are all presented in attractive array, a particularly pleasing example being found in a work reticule arranged on the lines of an old-fashioned double-lid basket with handles. While running this delicate "Basket of Flowers" tapestry in very close rivalry is the ribbon and flower hand-painted *moiré* series, a particularly pretty and decorative fabric, worked up into the same serviceable and acceptable offerings.

As for the collection of handbags and reticules, the choice is positively bewildering, and, if it were not that all are so good, selection would be fraught with difficulties. The new Balloon or "Bulge" bag, as it is descriptively termed in Messrs. Barker's beautifully illustrated catalogue—an invaluable aid to selection, by the way—is well represented, and my heart immediately went out to a Russian crocodile example, fitted with purse, scent-bottle, mirror, puff-box and puff, all for 14s. 9d. The lesser-priced bags are also liberally supplied with requisite fitments, the modern woman being perfectly lost without some such accompaniment.

A perfect El Dorado of delight awaits the little visitor to the Toy Department, special favour being accorded to novel and ingenious specimens of mechanical toys. And these are so wonderfully cheap, too, 6½d serving to secure the "Yankee Doodle Riding Goat"—such a quaint notion—a clown spinning a star with bell attached, and a host of equally attractive and clever pieces; while, for a few shillings, amazingly ingenious and clever effects are supplied.

The "Teddy Bear" series of soft toys contain some quite new departures, notably a realistic Dachshund Dog Mr. Hog, Mr. Elephant, Mr. Cat, etc. And then the dolls! Such beauties, and dressed with the greatest care and taste; and the child who has yet to become acquainted with the joys of "The Piggeries" has an enviable future before him.

Though always assured of finding exclusive worth at Messrs. Barker's, their Christmas show is of more than ever surpassing excellence.

Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road

Before the claims of things here I am tempted to pause in bewilderment. Without drawing any

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For Buns, Scones, Pastry & Apple Dumplings.

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JAVOL

THE ELITE OF HAIR TONICS.

It is best of all daily dressings for the hair—it feeds, preserves, and strengthens the roots, and gives a neat look to the hair.

Mme. MELBA writes: "I have tried JAVOL and find it excellent.

1/- COUPON
Entitles bearer to a 2/- flask of JAVOL for trial at 1/- on presentation to any Chemist—failing him, send P.O. 1/- direct. (M)

In flasks, 5/6, 3/-, and 2/-.
JAVOL SHAMPOO 3d.; Box of 5, 1/-
Very cooling.

JAVOL CO., 25, Budge Row, London, E.C.

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WHITELEY'S

CELEBRATED

"W. W. Classique"

CORSETS.

THE ACME OF COMFORT AND PERFECTION OF SHAPE.

Every Corset made in Paris.

Special Value **9/11** Per Pair.

Corsets Sent on Approval if Desired.

"PRINCESS." 'W. W. Classique."

This smart Corset is made in very pretty shades of Broche Cloth, Light and Dark grounds. Cut fairly low at top, with deep bip well curved at back; fitted with Velvet Grip Suspenders in front. **Exceptional Value,**

9/11 per pair.

"W. W. Classique" Corsets are obtainable only from

WILLIAM WHITELEY, Ltd.,

WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.

AN IDEAL PIANO

MOORE AND MOORE'S NEW OVERSTRUNG UPRIGHT GRAND, THE "BOUDOIR" MODEL.

One of the highest achievements of modern manufacture—exquisite in sonority of tone and sensitiveness of touch—and at a price marvellously small, viz., £31 10s., or may be acquired by monthly payments of 22s.

Particulars in Price List, Post Free, from

MOORE & MOORE,

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Albion House, 59-61, New Oxford St., W.C.

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SMART UNTRIMMED **HAT**

"The Success of the Season."

—

USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

—

"Our Speciality."

Becoming shape in Fine Velour Beaver, soft crown, round toreador pliable brim, good fitting and comfortable. All Colours specially dyed for us.

Price

10/6

When ordering please quote No. 300 S.

290 to 320, Oxford St., London, W.

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Seen at Shoolbred's

definite invidious comparison, it may be said that no establishment rivals Shoolbred's in a heart-whole desire to be seasonably cheerful and helpful. From the customary children's bazaar, where the fun grows more uproarious every day, to the more decorous leather and fancy goods department, there prevails a sense of cheerful activity and business. To relate in full the exhaustive delights of the toys is altogether beyond my feeble pen. Probably, under a future promised escort of two small experts, the path of bewilderment will be made plain to me. Meanwhile, I have a mission to talk of the fancy goods, a small pictorial display of which is given here.

A novel series that will quickly find friends is of inlaid polished wood, and includes clocks and inkstands, both alone and in combination. Most reasonably priced, these should prove welcome gifts, not only by reason of their originality, but also on the score of an exceedingly handsome appearance. And yet another, comprising everything pertaining to a writing table, effected in real beaver leather, an exceptionally handsome medium, suitable alike to boudoir or study. Realising the continued importance of Bridge, Messrs. Shoolbred have certainly gathered together a most exhaustive display of boxes fitted to meet the fashionable pursuit. The example depicted is of silver-mounted imitation pigskin, and looks like business. The book troughs, again, are a yearly offering that never comes wrong, while a choice in solid hide boxes, ranging from the small stud box to a quite appreciable size, unfitted, is being offered by the firm in response to a big demand from the sterner sex, who have various individual methods for filling up these receptacles.

No more comprehensive catalogue has been issued than that of Messrs. Shoolbred, shopping by post resolving, under its auspices, into the simplest procedure.

Satinwood Furniture

It is no news that inlay satinwood has been growing in favour again in the furniture world, and a great emphasis is being laid on the subject by Shoolbred on the score of Christmas presents. For my lady's boudoir or drawing-room there are innumerable fascinations, such as a small but capacious writing bureau, the revived nest of tables, and the dainty well-bag work table pictured is a little gem. A round Bridge table makes a pleasant break to the monotonous square, albeit, possibly, one not quite so strictly orthodox. As to the general furniture display it is wholly superfluous to speak at this time of day. Without making any parade, the firm maintain a hold on popular appreciation that comes second to none in the land.

(1)

AT MESSRS. SHOOLBRED'S, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

(2)

(3)

(4)

(5)

(1) A Handsome Writing Table in Beaver Leather

(2) One of Messrs. Shoolbred's Bridge Boxes

(3) A Dainty Decorated Work Table

(4) A Clock and Inkstand Combined

(5) A Useful Writing Pad and other articles for the writing table

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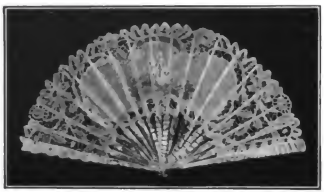
At Marshall and Snelgrove's

Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

Sooner or later, usually sooner, we all find our steps tending Vere Street way. Although, broadly speaking, the whole establishment enters into the seasonable demand of luring money out of our pockets, still one must perforce give precedence to a certain knick-knack counter, where there are to be found fans, frames, *bijouterie*, bags, etc., familiar items that reel themselves easily enough off the pen, a proclamation, however, that affords no notion of the artistic value and novelty of the greater number of the wares.

It is an embarrassment of riches we are asked to contemplate, and it stands to our credit, which has been given us, to select out of the plethora three gifts, at once seductive, out of the common, and moderately priced. Many, probably, will recognise the ring-top work-bag, for this is not strictly new; but it is so wholly persuasive and serviceable, and exclusive to Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, that it continues to stand out a distinctive feature. The silks and brocades culled to its service are all coveted productions of the house, selected with the finest discretion and judgment; for this capacious bag is nearly always destined for drawing-room or boudoir work, and, therefore, should, according to latter-day canons, fall harmoniously into the general furnishing scheme.

(1)



(2)

(3)

(1) A handsome necklace. (2) A pretty lace fan. (3) A useful work-bag
AT MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE'S, OXFORD STREET, W.

Pursuing the subject of our pictures, we find a fan — a dainty, delicate thing of real lace, inset with a painted panel, and costing but 35*s.* 6*d.* Claiming to hold, as they do, one of the largest stocks of fans in London, Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove run up from this moderate price to those that can only be prohibitive to the majority of folk, reflecting throughout the *galère* an understanding that is supreme. Finally, there is shown a necklet of mother-of-pearl, one of the pretty little fantasies that have grown of abnormal importance during the past few years, and are indubitably useful for enlivening a young girl's appearance. At Christmas-time such trifles become doubly valuable, though the cost is a mere 10*s.* 6*d.*

Every praise may be given to an antelope belt, with pendant purse, procurable in a long range of delicate and artistic shades, quite the prettiest fancy of the kind we have been asked to consider for some time; the same applying to some photo frames of white *moiré*, embroidered in ribbon-work and set in French gilt, which are as exquisite in thought as they are in execution. If, by good fortune, there is any of the pretty Austrian glass left, it is scarcely necessary to urge its speedy acquisition; but, alas! it is melting away before popular appreciation as snow before the sun. The above-mentioned, however, represents merely a drop in the myriads of acceptable offerings to be found at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street

Yuletide gifts in great profusion, and of characteristic excellence, prevail at this premier Irish house, gifts that may be offered with all confidence to the proud housewife or the lover of good lace. It would be wholly impossible, in the short space at command, to attempt to do adequate justice to the rare beauty of the embroidered and lace-enhanced linens. Tablecloths woven in a round, in response to a fashionable demand, are prominent among many tempting and original offerings, followed closely by cushion covers, the newest whereof, be it said, are of the new oblong shape instead of square. In many instances, these lingerie covers suggest heirlooms, and are exquisitely inset with lines of Cluny lace and *motifs* of Italian *filet*. But such works of art and beauty exact a price, whereas there are really fascinating net covers, *appliqué* with an effective braid lace in tasteful ribbon and foliage designs, commencing in price from 7*s.* 11*d.*, a mere bagatelle for so dainty and durable an offering.

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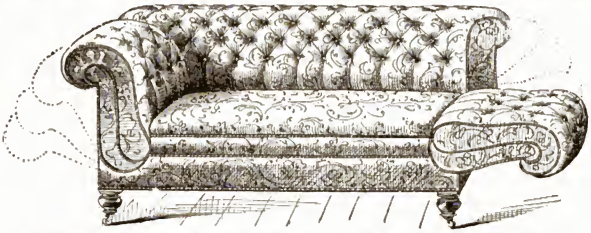
JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

An Exceptional Selection of

Restful Settees & Lounge Chairs.

Always the highest degree of Comfort, Taste, and Value.

DOWN QUILTS IN PRETTY COLOURINGS. IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.



A very comfortable Chesterfield Sofa, 6 ft. long, with adjustable ends, in Tapestry, £7 15s.

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VISIT

Kate Newton

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155, GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.

For Artistic Garments at Bargain Prices.

This Establishment—extensively patronised by the *élite* of London Society—receives at frequent intervals consignments of "Exhibited Models" directly from Worth, Doucet, Callot Sœurs, Walles, Doeuillet, Drecoll, Revillion, Greif, Grunbaum, Fischer, and a host of other celebrated houses in Paris and Vienna. It should appeal to every smart lady in the land, its aim and object being to enable our patrons to adorn themselves with high-class model garments at something like **one-fifth** of their original cost.

Riviera Toilettes, Visiting, Dinner, and Evening Gowns, Costumes and Coats, Opera Cloaks, Race Coats, Motor Coats, Habits, Tea Gowns, Blouses, Lingerie, Antique Laces, and Choice Furs in Sables, Mink, Broadtail, Ermine, Fox, Squirrel, etc.

No Charge for Alterations.

HIGH-CLASS GOODS. NOMINAL PRICES. IT WILL PAY YOU TO CALL.

WARNING.—No Branches and no connection with any other concern.

Highly Trained Fitters and Large Staff of Alteration Hands on the Premises.

Use

Gosnell's "Society" Eau de Cologne

THE *LASTING* PERFUME

Full in strength. Exquisitely rich—surpassingly sweet. Superior to all others. Leaders of Beauty and Fashion call it "the most perfect of all perfumes."

For the Toilet

its invigorating and refreshing qualities make it indispensable. In case of fatigue or headache its effect is unrivalled.

2/- 4/- 7/6 15/- ALL CHEMISTS

FREE Sample from Chemists or sent direct for 1d. stamp

John Gosnell & Co., Ld. Blackfriars Road London, S.E.

Gosnell's "Society" Eau de Cologne

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KODAKS FOR XMAS

THE HAPPIEST SOLUTION OF THE "PRESENT" QUESTION

whether the occasion be Christmas, the New Year, a Birthday or a Wedding, is a Kodak. Photography with a Kodak is a pastime which appeals to all and one can be assured that a Kodak will please when another gift may prove unsuitable. Dainty and attractive, Kodaks not only **make** pictures, they **are** pictures. In giving a Kodak or a Kodak Outfit the donor gives something useful and instructive. Everything in Kodak Photography is of the utmost simplicity, and can be mastered in half-an-hour. You load in daylight, you develop in daylight, you print in daylight. Before making your choice of gifts consult the Kodak Book, free on application.

KODAK, LTD.,
57-61, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.
96, Bold St., LIVERPOOL; 72-74, Buchanan St., GLASGOW; 59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; 40, Strand, London, W.C.; and all Dealers.

THE No I. BROWNIE

5/-

LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.

COMPLETE OUTFITS FROM 13/-

ABBREVIATED LIST of

"CYCLAX" Remedies.

"CYCLAX" SKIN FOOD.—Nourishes and Emollient. Refreshes and nourishes the Skin as water does the plant. Price 7/6 and 4/-

"CYCLAX" SPECIAL LOTION.—The keynote of the proper treatment of the Skin. Combines it immediately from all impurities and acidity, blackheads, etc. Price 10/6 and 5/6

"CYCLAX" SOAP.—Whitens and Softens the Skin. Emollient as washing in milk. Price 3/6 per Tablet.

"CYCLAX" COMPLEXION MILK.—Whitens the Skin. Eradicates all lines. Price 7/6 and 4/-

"CYCLAX" TRANSFORMING LOTION.—Most excellent protective agent, which imparts lovely transparent whiteness to the Skin. Price 6/6 and 3/6

"CYCLAX" BRACEINE.—Magnificent tonic; Rejuvenates the muscles. Price 7/6

"CYCLAX" FACE POWDER.—Invisible and antiseptic. Unlike any other Face Powder. Price 6/6

"CYCLAX" SALUSTA LOTION.—Most effective sedative and soothing preparation. Admirable for daily use as protection against extremes of heat and cold. Price 8/6 and 4/6

"CYCLAX" LIP LOTION.—Cures most obstinate cases of Cracked Lips and irritated colour. Price 3/-

THE "CYCLAX" CHIN-STRAP,

for the treatment of the Skin and Muscles of the Throat. The price of **The "Cyclax" Chin-Strap** is 6/6

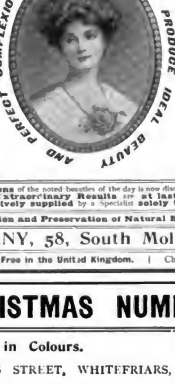
"CYCLAX" THROAT LOTION

is specially compounded to be used with this device, and never fails to restore the contour of the Face. Price 7/6

THE GREATEST MIRACLE OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

"CYCLAX"

MARVELLOUS SKIN REMEDIES Have Never Failed



ABBREVIATED LIST—(Continued).

"CYCLAX" EYELASH TONIC.—Powerful Producer of Eyelashes. Price 2/6

"CYCLAX" EYE LOTION.—Kalmers Sting. Clears and brightens the Eyes, and strengthens the Sight. Perfect Tonic. Price 6/6

"CYCLAX" EYEBROW POMADE.—Stimulates Growth and restores Colour. Price 3/6

"CYCLAX" REDUCING FLUID.—Produces marvellous results in cases of Obesity. Reduces bulk without causing any inconvenience. Absolutely certain and innocuous. Price 10/6 or 12/6

"CYCLAX" HAIR STIMULANT.—Most reliable and effective. Immediately stops falling hair, restores it to its natural colour, stimulates the scalp, and gives the gloss of youth to the hair. Price 7/6

"CYCLAX" BLOOM OF NATURE POWDER.—It lasts regardless of natural colour. Price 3/6

"CYCLAX" SALUSTA CREAM.—Certain remedy for all kinds of Pimples, Rash whatever cause arising. Sure and harmless. Price 4/6

"CYCLAX" LUSTROZENE.—Paste or liquid. Lustrous and beautifies Eyebrows and Eyelashes. Imparts great brilliancy to the eyes. Price (paste)—black or brown—2/6, or (liquid) 4/6

"CYCLAX" HAND BLEACH.—Alleviates redness of the hands, keeps them beautifully smooth, white, and of a velvety softness and elasticity. Price 3/6, post free.

"CYCLAX" NOSE OINTMENT.—This is unequalled as a remedy for any redness of the nose. It also improves the surface and texture of the skin. Price 3/6

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN says:—
"Cyclax" Remedies should be used by every woman who values her good looks and wishes to preserve them; and equally by all who desire to improve their natural beauty.

The Secret of the **Perfect Complexions** of the noted beauties of the day is now disclosed; and the **Remarkable Preparations** which have produced and retained these **Extraordinary Results** are **at last obtainable by the General Public,** although for years they have been **exclusively supplied** by a Specialist **solely to her private patronts.**

The valuable Book, entitled "**The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty.**" will be forwarded upon application.

THE "CYCLAX" COMPANY, 58, South Molton Street, LONDON, W.

Trade Mark Registered. | **All Parcels sent Post Free in the United Kingdom.** | Cheques or Postal Orders must accompany every order.

THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER

NOW . . READY.

Two Presentation Plates in Colours. **PRICE ONE SHILLING.**

OFFICE: TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

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At Robinson and Cleaver's

A gift of assured affection would be the lace plastron illustrated below, of raised Irish crochet work, an exceptionally decorative little adjunct for blouse or bodice, extremely well shaped, and costing only 12*s.* 11*d.* Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, it is to be noted, are laying particular emphasis on these lace plastrons, and it may be regarded as significant in view of the fact that the decree in all probability emanates from the modistic side of the establishment. Another variety which caught and retained my eye was fashioned of Irish *appliqué*. Then a further temptingly-priced lace offering is a set comprising collar and cuffs of Carrickmacross, one of the most covetable of *dentelles*, and costing only 10*s.* 6*d.* Of a truth, it seems impossible for mercantile enterprise to go further, although it is perfectly understood that, if anyone can dare such generosity, it is Robinson and Cleaver, whose small profits are fully compensated for by their enormous sales.

Nor would a Christmas notice of this house be complete which omitted mention of the handkerchiefs, a stand-by offering that never fails us. Pondering upon this absorbing matter, brings me to the catalogue, which includes specially coloured sheets of the lace-trimmed and fancy coloured varieties, effects that stand out in helpfully bold relief on a biscuit background. An initial handkerchief, especially well carried out, has the initial embroidered in white on a coloured *motif*, the latter running through a satisfactory range of choice. And the name is verily legion of those adorned with white embroidery, or drawn-thread borders, trimmed lace. As is well known, where wide choice is, there also is an invariably good market.

Some samples of the firm's world-renowned laces
AT ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S

A House for Useful Presents

The choice of Christmas or other presents is always an anxious task, and is often enough not easily decided. Although solutions to the difficulty are forthcoming all around us, I think it would be hard to find an easier one than is offered by Messrs. Stewart-Dawson and Co., Ltd., in the shape of the Hatton Garden Treasure House. Some centuries ago now, almost on the site of the Treasure House, stood the magnificent palace of the Bishop of Ely, from the garden of which the modern street, Hatton Garden, derives its name. Though the old palace has long since departed from us, we now, in Messrs. Stewart-Dawson's premises, truly have another in its place, for the word "palace" most fitly describes the Treasure House. On entering, one is immediately struck by the gorgeousness of its equipment. The greater portion of the building is taken up by three magnificent showrooms, where are displayed jewels, silver goods, and leather goods respectively. Here may be found presents of every style, character, and price, to satisfy the most fastidious and modest requirements. The Treasure House is not only interesting to present seekers, however, but is well worth a visit by the idly curious. For a great point about this place is that one can be idly curious without fear of interruption. You can inspect everything, compare the prices, and examine the building for hours on end without ever being asked to buy a single thing. Mr. Stewart-Dawson's business has been built up on what he considers a right and just principle of retail trading, and the outcome of a thorough investigation of the retail jewellery trade has been a belief that purchasers do not often obtain true value for the prices paid. It is therefore, perhaps, unnecessary to state that the firm's prices are exceedingly low. In fact, they assert that all their goods are priced 25 per cent. lower than those of any West-End jeweller, and that the quality is in no way enhanced by reason of this. The Treasure House is well worth a visit.

Tea for the Continent

It is always very difficult to know what to send to friends abroad in the way of Christmas presents. Postal packets come ruinously expensive, what with customs and other charges, and it is a relief, therefore, to know of something that can be sent at small cost. On the Continent a packet of good tea is almost as much a luxury as, say, fresh caviare here. The United Kingdom Tea Company, of Empire Warehouses, London, recognising this, have made arrangements whereby their tea can be sent to any part of the world, inclusive of all possible charges. Another Christmas feature in which this firm do a large business is in their pretty tin canisters. One of these filled with tea and given to some poor old lady would keep her happy for weeks. For connoisseurs the Company holds a limited quantity of a unique specimen of golden-tipped Darjeeling, at 4*s.* 8*d.* per lb. A tin of this would be a present fit for a King.

Petits Fours Glacés Fourrés aux Corinthes

ALMOND PASTE.—½ lb. of sugar, 2 oz. of ground almonds, few drops of ratafia and vanilla essence.

JAM.—½ lb. of currants, 2 oz. of apricot jam, a little curaçoa.

PASTE FOR BISCUITS.—4 oz. sugar, 3 oz. of flour, four eggs, a few drops of lemon essence.

Beat the yolks and sugar together for about a quarter of an hour, then add the four whites whipped, mix and add the flour and lemon essence. Shape half in the form of pears, and the rest in rounds about the size of a shilling, on a sheet of paper, and bake; trim each neatly and garnish inside with the jam to form pears. Cover up with almond paste which has been rolled and cut the same shape as biscuits to take in the jam. Glaze them over with apricot jam, and coat with fondant icing flavoured with kirsch and maraschino, white for the pears and reddish yellow for the apricots. Mix a little dry carmine and potato flour together and give a slight tinge of red to the pears and apricot. Stick in a piece of angelica to represent stalk at the bottom and a pistachio for a leaf and a currant at the top. To make almond paste:—Boil the sugar to a thick syrup, add essence of ratafia, vanilla and almonds, stir well, work in a mortar to make a smooth paste, add a little maraschino, and also a little fondant if required to make the paste smooth.

This "Currant" recipe is by a world-famous *chef*, who has compiled a booklet entitled, "Currants—A Few Tasty Recipes," which you can obtain free on application to your grocer.

Fashion has again brought Sherry, the Royal Wine of Spain, into the front rank, the principal reasons being, the example of the King of Spain, the fact that Sherry is the most economical of all Wines as it does not deteriorate in the decanter, and that it is the best value for the price paid of any wine.

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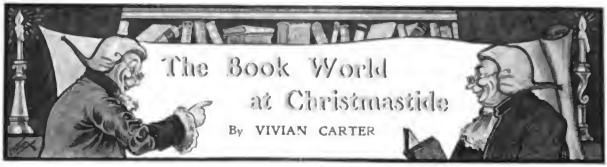

A Novel of the Period

The Unpardonable Sin (E. Grant Richards) reveals Mr. James Douglas, of critical renown, to possess a degree of brilliance as a phrase-maker and word-painter which even his newspaper work failed to reveal. It is, however, possible to be a deal too brilliant a writer to be a good novelist. A novel can be written far too well for the true expression of its theme and for justice to its characters. The little people of the nether world of fiction often thrive better in the hands of a downright illiterate than in those of a polished stylist. The scene of *The Unpardonable Sin* is Bigotsborough (alias Belfast), and you traverse it, a very large part of the way, through Stonecutter Street. There is a terrible lot of *Star* scintillation about the whole story. As for the padding, your flesh creeps with the paradoxes, aphoristic *amphibia*, half true, half false, which crawl and float everywhere you turn. Having had the horrors for half the book, which, with awful realism, tells tales about Orange *v.* Catholic riots and wrangles, Mr. Douglas switches you on to fantasy and psychology. The hero, an anæmic young parson of dubious views, falls out of the Venus-like embraces of one mystic feminine, named Fionula, into the Elizabeth-like arms of Aideen, a young woman whom, it seems, he loves chiefly because "there's something funny about her." Fionula, however, has a scheme for his re-capture. Wishing to regain England to the Roman faith, she builds in London a sort of replica of St. Peter's, Rome, to which is attached a replica of the Vatican. In this latter, as a sort of new Pope, the hero is installed. Is it not, by the way, rather a slight on journalism, especially the scintillating organ with which Mr. Douglas is associated, to let us suppose that the object of its construction and the identity of its constructors—it stands, mind you, in the middle of London, dwarfs the Houses of Parliament and the dome of St. Paul's, and its colonnaded Piazza is as large as Trafalgar Square—could have been kept such an abysmal secret? And fancy Londoners only being "startled" by such a building on its opening, and the whole world being interested in it only for "weeks" before. The building of St. Peter's itself occupied from 1514 to 1626 A.D., and was built under the successive supervision of Messrs. Raphael and M. Angelo. Mr. Douglas's "replica" is run up with the rapidity of a New York skyscraper. One of the ceremonies attendant on the opening is the performance of a new symphony on lines which prove Mr. Douglas to know the methods of Richard Strauss. I only hope that enterprising gentleman will not read *The Unpardonable Sin*, for if he does he will certainly commit it, and compose the work.

Study in Pencil by Frank Reynolds
(From "Frank Reynolds," in the "Brush, Pen, and Pencil" Series. A. and C. Black: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Possession is Nine Points of the Law"
(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Collier and Co., from "Prehistoric Proverbs," by Lawson Wood. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The Book World at Christmastide

It is terribly compromising to confess that one looks forward to Christmas. I confess that I do—but I hasten to explain. My joy is not in the anticipation of dyspeptic festivity, but of that brief week of much-needed laziness which Christmas brings to the reviewer. The publishers, though they continue to publish, for one brief spell do not demand to be read. The Christmas book is more and more pictorial rather than literary.

Let me return thanks, in the first instance, for *A Book of Caricatures* (Methuen: 21*s.*), the superbly produced collection of Max Beerbohm's works. If the historic fear of his is ever realised—that dreaded tomb in Westminster Abbey—and if the designer of the inscription has critical acumen, Max will be known to posterity as "the Caricaturist of Caricatures." The method of Max is simple. See all men distorted; distort their distortions; then distort your distortions of their distortions, and (as Mrs. Beeton would say) "serve." Sometimes, in the final result, it is possible to detect a glimmer of a likeness to the person treated, as sometimes one knows one's dog after a motor has passed over him. In other cases, reference to the inscription on the protecting tissue is the sad, but the solitary, way to identify the remains.

"Frivolity"
(From "Frank Reynolds," in the "Brush, Pen, and Pencil" Series. A. and C. Black: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Seeing how long the "Prehistoric Man"—wearing (chiefly) a humorous twinkle, brandishing a bludgeon, and suffering at inevitable intervals the destructive intrusion of beasts in the background—has been with us, it is really curious that one finds him still so laughable. And yet, in the hands of Mr. Lawson Wood, he is as funny, and even funnier, than ever. His latest book, *Prehistoric Proverbs*, is published at the price of 10*s.* 6*d.* by Messrs. Collier and Co.

The humour of Mr. John Hassall and of Mr. Frank Reynolds respectively is shown to great advantage in two books, *Brush, Pen, and Pencil*, published by Messrs. Black. In the letterpress accompanying a fine selection of "Hassallisms"—humorous, posteresque, and idyllic—Mr. A. E. Johnson happily hits off the nature of the man: "Unfailing sense of humour. No subtleties. . . . He has a kind of rollicking fun which greets the world with a grin, and invests the most commonplace things with grotesquely absurd attributes. . . . The only man

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The Total Extermination of Rats and Mice is Possible. But How?

To exterminate completely Rats and Mice is a question which many people have for a long time been trying to solve, and it will come as a matter of astonishment therefore to learn that it can now be done, and, further, that the process involves not the slightest danger to human beings or domestic animals. Moreover, no inconvenience is ever noticed from the dead bodies.

In a number of Country Houses where it is out of the question to use poison, this treatment will come as a great boon.

The Ratin Laboratory, of 17, Gracechurch Street, London, who supply this preparation, have recently treated many large country estates, among them Rosebery House, Midlothian, Coates Castle, Fittleworth, Novar Estate, Ross-shire, and Raith House, Kirkcaldy.

In all these cases the Laboratory have received letters from the respective owners, The Earl of Rosebery, The Marquis of Hamilton, M.P., and Mr. Munro Ferguson, M.P., testifying to the excellent results obtained.

After such successes it is no surprise that the Laboratory should have greatly to increase their Staff, and they have now a number of competent men who can at a moment's notice go to any part of the country to investigate and give advice on what should be done.

It is needless here to enlarge upon the terrible destruction, not to mention the nuisance, caused by the pests, and in many parts of the country whole districts are combining to make co-operative attacks on the vermin with Ratin.

Briefly, the Ratin process is to inoculate in the rats a contagious disease which, whilst being fatal and most infectious among the vermin, cannot be taken by either human beings or any domestic or wild animal.

Whole estates can therefore be treated and completely cleared of rats without the least fear of harm to any other form of life.

Not only in this country, but also in the Colonies equally good results are found, and the preparation has been put up in a way to ensure that it keeps its virulence for many months.

Recently an official test was made on three farms, under the auspices of the Glamorganshire Chamber of Agriculture, and the report issued by this Chamber thoroughly bears out all the points claimed by the Laboratory, confirming that Ratin is in every way safe, sure, and economical to use.

Colonial Governments have made large experimental tests, and some of the reports to hand speak very highly of the results. Readers interested in this question should note the address therefore, and any inquiry on the subject will be promptly attended to by the Directors of the Laboratory.

NEW BOOKS FOR COUNTRY HOUSE LIBRARIES.

HORSES: Their Points and Management in Health and Disease. By F. T. Barton, M.R.C.V.S. Fully illustrated from Photographs. Demy 4to, 15s. net.

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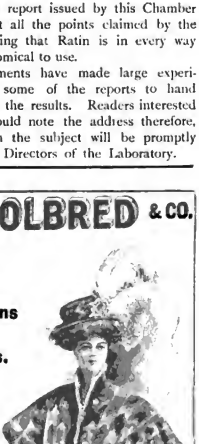
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who could make cobble-stones comic." "That subtle power of quiet but comprehensive observation" is the possession which, according to Mr. Johnson, gives Mr. Reynolds his position in the black-and-white world. He does not make desperate efforts to be funny. He sets down "with the most refined and delicate art, just one of those little scenes or incidents which everyone may everywhere witness." Mr. Reynold's "Suburbanite," out for his Sunday walk with baby, with "topper," pipe, stiff collar, ill-fitting "frocker," protruding cuffs, and beer-jug in hand, is one of the most excruciatingly realistic studies imaginable. It can be gloated over for hours. "Frivolity," which I reproduce on p. 546, is another impression of infallible truth and humorous appeal.

Either of the *Brush, Pen, and Pencil* books, which are priced at 1s., makes a pleasant Christmas gift-book, ensuring, as either does, an hour's wholesome merriment for a whole roomful of people.

"This blamefool Buster Brown nonsense has got to end." I sincerely hope the words of the infuriated grocer in *Buster Brown's Latest Frolics* (Dean and Son: 3s 6d. net) have no prophetic weight. With the "blamefool nonsense" in question we could ill afford to dispense. Buster never seems to grow up. He gets more uproariously youthful and more youthfully uproarious every year. "Age hath not withered nor custom staled," etc. I hear, furthermore, that Buster is becoming a sociological influence of no mean order. In social circles where the child has, of late years, been anathema, Buster has pushed his way irresistibly. "I would not mind being a mother," remarked Lady X—— (one of the most horribly smart set) in my hearing the other day, "if I could only have a Buster Brown!" What, therefore, Father Vaughan, in fiery sermons, has failed to accomplish, may be enacted by Mr. Outcault, with his flaxen-haired, blue-eyed sixpenn'orth of halfpence.

The Christmas Book is the title of a novelty issued by Mr. Grant Richards (1s.). Its aim is to enable the possessor to keep, year by year, a list of the friends one wishes to remember at Christmas, and also a list of the presents one gives each year, to prevent the same kind of gift being bestowed twice on the same person. Personally, I rather deplore this introduction of book-keeping into the field of gift-giving. If we cannot remember people's claims on our generosity without a book of their names, then had we better forget them altogether. As to desiring to assure ourselves from the risk of giving the same present twice, that threatens an awful state of affairs. Not to give father a pipe because we gave him one in 1903, or Tommy a penknife because we gave him one in 1904! This deprives us of the priceless privilege of repetition and imposes on us the awful task of thinking out something new each successive year—a well-nigh impossible strain on the imagination.

For people who eschew books as Christmas gifts for children because too unoriginal a present, Messrs. Anthony Treherne and Co. have a neat idea. Books which, while they are books, are about as unlike books as books can possibly be! Long, tapering little tomes to go into the waistcoat pocket—fat, squat, dimutative books! My illustration of the cover of "Ten Little Nigger Boys" gives an idea of the sort of thing Messrs. Treherne go in for. Their catalogue should be obtained from 12, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.

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genius of the well-known actor-singer, Mr. Courtice Pounds.

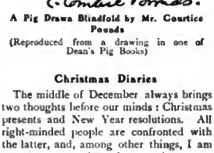
There is, however, another and a far weightier objection to giving books as Christmas presents to children—the fear that they will tear them, burn them, or—horrible though!—eat them! To meet objections of this class, we have the Rag Books of Dean and Son, which are untearable and indestructible—I cannot add that they are uneatable, for in the catalogue, Dean's emphatically avow that, as the colours are fast, "a child may suck them without fear of poison." They are "Books to chew, not eschew." Before adapting the books to dietetic purposes, however, they will, of course, be subjected to a Parliamentary process of first, second, and third reading. The series includes books about the Zoo, sailors, fairy tales, pets, and other subjects of baby interest. They are in prices to suit all purses, from sixpence upwards, according to size (and doubtless, also, to flavour).

It is only necessary to mention the name of Talbot Baines Reed to assure purchasers of books for schoolboy friends of value for their money. *The Willoughby Captains* (Frowde, and Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.) is tremendously full of incident. It is packed from cover to cover with it. Quite a wonderful sketch of public school "politics," with a thumping moral to tail it off.

With Drake on the Spanish Main (Frowde, and Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.) is a story of adventure by sea and land, the hero, one Dennis Hazelrigg, being cast ashore on an island in the "Main," whence, after some Crusoe adventures, he subsequently emerges and encounters Drake, with whom he has a boiling time. It is by Herbert Strang, that most powerful but most conscientious of adventure writers.

Nina's Career (Frowde, and Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.) is Miss Christina Gowans Whyte's Christmas girls' story. Like her last year's prize story, this is a tale of family life, the characters of which are drawn with great humour and sympathy.

V. C.



A Pig Drawn Blindfold by Mr. Courtice Pounds

(Reproduced from a drawing in one of Dean's Pig Books)

Christmas Diaries

The middle of December always brings two thoughts before our minds: Christmas presents and New Year resolutions. All right-minded people are confronted with the latter, and, among other things, I am sure a great number of us resolve to try and chronicle our doings in the coming year in a diary, with the result that in most cases we do so for at least a week. We have received a serviceable set of those well-known diaries which go by the name of Letts from Messrs. Cassell. These are particularly adaptable to office use, and are so constructed as to live well their meted span of hard wear and tear, without losing their covers and other important portions.

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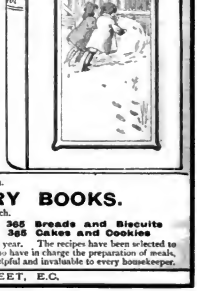

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She stopped her cab at a little post-office. She despatched a telegram that she thought over a long while. She did not wish the club servants to read it

HE said—and on his young, ingenuous face there was a moody and puzzled frown—

"I have won eighty pounds from Wright!"

Her eyelids dilated.

"From Henry Wright!" she uttered. "Oh, how *could* you?" And, as if she were faced with something horrible and obscene, she added: "After what he did! Oh, how *could* you?"

He took a slip of paper, shiny and showing through its fabric the tint of colours, from his pocket and threw it on the table at the fireside, where it lay against the cover of the red book she had been reading till he returned.

"There it is!" he said. "It's beastly; but there it is!"

She rubbed her hands over her eyes—a little because she was tired with having read for so long into the night, and a great deal because she was so moved. She was dressed in a dark blue kimono, and the embroidery of white storks zigzagged over her young form, that was beginning already to take on matronly contours. She made an effort and said:

"Well, how did the dinner go off?"

The rose-silk shade of her boudoir lamp heightened the colour of his flushed, blonde face. It gave, too, a little colour to her fragile and moulded cheeks, and to her grey and noticeable eyes a tinge of fire.

"Oh!" he said; and it relieved him so much to get for a moment away from the topic of his winnings that he became more voluble than he generally was. "It was what you'd call no end of a send-off. Speeches, as usual, a beastly bore; but I suppose you have to have them at farewell dinners. And, by Jove! you'd suppose some of them were really sorry to miss that beast!"

"It's come to that, has it?" she asked.

"Look here, Nell," he said; "I've hated the fellow ever since you told me what he did. But even you will agree one day that it's been better not to break with him openly. I'm sure of it. What would people have said? That I'd turned him out of the house. Wouldn't they? He'd been here every day since we were married. He was my best friend before. He was the best man at our wedding——"

"Oh, well!" she said. "It's over now. He's going."

But a certain note of coldness in her voice stung him to emotion.

"They'd have said things against *you*. If we could have gone away till he went, it would have been different. But that rotten Russian affair ties me to the office, and we're short-handed, too. You *know* I couldn't get leave."

"Oh! I know," she said; and she added, "I suppose men are different."

He answered: "Even as it is, people noticed that you weren't there."

"I suppose," she said, "that you pretended I was full of regrets!"

"But, gad! when I saw him at the head of the table, smiling that black, I'm-all-here, cocksure, Spanish sort of smile of his——"

"You used to call him the handsomest man in London."

"I can tell you," he continued, "I could hardly stand on my legs for rage."

"Then you didn't get out of making a speech?" she uttered. And when he had answered that he thought it would have been too marked, she tried to put the whole thing out of her mind with, "Oh, well, let's go to bed. It's very late. He's going to the other side of the world. It's all over."

He said: "Yes, but——"

"I daresay you acted for the best." She was making for the door when he uttered:

"No; but——" And she turned swiftly, with a premonition of disaster.

"What is it? You don't mean that he is not going? He is Governor of the Seven Islands. They can't have revoked it at the last minute."

"Oh, he's going," he said, dully, "but——"

"What? what?" she asked, and her voice was like two little pistol shots.

"I've got to give him his revenge. He doesn't sail till the day after to-morrow. He won't take the train till four in the morning."

Her hands fell, open, at her sides.

"You're going to see that man again," she said. "It is not over, then——" She paused to make an effort at self-control. She brought out: "After the villain dared to make love to me." But she said what she was trying to say at last with: "Ah, well, it's only one day more of the same sort. Let's go to bed."

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THE RENDEZVOUS

She was moving off when he once more stayed her with the words—

"You don't understand. It's the very beastliest sort of luck."

And he explained how it had all come about. He could not be the first to leave, and Henry Wright, when he had made a move, had held him by the hand and said:

"Oh, no! You're not going. Remember how I stayed with Jex here, and played with you till two in the morning on your wedding day. It will be a long time till we do it again." He couldn't have got away; it would have been too marked, he said. And he added again—

"It was the very beastliest sort of luck!"

He repeated—

"Henry Wright played rottenly. He's not been himself. I shouldn't wonder if the poor beast really cared for you."

She uttered scornfully:

"It's nothing but wounded pride. He's the most conceited man in London."

Bryant shook his head.

"Put it how you like; he was mad. He played like a fool; he betted hugely on his rotten hands. And there's the result."

"How could you? . . . After what he did! How could you?"

He pointed at the little pinkish slip of paper on the small table.

"Billy," she said, urgently, "you're not to go to him to-morrow."

The young man looked dejectedly at the carpet.

"I've got to," he answered, "after what he said." And when she asked what that was, he reported Wright as having muttered at parting that Bryant had had all the luck; he'd had everything. Well, he must come again and give him his revenge.

"Billy," she said, "don't go!"

"Oh, I've got to," he answered. "Wright's got Foster coming to play with him against me."

She repeated: "Don't go. He'll do you a mischief. I know the man he is. I remember what he looked like when I——" She became silent, and then said again: "Don't go!"

"Oh, I've got to," he answered. "He won't murder me. He'll rook me all he can, but it will end there."

"Billy," she said, again, "I won't have it. It isn't the money; it's the feeling——"

"Oh, I know," he said, gloomily. "The money's bad enough. It's agreed that we're to double the stakes. He means mischief, as you say; but just because it is a kind of a fight I can't refuse it."

She tried him with:

"But we can't afford it. You know what a poor player you are."

"Oh, I know," he answered. But he persisted in his purpose with the same sort of gloomy obstinacy that had distinguished him when he had persisted in maintaining a show of friendship for two months with the man who had made love to his wife. She grew so impassioned that at last she said:

"I almost wish I had gone off with him, rather than it should have come to this." But even that did not move him.

. . . . .

Mrs. Bryant lay awake till very far into the dawn. She had been married two years, and she was the daughter of "Roddy" O'Neill, the Irish younger son, who trained the odd gang of adventurers in Yucatan—the man who planned the ingenious scheme to kidnap the Dowager-Empress of China. He was as handsome as the idealised busts of Trajan, and his daughter, by the daughter of the Earl of Clartagiel, who ran away with him when she was eighteen and he forty-five, was as wild and as handsome as he, till she married—no one exactly knew why—young Bryant of the Foreign Office. That had appeared to tame her; she went into matrimony with the zest of her father on a filibustering prank. And she had just that touch of want of knowledge of the world, of a fine and rather visionary enthusiasm. She did not, in fact, allow for the basenesses of mankind.

That, again, made her lead Henry Wright, K.C.M.G., into his *faux pas*—all those things combined. If he was at the Colonial office, the office appalled him with its dulness at times. He had in him what his enemies called a touch of the tar-brush; actually it might have been Gipsy or Spanish or Spanish-Gipsy or Levantine—everything that would go to give him dark, odd, introspective eyes, white hands, a full low voice, and touches of passion and passages of irritation, combined with an excellent knowledge of the basenesses of the world, that she lacked.

It made him think that she could not really be in earnest over the life of a tiny, tiny house in Mayfair: above all, that she could not possibly stand young Bryant.

Young Bryant adored him, as was natural enough—and because it had pleased him to be adored, he had had young Bryant always in tow before Bryant's marriage. After it, he had been continually in the Bryants' house. He had rooms just round the corner.

Mrs. Bryant, with her sort of proud and enthusiastic docility, took her husband's friend at her husband's valuation. She talked to him with an absolute frankness before Bryant and behind his back. She walked with him in the Park; she dined with him once or twice at the Star and Garter when Bryant had to be at Court. She hadn't any reserves from him: he might have been her brother or another woman, and she had a habit of looking straight in his eyes whilst she argued about life.

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Then he saw his sister looking at him across the bedroom through two open doors

BY C. H. TAFFS

It was hard enough on Henry Wright, K.C.M.G. He wasn't built to understand that a woman could look straight into his dark eyes and not mean anything at all. As for her, it gave her the shock of her life when he made his declaration, and, taking her appalled silence for consent, suddenly seized her in his arms. What she did—whether she struck him, or spat at him, or merely wrestled herself free – she could not, even as she tossed there upon her bed, call to mind. It was a seared passage of humiliation and rage She only knew she had a little paper-knife dagger, his own gift, in her hand, and that his face appeared to be the face of Satan as he got out of the room.

And the second great shock of her life had been the way her husband took it. Like most young husbands, he took her faithfulness so absolutely for granted that he never troubled his head about her friends. They, he was convinced, were all

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right; he only thought about the outsiders; they must be kept from talking. This puzzled, outraged, and appalled her. Her father, if he had been her husband, would have shot Henry Wright. She took matrimony so fervently, emotionally, and, as it were, mystically; and here was its holiness profaned, and her husband thought only of the externals!

She could not understand how he could put his knees under the same table with this man. And, as she lay there, she grew more and more determined that they should not meet again. At last she thought of a scheme; then she fell asleep.

. . . . . .

In the morning he asked her—

"You did not mean what you said last night—that you wished you had gone off with him?"

"If you are going to his rooms to-night, I mean it," she said coldly.

"Oh! well, I'm going," he said.

She answered, "Very well!" and did not speak again. He heard her at the telephone in the hall making an appointment with some one—he thought it must be a woman, because he heard her say "Dear"—to go to some music-hall that evening. He heard her say—

"Very well. We'll get dinner out. Yes. All right."

He frowned a little at this, but he said nothing at all when she told him that he had better dine at his club. He did not like her going to a music-hall without a male escort, but he remembered that she did not like the way he was going to spend his evening. It was not the time to make objections. Before he went out he ran up the stairs to her boudoir, where he remembered to have left Wright's cheque. She said she had already posted it to his bank. It was made out to "Bearer." Her voice was so unconcerned and unconciliatory that he answered only—

"Oh, very well!"

When he had left the house she took the cheque from a little drawer of her dressing-table and tore it into four; she placed it in an envelope, addressed it, and put it on the mantelpiece. Before she went out she told the servant to call up a messenger in time to take it to Richmond before seven. She went out to lunch at her club, and remained there for the rest of the day, because she did not wish her husband to attempt a reconciliation over the telephone, or to see him if he should run in, over the Park, for lunch. She made her maid bring her dress to the club, and dressed there. On her way out she stopped her cab at a little post-office. She despatched a telegram that she thought over a long while. She did not wish the club servants to read it.

For his part, young Bryant spent a thoroughly uncomfortable day. He rang his wife up; she was out. He ran home to lunch. She was out still.

Into his slightly obtuse mind there forced itself a dim conviction that, however right he might be from a practical standpoint, she, from the sentimental, might be still more right. And, as he hastened back again across the Parks, he was even prepared to give in to her. After all, he did not in the least wish to play with Henry Wright. A little pressing from her would be sufficient, he felt, to let her carry him off to her music-hall. It was, perhaps, her saying that she wished she had gone off with Henry Wright that had most impressed him.

It wasn't that he believed the words—but they explained to him, more than her look, her voice, or any other of her words, how strongly she was moved. She could not, in any other way, have made him feel so surely that he was, perhaps, a bit of a cad.

But, with his repentant warmth, the news that she was not at home came like a whole douche of cold water. She had not been at home all day. He heard that she was dressing at her club, and he walked very fast through the little dusky streets, with the tiny box-like houses that make up that square citadel of wealth and preciousness. But he reached her club, he was told there, just two, not quite three, minutes after she had left.

There seemed to him to be something chilling and very disagreeable in this mysterious and dumb absence. It was not exactly that she had not the legal right so to behave. But she had not done anything of the kind before. That gave him, as it were, a prescriptive right to be singularly angry. And, as he went back again through the little streets, he had once more recovered his dull obstinacy. He had meant to give in to her unconditionally; now he would shun her!

He dressed with determination; he went, with an equal determination, to his club; he backed his dinner-bill with a complaint as to the slowness of the attendance; he quarrelled furiously with old Hobson after dinner about the Plural Voting Bill, for which he did not care twopence. But the world was out of joint, and twice, as he drove to Wright's rooms, he pushed his hand up through the trap of the hansom to call out—

"Get that beast of yours along!"

He was met at Wright's rooms by the announcement that Wright had gone out suddenly, leaving no message as to when he would return.

He looked at his watch; it was five minutes before half-past nine, when the game was to have begun.

"I'll wait till the half-past," he said.

It occurred to him as a good idea that, if he waited till the exact moment of the tryst and then went, he would have both Wright and his wife in the wrong. He was shown into Wright's little study. Most of his books were on the shelves, but the bureau was locked. The little card-table stood in the centre of the little room. Between the packs of cards, on the green surface, lay an open, pink slip of paper and an orange envelope.

Bryant paced up and down the room. He got through five minutes; he made it five more for the sake of decency. At last he looked at the words on the telegram form. If he were coming back soon—and the wire might tell him—Bryant would wait. He read the wire; his eyes revolved; his features set.

"*Meet me,*" it said, in big copy-book carbon letters. "*at Star and Garter, nine-thirty. Feel cannot let you go without farewell token.*"

There was no name. His eyes rushed to the top of the form. It had been sent off from the little post-office round the corner, near her club—just three minutes after he had been there, just five after she had left.

"Then——"

She had said she wished she had gone off with Henry Wright.

He rushed out of the house.

In the street he had the idea of rushing to Richmond. He turned towards Piccadilly. But, as he passed his own door, there came into his head the idea that it might be all a mistake. She might be there. Or she might have left a farewell message!

Mrs. Bryant was not in. He said—

"Good God!"

But there was a telegram. His fingers trembled

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THE RENDEZVOUS

as he opened it. He expected to read a farewell from her. He read—

"Am called away. Regret shall miss my revenge —at cards.—WRIGHT."

There was something sinister in the dash before the two last words. Henry Wright must have inserted it meaningly, and have paid an extra halfpenny for it.

Bryant pushed open the door of the dining-room. He fell into a deep armchair, and sat there in the dark. He said—

"Good God!" And then again, "Good God!"

He wanted to think over what he should do. He was not, he prided himself, ever the man to act precipitately——

He sprang out of his chair and, in the hall, rang up his mother's house. His sister Carrie was not in; his mother had gone to Mrs. Partington's. He tried several more of her friends. They were all out except Fanny Loewe, who was in bed with a cold. At last he rang up the Star and Garter, of which he was desperately afraid. It was half-past ten then. They kept him trembling and cursing for a long time till they came to the other end.

"No, Sir Henry Wright was not there. Yes, they knew him very well. He had come in a taxicab; but he had been gone at least ten minutes. No; there was not any lady with him; but he had received a letter. They could not say whether there had been a lady with him in the cab. They could not answer questions like that about a client."

He went and fell once more into the armchair in the dining-room.

She hadn't gone to the Star and Garter. But the letter Wright had received? Was not that to make an appointment somewhere near? At the railway station?

What was he to do, then? He sat there in the dee . chair, his hands set far down in his pockets. If she came back, he asked himself, how was he to receive her? He began to rehearse a speech. But wouldn't it be best to pretend to know nothing . . . if she came back? . . . But she would never come back!

Somewhere upstairs, on the mantelpiece, on the bureau, pinned on to the pincushion of his dressing-table, there would be a letter. . . He rushed upstairs. The boudoir was absurdly neat. There was no letter on the bureau or on the mantelpiece. There was none in the bedroom; there was none when he passed into his own dressing-room. He looked into his glass; he composed his face. He noticed that he had dropped some cigar-ash on to his shirt-front. Then she was coming back! She had gone merely to a stolen interview! And he was filled with a lofty contempt for her. If only she had been honest, he would not so have despised her!

He heard a sort of half-voice from her boudoir, two doors away; then he saw his sister looking at him across the bedroom through two open doors. He muttered hoarsely—

"Carrie!" He could not believe it was the same world. He was face to face with an odious novelty. But the instinct to conceal calamities made him say only—

"How did you get in?"

She answered, pertly (she was not more than twenty)—

"Why, through the front door. We didn't think you'd be back yet."

He said, hoarsely still—

"Is mother with you?" And he had a desire to ask his mother's advice—a desire that he had not had since he had been fourteen.

Suddenly his wife was behind his sister. He came across the bedroom towards them. His sister said, as if triumphantly—

"We've been to the Empire. Nell said, as mother was going out and you too, we'd take a night off!"

It was the first time she had been to a music-hall. Bryant uttered his unfailing—

"Good God!" He put his hand to his forehead and sat on the foot of the bed. Then Nell came in and shut the door in his sister's face.

"You—you sent that telegram?" he said.

"Yes, I sent it," she answered.

"But you—you never went!"

"I'd never the least idea of it," she retorted. She leant back against the door and laughed at him. "I was determined you should not meet that man again."

His jaw fell; he looked at his feet, that were stretched out before him.

"But—the farewell token!" he said. "You said you were bringing him a farewell token?"

"No; I sent him the torn-up cheque," she answered.

He moved his toes inside his shining pumps.

"Then that was the letter he got?" he said.

She laughed again to think of Henry Wright with the fragments of the cheque falling from his fingers.

"I wanted to teach him a lesson," she said joyously.

But, like a tactful wife, she left unsaid the corollary: "And I wanted to teach you a lesson, too!"

And perhaps she was a shade untruthful when she said that she had never had the least idea of meeting Henry Wright; for just after she had sent the wire from the little post-office round the corner there had entered her head just the least shade of an idea—the maddest impulse of her wild father's blood—to tell the cabman to drive to Richmond.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

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THE OLD, OLD STORY BY DUDLEY HARDY

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A PRE-HISTORIC CHRISTMAS DINNER

BY LAWSON WOOD

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A ROAD TO RICE

By LEONARD MERRICK

(Author of "The House of Lynch," "Whispers About Women," etc.)

(*Illustrated by S. SPURRIER*)

SHE first noticed him by reason of a flake of cosmetic from her eyelashes getting in her eye. It hurt her very much. She was in the wings, waiting to go "on," and if she returned to her dressing-room she might miss her cue. The young man had longer legs; he darted up the stairs, and down again with a hand-glass and a handkerchief soon enough for her to put an end to the trouble before she "entered." Nobody else had seen her distress—nobody but this boy, who was playing a policeman, and whom she had scarcely glanced at.

She had come to the Rotunda Theatre, Shoreditch, for a "special week," to star in a sensational drama, of which she was the author. It was her intention soon to tour the piece again with a company of her own. Already she had offered engagements to two of the principals here to "support" her when the time came, but, of course, she had given no thought to the nonentity who was cast for a policeman.

And the following evening it dizzied him when she went up to him to say, "Er—Mr. Wilson, I'm taking my play on the road next month. Would you care to go out with it? Do you think you could play the detective?"

"Oh, Miss Tait!" he faltered. He was only a novice, and had not learnt to disguise gratitude.

"I'm not paying big money to anyone, you know; I don't know what terms you would want?"

It was Friday, and his week's salary was handed to him at the same moment. He opened the envelope and tipped forth the sovereign and half-sovereign for her to see. "That's what I'm getting," he owned.

The candour was astonishing. Though she had been cradled in the theatre, this was a new experience.

"Well, suppose we say 'two pounds,'" she said.

And among the principals who had been ignored there was no little jealousy at her engaging a small-part person.

"She said to me," declared the "heavy man" of the Rotunda, Shoreditch, as he sent out for three-ha'porth of fried fish and chips from the fish bar at the corner, "she said to me, 'My Gawd, 'ow I'd like *you* to come on tour to play your part, Mr. Belgrave! But I know what it is—you London actors won't leave town!'"

Arthur Wilson, not considering himself a London actor, was devoutly thankful to leave "town," otherwise Shoreditch.

If he had been wise he would not have been on the stage. His future lay in rice. *Viâ* rice, he might have arrived by middle-age at an excellent position. Even to-day, rice would have provided a comfortable berth with a prosperous relative. But Arthur had turned his back on rice; he had been stage struck as a child, and when he returned from Heidelberg and a welcome awaited him in Mark Lane, it was discovered that his ideas were as fantastic as ever.

"Let him go his own road, till the nonsense gets knocked out of him," said the relative. And, after many a cul-de-sac, the road had led to the Rotunda, where "dramatic art" looked much less artistic than his fancy had painted it, and where "Bohemianism," to own the truth, was merely low.

Indeed, a stock season here had done a great deal to chill the aspirant's ardour. Though he would have perished rather than confess it, he had asked himself once or twice whether his choice of a vocation had not been a mistake. Of course, he had not expected to start at the top of the ladder—on the contrary, the early struggles of celebrated actors had been to him one of the most fascinating features of their biographies; but the atmosphere of the Rotunda was so different from the biographical atmosphere. At the Rotunda, nobody referred to acting as an "art" at all—people called it the "business." And nobody nursed the expectation of mounting a single step higher, or admitted the possibility of any other poor actor's succeeding. The biographies had impressed upon him that one rose

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by patient study; the Rotunda Company informed him that one rose by having friends at court, or "plenty of oof," and that without influence or money he would remain in the East End or the "Smalls" as long as he lived. It was depressing. Certainly some of the Rotunda Company dropped an "h" or two; he was justified in reflecting that he had qualifications which most of them lacked. Still, he was not so sanguine now as when he bought his make-up box—that neat, expensive make up box which every mummer in the dressing-room grinned at—and found useful.

All honour then to the helping hand! Miss Bella Tait had rescued him, and he blessed her for it—and blessed her the more because she was a pretty woman. To attend rehearsals as a "principal" was thrilling, though he was abashed when she lost her temper with him because he stood on her left side, instead of her right, in arresting her—she played a wicked woman, in sequins, who committed another crime in every act. To travel to Blithepoint—where they were to "open"—in a compartment plastered "The Hussy From Hull Co." was the real thing, and to have professional lodgings, and a landlady who discussed the "show" with him as if he were an expert, recalled the vicissitudes of Kean.

And the local *Gazette* said, "Mr. Arthur Wilson's rendition of the detective was excellent." Certainly it said just as much for every other member of the company, with a slight variation of adjectives, but he had received a good notice. He was disappointed that he didn't get a congratulatory message from his manageress on the day that the paper came out. He went to the theatre in the evening confident that she would refer to it during the performance.

By the time he confessed that to her and told her how her omission had dejected him, they were talking about their "friendship." So he was scarcely hurt when she laughed.

She looked at him, and the next instant they had kissed

"You *are* an amateur, Wilson!" she exclaimed; "I suppose that's why I like you. When you've been in the profession a few years you'll bore me to death."

"I hope you won't say so then, Miss Tait. Do you think I shall get on?"

"You'll do better than you're doing now. You'll never be a big actor."

He was deeply discouraged.

She laughed again. What do you expect—to play Othello in the West End?"

"Of course, I've everything to learn," he said, "I know. But if I study——"

"'Study!' You talk like a kid!"

"What is there stupid about it?"

"People don't get West by studying, dear boy."

"How then? I suppose you mean I'll never get West at all? That's what everybody says. What's the good of their going on the stage at all?"

"They're like you when they begin—they don't know what it is. Don't you suppose *I* could do better than play this ghastly thing if I got the chance?"

He stammered. "I—— Of course, the part is—— I've sometimes thought you might have written yourself a better one. It's——"

"Rotten," she said; "that's what it is, rotten! But it goes, dear boy; they eat it. If I could have squeezed another murder in somewhere, they'd have liked it better still I shall get dates for *The Hussy*, on and off, for years. And when it's worn out, I'll write it again, and call it *The Minx from Manchester* or *The Devil from Dublin*, and tour with that. It's always best to knock up a drama yourself—it saves author's fees. That's what *you* may be doing one day—'Mr. Arthur Wilson, Starring! Address: Bacup!'"

But she was not always so cynical, or, being but twenty-one, he would not have fallen in love with her. She could be sentimental, too, and talk about her past illusions and her former hardships till tears were in his eyes. She was not much more than thirty, but she had been "in the business" since she was a child, and when she let him read his favourite part to her, in her rooms in Jarrow, one afternoon, it surprised him to discover that she was a much better actress than she indicated behind the footlights. "The people expect me to rant," she explained, when he hinted his thought; "they'd go to sleep if I played artistically. But I know what's right, all the same, dear boy—and your reading of that speech won't do! Come on, let's have it again!"

It was rather sweet to be bullied by her. In passages it disconcerted him, for instance when he spouted, "'From that hour I grew, what to the last I shall be—thine adorer,'" and she interrupted him with, "Not a bit like it! Don't bellow at me!" But on the whole, the afternoon had a wonderful charm. Of course she knew that he was in love with her, and there was an evening—It happened like this:

She had asked him on Sunday to bring one of the day-bills round to her dressing-room after the performance in Wigan the next night. He took it to her when he had "changed." She was nearly ready to leave as she called to him to come in. A faint odour of *chypre* was in the room. "So you remembered?" she said gently. She stood on a chair, fastening the bill to the wall, and, in stepping down, pretended to lose her balance. His arm went round her waist to save her. She looked at him, and the next instant they had kissed.

That was the beginning of it—the beginning, to Wilson, of weeks in which the world held only Bella Tait, of weeks in which she used often to say, "It always surprised me that you had the cheek to do it!" Every morning after breakfast he called at her rooms, and found her reading by the fire, and brought her the best flowers that he could afford out of his salary. One morning, because his salary was low, he pawned his watch for flowers, and she discovered what he had done, and said, "I'll put that in a play one day, the actor pawning his watch to buy his manageress

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roses!" After he had buttoned her boots, they would go for a walk together. In the afternoon, he used, generally, to go back to her lodgings to tea, or she went to his; if neither of these things happened, he waited fevered for the evening and cursed the clock. His ambition was forgotten, the theatre meant only his "grand passion," and when they spoke of the tour's approaching end, his heart sank as heavily as if it were to be the end of his life.

On her side, she was not in love in the least; she only liked him very much—his *naïveté* pleased her. Once she exclaimed, "You kiss me one minute, and call me 'Miss Tait' the next!" Somehow, it had come easier to him to kiss than to call his manageress "Bella." "I think you'd do anything for anyone you liked!" she said, another day, when he had tramped the whole of Sunderland in the rain to find a shop where they sold bootlaces long enough for her. And, on yet another occasion, "I wonder if you'll remember all this when you've come to your senses and are making money in rice? That's what you'll have to do, Artie—I'm not going to see you waste all your time in the profession!"

"Don't!" he begged, horribly pained. The idea of being divided from her so utterly was torture to him.

But the final town of the tour was reached very soon now, and she had no notion how long the vacation might last. It meant "Good-bye." The woman returned to Liverpool, where she lived, and the boy went broken-hearted to London, with nothing to console him but a piece of her hair and three photographs of her—one "panel" and two "cabinets"—which she had removed from her best frame in the front of the house as a parting gift.

And every evening the clocks struck seven, just as they used to do when seven o'clock meant Bella Tait and the theatre; and what he suffered during the eternal, empty evening was what nobody who hasn't been in love up to his neck with an actress can possibly understand. Making the pain more poignant still, he would go to the piano and pick out with one finger, and much expression, the "incidental music" that the orchestra used to play during her suicide scene.

He stayed with his mother now, who was not in affluent circumstances. Her position rendered him the more eager to obtain another engagement without delay. Alas! the Strand was brimming with actors eager to obtain another engagement without delay; they jostled one another on the muddy pavements, and elbowed one another on the agents' stairs, and eyed one another wistfully in the old Gaiety bar, which was nicknamed "Prossers' Avenue." (A "prosser" is theatrical slang for one who sponges.) Up and down the length of the old Gaiety bar, adorned with "shrubs in tubs," the wearied actors dragged themselves with mechanical smiles, in the hope of espying an acquaintance who would say, "Come and have a drink!"

Yes, the Strand overflowed with competitors; and, despondent as most of them were, they stood a better chance than Arthur, for they had much more experience to recommend them. Wherever he presented himself the answer was, "The Company is complete." Miss Tait's occasional letters said nothing of her future plans. Three awful months wore by, during which his confidence grew less and less. And all the while his mother reminded him plaintively of his prospects in rice.

So he gave in, threw up the sponge; bade farewell to the elegant make-up box. She rejoiced to see him come to his senses. The following Monday morning he was to hang up a silk hat in the Mark Lane office for the first time.

And forty-eight hours before the fateful Monday, came a hurried line from Bella Tait. She was in rooms in Islington, forming "a crowd for another tour. Would he play the detective again?"

Would he? Would anything deter him from playing the detective? Wouldn't he have played the detective for bread-and-cheese and kisses?

"Oh, Arthur," moaned his mother, "what will your uncle say? It'll be the end of his interest in you, I'm sure. When everything's arranged! You can't treat him like this, after all his goodness to you!"

"Why should I give up my profession," he asked, "when it's still open to me?"

"'Open to you!' How long do you suppose her tour will last? When it's finished, you'll have the same difficulties all over again. What does she say?"

He handed the brief note to her in triumph; there was nothing written that she might not see.

"Every tour that I have means more experience," he urged; "and the more experience I have, the easier it'll be to get a shop."

"'Shop'! I don't understand what attraction you can find in a profession where they talk like that! If you disappoint your uncle again, you must never reckon on him any more. This is your last chance, Arthur. If you throw it away, it'll be a mistake that you'll regret as long as you live." She played with the letter agitatedly.

He said all that was expected about "a man being the best judge of his own life." Her eyes fell on the address at the top of the note.

"Well, you must do as you like," she sighed—and resolved to write to the actress, begging her to withdraw her offer.

On consideration, she decided to see her instead. She went to Islington next day, while Arthur thought she was at church.

"Miss Tait," she said, having explained her errand, "if the stage promises a successful career for my son, I don't want to be selfish and stand in his way. But I had other views for him; he has excellent prospects in——"

"Rice," said Miss Tait. "I know; he mentioned it."

"In the City," continued Mrs. Wilson, "and I should be very grateful if you would give me your candid opinion. Do you think, if I put my own feelings aside, it would be for his good? Do you think he would ever be a celebrated actor?"

"Never as long as he lives," said the actress cheerfully.

"Then," returned the other woman, "will you do me the favour of telling him that you can't give him the part after all?"

Miss Tait reflected. "I might, of course," she admitted; "but do you think that would answer? He'd be able to find some sort of part one day, you know—somewhere or other—and if he had given up the profession against his will, he would be sure to kick over the traces and go back to it sooner or later. It's always like that! If you're anxious to see him off the stage thoroughly, he must leave it because he wants to."

"I'm afraid that's too much to hope for."

"I don't know. He's a very nice boy, Mrs. Wilson. I'd like to do anything I can to help." She mused again. "Look here, if you care to let him come to me this time, I think he'll be keen on going

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Up and down the length of the old Gaiety bar, adorned with "shrubs in tubs," the wearied actors dragged themselves, in the hope of espying an acquaintance who would say, "Come and have a drink!"

BY S. SPURRIER

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into the City before the tour ends. I'll work it a much better way than by writing him now that I can't take him back."

"There's a question whether his uncle would have any more patience with him—he was to start in the office to-morrow. You really think that that's the best plan?"

"If you want him disgusted, I'm sure it is!"

"May I ask how you would set about it?"

"Oh, well," said Miss Tait vaguely, "you see, as his manageress, I could make it rough for him in more ways than one."

So, later in the day, the lady called on her brother-in-law; and after her brother-in-law had declared irascibly that "the young fool could go on the tour, and be hanged, and that he never wanted to hear any more about him," he melted and agreed to the plot. And thus the reformation of Arthur Wilson was begun.

It was exquisite to him to enter a stage-door again, knowing he was to find Bella Tait on the stage. She was sitting at a table by the T piece when he reached the wings, and she looked up from the script with a cordial nod to him. Her tone, as they shook hands, was perhaps a shade abrupt, but she was showing some of the new people the "business" of their parts, and that accounted for it.

He would not own he was dismayed even when the rehearsal was over and he found himself mooning down the alley alone, instead of leaving the theatre by her side. It was not till the tour had begun, and was so dismally different from the tour that had finished, that he asked himself what had happened.

He said to her on the second evening: "Are you angry with me about anything?"

"'Angry?'"

"I never see you now."

She frowned impatiently, and then forced a tolerant smile. "My dear Wilson," she said, "there are questions that men don't ask. When I'm tired of a fellow's society, I drop it. If you weren't so young, you'd have understood without being told."

He gazed at her aghast. "Tired! I hoped—I thought——"

"Oh, don't make yourself ridiculous," she exclaimed; "don't stare at me like that! If you're going to be stupid, I shall be sorry I had you back."

He slunk from her without remonstrance.

And this wasn't all. Among the newcomers was a new hero, and soon Arthur saw the hero promoted to the privileges that had once been the detective's. It was Mr. Augustus Ford who took Miss Tait for walks now, it was with Mr. Augustus Ford she had confidences in the wings. It was Mr. Augustus Ford who was seen one day swaggering from a florist's, with roses in his hand. More still! There was a night when a message was brought to Arthur that Miss Tait wished to speak to him in her dressing-room before he left. He stood humbly on the threshold, his hat in hand, remembering a night in her dressing-room when he had kissed her.

"Wilson," she said sharply, "I don't like the way you look at me in the theatre. I don't want to give you your notice, but you've got to behave like any other member of the company if you wish to stay. I can't have you slouching round, like Hamlet, and scowling at me."

"I didn't know I had scowled," he faltered.

"You must know you don't look very cheerful."

"I don't feel very cheerful. I have nothing to be cheerful about."

"Well, it's not pleasant to me to have a man in the crowd who's always looking reproaches. That's all. Please remember!"

"Miss Tait," he stammered, "I thank you for the re-engagement, but I don't want to remain. I should like to leave as soon as you can find somebody else to play the part."

"Very well," she said, her face averted.

He turned to go, hesitated, and blundered towards her with a sob.

"You've broken my heart!" he cried.

For an instant it seemed as if she were sorry for him. In the next her face hardened.

"What is there in a boy like you," she said scornfully, "that you should expect to hold a woman like me? Good night. Your engagement will finish on Saturday."

. . . . .

Years later, his mother, who had always felt curious, asked questions of him, and as he was securely wedded to Mark Lane then, she told him about her visit to the actress. And so, putting two and two together, Arthur Wilson understood. He was a practical City man by that time, whose passion for the footlights was as dead as his romance; and when he chanced to read that Miss Bella Tait was to be married not long afterwards, he went out and bought a very handsome bracelet, inspired by gratitude. For luck—and because he did not wish to send his card—he put in a handful of rice.

LEONARD MERRICK.

"What is there in a boy like you," she said, scornfully

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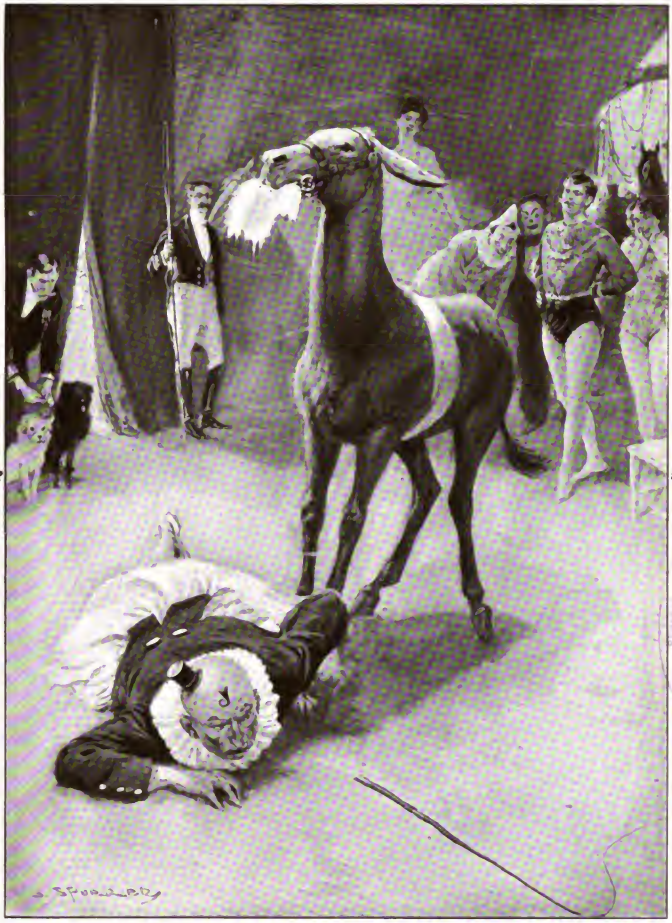
At Last, a Laugh!



AN UNREHEARSED, BUT MUCH APPRECIATED TURN AT THE CIRCUS

BY S. SPURRIER

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THE COMPLEAT DANGLER

BY FLATTERING DEVICES, THE CREATURE VAIN ENTICES

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IF GIANTS LIVED TO-DAY!

IN FASHION QUITE AFFRIGHTING, THEY FIND THEMSELVES A-LIGHTING

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JOHN MEREDITH, SAVAGE.

By LEONARD FLEMMING

(Illustrated by GILBERT HOLIDAY)

THE effect that complete isolation in an uncivilised and savage country has on a white man depends upon the individual's strength of mind.

That it has an effect is quite certain. Protracted isolation in a strange land, and among a race of brown-skinned niggers, affects any man who undergoes it; the influence and contamination must work in time, slowly and almost imperceptibly in the case of a strong-minded man; but when the mind is weak, it means a weak character as well, and on such a man the effect is quick, and drastic, and cruel.

This story is about one John Meredith; he will never read these lines, but others of his flesh and blood may, and if they should, they will know—without any explanations from me—the reason of my now giving publicity to the details of Meredith's life at Pomooloo, on the West Coast of Africa

Pomooloo was the northernmost of a series of little depôts that had suddenly sprung up during the great rubber boom. Each depôt was but a collection of native huts, scattered over the soil like huge beehives, with a storing shed and an overseer's house in close proximity.

Pomooloo, as I have said, was the most northerly; it was here that the rubber was collected and packed and stored and loaded on to the great lumbering, heavy-wheeled waggons that were despatched from time to time to the coast, nearly eight hundred miles away. The road had been cut through thick forests most of the way, until close to the sea, when it twisted and turned round steep kloofs and over rocky krantzes, until the level plain of Mabula was reached. Mabula was the coast depôt, and in the season this great long road might have been likened to a rubber river, a continual stream of rubber, with Pomooloo as its source, and Mabula as the outlet to the sea.

John Meredith was in charge at Pomooloo, and on John Meredith's brain and hands this long river, this continual stream of rubber depended for life. Living quite by himself, the only white man on the place, it was a position which only the strongest of men—strong in body and mind—could undertake. That Meredith was qualified for the work his four-and-a-half years' service proved.

It will give you some idea of distance and pressure of work when I say that in those four-and-a-half years I had only seen him twice; yet there was only one depôt that lay between his and mine.

I had known him in England. I had met his people, had been introduced to the girl he was going to marry, and now, with but a few hundred miles between us, the only fact that kept me aware of his existence, was the arrival of the regular, well-loaded waggons, and the invoices, waybills, and official rubber "returns," made out in his neat, firm handwriting, and given to the native driver to deliver to me. My business was to check, verify, and send on the load to the next depôt.

There is a "something" in a slice of a continent which always estranges even the greatest friends. Six months out of the year no waggons were on the road. This was the rainy season, when it sometimes rained for weeks and weeks, and the rivers became roaring cataracts, and were impassable for months.

I used often to think of Meredith away up in the north, and wish we were together, and could have a chat over old times. I used to wonder what he did with himself in these seasons of inactivity; he was never a keen reader, and loathed writing. I could never have lived without my books and my pen. I was an aspiring author, and the pages and pages of "stuff" that I would write almost daily was an excellent, and I thought very necessary, occupation for one's mind.

It was in the beginning of our sixth year that I began to notice certain irregularities and omissions in Meredith's work. One or two waggons came down badly packed, there were mistakes in the invoices, little erasures and corrections, and all hastily scribbled.

At first I took little or no notice of these. It was certainly unlike Meredith to be careless or neglectful; but I put it down to the rush of work in getting in the record output for the six years.

But when, in the face of this, a waggon came down with only half a load on, and the invoice written in the native language, I began to realise that something had gone wrong up at Pomooloo.

I wrote a letter to Meredith, and intended to send it by one of the returning waggons.

In the meanwhile, another waggon came down from

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JOHN MEREDITH, SAVAGE

Pomooloo disgracefully loaded, and no invoices with it; also there came a wild rumour of the "Kaffir boss."

The Kaffir boss! What did it mean?

Had Meredith died; and was the head nigger at Pomooloo despatching the various consignments?

I went up to the driver of the waggon.

"What's the matter with Mr. Meredith?"

He grinned.

"Don't laugh, you idiot! Where's Mr. Meredith?"

The nigger seemed uneasy. I saw immediately he was keeping something from me.

"Now, look here," I said, catching hold of his arm, "if you don't tell me where Mr. Meredith is within the next minute, I'll——"

He started mumbling. I knew their language as well as they did, but could get nothing from him, except that Meredith was still at the depôt.

It was waste of time talking to him. I asked him about the invoices; the way the waggons were being loaded now; the rumour of the "Kaffir boss."

I decided to go up to Pomooloo myself.

I called my head native, and told him I was going away for a few days, and made arrangements to get away at daylight in the morning.

I had a week's drive in front of me, and I did not look forward to it; a week's lonely drive, and Heaven knew what I might find at the end of it. What was the meaning of the strange events of the past weeks: the half-loaded waggons; the carelessly made-up invoices; the writing in the native language; the silly laugh of the nigger when I had questioned him; the whispering about the "Kaffir boss"—what could it mean? My head was in a turmoil that night. I felt certain that Meredith was dead; he had probably been murdered.

And then I thought of his people in England; of his *fiancée*, Muriel Stollard; of Meredith's and my days together at home; our little river picnics, our holidays together, our last night in London. He was a man of about thirty-two then, six feet in his socks, splendidly built, and full of work and energy.

He leaned back and roared with wild, demoniacal laughter

I did not sleep much that night.

At daybreak I started on my long drive. On the third day of my journey I met a waggon coming from Pomooloo. I stopped, and the driver handed me a scrap of paper. Scrawled on it was, "Clayton, for God's sake come and save me.—J. M."

Meredith was then still alive, at any rate, a few days ago; but it did not make matters much clearer. This note was in Meredith's own handwriting. Save him from what? I asked myself.

"What's the matter with the boss?" I asked the driver. The same silly grin the same uneasy look. I could have brained him. I whipped up the cattle instead.

I arrived at Pomooloo at ten o'clock at night. It was bright moonlight, and down in the little hollow the depôt stood out clearly.

Surrounding it was the thick forest, and the different roads which had been cut through it towards the plantation, away back, showed up black, like the entrances to tunnels.

Meredith's house, on the left, was in darkness.

Dotted about in the open space were groups of native huts; fires were burning here and there, and I could hear the weird, monotonous chanting of the niggers; the low doorways were occasionally opened, revealing the bright light of the resin lamp inside, and against this odd figures of natives were sharply silhouetted.

I walked over to Meredith's house, fifty yards off.

It was a large, well-built, wooden dwelling, with a verandah round three sides of it.

I tried the door, found it unlocked, and went into the passage.

Meredith's bedroom was unoccupied. I went into the office, kitchen, pantry, spare rooms, and dining-room, calling his name.

Not a sound.

I lit the lamps in the dining-room and bedroom; and in the latter saw on the bed a small heap of roots which had been recently gathered.

I recognised them as "meazels."

When dry, the natives smoke them, and it is said they have the same effect as opium.

I concluded that Meredith had taken them away from some native that morning. The smoking of "meazels" was strictly prohibited on all depôts.

Glancing round the room, I noticed that he had collected a number of curios.

There were assegais and kerries in the corners, various native dresses, wooden images of their god Tongena, peculiarly carved pipes, earrings, bracelets; and on the floor was stretched a large native mat made from river-reeds.

I felt rather like a burglar, and wondered where Meredith was.

I put out the bedroom lamp, went into the dining-room, mixed myself a whisky-and-soda, and picked up a book called "Schetic Savagism." I wondered what "schetic" meant, and wished I had a dictionary.

I read for some hours; the book was undoubtedly interesting.

Then I heard the handle of the front door turned very quietly; looked at my watch, and saw it was twenty-five past one.

Then the door of the dining-room opened, and a ghastly figure and face that I could just recognise as Meredith's entered; he shut the door, and with one hand on the knob, leaned back and roared with wild, demoniacal laughter.

Once in my life I had nursed a man in delirium tremens, and he had laughed like this. Looking at this man, whom I had known as Meredith, leaning against the door shrieking with laughter, the whole truth of the vague rumours and suspicious sullenness of the waggon-drivers flashed across me.

Meredith was "the Kaffir boss"!

And what a Meredith!

Barefooted, hollow-eyed, bearded: a wreck, a dissipated, starved-looking wreck, and through his tattered shirt a chest and arm showing as brown as the wood logs we burn.

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JOHN MEREDITH, SAVAGE

His hysterical outburst of laughter subsided, and with a fool's grin and expression he greeted me in the native language.

"Malo Inkosi yam," he giggled ("Good-day to you, my chief"), and then he added: "Clayton, I'm damned glad to see you."

He talked as a native talks who has learned English.

He poured himself out a drink of whisky, and sat down opposite me. I sat patiently waiting to hear what he had to say.

"Don't look like that Clayton," he said; "you're the first white man I've seen for three years. I can't get my tongue round the English words properly, and for God's sake don't make it harder."

He could not look me in the eyes for more than about two seconds at a time. I had often inwardly cursed every native that I know for this same reason.

"Clayton," he faltered, struggling for correct expression—"Clayton, if you'll help me, if you'll be"—he hesitated, and framed in his mind the sentence he wanted—"if you'll be Meredith's friend instead of—instead of—of the man who—discovered him, I can tell you everything. I want to tell you everything. Do you understand?"

I could feel and see the Meredith that I knew at the back of this strange, tattered exterior; he was there somewhere, but overshadowed by a different character.

"You must gather, Clayton, from my English what I mean. I haven't spoken the language for three years. I could—express myself once, you know. Fancy, I had to think a time for that word 'express'! A week ago it would not have come to the tongue; your company has made all the difference."

The sunken eyes glared at me, he pulled viciously at the beard which, until that day, I had never seen.

"Speak, Clayton, for——"

"Jack, I've come to listen to *you*. I have little to say; you have much. Two things urged me to come here. One was a series of disgracefully packed waggons; the other was—well, the other was the fact that the man responsible for their packing I had always reckoned my best friend, and so——"

He laughed.

"To hell with the waggons; to hell with the rubber! You see, Clayton, I'm a nigger."

"Now, God," he went on reverently, "let my language come back that I may tell this man!"

Knowing Meredith, I knew that I was to be told the truth.

"Yes, Clayton," he went on. "I'm a nigger. I love them. I love their funny little ways, and all that. They worship me. I am their living 'Intonga,' their new god."

"You are what I have just heard rumours of," I said. "You are the Kaffir boss."

I avoided his eyes, it would make it easier for him.

"Clayton, no one in the world will believe that a white man can become like—like this; but oh, how easy it is—how damnably easy! Six years I've been among them, alone, away from everything that—that reminds white men where they were born. Now I'm one of them.

"Look at me to-night. I've just come back from one of their wild dances. Even you will wonder how it is possible; but, man"—he became enthusiastic, and looked me straight in the face—"man, I tell you it's life—real, rushing, exhilarating life. You don't know it—it's wonderful—wonderful."

He brought the whisky-and-soda syphon on to the table, and pushed the bottle towards me. I mixed myself a stiff one. I wanted it.

Meredith drank his, and continued:

"I felt this—this—I suppose it's infatuation. I felt it coming on me years ago. Here, in my loneliness, I found myself listening to their funny songs—you know, all discords with harmony—silly that; but it describes them. Talking for years in their lingo I used to think in their language—you understand."

I thought of the note in my pocket.

"And yet you want me to save you?"

"No; not from their love," he answered, "not from their love. But—but last week. I—I went a bit too far, and when I—the fallen Meredith—the Kaffir Meredith—know and feel that I went too far, I must—have gone very far indeed. You know"—he put his hands under the table, and talked to the soda-syphon — "you know their Budghee?" ("The Budghee" was their annual sacrifice; a human body is done to death, and—the details are too revolting.)

"Well?" I said.

"Well," he said, "I was—I was there."

"And——"

"And," he went on, "and—my chest—my arm—was smeared too." He shuddered.

"Good God, Meredith!"

He whimpered like a beaten child.

I did not want to hear any more. I understood enough. He—my friend—had gone through that awful ceremony.

. . . . .

I took Meredith away with me.

We were to have over six months' leave altogether, and in those six months I was going to take him home, and see him married to Muriel Stollard, who had longed for years to share his home up at Pomooloo and make life brighter for him.

I pumped civilisation into him slowly; showed him that we used knives and forks as we had always used them; taught him to comb his hair and brush his teeth regularly. I was the head of a kindergarten that taught my one pupil that English is spoken by Englishmen without a native accent.

I was best-man at the wedding, and left England a month before the happy couple, in order to get up to Pomooloo and arrange details in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Meredith, and also to fix up quarters for myself there; for in a talk we had had with the firm, we had decided that Pomooloo, with the prospects of an increased output, should be run by two of us in future.

. . . . .

Now, I might say that they were married, lived happily ever afterwards, and that would be the end of the story; but the end of the story is not a bit like that.

Meredith and his wife were the happiest of couples; she revelled in the strange surroundings of Pomooloo, and, because she loved her husband, loneliness did not bother her. She loved him because he was John Meredith—loved him with all her beautiful heart, and they were like children in their happiness.

And Meredith? He idolised the girl; she was everything in the world to him, and no man could have done more for a woman than Meredith had done for his wife at Pomooloo.

He had made a beautiful home for her; he had not neglected anything that would add to her pleasure and comfort; and one of his last purchases in London

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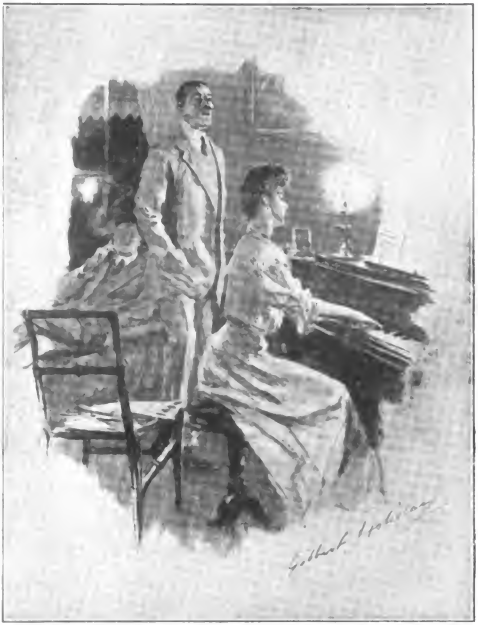
JOHN MEREDITH, SAVAGE

was an Erard piano, which I personally saw unshipped at the coast and loaded up with mattresses and wool and fibre for its long journey up the great "rubber road."

Sometimes, sitting in their pretty music-room watching the two of them together at the piano—she playing and he singing—his fine, handsome, sunburnt face close to her soft, pink cheek, I used to think of the Meredith I had found some months before. I used to think of the gruesome night when Meredith unburdened himself to me while the dawn crept in through the windows. And then I would look on this new picture in front of me—this cosy room, with its red lampshades and soft light, and those two happy souls in the brighter light by the piano, and I would marvel, as we all do, that such contrasts are possible.



Sometimes, sitting in their pretty music-room watching the two of them together at the piano . . . . I used to think of the Meredith I had found some months before

During the day I was away out in the plantation with the natives, and used to take my lunch with me, as it was too far to come back to the house for it.

Meredith would remain at the depôt, receiving and storing the rubber as I sent it in; and when I got back, usually after sundown, to find him and his pretty wife sitting together on the verandah, or doing some little work in the new flower garden, but always together, I realised that, for once in a way, marriage had been successful.

And the delight of getting into my quarters next to the house—bedroom and study—and finding hot water ready, clean towels, clean linen, wild flowers in vases, and—joy of joys to a bachelor—buttons on his shirts!

These were happy days. And this good woman was the cause. "When a woman's bad" said Meredith once, "she can be mighty bad; when she's good, she can take a man as near Heaven as he will ever get."

Before the rainy season set in I left the Mereditbs, much to my regret, to spend a few months at my old depôt, where a young Englishman had recently come to take charge. He had been at the coast, and knew enough of the work to be quite capable of dealing with the consignments that were to come down when the roads were passable; but at his own earnest request I joined him in his slack time to go into various details with him.

I spent nearly five months there—he was a very decent fellow—but I was glad to start again for the comfort and homeliness of Pomooloo.

I arrived there in the afternoon, and Muriel Meredith was standing on the verandah looking in my direction, and shading her eyes from the sun.

Muriel Meredith! What a pretty name, and what a pretty picture she was, in her cool muslin dress, standing in the golden sunset! "Meredith, you're a lucky beggar," I thought as I drove up; but I noticed that the face was pinched, and the mouth a little sadder than when I had last seen her.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come back!" she said. "It's—it's been quite strange without you."

"And I'm mighty glad to get back, too, Mrs. Meredith," I replied. "But where's Jack?"

"I think he's at Mbala's, arranging about fresh roads through the forest or something. He's had *such* a lot of work with Mbala recently."

Mbala was the head "boy"—the head native on the depôt.

"But the matter of the roads shouldn't take many minutes to discuss," I added.

"Oh, it's not only the roads; there are simply hundreds of things he had to consult Mbala about! And—and I do wish he wouldn't leave me alone so often!"

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JOHN MEREDITH, SAVAGE

There was a note in her voice that sent a shiver down my spine. Was this, then, the result of twelve short months of married life? Was this like all the others—another failure on the long list? "When she's good, she can take a man as near Heaven as he will ever get." The words came back to me—his words on women.

We went into the house, and Meredith came in just before sunset. He knew I had arrived, for he had seen the cart outside.

"Hallo, Clayton, old chap! Jolly glad to see you again! How are you?" he said, grasping my hand effusively.

"Very fit, thanks."

I noticed that he did not kiss his wife.

When the lamps were lit, I had a better chance of seeing him. The eyes were not so clear, the face not so full; he had also developed a nervous laugh.

And our meal together that evening—the meal that I had for months looked forward to—was almost painful.

I was conscious of the difference in these two since I had last seen them, and each of them knew it. Now, what had disturbed their peaceful, happy bliss?

I went to bed early, and thought over the thing. Under these conditions, life at Pomooloo would be unpleasant for all of us.

During the next week, however, I decided that there was not the estrangement between them that I had at first thought. Meredith was not so often with his wife as he used to be, certainly; but then, I argued, they'd been married twelve months. He would go off during the day by himself a great deal, and once or twice did not return for lunch. He was seeing to those roads.

Once he did not come back till after dark. He was flushed and excited, and gave an account of a chase on horseback after a buck he had wounded.

Now I began to miss the musical evenings, and again I would argue with myself on all I saw. There *was* a difference in these two; something *had* happened, and as each week went by, and I saw the marked changes in the spirits and faces of Meredith and his wife, I was tempted to have it out with him—tempted only.

Meredith would often go out after dinner now, about eight o'clock. If it was moonlight, he would take his gun and shoot a hare or two; some nights he would return late, and go to bed immediately; while she, the wife who had been patiently sewing or doing some fancy-work, would sigh and follow him.

And her wistful "Good-night, Mr. Clayton," would send me to my bed cold.

Meredith avoided me as much as he could now. This was forcibly brought home to me one evening when the three of us were together in the music-room. She rose from her chair, saying she was going to bed, as she had got a headache. It was only just after eight o'clock, and Meredith quickly got up and said he was going too. I knew it was to avoid being left with me. There was a wide gulf between us now, and for the life of me I could not tell what had caused it.

As each week passed, and Meredith looked more and more wretched, certain suspicions which I had formed about him gave me many sleepless nights and anxious days.

In the evenings when he would go off, I could not add to his wife's misery by sitting with her. I would shut myself in my room and think out what could be done to bring the two together again. But you can solve the mystery of a breach between man and wife in a minute; you will never discover the secret of lessening it in a lifetime.

We come now to the climax.

Meredith had been away for two whole days, and had returned on the evening of the third. His clothes were filthy, his face haggard, white, and wasted; there were some mutterings about a difficult cutting through a new drift, and that was all. He kept to himself during the day, and at meals scarcely spoke, nor did he look at either of us.

After dinner he went round to his office at the end of the verandah.

Some little while afterwards, I heard the swift pattering of bare feet coming from that direction, and, looking through the window, I caught a glimpse of what I fancied was a native running towards the huts.

It was quite warm and very still, save for the singing of the niggers away on the edge of the forest.

Mrs. Meredith went to bed at eleven o'clock. Her eyes had tears in them when she said "Good-night."

I waited till midnight, extinguished the lamps, and went outside.

I meant to find Meredith.

Instinctively I went into the thick of the forest, and walked, or scrambled, and slipped for an hour. It was very dark, and I made for a bright glare that I could see ahead.

And then I found Meredith.

From a small tree which I had climbed I saw everything.

In the centre of a cleared space a huge fire was burning; around in a circle were hundreds of natives, naked from their waists up; their skins, with the glow and reflection of the fire, looked bronze.

In the centre of this human ring, and near the fire, was Meredith. He was dressed as they were, and held a long assegai in his hand. As he finished speaking—it was more a monotonous chanting than a speech—he turned towards the flaming wood, and I noticed his chest and arms were redder than the rest of his body.

The Budghee ceremony!

The sight sickened me, and to this day I cannot remember how I came down from the tree.

I stumbled back to the house.

I went into Meredith's office, got his revolver, and loaded it, then waited on the verandah till he came. And in the dawning Meredith came out of the forest.

Objects were just discernible; it was that uncertain light one gets when the pink of day is in the east, and the blue of night is fading in the west.

Meredith glided up quickly, and I rose from my seat.

He stopped, motionless. His eyes were bloodshot and glared wildly.

When I came up to him I looked in them.

He saw that I knew.

Then I handed him the revolver and waved my hand in the direction of the thickest part of the forest.

He understood, but hesitated. He looked at the revolver in his hand and once at me, changed the revolver over from his right hand into the left, and slowly—very slowly—put out the right to me.

I shook my head, and he went where I had pointed.

A long time afterwards I heard a very faint report of a revolver shot. LEONARD FLEMMING.

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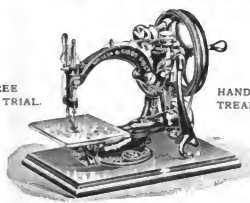

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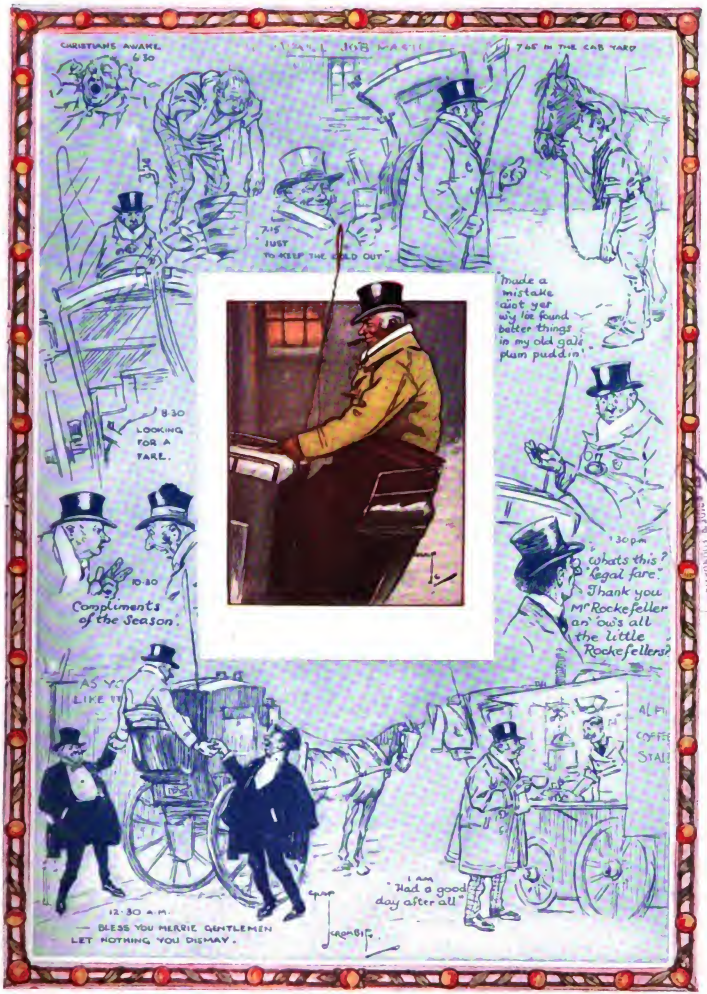
Cabby's Christmas Day



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THE BISHOP'S WEAKNESS

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

(Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD)

Lady Althea Bullen sat quite alone in her boudoir

LADY ALTHEA BULLEN sat quite alone in her boudoir, although Christmas Eve was more than half erased from the calendar of days.

Usually, at this time of the year, Dormy Place had not been big enough for the number of guests it was called upon to welcome; and in every room, gay voices and laughter made an atmosphere of youth and well being for the son of the house, who carried the joy of living in every feature of his debonair face, and every movement of his agile figure.

But the potentialities that lie in wait for contented mortals had changed all that—a week ago; and Lady Althea, having cancelled her thirty invitations, sat and endured the result—silence and loneliness.

Her handsome grey eyes, hard and bright, stared at the fire; her mouth, always a resolute one, set itself into firmer curves than usual, as though it would repress, by sheer force of will, a tendency to droop or quiver; her hands folded themselves in each other with a mutual assurance that they needed no familiar clasp to hold and warm them.

Lady Althea was alone by her own wish; she was determined not to regret it.

Yet when carriage wheels sounded on the drive, and the clang of the bell echoed through the empty rooms, she rose involuntarily and stood for a moment with the calmness all gone from her face, and two emotions battling with each other in her mind.

Then she moved to the speaking-tube by the fireplace and blew sharply down it.

"I am not at home to anyone," she said slowly and distinctly.

"A message is coming up, my lady," was the answer, and the next moment a footman entered, with a card on a salver.

The card had some writing on it, in addition to the name and address—"The Bishop of Ware, Wareham Castle."

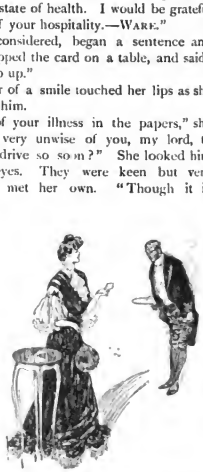
The message ran: "I must apologise for intruding on you, but I am on my way to Mrs. Elliot at Senbourne, and the drive is a long one for me in my present state of health. I would be grateful for half an hour of your hospitality.—WARE."

Lady Althea considered, began a sentence and stopped, then dropped the card on a table, and said: "Show the Bishop up."

The faint flicker of a smile touched her lips as she shook hands with him.

"I have read of your illness in the papers," she said; "is it not very unwise of you, my lord, to be taking a long drive so soon?" She looked him straight in the eyes. They were keen but very kindly ones that met her own. "Though it is fortunate for me," she added more graciously, "since it gives me the pleasure of seeing you."

"I counted on your forgiveness," said the Bishop, "when I stopped at your door. I felt sure you would take our mutual friendship with Mrs. Elliot



A footman entered with a card on a salver

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(Continued on page 29)

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THE BISHOPS WEAKNESS—(Continued from page 20)

as a personal introduction, and would allow me to waive ceremony and ask for the warmth of your fireside on my way."

He held out his hands to the blaze; white, thin hands but fine in shape, and expressive, as were his features, of nervous strength. The Bishop never allowed illness to impede him in his work.

Lady Althea handed him some tea.

"Mrs. Elliot is an old friend of mine," she said, "and I have often heard her speak of you. But I am surprised that she did not tell you her nearest station is Senbourne. I suppose you came to Tangley. It must be eight miles off." Her tone was a little questioning.

"Indeed," said the Bishop, "is it so far as that?"

"Not very favourable weather for driving, either," continued Lady Althea, with chilly politeness.

"No," he assented meditatively. "I have known it colder at this season, and I have known it warmer. I should prefer one or the other. Extremes are so much easier to deal with than a temperature that is neither friendly nor inclement."

He had been looking at the fire, but, as he concluded, he glanced at Lady Althea and smiled, and she found herself returning the smile, albeit unwillingly.

"Some time ago," she said abruptly, "when I was quite a girl, I heard you preach a sermon. The text was: 'Forgive us our trespasses.'"

"I remember every word of it," he answered. "I preached it at St. Mary Abbott's. I hope you liked it."

"Some of it," she said, "not all. I have not a very forgiving nature."

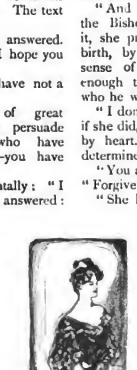
"Then it must be a matter of great self-congratulation for you when you persuade yourself to be lenient to those who have trespassed against you. Lady Althea—you have a son."

Her face hardened, and she said mentally: "I thought so; I was sure of it." Aloud she answered: "We won't speak of him, if you please, Bishop."

"I cannot claim any privilege of friendship yet," he said earnestly; "but will you grant me the privilege of an invalid, and let me disregard your prohibition?"

She was silent. The Bishop's voice was melodious at all times; with this persuasive accent, this hint of appeal, it was irresistible.

"I have met your son," he said, rising and speaking quickly, "not through Mrs. Elliot, as I see you are thinking, but by a singular chance. A curate of mine in my first living died a year ago—long after I had lost sight of him—and his widow came to me recently to remind me of my old friendship with her husband and ask my advice. He was one of the best fellows that ever lived, and I was glad to meet Mrs. Dereham again. She has one daughter——"



"She is a girl whom you could take to your heart"

Lady Althea interrupted him with a startled cry. "Eva Dereham!" she exclaimed stormily. "I have

"She has broken my heart," said Lady Althea, bitterly

one son, and she has taken him away from me—for ever."

"I trust not." The Bishop's voice was respectful but firm. "She is a good girl, a girl any mother—or mother-in-law—might be proud of. She took a situation as waitress in a tea-shop because they were almost starving; and it has done her no harm."

"She has been on the stage," protested Lady Althea.

"And that did her no harm either," said the Bishop equably, "though, after a month of it, she preferred the tea-shop. She is a lady by birth, by education, by instinct; a lady in every sense of the word. And she loves your son enough to try to send him away when she heard who he was."

"I don't believe it," Lady Althea broke out. "Or, if she did, it is because she has learnt Hugh's nature by heart. She knew it would make him more determined."

"You are unjust to her," said the Bishop quietly. "Forgive me for being frank."

"She has broken my heart," said Lady Althea, bitterly.

"Why?" The Bishop managed to convey a capacity for sympathy, comprehension, and condemnation withal, in this brief monosyllable.

"He came to me a week ago," said Lady Althea, suddenly throwing her reserve to the winds, "and told me, without any preliminary, that he was in love with an angel—who waited in a tea-shop and was the daughter of a clergyman. Was that not enough to break any mother's heart? I reminded him that he was ninth Baron Bullen, and owed some respect to his father's ancestors, even without considering mine, and I entreated him to give her up. He refused. I commanded him. He still refused. Then I told him to leave the room, and he said he would, and that he should never enter it again unless I asked him to.

"'Until you take back all the cruel things you have said about Eva,' he declared, 'I will never set my foot inside this door.'"

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THE BISHOP'S WEAKNESS

"Bishop——" she began

"Which door?" interrupted the Bishop.

Lady Althea dropped her impassioned tone for the moment. "What does it signify?" she said impatiently; "it was this very room as a matter of fact. I said to him: 'I take nothing back.' He knows that I have never broken my word in my life, and that I shouldn't respect him if he broke his. So the thing is settled."

Her voice gave way a little, in spite of her pride, and she put her handkerchief up to her face to hide the trembling of an unruly lip.

"Lady Althea, you are still quite young," said the Bishop earnestly, "in the very prime of your life; and you are absolutely devoted to your boy. Can you contemplate living year after year without him?"

She nodded her head; she had been too near breaking down to trust herself again yet.

"You knew nothing about Miss Dereham," he went on, "except those two facts. You may be the 'daughter of a hundred earls,' but that need not make you intolerant. Your son might have become engaged—following the example of so many of his fellow-peers—to an American rank-huntress, or a chorus-girl, and you could not have been more indignant. Ought you not to be thankful that he wishes to marry some one of his own class—the Derehams are a good old English family—whose only drawback is her poverty? With his rent-roll, that need not count. She is a girl whom you could take to your heart, and who would make the best of wives for your boy. Will you let a few hasty speeches divide you?"

"I cannot break my word," repeated Lady Althea. "You ought to be the last person to urge me to do that."

She had regained her self-control marvellously, and she even smiled as she reproached him.

"The fact is," she continued, "you offered to pay Mrs. Elliot a visit to-day on purpose to take me *en route*. She told me long ago that if you had a weakness, it was for playing the part of peace-maker. Now isn't that true?"

The Bishop attempted no denial. "Not an unforgiveable weakness, I hope," he said. "Are you going to let me go away ungratified? What did you both pledge yourselves to exactly? Tell me the precise words—if you remember them."

"Of course I remember them," Lady Althea answered scornfully. "His very last words were: 'Mother, you can't look me in the face and tell me you are not sorry.' I said: 'I will never look you in the face and tell you I *am* sorry—never—never!' That was my last word."

The Bishop's face lit up and his eyes wandered to the speaking-tube hanging near him.

"Where does this go to?" he said, lifting the mouthpiece.

"To the housekeeper's room."

"May I speak through it? I want to send a message out to the fly."

"Certainly."

The Bishop blew down the tube and an answering signal came up.

"Will you ask the gentleman in the fly," he said, "to come and speak to me through this tube? I have an important message for him."

He did not look at Lady Althea, though he was conscious that she had rose and was confronting him.

"Bishop——" she began; but he made a deprecating protest with his hand.

"After all," he said, "I think you are right. The drive has been rather too much for me. I am still far from strong. Do me one favour before I go. Say into that tube the words that are clamouring for utterance at your lips."

She made no answer.

"Lady Althea, I implore you take this opportunity," the Bishop pleaded. "Think of the long empty years—think of the endless days, as lonely as this has been—the dreary Christmas Eve—think of your boy's new-found happiness, blighted and shadowed by the loss of his mother whom he loves."

A sharp whistle sounded and she made an impulsive movement to the speaking-tube and lifted it to her lips. "I take it all back!" she breathed with soft emphasis. "You shall bring your Eva to me as soon as you like. But come to me now at once."

The Bishop rose and caught her hand in a swift strong pressure. "It will be all right?" he questioned.

"Those whom the telephone hath joined together——" began Lady Althea, in a mischievous voice.

"Let no man put asunder," concluded the Bishop. "I shall be ready to say the higher rendering whenever you send for me. I can manage the rest of my drive quite easily now, Lady Althea. And as I am due home for Christmas Day, I think I shall go back by train." His eyes twinkled, and he made for the door.

As he reached it, a young, impetuous figure passed him without a word.

"Mother!" said a glad, eager voice.

"Baby! How could you stay away so long?" answered Lady Althea.

And the Bishop closed the door, murmuring as he hurried downstairs, "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*"

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

"Those whom the telephone hath joined together——" began Lady Althea

"Let no man put asunder," concluded the Bishop

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No. 211.—Vol. XVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 18, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

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Fido (*Mr. Cyril Maude*) *to* **Charlie Marshall** (*Mr. C. V. France*): "Call me 'Fido' now, if you dare. Go on, I'm waiting!"

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"THE TURNING OF THE WORM" IN "FIDO" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

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No. 211—Vol. XVI. Wednesday, December 18, 1907

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Frontispiece	549	"The New Boy" at the New Theatre ...	577
Bystander Comments	551	By Field, Stream, and Covert	582
The World's Pageant	556	Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	586
Wig and Gown	566	Automobile Topics	590
The Playhouses	567	The Library	594
Continental Chat	570	Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	598
The Calm in Portugal	571	The Garden	VIII
Henley Regatta in the Antipodes ...	574	A Woman's Note Book	X
Our Worldly Short Stories. No 108.—"Fetters of Gold." By Katharine Renell	576		

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 4711 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE. LAST THREE WEEKS OF Mlle. GENEE in THE BELLE OF THE BALL. MORRIS CRONIN, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, etc. EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"The Fruit of the Tree." By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan: 6s.)
"Robin's Heritage." By Amy Le Feuvre. (Hodder and Stoughton: 2s.)
"St. Gwynifer." By Silas K. Hocking. (Hodder and Stoughton: 3s. 6d.)
"Finn and His Companions." By Standish O'Grady. (Fisher Unwin: 1s.)
"The Royal Navy." By H. L. Swinburne. Painted by N. Wilkinson. (Black: 20s.)
"Suppressed Plates." By G. S. Layard. (Black.)
"Essays." By James Anthony Froude. (Long: 6s.)
"The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon." By Henry Fielding. (Long.)
"The Struggle for a Royal Child." By Frau Ida Kremer. (Long: 6s.)
"The Complete Motorist." By A. B. Filson Young. (Methuen: 12s. 6d. net.)
"Society, Sin, and the Saviour." By Father Bernard Vaughan. (Kegan Paul: 5s.)
"The Clyde." By Mary V. and Young Hunter. (Black.)
"Pekin to Paris in a Motor-Car." By Luigi Barzini. (Grant Richards: 16s. net.)
"The Heritage of Dress." By W. M. Webb. (Grant Richards: 15s. net.)
"The Pirate's Pocket Book." By Dion C. Calthrop. (Sisleys: 12. 6d. net.)
"Humbug Rhymes." By Sir F. Burnand. (Sisleys: 1s. 6d. net.)

THE BYSTANDER

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER"

are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday December 18, 1907

The claims made on behalf of Major Fitzgerald's gun that it keeps cooler than any other gun yet invented appear to have a good foundation. The inventor, however, has still to show that his gun can keep as cool as the War Office.

• • •

Paboudny's oration, when the wrestling match went against him at the Pavilion last week, was not entirely comprehensible to the audience. But it is believed that he favoured a Reform of the Tariff, Universal Old Age Pensions for all persons over twenty-one, and such amendment of the Alien Immigration Act as would prevent the landing in this country of all persons answering to the name of Zbysco.

• • •

By the way, the "dramatic" nature of these athletic contests has become so noticeable that theatre managers are again urging that Music-halls should be compelled to take out a theatrical licence.

• • •

Scots are very much annoyed that ticklers and squirts should have been the chief feature of the Scottish Sunday which the New York police have insisted upon having observed in that city. They maintain that the true Scot can pull a long face on this day without any such adventitious aid as these implements supply.

Hard Put To It

PATRON (*who has bestowed one penny*): "Now, my good man, whatever you do, don't spend it in drink."
GRATEFUL RECIPIENT: "Lor' bless yer, no, sir. I'd invest it, if I 'ad my way, but wot with Consols so low, and Americans all 'iggledy-piggledy, a man's 'ard put to 'im to know wot to do with a bit o' capital nowadays."

By H. Hope Read

• • •

A Zulu Limerick

Said Mackenzie: "You black Zulu fule you;
I'm sending a cart and a mule—you
Had best drive it here,
Or I very much fear
You'll not live to Yule, Dinizulu."

• • •

"The League to Respect Women" is the name of a body which has been formed in France for the object of giving up seats in trains to women, and not smoking where women are present. It is believed that, as in some Suffragette Societies, a certain number of men will be allowed to become members of this League.

• • •

Viewed in a proper light, the increase of Tube fares, about which so many people are grumbling, is, of course, entirely in the public interest. Quick, as usual, to see how a bad habit can grow upon their passengers, managers have decided to stop it. And now it will be impossible for anyone to cling to a strap for an indefinite time, unless, at least, extra payment is made, or the train happens to stop in a tunnel.

• • •

Meanwhile, since omnibus fares have also been raised, quite a number of people are eager that Mr. Eustace Miles should revise his useful little book, "How to Live on Threepence a Day," as they would like to see it brought up to date.

• • •

Londoners have been most favourably impressed by the fat cattle at the Islington Show, and, in order that those who have not yet had the opportunity may meet them, several little Christmas dinners are, we understand, being arranged.

• • •

Fashion item—from a contemporary: "The large muffs are veritably an armful, very long in some cases, extraordinarily deep in others, and in the latter case provided with a well-lined receptacle for the hands." On the whole we recommend the latter kind. They may lack *chic*, but in many ways it is useful to have a muff into which one can put one's hands.

• • •

Mr. Trench and Mr. Holbrooke have collaborated in a Symphony, which is to be given at the Queen's Hall "in complete darkness." Perhaps if some of our more advanced dramatists would adopt this novel plan, the Censor might withdraw his veto from them, and the British drama might yet be saved.

• • •

A proposal is on foot in Vienna to celebrate the Emperor's Jubilee by making the wearing of side-whiskers universal. It is thought that, inasmuch as the Emperor wears this form of decoration himself, imitation would be a form of displaying loyalty. No doubt it would. At the same time attention ought to be called to the meaning of the word "Jubilee." It signifies a happy time. In our country—the birthplace of Mr. Frank Richardson—we know that no man with side-whiskers can be happy. He can hardly even be virtuous. Let the Austrians beware, then, of being too late. The Emperor's successor may have a chin-beard.

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Lessons in Journalese: No. 2

HOW TO WRITE FOR A HA'PENNY EVENING PAPER—THEME: "HAMLET"

SENSATIONAL TRAGEDY IN DENMARK.

OLD MAN KILLED—MISTAKEN FOR A RAT!

Young Lady Drowned.

THREE MEN DIE IN AGONY.

Foul Play Suspected.

("WHITE NIGHT-LIGHT" SPECIAL)

ELSINORE, Monday.

A terrible series of tragedies, involving the deaths of no less than five persons, has been enacted at Elsinore, on the island of Zealand, in Denmark. It appears that a young man called Hamlet, who was engaged to Miss Ophelia, daughter of Counsellor Polonius, was talking the other day to his mother on a matter of business connected with the family. Thinking he heard a rat behind the

DRAWING-ROOM CURTAIN,

he snatched up a sword and thrust it through the draperies in the direction from which the sound came — unfortunately killing his *fiancée's* father, who, as it happened, was passing at the time. The young lady's grief was pitiful to witness, and to distract her thoughts from the awful loss she had suffered, she devoted herself heart and soul to her favourite hobby of collecting the rarer kinds of

WEEDS AND GRASSES

which abound in the neighbourhood. Shortly after her father's death, while in pursuit of a particularly coveted specimen, she fell into the river and was drowned.

LATER.

The young man Hamlet succumbed this evening to a

LATE NEWS.

Items Received While Going to Press

FOOTBALL HALF-TIME.

Bolton 1 Notts Forest 0
Sheffield Wed. 0 Aston Vill. 0

ELSINORE HORROR
A Sixth Victim

Mother of young man Hamlet died this evening, 9.30 p.m., after drinking from poisoned cup. Two arrests have been made. Inquests on victims fixed for Thursday

"A paper that's newsy and breezy and bright,
It costs you a halfpenny,
THE WHITE NIGHT!!
-LIGHT!!!"
Of All Newsagents

flesh wound sustained in a fencing bout with the brother of his late *fiancée*. His opponent's weapon is said on good authority to have been poisoned. To the horror of all present, just before breathing his last, the

YOUNG MAN RAN AMOK

and turned the poisoned blade first upon his adversary and then upon his step-father, who had been an interested spectator, all three dying in the greatest agony within a few minutes of each other.

The greatest excitement prevails in Elsinore, where all the victims were well known, and the police are experiencing the greatest difficulty in controlling the den-e crowd which surrounds the house all day. Fuller details will be found in our later editions. A Table giving a complete list of previous tragedies at Elsinore will be found on page 5 of this edition.

דער
פּושע ישראל
אז דערמיט
מיט מערערקע ידישע לעטער
פיער קאסטלעלא.

See To-Morrow's "Daily Wail."

[ANOTHER LESSON NEXT WEEK]

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAVY: NO. 2—CLEARING FOR ACTION ON THE QUARTER-DECK

As we announced last week, we have, at immense cost, secured the services of Mr. E. G. O. BEUTTLER for a series of drawings in which he will vividly depict the high state of efficiency and precision which characterises the British Navy at the present moment, so that once and for all may be dispelled the reports of those panic-mongers who would belittle the work of our premier Service. The re will be a series of six drawings, which all students of the history of the times should keep by them, as they will form an important and authentic record of the British Navy in 1907
Special artist-signed proofs may be obtained from this office for 21/- each

(By E. G. O. BEUTTLER)

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"Bis Dat Qui Cito Dat"

Mr Isaacstein finds it bad enough to give readily—but to give twice!

BY SPENCER PRYSE

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Racing: 'Chasers and their Prospects. BY CARBINE.

High-Class Young Jumpers

As soon as flat-racing ends we begin to look out for likely National horses, and one or two are already marked. Among them is Mount Prospect's Fortune, an awkwardly named young horse, belonging to a keen Irish sportsman, Mr. Keith Malcomson, and trained by J. J. Maher at Winchester. I saw this horse win the Champion Steeplechase at Liverpool last Spring after running Old Fairyhouse and many others to a standstill; I saw him, too, beat Seisdon Prince and Nanoya very handsomely at Sandown Park recently. So much did he impress me, that I expect him to be a strong order for the Grand National unless the handicappers deal unreasonably with him. Maher has some fine 'chasers in his stable just now besides Mount Prospect's Fortune, notably the four-year-old Cackler, who is a real "smasher" I feel convinced. I don't suppose, however, that he will be started for the Grand National this season, as horses seldom run for that exhausting race until they are six years old. Maher is decidedly one of the men to follow this jumping season.

The Hartigans and Their Successes

Another very successful trainer is F. Hartigan, whose name is on the lips of all racegoers just now. Compared with some of the best-known steeplechase trainers, Hartigan is quite a novice; yet nobody can teach him anything of his business, and scarcely a day passes without his horses pick up one or two races. At the latest Sandown meeting he had the distinction of turning out four winners during one afternoon, and all of them were ridden by Mason, who is quite the most artistic and cleverest cross-country jockey now riding. These Hartigans are shrewd men, and they adopt the sensible policy of winning whenever they can instead of planning coups for big prices in the old-fashioned style. Where they have scored heavily over other trainers during the past month is in having most of their horses absolutely fit for the start of the season.

Some Old Friends

We have heard nothing of Eremon this season, but that capable trainer, T. Coulthwaite, will no doubt meet with his share of successes in the New Year. Another old friend, Ascetic's Silver, has not run this season, but he is in steady training at Wroughton, and Mr. Aubrey Hastings, most energetic of young men, hopes to win another National with the fine veteran 'chaser. It is interesting to know that Kirkland is still in training, and so is Leinster, one of the best horses that ever jumped a fence. The racing between now and Boxing Day is not of much interest, and I have no selections to offer.

THE COMING WEEK'S WEATHER.

December 18 to 24

Wed.	Particularly cloudy, with frost in the morning; generally overcast afterwards, with slight fog.
Thurs.	Very fine to overcast and unsettled, with probably slight shower.
Fri.	Overcast, with shower in early morning; finer afterwards, with slight fog.
Sat.	Cloudy to overcast, and unsettled at night, with shower.
Sun.	Overcast, with shower in early morning, and foggy during the day.
Mon.	Generally cloudy till afternoon, with probable shower; finer at night.
Tues.	Overcast, with slight fog in the forenoon.

Under a photograph in our issue of December 4 we stated that the winner of the Veterans' Challenge Cup in the Cambridge 'Varsity Steeplechase was Mr. A. H. Law's Loddon II., whereas Mr. K. W. W. Burton, whose photograph we published, secured the Cup.

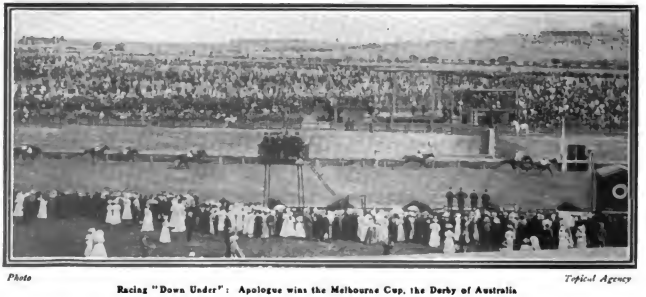

Photo Topical Agency

Racing "Down Under": Apologue wins the Melbourne Cup, the Derby of Australia

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Father Thames Again in Flood

Flood-threatened Factories at Caversham, near Reading

It will be noticed that "trespassers" boards have temporarily lost their vocations, though they may come in handy for boat-mooring purposes

The Delights of a Riverside Garden in Winter!

Photos *Bastin*

The Exuberance of Father Thames: The flooded stream, near Reading

Thames Valley residents are again experiencing the delights of a flood, for, owing to the recent rains, Father Thames has overflowed his banks, making the country-side into a huge lake, hundreds of acres being submerged. At Bourne End the water comes right up to the railway line, and the Reading Public Recreation Ground is under several feet of water

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The King as Cattle Breeder

ROYAL AND OTHER PRIZE EXHIBITS AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW

The King's Prize Shorthorn Steer
The winner of the First Prize and Cup for the best beast under two years old

The Best Beast in the Show
Mr. Peter Dunn's Shorthorn steer, Gentleman John. Curiously enough, however, this animal was only placed second in Class honours

The Royal Visitors at the Agricultural Hall: The King and the Prince of Wales inspecting the Champion
The 109th Smithfield Show, held last week at the Agricultural Hall, was favoured with the presence of two Kings, King Edward and King Haakon, and several members of the Royal Family. His Majesty exhibited many beasts from the Royal farms at Sandringham and Windsor, and won three first, three second, and three third prizes. The total number of entries was better than for many years past, and the general quality of animals shown was excellent

The King's Prize Hereford Heifer, Prudence
This beast was awarded the First Prize in the Hereford Heifer Class

The Prize Hereford Steer
The property of Sir J. R. G. Cotterell, and winner of both the First Prize in the Hereford Steers Class and the Breed Cup

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To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world go by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King of Sweden

In the faculty of kingship the new King of Sweden is, perhaps, more deeply versed than was his father before him. The late King Oscar was a man of great culture, unusual artistic ability, wide sympathies, and exquisite simplicity of mind. King Gustav is essentially a plain man; slow to act, but of penetrating judgment; more interested in sport than in science and the arts; and, altogether, possibly better fitted than his august father to rule a people who admittedly require "a sovereign for sixpence, plain, not coloured." He is poorer by £27,000 per annum than was his father when he came to the throne. For Norway is no longer in the hands of the Bernadottes, and with the partition of the countries that much revenue was lost to the Crown.

• • •

His Marriage

The new King of Sweden was born in 1858. He married, at Carlsruhe in 1881, Princess Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden and of Louise, Princess of Prussia and sister-in-law of the late Empress Frederick of Germany. By this alliance King Gustav added some of the necessary blue and Swedish blood to the *bourgeois* Bernadotte stock, for his Queen's grandmother was a Princess of Sweden in the ancient Vasa line. Queen Victoria is very delicate. She dislikes the North and the Northerners, and spends the greater part of the year out of Sweden, wintering, as a rule, in Algiers or in Egypt. King Gustav's second brother, Oscar, married morganatically some years ago Miss Ebba Munck, one of his mother's maids-of-honour, and Prince Eugène, his youngest brother, lives in Paris, where he pursues successfully the career of a portrait-painter.

SWEDEN'S NEW KING
H.M. Gustav V.

SWEDEN'S NEW CROWN PRINCESS
Princess Margaret (formerly of Connaught) with the Infant Prince Gustav Adolf
Owing to the general ill-health of the new Queen (Victoria) and her frequent absence from Stockholm, Princess Margaret will take first place at Court

• • •

His Family

King Gustav and Queen Victoria have three sons—Gustav Adolf, who now becomes Crown Prince; Wilhelm, who is engaged to a Russian Grand Duchess, and whose recent stay in America caused such commotion in American "upper circles"; and Eric, Duke of Westmanland. There are no daughters. The eldest son is most familiar to us in England as the husband of Princess Margaret, eldest daughter of the Duke of Connaught, and mother of two baby sons. The Crown Princess, owing to the ill-health of the Queen, will take first place at her father-in-law's Court. She was so little in England that not much is known of the personality of this Princess. But if, as is the case with the ladies of her uncle's Court in England, Court ceremonials and Court functions bore and tire her, then should she be happy in Stockholm, for the Swedish Court is simple and homely to a positively democratic extent. It is, indeed, a plain Court for a plain people. An audience of the King may be obtained with no more formality than the sending in of your visiting card. Imagine arriving at Buckingham Palace armed only with a card to see the King! "With the People for the Fatherland" is the Royal Swedish motto, and a severely sensible one it is, under the circumstances. The simple Swedes are everything that is democratic. They allow their Sovereign "no frills." The wonder is that they allow him any rights either.

• • •

The Modern New Year's Eve

The whole trend of modernity, it seems, is towards publicity in thought, in word, and in action. New Year's Eve—once the most homely, the most domestic, of functions—has become to-day the great night of the year in all the big restaurants. It is a form of laziness, this method of making merry in a crowd for a *prix fixe*. It is easier to pay one's guinea and be transported in return into an atmosphere of merriment—a little meretricious, perhaps, but still merriment of a kind—than it is to maintain the economical but somewhat melancholy merriment of the Yuletide domestic hearth.

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A Royal Salute

New Year's Eve at Claridge's

It says much for history when it can be revived with such *éclat* as is promised at Claridge's this coming New Year to commemorate the century's existence of this well-known hostelry. Just a hundred years ago the house came into being, under another title, and while nothing remains of the one-time probably sumptuous building, the traditions surrounding it still stand firm. Throughout the varying managements these have been successfully kept alive, although it has been reserved for Brarichini, the present presiding genius of the historic place, to bring them immediately to the front, the which he proposes to do by arranging a New Year's supper, to be followed by a dance for those who are disposed to terpsichorean exercise. Sir Roger de Coverly, as behoves the traditional atmosphere, will form the opening dance, and at a quarter before midnight the pending demise of the old year will be proclaimed by a fanfare of trumpets, following which a boar's head will be carried in, followed by a huge wassail bowl of punch. The sideboard, it is said, will be a sight to be seen, the central piece being a roast turkey, shadowed by a peacock's tail spread out to its full in the good old English fashion. Several other long-time-lost customs will be brought to light; in short, New Year's Eve spent at Claridge's has every prospect of proving one of the quaintest and most delightful events of the present winter season.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

A Royal Salute

H.R.H. the Princess Christian embracing the Duchess of Bedford at the opening of the Sale of Work for the Care of Friendless Girls

• • •

More Memoirs

Soon, what the memoir-reading world will not know of the later Victorian era simply won't be worth knowing. It has always been the fashion among great ladies in what Victor Hugo gracefully called the "youth of old age" to write their memoirs. As a rule, however, these memoirs were but for private or family circulation. To-day, however, following the example set by Madame de Boigne and Lady Dorothy Nevill, a more business-like and more paying procedure is in vogue. The books are published for the million at a price that the million can pay. Mrs. Cornwallis West's most interesting recollections are now running serially in the *New Century*, and now I understand that Lady Warwick is busily engaged in writing up her social—but not her Socialistic—memories. They should prove of absorbing interest to her ladyship's contemporaries at least, for Lady Warwick reigned as Queen of Beauty for many years, and as such, even though her husband chose the life sequestered rather than the life bellicose of his doughty forefathers, must have had some exceedingly interesting experiences. Let us hope Beauty will take its Due—and flout Discretion.

• • •

"The Illuminated Symphony"

The quaint piece of information comes to me that, on the 20th and 27th inst., at Queen's Hall, the programme will be made up by an entirely new art form—"The Illuminated Symphony." To the words of a certain poem, "Apollo and the Seaman," by a Mr. Herbert Trench (called by my informant the "poet *par excellence* of to-day"), are to be allied a symphony composed by Joseph Holbrooke. Performance to be given in a "dimly lighted hall, with musicians and invisible chorus." The words are to be thrown on a screen at the back of the stage by means of an intricate lighting apparatus. With the flow of the music the verses will pass slowly before the eyes of the audience. "Through eye and ear the brain will absorb a novel harmony, poetry and music working in accord to one uplifting end." One never knows quite who to be sorry for in cases like this, so perhaps a general expression of regret best meets the case.

• • •

The Sunday Concert Triumph

Apropos matters musical, the Queen's Hall Sunday Concert season is now in full swing. It is good to reflect that these most artistic entertainments—almost the best concerts to be heard, at any time, in London—continue to flourish, and that they have triumphantly survived the infamous attempt of the L.C.C. Puritans to stop them nine years ago. A more wanton intrusion on the popular privileges was never attempted than this, and Mr. Newman's cleverness in defeating it well merited the reward it has gained of constant and loyal public support.

• • •

Overheard at a Fashionable Bazaar

"Will your Grace buy this night-dress case?"

DUCHESS OF X.: "No, thank you; I never use such things.'

A BYSTANDER (*in a stage whisper*): "Of course not! she has a clean 'nighty' every night."

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Wedded With Military Honours

CAPTAIN ROSE MARRIED TO MISS LYCETT-GREEN AT YORK MINSTER

The Bridesmaids and Pages leaving York Minster

The six bridesmaids were Miss Phyllis Lycett-Green, the bride's sister, Lady Rosemary Cairns, the Hon. Violet Meysey-Thompson, Miss Brenda Woodhouse, Miss Esmée Bethell, and Miss Chloe Preston

The Arrival of Sir Edward and Lady Lycett-Green

The grandfather and grandmother of the bride

Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

The Bride and Bridegroom passing under an Archway of Drawn Swords after the Ceremony

York Minster was, on Saturday, December 7, the scene of the brilliant wedding between Captain Adrian Rose, of the Royal Horse Guards, the son of Mr. C. D. Rose, M.P., and Miss Nancy Lycett-Green, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lycett-Green, of Ashfield. The bride was given away by her father. A reception was held after the ceremony at the Treasury House

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A London "Gridiron" Dinner?

Photo *Topical Agency*

Walking Across the Ocean

(Or, to be more explicit, Pedestrianism in Canada). Miss Rosamund Dunn, the winner of the recent "Ladies' Walk" finishing at Toronto

Mr. Bryce's Rumoured Retirement

Among the distinguished guests at the Gridiron Dinner in Washington were Viscount Aoki, the Japanese Ambassador, whose recall to Japan is announced, but who pleads old age as the sole reason for such retirement, and Mr. James Bryce, whose withdrawal from his Ambassadorship at Washington is again reported and denied. In Washington the same is said of Viscount Aoki as of Mr. Bryce—*i.e.* that both may be—are indeed proved to be—good men in their respective spheres, but that those spheres are not diplomacy; and that in neither case is the Ambassador to the taste of his compatriots in America. This is exactly what I ventured to say of the Government's choice of an Ambassador at the time of the appointment. And my forecast does not seem to have been so very wide of the mark.

* * *

A London Gridiron Dinner

It really would not be at all a bad idea if, in order to relieve the awful monotony of some London banquets, we could adapt thereto that form of entertainment which is typified by the Gridiron Dinner. This dinner, given each year under the auspices of the Gridiron Club, is one huge "rag." It is attended by all the leading men of the day, and its whole idea is the caricaturing and "ragging" of such men. Ambassadors, statesmen, writers, all take part; generally the President is a guest, and the whole affair is treated as such a tremendous joke and with such wild hilarity that even the waiters are unable to wait, being most of the time crumpled up in agonies of laughter. A feature of this year's dinner was a huge phonograph, which, during the speeches, fittingly impersonated the absent President. At critical moments, "Lie! lie! lie!" it bellowed, and "Undesirable citizens!" "Criminal rich!" "Molly-coddles!" "Fat Colonels!"—all pearls from the White House—were only a few of its insinuating interruptions. Seriously, I think it would be charming to have the same kind of thing over here. Imagine Mr. Balfour in the midst of a post-prandial Tariff Reform exposition interrupted by a gramophoned Premier with "Enough of this foolery!" or Winston by the jeering "Termin——," etc. While everybody in turn would, of course, suffer from shrill feminine yells of "What about women!" and "Give us the Vote!"

* * *

The House and the Motor

Once upon a time, when the world was so young it had no sense of the fitness of things in general, or of motor-cars in particular, houses were built for man. To-day the house is built primarily for the motor, only secondarily for man; and a case in point is proved in our illustration. Mrs. Walker Munro, one of the most enthusiastic lady motorists in England, has had her house at Milford, on the Hampshire coast, especially built with an eye to motors, the garage from which she is to be seen emerging being in the centre and best part of the house. Mrs. Walker Munro drives a 40 h.-p.

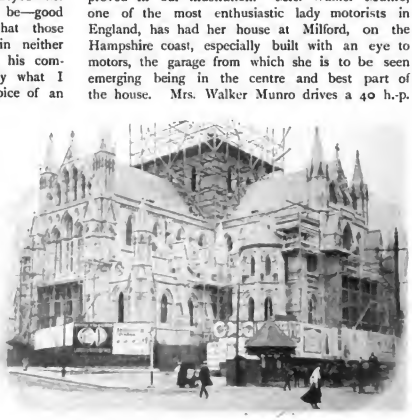

Photo *Park*

The New Catholic Cathedral at Norwich: Its present state

The Cathedral being built for Norfolk Catholics by the Duke of Norfolk is rapidly approaching completion. Soon will the scaffold-poles be removed, and soon, too, we hope, the picturesque but scarcely Pontifical encyclicals concerning tea, starch, and meat extract which at pre-sent adorn its protecting boardings

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A "Motored" Grange in Hampshire

six-cylinder Napier car. Since she first took up motoring she has covered some 60,000 miles on the Continent and at home, and has had no fewer than six cars, all Napiers. Mrs. Walker Munro is engineer as well as driver, and there are few points on which she is not capable of testing her cars.

* * *

Lord and Lady Armstrong

Another lady well known as an expert driver of big cars is Lady Armstrong. Her Town house being let for a long period to the Earl of Wharncliffe, she and Lord Armstrong, her mother, Lady Adye, and her little daughter, the Hon. Winifreda Watson-Armstrong, have settled down for the rest of the winter at Lord Armstrong's charming villa at Mentone. Lady Armstrong, while on the Riviera, does much motoring. She is a first-rate driver, and is often to be seen driving her magnificent 40 h.-p. Mercédès. She is also an enthusiastic golfer. Lord Armstrong, intends, on his return to England, to take up residence at Bamburgh Castle, which is now thoroughly restored. Both Cragside and Jesmond Dene will probably be let for a period. His lordship's wealth has been freely and philanthropically distributed, among his disbursements being a large subsidy for the Armstrong College at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a large holding of shares in *The Throne*, an interest which has so often been evident in the literary and pictorial pages of our majestic contemporary.

Mrs. Walker Munro
In her 40 h.-p. Napier at Milford

* * *

The King at Blankney

It is many years since the King visited Blankney. On the last occasion he was Prince of Wales, his present host was still Lord Rainscliffe, and Mr. Henry Chaplin was Squire of Blankney. The house, which Mr. Chaplin sold to the late Lord Londesborough, is large and comfortable, and contains some good pictures, and that is about all. It is in no way picturesque, and it is surrounded by depressingly ugly country. Flowers "grown on the premises" are, however, a feature of Blankney, as, indeed, they are in all the three houses over which Lady Londesborough reigns, for her ladyship, who is a sister of Lord Westmorland, is a great flower lover, as well as a noted hostess and an enthusiast on all forms of outdoor life.

* * *

A Crowded Week

It has become so much the fashion to attend the Courts, police and otherwise, whenever there is a case verging on "*le hig lif*" to be tried, that really last week was quite breathless, in so helter-skelter a fashion did functions of the kind follow one after the other. There were two hearings of the inevitable Druce Case, and there was also the long and eagerly

A "Motored" Grange in Hampshire: Mrs. Walker Munro's house at Milford

The motor has long been an all-pervading influence of England's one-time stately homes. At last it has been fairly and squarely recognised that houses must be architecturally adapted to its uses—that one's grange, to be endurable, must certainly be "motored." Above is a representation of such a house—that of Mrs. Walker Munro, at Milford, Hants. The central idea of the house is a garage, with suitable motor-entrance in place of the front door now almost as obsolete as pedestrianism itself. Mrs. Walker Munro may certainly be congratulated on a picturesque as well as a highly utilitarian result, for, to the eye, the house is by no means ungrateful

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Last Week's Breach of Promise Case

awaited Atherton *v.* Yarde-Buller breach of promise action in Mr. Justice Darling's Court.

• • •

In Court

For the hearing of the Atherton case, an exceedingly smart crowd turned up. It was, of course, almost entirely feminine, though there were a few male friends of the defendant's present. Its disappointment when an early and unexciting settlement was ingeniously arrived at was really quite distressing to behold. It, the crowd, had come, in large hats and furs, prepared, if need be, to starve, but eager at any rate for developments. Beyond the reading of some of Captain Yarde-Buller's very loving love letters there were none. Mrs. Atherton, picturesque and brilliantly attired in black and sables, came off with comparatively flying colours. Captain Yarde-Buller went off home in a cab, having agreed to pay costs (no small amount, such stars as Mr. Rufus Isaacs, Sir Edward Carson, and Mr. Lush being engaged on the case), and having "acceded to the position the plaintiff was seeking to maintain," namely, as Sir Edward Carson put it, "that she did not in a light way give herself to this gentleman, Captain Yarde-Buller." And so ended—in bitter disappointment for the aforesaid attendant sensation-mongers—a case which had promised so well!

Mrs. Atherton Entering the Law Courts
She was last week the plaintiff in a breach of promise case brought against Capt in the Hon. John Yarde-Buller

• • •

Sunday Dining

A feature of modern social life which has come with rapid strides to the forefront of fashion during the last few years is that of dining in public restaurants, on Sunday nights in particular. During the Victorian era, Sunday-night dining in restaurants was a privilege reserved exclusively for members of the dramatic profession. The rest of the world dined at home or not at all. Mrs. Cornwallis West, in her "Recollections," relates how, during a hurried journey through Town with her husband, Lord Randolph Churchill, there was but one frowsy place at which to dine in all London. To-day, the habit of Sunday dining has spread to all classes of society, from that which favours Claridge's and "The Widow" to that still more numerous class

Photos *Illustration Bureau*

Last Week's Breach of Promise Case: The crowd waiting for the opening of the Court

The large crowd which flocked to the Law Courts last week to hear the breach of promise action brought by Mrs. Atherton, the divorced wife of Colonel Atherton, against Captain the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, the son and heir of Lord Churston, and now married to Miss Denise Orme, were disappointed in their expectations, for a quite unexciting settlement was arrived at in Court, the defendant admitting the promise and paying the costs. Mrs. Atherton's original claim was for £20,000

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"La Tetrazzini"

A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRIMA DONNA

(Specially taken by the Graphic Photo Union)

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The Decay of Piracy

which dines sumptuously in seven-courses for two shillings and a bottle of Graves.

* * *

A Reason for It

The servant question, of course, has been the abiding factor in the rapid rise of the Sunday restaurant dining habit. In Mayfair, as in Hampstead, the servant still clings tenaciously to the time-honoured "Sunday off." Dinner anywhere but at home, therefore, not only conduces to a gaiety of spirit not easy of attainment amid the rollicking delights of a Sunday in Town, but also, in passing, drops a welcome drop of oil upon the domestic wheels. One of the latest restaurants to cater especially for the Sunday dinner is the Gaiety. Here, when last week in search of pastures new I turned in to dine, I found a delightful concert in progress. I had an excellent dinner, too, finding myself, by the way, only in fresh fields so far as environment was concerned, for all around me were faces well known in the London world.

* * *

Captain Kidd's Lost Chance

On this page our artist has done something which will not, I hope, involve me in a charge of incitement to the crime of piracy—if, indeed, piracy would be considered a crime by a Government which is so enamoured of cattle-raiding. He depicts the shades of Captain Kidd and crew contemplating the tremendous potential prey which is afforded by the *Mauretania*, the cargo of which, on one of her recent voyages, teemed with bullion, *en route* to relieve the money famine in New York. Who can say that Crime is what it was? A generation of criminals which allows millions of pounds to float over the ocean without even the thought of an attempt at capture cannot be called a generation of criminal enterprise. So much the better for Society, you say? M'yes. But the days which produced the Pirate were also the days which produced the British Empire. Captain Kidd and the skull and cross-bones have gone, and, with them, a good deal of—— But Christmas impends. Away, divinest melancholy!

By Tony Sarg

"Oh, for a crowded hour of glorious life!"
Shades of Captain Kidd and crew contemplating the passage of the *Mauretania*, which, on a recent voyage, conveyed millions of pounds in gold to relieve the money famine in New York

By Tony Sarg

* * *

An Italian Camarilla

One scandal breeds many. In Florence the attention of the police has been directed to the practices of a clique of German nobles and officers. In Rome a lawsuit is in progress against a German photographer, who was called by Herr Brandt as a witness against Prince Bülow, and this photographer is said to have been an agent for an International group, whose headquarters were at Taormina, Capri, Naples, and Rome. His correspondence, which has been seized, is alleged to compromise noblemen and celebrities in almost every country in the world, and, altogether, the trial promises to be the most sensational Rome has known for a long time.

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The Latest Scandal in Our Village

DISCUSSING IT OVER A "DISH O' TEA"

BY NOEL POCOCK

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Matters Musical

Ecstacy!

Concerning the Piano-Player

Thanks, partly, to the presence during a brilliant autumn opera season of such dazzling stars as Tetrazzini, Maria Gay, and Giachetti, and to the general excellence of the Concerts at the Queen's Hall, the musical world of the Metropolis has of late been too busy enjoying itself to bother about abstract problems.

One of these, however, which, sooner or later, it will have to face is the extraordinary rise in popular esteem of the mechanical maker of music.

By constantly improving their wares by new and ingenious devices, the manufacturers of piano-players are slowly but surely removing from them the reproach that they are, as interpreters of masterpieces, still chill. and therefore, artistically speaking, *nil.*

It is true that the mechanical piano-player can never hope to impart to the masterpieces of music the power and magic of a Paderewski, the fairy-like suavity of a Pugno, the poetry and intellect of a Busoni, the digital devilry of a Godowsky.

But all this has no more been claimed for the Pianola than for man that he has all the graces of all the gods and all the majesty of Heaven. What it offers to the world is not the supersession of the genius, but of the duffer. Mediocrity in music is of two classes. There is he or she (it is often "she") who has technique without expression, and there is he or she (it is generally "he") who has expression without technique. In the train of the one pianist who possesses both, linger a thousand who have only either, and tens of thousands who have neither. They struggle on, incidentally, no doubt, affording themselves and uncritical friends a modicum of pleasure; but how much better, by far, if they frankly admitted their defect and paid Tribute to the Art to which they profess allegiance by buying a Pianola.

With Guitar Accompaniment

The virtue of the Pianola is that it provides not the talent itself, but the material for its exercise. Its technique is, as needs it must be, Perfection. No false notes, no lacerating discords! Exactitude of notation, even when Tschaikowsky or Berlioz, or the terrible Richard Strauss himself, is being encompassed, not to mention such comparatively simple masters as Mozart and Beethoven The "hack work" is done for you, detailed exactitude is there, and you are saved all those weary years which you might have squandered on a vain endeavour to master the keyboard and its attendant complications of fingering, phrasing, and wrist-straining. All the kitchen-work of music is done for you. But there is still the opportunity for you to exercise your faculty as an *artist.* Seated at the keyboard, no longer must your entire brain be absorbed in the task of making your fingers respond to the with-difficulty-puzzled-out intricacies of somebody's score. Your whole brain, your whole heart, and your whole soul (to say nothing of your whole hands) can be given up to time and expression. Let it be said that there is no shade of expression or of accent that is not impartable by use of the various levers and by employment of one or other of the pedals. You are fancy free to play a piece as you like. You can play it divinely or devilishly—like an artist or like a fool—as your conscience or audience permits. The chances are, of course, that you will try and play it on the former model. Here, however, the tyro is confronted with some difficulty. Taking a piece for the first time, no doubt it will not be the easiest thing to improvise the needed expression. By use of the Metrostyle (which is attached only to the Pianola, Orchestrelle Company, 135-6-7, New Bond Street), it is possible to secure Olympian inspiration to guide you. On the Pianola music-rolls is a red line showing the interpretation of the work as given by a great composer or pianist. By following this line with the Metrostyle pointer you can reproduce the subtleties of rhythm and expression of the artist who has personally authorised it Thus, if from a consciousness of your own imperfection you hesitate to interpret Chopin, or Schumann, or Liszt according to yourself, then interpret (by means of the red line) according to one of music's admitted Titans. Be a Paderewski in your drawing-room, a Grieg by your "ain fireside."

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THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

LYRIC THEATRE

Another revival of *Monsieur Beaucaire!* Truly this fire-eating hero, who makes short work of a round half-dozen opponents, is beloved of the playgoing populace. It is so long since the first production that I had almost forgotten, until it was recalled to me, a little joke attending the initial production much appreciated in professional circles. A certain youthful critic upon one of the daily papers, in his rhapsody upon a play (which leans more towards the popular and the commercial than the artistic sides), referred to it as that "fine old English comedy." *Monsieur Beaucaire*, with all its faults, is a good specimen of melodrama, well swaddled in eighteenth-century costume, and further concealing its identity by means of flowery eighteenth-century speech. It is what people want, and what they want they pay to see. Hence, a "money-maker" which will stand recurring revivals. Hardly the play, perhaps, to figure in the Anglo-Continental Dramatic Company, which Mr. Grein is engineering for the purpose of teaching our neighbours across the Channel not to look down upon English plays and players; but still a play which will always take in England so long as the theatre occupies its present position in England. What is that position? Why, an institution which, to borrow a catch-phrase of a magazine of American origin, is intended not to instruct, but to entertain. And I verily believe that if a poll were taken of Mr. Waller's very large circle of admirers they would rather see him as Monsieur Beaucaire than as Henry V. "Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

Photo *Fowlsham and Banfield*

Latest Portrait of Mr. Lewis Waller

Who is to be seen at the Lyric in his old part of Monsieur Beaucaire. Next week Mr. Waller revives *Robin Hood*

Mr. J. T. Grein and His Projects

Pressure upon space in our last issue (the Christmas Number) compelled me to postpone reference to the big complimentary dinner to Mr. J. T. Grein, upon the occasion of his twenty-fifth anniversary as dramatic critic. It was a great occasion, the guest of the evening having to hear not only the sweetest things spoken, but to accept a bust of himself. By-the-by, it is not true that some of the other critics have since been heard dragging in references to "My friend Rodin" in casual conversation. One of the most interesting points in the speeches was made by Mr. Grein himself. It concerned his intention, referred to in the previous paragraph, to organise an Anglo-Continental Dramatic Company, which would tour France, Holland, and Belgium, for the purpose of making the playgoing inhabitants of those countries better acquainted with the best English plays of recent years. This is a happy thought of Mr. Grein's. Because our drama has been run on strictly commercial lines it has been the fashion of foreign (and of many English) writers to deride the condition of the English stage. If plays and players are judiciously chosen (and there is every reason to hope such will be the case), Mr. Grein's scheme should certainly have the effect of charging, or rather of modifying, the opinion of foreign critics upon the English stage. We are insular, indeed. But they are peninsular in the same sense. They are as much bound by prejudice and tradition as we. The accepted notion abroad of the English stage is too akin to the accepted notion of our appearance and characteristics. Some of the criticisms passed upon the English stage by our Continental neighbours are about as near the mark as the caricatures which appear upon us in their comic papers. The opinions of our Continental critics need as much revising as the outlines in black and white of one of "*les Anglaiches*," a loosely built creature dressed in a loud check golfing suit, adorned as to his head with a tweed cap, smoking a curved pipe, and grinning to display a set of teeth which, if sown, would produce a crop of the most alarming warriors.

Photo *Lassano*

A Clever Child-Actress

Little Miss Le Marchand as Lira in *Peter Pan*, which was revived on Monday at the Duke of York's. She also plays the part of the Baby Mermaid

HAYMARKET

"The Education of Elizabeth"

On a celebrated occasion an author-actor stated, with an air

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of lofty unconcern, that he did not read the Press notices of his productions — and the playgoing world laughed. Mr. Roy Horniman can make no such claim. A wise beginner, he has not only made a careful study of the notices, but has actually adopted counsels contained therein. In concert with many of my brothers of the pen, I complained that the playwright had started gaily along the plane of comedy and had fallen off almost within reach of his goal. We laughed with Elizabeth the hoyden and with Elizabeth the prude. But we laughed *at* Elizabeth the distressful heroine in a Bloomsbury lodging waiting to be rescued by her modern knight-errant. Hence Mr. Horniman has blown the last act—to Bloomsbury, and has substituted a well-written, sensible ending to his play, unmarred by high-falutin' passages. The new Elizabeth is Miss Hilda Anthony. She is clever, good-looking, and quite charming. E. C. S.

SHAKESPEARE THEATRE

Something New in Pantomimes

The pantomime which Mr. H. G. Dudley Bennett will present to his patrons on Christmas Eve at the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham, though written by Mr. William P. Sheen round the well-known subject of "Cinderella," will contain features hitherto unassociated with this favourite children's Yuletide extravaganza. The pantomime proper is evolved from the discovery of an Aladdin's lamp, which falls out of a huge cracker, a present to one of the children at the party held on Christmas Eve at the house of Sir Jonathan Cholmondeley, Bart. On being rubbed, the Genie of the Lamp appears, who is, of course, the magic cause of the subsequent proceedings. Mr. Dudley Bennett has a find in the person of Miss Gay Silvani, a charming young actress lately playing in *The Dairymaids*, whom he has engaged to fill the rôle of Cinderella.

The Indian Rope Trick at St. George's Hall

Mr. Devant's name is once more included in the performance. He appears in a little playlet, entitled *The Magical Master*, in which he introduces the rope trick. An Indian swarms up a rope, is fired at, and vanishes into thin air. St. George's Hall will be one of the most popular places of entertainment with the young people during the Christmas holidays

ALHAMBRA THEATRE

Mlle. Gaby Deslys produced at this theatre the other evening a delightful musical sketch, entitled *The Magic Toy*. The little piece calls up vivid recollections of *La Poupée*, inasmuch as, to gain the affections of her lover the more quickly, Mlle. Deslys substitutes herself for the life-size doll which he has sent her packed in a gigantic Easter egg. In this guise she sings charmingly, dances with great daintiness, and shows herself a comedienne of exceptional ability. She is ably assisted in the sketch by Mons. Georges Choof. The Vernette Carpatii Trio, bar gymnasts, are making their first appearance in England here. They give a novel and extremely daring display, and should prove a valuable acquisition to the programme. The Urbanora shows films of the great Boxing Contest.

LONDON HIPPODROME

The Hippodrome management have secured a great attraction in the person of Master Max Darewski, the boy pianist and conductor. This youthful musician has recently had his hands insured for £5,000, the premium being £50 a quarter. Young Max plays a pianoforte solo, and then conducts the Hippodrome orchestra. The evening I was present he chose the overture to *William Tell* for this latter performance, which was sufficient amply to prove him to have a thorough grasp of his subject.

LONDON PAVILION

A bright entertainment is provided at this hall. Mr. George Mozart is still playing a racing drama all by himself. In turn he is hero, villain, villainess, and a host of other characters. His "take-off" of melodrama is exceedingly humorous, and bids fair to remain for some time one of the favourite items in the programme. Stylo is back here with his marvellous hoop display. Mr. Albert Whelan, the Australian comedian, is always sure of a welcome. Mr. T. E. Dunville is as grotesquely funny as ever. Miss Lily Harold appears in a song scena. The Pavilion Girls are graceful and dainty dancers. Mr. Arthur Aldridge uses his fine tenor voice to great advantage. Other turns are supplied by the Fitzroys, Miss May Henderson, Mr. Jack Mills, the Pasquali Brothers, and, finally, the Wrestlers. R. M.

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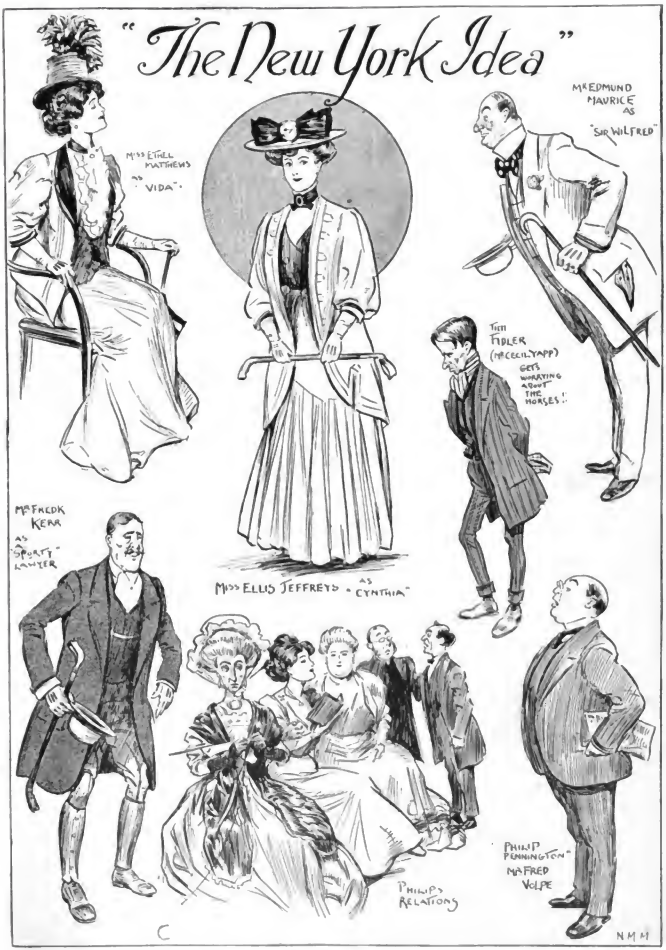

SKETCHED AT THE APOLLO THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

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CONTINENTAL CHAT

Prince von Bülow Again

Prince von Bülow, who has, once again, triumphantly emerged from a seeming *impasse*, is really a clever man. Even his fiercest opponents have never failed, in the ultimate resort, to play into his adroit hand. A great Frenchman once said that he owed ten times as much to his adversaries as he did to his friends, and that, as a public man, he would rather be accused of murder than left alone. Perhaps Prince von Bülow, who has been pitched into mercilessly by nearly all the newspapers in Europe, and has had to fight for political life with every party in the Reichstag and fence with nearly every higher official in the German Service, might say the same. Anyhow, he nearly always comes out with flying colours. When he was ill, the Emperor was confronted with the possibility of having to find a successor for him, but nobody was able to suggest a man who would have been worthy to take his place. And now he has triumphed by the mere threat to resign, so indispensable has he become to his country.

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The Secret of Bülow's Success

One of the secrets of his success is certainly his unfailing good humour. His motto is: *Rien au tragique.* When he comes down to the Reichstag, every seat in the House and the gallery is occupied, and everybody makes up his mind to have a pleasant *quart d'heure.* He is not unlike Mr. Balfour in the kindly atmosphere he has been able to create around him. If he has many opponents, he has few enemies. In Society, though he has little time for its frivolities, he is full of unrestrained gaiety, and nothing pleases him better than to air his English — which is excellent — in the company of any handsome Englishwoman who may have found her way to the German Capital. How he finds time to know everything that is going on in the world, from the most frivolous to the most serious, is a puzzle to his friends. But conversation with him flows on every conceivable topic—the drama, poetry, music, literature, architecture, etc.—with an intellectual *negligé* that is most fascinating. To say that Prince von Bülow is a linguist is a quite inadequate description of his accomplishments. If his English is refined and scholarly, his French is *spirituel*, and has just that flavour of the *Boulevardier* which is like the bubbles in champagne. It would be interesting, should Prince von Bülow come to England, to hear him converse with our Prime Minister in French. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman speaks French admirably, which is, of course, well known.

Photo *Bolak*

Elizabethan Garb, A.D. 1907

The quaint official costume of a Hamburg Sheriff

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The Austrian Diamond Jubilee

The aged Emperor of Austria has now quite recovered from his illness, and is frequently to be seen walking about the grounds of Schönbrunn. I have always been astonished to see how unguarded the Emperor generally is. In the morning at nine, after his second breakfast—the first having been taken at five—he goes for a walk, accompanied by one aide-de-camp, a veteran as ripe in years as himself. What an easy prey he would be for Anarchists, and yet, although plots against him have been talked about, none has hitherto been put into execution. Fortunately, the new one has been discovered in time. It would, indeed, have been a sad termination to the reign of this aged monarch if his Diamond Jubilee had been signalised by an outrage. In spite of the loose attachments between the component parts of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, the Emperor is beloved in all parts of his motley dominions. His family misfortunes, if anything, have added to the kindliness felt for him by his people. Not that he has any personal charm or has shown any remarkable political ability

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The Calm in Portugal

VIEWS OF TWO TOWNS PROMINENTLY CONCERNED IN THE PRESENT RESTFUL CRISIS

The Peace in Lisbon: Looking over the City to the Tagus from "Nossa Senhora do Monte"

The Portuguese capital, now the centre of a serious, but quite pacific, political crisis, is situated on a range of hills, the summits of which are crowned with the remains of ancient monasteries. The streets of old Lisbon are narrow and ill-kept, but the modern city is spacious and handsome

Photos] **The Quiet in Oporto: The Rua Santo Antonio, the principal business street** *[Underwood*

Oporto, Portugal's second city, is her principal port, and, of course, the chief place for the export of wine

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In a Paris Pawnshop

except in a sort of steady obstinacy in the maintenance of things as they are. His aristocratic bearing always appeals to the multitude, and this he has in a degree possessed by no other monarch in Europe. He has also a certain Royal *savoir-faire* in emergencies which he has from time to time used with great effectiveness for the benefit of his country. A little incident illustrating this, which is not generally known out of Italy, occurred last year.

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After Algeciras

After the conference at Algeciras the Kaiser sent one of his unfortunate telegrams to Count Goluchowski, the Austrian Foreign Minister, thanking him for the support he had given to the German representative, and promising similar support to Austria should the case arise. There were two blunders in this simple act. It was not, in the first case, correct for a foreign Sovereign to send such a telegram to the Foreign Minister of a fellow-Sovereign. But the greater blunder was in enraging all Italy by this apparent promise to assist Austria in possible troubles with Italy, the only case that was the least likely to arise. The Emperor at once showed his view of the matter by promptly sending a most cordial letter of sympathy to King Victor Emmanuel in connection with the terrible eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and by contributing an unusually large sum for the relief of the sufferers. This immediately closed an incident which came at a most unpropitious moment and threatened even to give rise to public anti-German manifestations throughout Italy. In such matters the Emperor has the readiness and tact of our own King, and this perhaps more than anything else accounts for the way in which, without departing from his ordinary routine, he has been able to hold together the inharmonious elements composing his Empire. The feeling of gratitude towards him has grown since his recovery. More and more do his subjects feel how difficult it will be to replace him.

Motor-Cycles as Pledges

Many and curious are the articles in pledge at the Paris Municipal pawnshops. Above will be seen a few motor-cycles, "popped, possibly, by weary wayfarers as much in search of a handy garage as of financial assistance

Photos] **Not an All-Night Police Court! Customers awaiting their turn at the Paris Municipal pawnshop** *[L. F. A.*

The gentle art of pawning things is not, according to the French idea, a matter to be ashamed of. The procedure at a Municipal pawnshop in Paris is far different from the furtive movements which characterise the would-be pawner in England, who "pops" so very privately

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The Exodus to Egypt

CHARACTERISTIC CAIRO: IN THE "MOOSKI," OR NATIVE QUARTER

Photo *Anglo-Swiss Studio*

A Native Cook-shop

The Mooski is the native quarter of the now fashionable and very Occidental town of Cairo. There, at any rate, we can breathe the Oriental atmosphere, that most fascinating, but not most sanitary of odours. In few Eastern cities is a more cosmopolitan scene than in the Mooski. One meets there every kind of costume and colour. The above is a general shop in the quarter. The pile on the right of the counter is native bread. In the centre are sugar-canes. The shopman is serving cooked beans out of the big tin, having prepared them on the little stove at the back

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Henley Regatta

THE BRILLIANT SCENE—SO REMINISCENT OF OUR OWN THAMES FESTIVAL—

Just as the famous regatta in the Old Country is held when the Thames is looking at its brightest, so the Henley-on-Yarra Regatta, one of Melbourne's most fashionable functions, takes place during the ideal late spring-like weather of an Australian autumn. Like many great festivals of sport in the Antipodes—notably the Melbourne Cup Meeting, a function which rivals our famous Derby in popularity—the Australian Henley triumphantly vie this year numbered over fifty thous figures of Melbourne society, inclu and the Governors of Queensland, decorated house-boats, on which the

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in the Antipodes

THE HENLEY REGATTA ON THE BANKS OF THE YARRA-YARRA AT MELBOURNE

our own river festival. The spectators prominent among them being the leading the Governor-General, Lord Northcote, mania, and New South Wales. The est lights of Melbourne society dispensed tea and hospitality in the approved Henley fashion, were a prominent feature. The racing itself took place over a course of 1 mile and 138 yards, from the Botanical Gardens Bridge to Prince's Bridge, and during the day's sport many hard-fought contests took place, and some excellent rowing was witnessed

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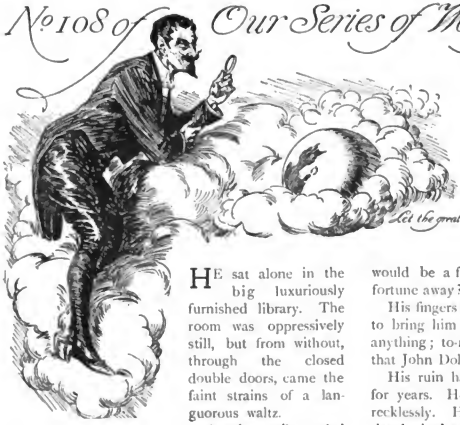
No 108 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



"Fetters of Gold"

By KATHARINE RENELL

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

HE sat alone in the big luxuriously furnished library. The room was oppressively still, but from without, through the closed double doors, came the faint strains of a languorous waltz.

A grim smile curled slowly round the corners of his mouth. It really was rather comic to make one's exit from the world to the sounds, not of a "Marche Funèbre," but of dance music!

He touched almost affectionately the revolver lying on the table in front of him. It was expensive, the best of its kind like everything else in this expensive house, it would not blunder, it would do its work well.

Just one pull at the trigger, and then—ah!—respite from misery, freedom from care—eternal sleep. He leant back in his chair and his eyes strayed, half mechanically, to the little Sèvres clock on the mantelpiece. Half-past eleven. In another thirty minutes—at midnight—he had made up his mind to die.

Leaning back, with half-closed eyes, he thought over his past life. It is said that the dying—and he, surely, was practically that—sometimes see their whole lives pass before them in full review, and now he was seeing his. He saw it all from the very beginning. The childhood in his grandmother's log cabin on the bleak Irish bogs; the flight, as a lad of sixteen, to England, because, in his miserable home, he had been treated worse than a dog; the poverty, the hardships, the marriage, when he was barely twenty, to a girl of seventeen, and then, just as if the young wife had acted as a *mascot*—as, laughingly, in those days he had often told her that she had—the gradual turning of his luck. He had "struck ile," as the vulgar saying expressed it, and the man who had been little better than a beggar at twenty had, at forty, become a millionaire.

A millionaire! He opened his eyes, and glanced—the grim smile still on his face—round the splendid room. Who would have thought that the poor, beaten, half-starved little urchin of the log-cabin was going to blossom out, some day, into a Business Genius? And who would have thought, too—and the smile grew grimmer—that the man who had proved himself to have such a splendid talent for organisation, such a wonderful "grip" of his trade, would be a fool at gambling, and fritter his vast fortune away?

His fingers strayed again to the weapon which was to bring him his freedom. To-night, nobody knew anything; to-morrow, it would be in all the papers that John Dolan, the millionaire, was ruined.

His ruin had been creeping upon him stealthily for years. He had gambled—foolishly, heartlessly, recklessly. He had seen everything, all the money that he had striven for, in sweat and blood, slipping from his grasp—and he had not cared! And why had the wealth, which he had spent the best years of his manhood in striving for, proved such dust and ashes to him that, when he lost it, he did not mind?

A look of intense bitterness crept into his eyes. Ah! he had loved her, the pretty village maiden he had made his wife! They had been happy in the poor little poverty-stricken home—happier far than he, at any rate, had ever been in Grosvenor Square. And then? Then the money had begun to come in, and they had drifted apart. Mary had such a big house now to attend to—she had her visitors, her gaieties, her numerous rounds of what she called her "duty" calls. It takes three generations to make a gentleman, they say; it only takes about three years, he reflected half humorously, half bitterly, to make a lady. He had never been a gentleman—never would be one, he knew—and he remembered his sudden feeling of amazement, of shock, when he had seen his wife on the occasion of her Presentation at Court. Mary, at twenty, had been shy, awkward, a typical country miss, nothing more; at thirty, she had had the ease and graciousness of a young queen. She had carried herself superbly: her little head—on which the diamond tiara had seemed, to him, to twinkle with mocking, derisive eyes—was poised proudly on the slender throat. She wore her Court train, her feathers, as if she had been accustomed to such gorgeous raiment all her life. Mary had very soon adapted herself to the rôle of *grande dame*.

And then the children! In the cottage home they had been a never-ending source of delight. Well he remembered how, when he came back in the evenings tired from his work, they would meet him in the doorway, these four beings whom he loved: the baby crowing on Mary's shoulder, Harry, the boy, Molly, the eldest girl, clinging to her skirts. Then, after tea, they would gather round the fire, and, with Mary sitting beside him, her soft arm round his neck, they two would talk eagerly of the business

(Continued on page 578)

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Old Farce FOR THE "New"

REVIVAL OF "THE NEW BOY" AT THE NEW THEATRE

Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw (*Félix Roach*) — Mr. E. F. Mayeur (*De Brisac, the French Master*)

ROACH: "Where do you hear such stories—a boy like you?"

Mr. Leon M. Lion (*Archibald Renwick, the "New Boy"*) — Miss Nellie Redwood (*Nancy Roach*)

"You are a beast, a pig—which you like!"

"Thank you, I've no choice"

Photos *Bassano*

Miss Gladys Homfry (*Mrs. Renwick. Her original part*) — Mr. John Beauchamp (*Dr. Candy, Principal of Birchgrove School, Tulwich. His original part*)

ARCHIBALD: "Gentlemen, if we take an unprejudiced view of this case——"

DR. CANDY: "Silence, sir!"

A few months ago the astounding discovery was made that farces are funny and make the people laugh. Since that date there has set in a revival of farce. It is so long since farces have been in vogue that playwrights have got out of the way of writing them. Hence, no new farces being forthcoming, recourse was had to some old-time and successful farces. Time has not dulled the amusement of *The New Boy*. One must still roar over the adventures of Archibald Renwick, the diminutive husband transformed for the time being into one of Dr. Candy's pupils, and his ill-treatment at the hands of Bullock Major

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(Continued from page 576)

which he had just, in a humble way, begun to start, and make plans—half-jokingly—of the wonderful things which they were going to do "when they got rich!" Harry, the boy, should be sent to a good school—he had always sorely felt the lack of education in his own life, and determined that, if wealth ever did come to him, his son should not suffer in the same way. Molly and Baby—the darlings, they were so pretty!—they should have the loveliest frocks that money could buy! Day-dreams! But, unlike most day-dreams, they had actually been realised!

Harry had had a good education, and, in his first term at Harrow, he had realised bitterly that his son despised him. He was "common," and Harry was a gentleman—made so by his gold; and now that the Harrow days were over and a crack regiment had been entered by the idle, good-for-nothing young man who would never have had the brains or the energy to make the fortune which his father had, he knew that he was despised still more.

Molly and Baby—Kathleen she was called now—had had "the loveliest frocks that money could buy." They had inherited their mother's beauty, while "poor papa's *bourgeoisie*," as they called it, had been fortunately left out. Molly was married—to the eldest son of a peer; Kathleen, the younger girl, was expected to make an equally brilliant match. There had been a rich young American at her feet all the season; in the few hurried conversations which, in her whirl of social distractions, Mary found time to have with him, she had told him that it was "to bring the thing to a satisfactory climax" that this ball was being given to-night.

Well, they were well provided for—those whom he was leaving behind. If they were going to be left helpless he would not have done it—would not have recklessly gambled away his fortune, would not have thrown away his life—but they were left with settled prospects. Harry's money had been settled on him when he came of age; nobody could touch that; the girls would have wealthy husbands, and Mary——

A shadow fell across the stern, grave face. Mary was a beautiful woman, she was fairly young—under fifty still—she would marry again.

Doubtless, after the first shock was over, she would be glad to be released from the "common" husband of whom, he had guessed long ago, she was ashamed.

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed out twelve. Without a moment's hesitation, he stood up. With his right hand he raised the revolver to his temple.

. . . . . .

The door opened, and his wife came into the room. Quick as lightning, he hid the deadly weapon behind his back. Anxiously, he searched her face. No, she had not seen the revolver, had not surmised what he was going to do.

"John, I have come to fetch you. Is it not rather rude for you to hide yourself in here, away from all your guests?" She came slowly towards him. Yes, Mary was certainly a most beautiful woman—a young-looking woman, too. In her white brocade dress, diamonds shimmering on her neck and in her hair, she looked almost like one of her own daughters. And yet—he had loved her best in the sun-bonnet and print frock!

He looked at her angrily. Why had she interrupted him? And then he almost laughed. Good heavens! He must loathe this "too, too solid flesh" of his, indeed, to be in such a hurry to make an end of his life! He was only delayed a few minutes—he could kill himself directly she had gone again.

"I hate my guests," he answered. He spoke roughly. "What do they come for? To feast in my house, drink my champagne, and laugh at me behind my back directly they have left!"

"John! I wish you would not talk like that! You won't come to the ball-room, then?"

"No."

"Why not?"

She looked up at him. He softened a little at the sweet wistfulness of her face. After all, they had loved each other once.

"I—I am busy. I have something else to do—just now."

He clutched feverishly at the weapon behind his back. What a mercy that she had not seen it!

She sighed. It seemed to him—or was it fancy?—that the wistfulness on her face deepened a little. A shadow fell across it.

"That is what it has been for years, John. You have always been 'busy.' Making money, I suppose."

He did not answer, and she moved to a sofa and sat down. He noticed how the softly shaded electric lamp drew out the rich tints in her hair.

"I—I have something to tell you," she said, gently, "about Kathleen. I thought, as the girl's father, that you would, perhaps, be interested——"

He laughed.

"Kathleen herself has never betrayed the slightest interest in, or affection for, me since she was ten years old. Why should I be interested in her?"

It was rather a cruel taunt, to the girl's own mother, but Mary ignored it. She sat very still, gazing straight before her, and he saw a tender maternal look steal over her face.

"Young Vanderveldt has proposed to her to-night. She has just told me. I hope—I hope the dear child will be happy."

"There is small doubt of that. He has tons of money, hasn't he?" Again he laughed. The laughter sounded bitter and hard.

His wife looked at him. There was a half-puzzled, half-reproachful expression in the large grey eyes.

"Why do you talk like that, John? Why do you look so white, so—so—odd?"

His laughter had died down, but it had left a lingering smile—cruel, mocking,—on his lips.

"You interrupted me," he said, harshly; "your entrance just now was—was ill-timed."

"What were you going to do?" The clear, steady eyes were still fixed on his face. There was something about Mary to-night—her stillness, her gentleness—which, somehow, irritated him. It acted on his already over-strung nerves as a match applied to a torch. With a sort of bravado—defiance—he withdrew the revolver from behind his back and brandished it in front of her face.

"Blow my brains out!" he cried. It was cheap melodrama, but he had expected Mary to be impressed by it. He had expected her to scream—possibly, faint. Instead, however, she sat quite still. Only the sudden whitening of her face, the sudden

(Continued on page 580)

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The Delights of Motoring

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

THE NEW 20 H.-P. BEESTON-HUMBER CAR IN A DELIGHTFULLY LEAFY LANE

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(Continued from page 578)

little catch in her breath, betrayed that she had even heard at all. Then, suddenly, she got up from her seat.

"Why?" she asked.

He was amazed—and, perhaps, a trifle disappointed—at her coolness. Then a thought struck him. Mary thought that he was suddenly stricken with madness, and her attitude of calm collectedness was the one which she considered wisest to adopt towards a lunatic. Well, he would show her that his desperate words and action had not been the idle ravings of a maniac—that he was in deadly earnest.

He laid the revolver down on the table, and caught hold of her hands.

"Because I am ruined!" he said. The small hands within his trembled, but still Mary did not flinch—still the lovely, gentle eyes were fixed, calmly, on his face.

"Ruined!" he repeated, and his voice was low and hoarse. "They think I am a millionaire, the people dancing and feasting to-night in my house. To-morrow, the whole world will know that my money is lost! I am a beggar!"

"But how have you lost it?"

He let go her hands suddenly, and threw his out with a gesture of despair. He did not notice that, directly her hands were released, she snatched up the deadly weapon on the table and concealed it behind her back.

"Gambling! Oh, you didn't know that I was a gambler, did you? For the past ten years I have been frittering my hard-earned money away. I gambled on the Stock Exchange, on the Turf, at Monte Carlo—those annual visits which I paid there, when I always would go alone, were simply to indulge my awful passion—and I always—always—lost!"

"But why, in the name of Heaven, did you do it?"

She did not treat him to tears, abuses, or reproach. She simply stood there calmly, and looked him straight in the face.

Almost unconsciously, he hung his head. Before, he had not been in the least ashamed of himself. He had thought his conduct—taking into consideration the fact that he was unhappy in his home—perfectly justified. Now—well, some people might think that to ruin your wife and children by gambling, and then bring further disgrace on them by committing suicide, the action of a brute and a cad.

"Because—oh, because I was miserable, reckless, mad—I did not care what I did! A man must go somewhere to find amusement, happiness, and I—I found no happiness in my own home!"

"Oh—John!"

At last she broke down. Her face worked, tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Mary!" he lifted his bowed head. "You remember the old days, when we were poor, how we longed to get rich? We did get rich, and I learnt to curse—yes, curse!—the money which forged fetters of gold around my neck! What was money to me, do you think, when my children and my wife—ah! especially my wife!—were daily drifting away from me? You despised me! You, Mary, were able to take your place in Society—women adapt themselves to their surroundings far more easily than men do—and I—I was not. So, now, I am best out of the way."

The low, desperate voice broke off in a kind of sob. He moved to the table for the revolver—yes, he would do it now, in front of the woman who had ceased to love him——

The weapon was not there.

With a fierce exclamation, he turned to his wife. Mary was breathing heavily, her face was death-like, two little crimson drops—she had bitten her underlip till the red blood trickled down her chin.

"Have you ever thought, when you had done this dreadful thing—the children are provided for—what was to become of—of—*me?*"

"You are a beautiful woman, Mary; I know plenty of men who admire you—you will marry again."

She made no reply—it was as if she treated the remark with contempt. She asked him something else.

"When all your debts are paid—all your affairs wound up—shall I have any money?"

"Very little."

She drew close to him. He heard the soft rustle of her gown; a faint, subtle perfume of violets wafted across his face.

"We lived—on 'very little'—once."

He glanced at her, sharply. When had he seen that look before on Mary's face—that look of tender happiness—of love? Ah! he remembered! On that summer evening, years and years ago, when he had asked her to be his wife.

"And we were happy—too."

He stood as one struck dumb, gazing at Mary's radiant face, her shining eyes.

"Far happier than we have ever been since we were rich."

The silence in the room was intense. The ticking of the little clock on the mantelpiece—the only sound which broke the stillness—was like the beating of a heart.

Suddenly, he felt a soft arm round his neck.

"John!—you never knew it, you were always so busy, you never seemed to have time to talk to your poor little wife—but for years I—I have hated the money, too. It was all right for the children—they were young, and had never known anything else; but we—we were old folks, old-fashioned"—she smiled—"and, whatever I might have appeared outwardly, I could never quite throw off the past. You thought the new prosperity made me drift apart from you; well, I thought it made you drift apart from me. You were always so occupied with your business, your affairs, which I was too stupid to understand. But now the money is lost, and I am glad—yes, glad!—for to me, too"—and there was a sob in the low, tender voice—"it has been fetters round *my* neck. John!—oh, my husband!—whom I have always loved better than anyone else in the whole world!—let us go back to the little cottage—let us begin life over again."

She put the revolver back on the table—she knew there was no more need to hide it—and both the soft, clinging arms were round his neck now. And he was sobbing, with his grey head on her breast—sobbing like a child.

Yes, he would take up his life again—that life which he had so nearly thrown away—and, once more, he would be happy, with the happiness which only love can give.

KATHARINE RENELL.

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Beasts as Gentle Readers (Also a Baby)

Read by a Baboon

Photograph of a very intelligent tame baboon, who, as may be seen, is exhibiting considerable interest in the contents of THE BYSTANDER. Note envious look of nigger boy in background

By an Ourang Outang

The above was taken in the Zoo at Melbourne. On being handed a copy of THE BYSTANDER for criticism, this animal, an orang outang, after looking through it carefully, devoured it, literally page by page, in a most unappreciative manner. Sent by Mr. SOMERSET STRUM, "Clonrye," Brighton Beach, Victoria, Australia

By a "Teddy Bear"

THE BYSTANDER is here seen in the hands of "Teddy Bear" of New York, and an interested companion of his. America has gone wild on "Teddy Bears," and absorbs them by the thousand. Sent by Miss MACLACHLAN, 9, Melville Crescent, Edinburgh

And by—Moses (or, anyway, an infant in a somewhat similar situation to that of the early days of the patriarch)

This sturdy little fellow is the son of an Indian Sirdar, and, at the time the photograph was taken, was only nine months old. Sent by Mr. SPENCER C. CAREY, Alexandra Junction, Natal

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By Field, Stream & Covert.

Will Sport with Hounds Improve?

Christmas next week will remind us of how rapidly the hunting season is progressing. Granted favourable weather, the three or four weeks following the Yuletide festivities are generally among the most enjoyable of the whole season, for horses are then at their fittest. They are not above themselves, as in the early days of November, nor are they showing obvious signs of wear and tear, as at the end of February. They are just "fit to go." Foxes, too, show a disposition to make longer points as the season advances, and, if only scent serves tolerably well, hunting people ought to be in for some very pleasant sport. Surely, the bad scent which has clung so persistently so far to most of the packs in the Midland district and elsewhere cannot last the whole season through? The wonder is that it has been so bad, for really the prevailing conditions have been just what one wants for scent, namely, an even temperature, soft winds, and frequent rains. Whether the much-talked-of "blue haze" is responsible for the poverty of scent cannot be definitely said. What we do know is that in many countries sport has been distinctly disappointing so far.

Gone to Ground!
An incident in a day's sport with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds

The Best Amateur Huntsman

The Duke of Beaufort, with whose hounds a digging-out incident is depicted in the accompanying illustration, has lately had the formidable task of hunting the pack six days a week himself. This is on account of an accident to his veteran professional huntsman, Will Dale, who recently took a bad fall. Fortunately, the Duke is equal to the emergency. Years ago he won the reputation of being the best amateur huntsman in the kingdom, "quite at the top of the tree," as a brother M.F.H. once put it, and in knowledge of foxes and hounds there is no professional who can teach him very much. He has a wonderful eye to hounds. A critic has declared that he always knows what they are doing, and possesses that instinctive knowledge of the ways of a fox which seems to amount almost to genius, but is really the outcome of a long experience and a natural aptitude for fox-hunting. When the talk is of veteran huntsmen, it will come as a surprise to many people to know that the Duke of Beaufort holds the record for huntsmen still on the active list. It was as far back as 1868 when his father, the eighth Duke, handed the horn to him, owing to the professional, Tom Clark, having retired. In his very first season the young huntsman, only just of age, and at that time a subaltern in the Royal Horse Guards, had great sport. His military services prevented him from seeing much of hounds in kennel, yet they knew him well, and whenever he appeared at the meet the pack rushed to greet him with every demonstration of delight. He is an ideal M.F.H., whose services to fox-hunting have been beyond computation.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Tally Ho! Forward Away!

With the Cheshire Hounds after their meet at Eaton Hall, November 29, 1907. The field galloping over some typical Cheshire country in a fine hunting run

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Anticipations

Photo Poole

THEIR MASTER'S VOICE

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The Master of the Atherstone

"This is indeed bad news," said a regular follower of the Atherstone last week when he was told that Mr. J. C. Munro had placed his resignation in the hands of the Hunt Committee. Masters of Mr. Munro's stamp, with a great knowledge of hounds and hunting and a way of pleasing all classes, are not easy to find. And when found, they cannot be parted with except with deep regret. In the Atherstone country Mr. Munro has been an unquestioned success. His skill in hound-breeding has tended to the continued improvement of the hounds, which were already a magnificent pack when he took them over from Mr. Gerald Hardy in 1903. The Atherstone have carried off great honours at the Peterborough Show under the leaderships of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Munro, and to-day they are certainly worth not less than the 3,500 guineas for which they were purchased on Mr. Hardy's migration to the Meynell country. This is a big price for a pack of hounds, but probably only about a third of what the Belvoir would fetch if they were to be sold. The Brocklesby and the Badminton packs would also command very big sums. I believe that Lord Fitzwilliam gave 4,500 guineas for the Grove Hounds when he bought them from Viscount Galway at the end of last season.

Excitement with the Grafton

My Towcester correspondent tells me that the Grafton had an exciting finish to a good run the other day. The fox, hard pressed by hounds, jumped over the door of a cow-shed in Shalstone village, where twelve cows were tied up ready for milking. Hounds were quickly after him, and the greatest pandemonium prevailed, the cowman yelling, the hounds baying at the fox and howling when the terrified cattle kicked out at them. Jack Scott, the first whipper-in, dashed in on the tail of hounds, followed by the Master, Mr. McNeill, and the secretary, Mr. Hunter. With a wild cry of "Shut the door, or he will escape," Jack, with one wild dash, caught the fox by his brush, and, to prevent him from biting, swung him round and round. The space being very limited, Mr. McNeill and Mr. Hunter had some difficulty in keeping out of the reach of the snapping jaws of the swung fox and the heels of the maddened cows; and the place being in utter darkness, except when Lord Alfred FitzRoy opened the door to see the fun and was immediately shouted at to shut it, it must have been a relief to Mr. McNeill and the others when hounds killed their fox and they were able to take him outside to break up.

The Coming Breed

I ken the Terrier o' the North,
I ken the towsy tyke—
Ye'll search frae Tweed to Sussex' shore,
But never find his like.

So wrote an enthusiast about the Scottish terrier —"Scotia's best o' dogs"—and no doubt the growing popularity of the West Highland variety would still further have inspired him. The West Highland White Terriers are known to-day as the "coming breed," but, as a matter of fact, these dogs have existed for very many years in that rugged part of Scotland after which they are named, and where they are used for bolting the hill fox out of the cairns. It was only at the end of 1906 that an English club was formed, and the Kennel Club gave them a place on their register as a standard breed. These little dogs should be pure white in colour, with a strong foreface, dark eyes, nose, and prick ears. Their coats should be long, hard, and wiry, and with a thick undercoat to preserve them from the inclement weather of their native country.

The Coming Breed: Mr. Donald McNeill and a few of his West Highland white terriers

This breed has come very prominently to the front lately, and the West Highland White Terrier Club of England has been formed under the Presidency of the Countess of Aberdeen. It would be impossible to find a prettier, more sporting-looking little dog

The Gamest of Terriers

They are acknowledged to be one of the gamest types of terrier living, and when once they have got hold of their quarry they never let go. A prettier, more sporting-

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Snipe Shooting in Ireland: A typical snipe-bog

looking little dog does not exist. The West Highland White Terrier Club of England was got together by Mr. Donald McNeill, and great credit is due to him for the way in which he has brought the breed into prominence. He has always been interested in these game little terriers, and has at last had the satisfaction of seeing them catered for at all the leading shows. He comes of a "doggy" family, and is a brother of Mr. Charles McNeill, the Master of the Grafton Hounds, and a successful breeder of fox-terriers. Among the best of Mr. D. McNeill's West Highland terriers are Colonsay and Colonsay Colma. The Countess of Aberdeen is the president of the English club, and Colonel Malcolm, of Poltalloch, is vice-president, and both own some beautiful specimens of the breed. A tale has been told of a white Highland terrier who got firmly wedged in a deep rocky "earth" where his friends could not get to help him. Only a pair of bright eyes looking appealingly from the depths could be seen. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck the keeper. He got a rabbit-skin, rolled it up, tied it to some cord, and dropped it into the hole. Sensible doggy promptly caught hold of the skin, and by that means was dragged out of his prison more dead than alive.

Snipe Shooting in Ireland

Reports from Irish snipe-bogs tell of the presence there of birds in large numbers, and, should the present open weather continue, the guns will be busy for some weeks to come. At St. John's Point, Co. Donegal—where our photographs were recently taken—is one of the very best snipe-bogs in the North. Snipe shooting is, *par excellence*, the sport of the keen gunner of moderate means in Ireland, much of which is absolutely free; in a few cases only a small rental is asked (or a daily or weekly charge made), but in none is the cost prohibitive; and, as a general rule, the sport obtained is of a most exciting character. There are no "silly" snipe in the Emerald Isle!

A. W. C.

Photos *Shrubsole*

Snipe Shooting in Ireland, the Sport of the keen Gunner of Moderate Means: An anxious moment

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

An Unexpected Win in an Unexpected Way

The great charm of the 'Varsity Rugger match lies in the fact that it hardly ever turns out to be what you expect it to be. Very often the non-favourites win; but although this did not happen last week—for Oxford were certainly the favourites—and although the prophets were so far justified, yet I doubt whether anybody struck, in anticipation, the keynote of Oxford's success. The conclusion of the *cognoscenti* was that Oxford were very dangerous in attack but vulnerable (in spite of Davies) in defence. Yet, as it turned out, Oxford owed their victory, as much as anything, to the soundness of their defence. It was *the* feature of the match, and but for it that wonderful burst with which Cambridge led off, and which, with the aid of the wind, they managed to sustain for fully twenty minutes, might have had the desired effect of bustling Oxford clean off their game. The brunt of the work of stemming this onslaught was thoroughly well done by Davies, as might have been expected; but another man who came out very strong in defence was Tarr, who was chosen as a centre three-quarter in preference to the old Blue, Steinthal, mainly on account of the good form he showed against Blackheath. It was obvious that Oxford were a good deal shaken up by the impetuosity with which their rivals went for them at the start; but when once the rush had spent itself without avail, they soon got together, and their superior speed, aided by good combination, did the rest.

Cambridge's Bad Policy

I cannot help thinking that the Cambridge tactics were well conceived, but (even allowing for the excellence of Oxford's defence) badly executed. I take it that the idea was to make the most of the advantage of having the wind behind them in the first half, and to go all out for a lead, with the prospect of being able, at least, to sit on it after change of ends. But if so, why did they resort so much to kicking into touch? Kicking into touch gains ground but seldom results directly in a score. If they couldn't trust their passing why didn't they try the old Yorkshire dodge of kicking high and following up with a rush? As a matter of fact, their passing in the first ten minutes was quite good enough to justify them in persevering with it, and yet, because it didn't quite succeed, they gave it up and took to kicking. And, as it happened, they never got it back. It was manifestly impossible for them to keep up the pace which they set at the start—it was much too hot—and, as it merely resulted in a waste of energy, so the turning point of the match came, shortly before half-time, with Oxford's first try, which, like their second, afforded a good illustration of Martin's speed. Prior to this, Oxford seemed to be in some danger of catching the kicking infection from Cambridge, and missed at least one good chance by kicking when a pass was obviously indicated; but Martin's first try put them on the right line, and thenceforward they wisely kept to it. For the greater part of the second half, during which Oxford scored four more tries, the play was in the Cambridge half of the ground (rather to my annoyance, because I happened to be in the pavilion at the other end); but towards the end Macleod took sole charge, as it were, and put in two lovely runs, one of them the best of the whole day, though it did not score.

London's Derelict Armada: The L.C.C. Fleet in its winter quarters

Deprived of the inestimable boon of their winter steamboat service, Londoners have also recently had the dread news sprung upon them that the L.C.C. is contemplating the disposal of six of their gallant fleet. It is hoped that the rumour will be jealously guarded, lest it should get to the ears of any of the foreign Powers who are increasing the strength of their navies

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The 'Varsity Match at Queen's Club

Oxford Use their Feet and Get Away

Photo *Illustration, Bureau*

A General View of the Ground and Spectators

A Line Out

The result of the Varsity match at Queen's Club on Tuesday, the 10th inst., came somewhat as a surprise, for though undoubtedly Oxford were the favourites, it was hardly expected that they would succeed in beating Cambridge by such a big score as 1 goal and 4 tries to nil. To a great extent, Oxford owed their victory to the soundness of their defence.

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Haskell Ball Case Result

At length we have reached finality in the great Haskell ball case. The Haskell Company, not satisfied with the decision of the Court of Appeal, took their case to the higher and final tribunal, with the result that the two previous decisions have been sustained, and their appeal has been dismissed with costs. I tremble to think what that ominous word "costs" must mean in this protracted case, which has been fought with the utmost tenacity on both sides right to the bitter end. It is evident that the stake at issue must have been enormously valuable; for if the Haskell Company had been able to get a verdict in favour of their patent, they would have had a monopoly of the golf-ball making trade of the world, and every other Company would have had to pay them royalties on the balls they made and sold.

Thanks Due

The thanks of all players are, therefore, due to Messrs. Hutchison, Main and Co., who refused to bow the knee, and whose original contention that the Haskell patent was bad and invalid has been affirmed by the highest Court of the land. I have carefully read the judgment given by the Lords, and, briefly summed up, it amounts to this: that there can be no patent in a ball, however ingeniously constructed, which consists of rubber core, rubber threads, and outer casing of gutta-percha. This I take to be the meaning of the mystic phrase "want of subject matter," which was the main ground on which the Lords founded their judgment. It is, undoubtedly, hard luck for the inventor of the Haskell ball, who introduced a novelty into the game of golf, but not into the world of ball games.

Free Trade in Golf Balls

When one comes to think that ball games have been played ever since the world began, this result is not surprising. We know now that what may be an absolute novelty for one game still may not carry the stamp of a patent, for some other game may have used a ball made on somewhat similar principles. As an example of this I may mention that Messrs. Lilly-white, Frowd and Co., of the Haymarket, supplied a base ball to Messrs. Hutchison, Main and Co. of a sort that they had been making for over twenty years. This was cut open before the Lords and found to contain a core wound round with rubber thread at a tension. It is well that a final decision has at last been reached, because there is now no bar to the making of every sort of ball. Free trade in balls has been once more established.

Photos *Dixon*

Mr. Weaver — Mr. A. J. Graham — Mr. John Ball, the Amateur Champion

The St. Andrews Meeting of the Royal Liverpool Club, at Hoylake, was characterised by an unusual result, three players, Mr. Weaver, Mr. A. J. Graham, and Mr. John Ball, the Amateur Champion, tying with 81 for first place for the Scratch Prize

THE THREE "FIRSTS" IN THE SCRATCH PRIZE MATCH AT THE ROYAL LIVERPOOL CLUB

A Sympathetic Tear

While I rejoice, as a player, at the destruction of the fetters which threatened the ball-making trade, I cannot, as a sportsman, refrain from a sympathetic tear over the bad luck of the inventor of the Haskell ball, who conferred an immense boon on the game in spite of the croakings of the *laudatores temporis acti*, who vainly assert that the new ball has ruined golf. To which argument I have always replied, and shall continue to reply, "Fudge."

ERNEST LEHMANN.

London and South Western Railway

To meet the Christmas rush, the South Western Railway are running all their expresses in duplicate during the few days preceding Christmas, and on Christmas Eve are running special trains at cheap rates up to midnight to all the chief centres in Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, Dorset, Hants, and Wilts. On Christmas morning a special express is being run to Bournemouth at 10.15 a.m.

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TESTIMONY !

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

DAIMLER

The Daimler Co. have recently issued an exhaustive booklet embodying some of the more recent testimonials received by them from users of Daimler Cars. This production is bound with stiff covers and the letters are reproduced in facsimile, being the first time that a quantity of customers' appreciations has been shown in such a form. In fact, the booklet is entirely unique and should be perused by all prospective purchasers of Motor Carriages.

Applications should be made immediately as the quantity is limited.

— THE —

Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.

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The Success of the

SUNBEAM

At the Olympia Show

was one of the most noticeable features. The two new cars—the 35 h.p. and 20 h.p. Sunbeams, with their remodelled engines, were greatly admired by nearly every expert. Other interesting features were the ball-bearings to road wheels and the improved Oil Bath Chain Cases, as perfected by the Sunbeam manufacturers. The superb body designs and finish of the Sunbeam Cars are again striking features of the Sunbeam Cars for 1908.

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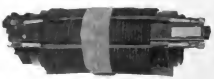

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Full particulars on application.

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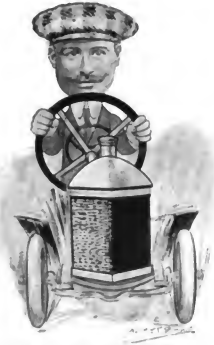
AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The chauffeur of Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., was summoned before the Aldershot magistrates a week or two ago for driving along the footpath. The main road from London to Southampton, near Blackwater, had been "repaired," in the view of the local authorities, though to everybody else it looked a mass of unrolled rough granite stones which badly needed the attention of the steam-roller. The chauffeur, with commendable care for his master's property, slowly picked his way (in the car *bien entendu!*) along the footpath for a short distance. No foot passenger or vehicle was anywhere in sight, but the alert police were. Result, the magistrates fined the man a guinea and endorsed his licence. Maybe the chauffeur was technically wrong, but it is in cases such as this, where a slight technical offence is committed, that the police demonstrate the true energy of which they are capable

* * *

Another case of interest to the public occurred last week when a man sued the London General Omnibus Co., Ltd., for £40 damages through being knocked down by one of their motor 'buses. The vehicle skidded owing to the greasy condition of the road, and the Company's counsel suggested that, as the L.G.O.C. had to pay for licences for their vehicles, they and other road-users were entitled to expect that the road would be kept properly cleaned. Under the circumstances it was suggested that the Borough Council of the district (Holborn, I think) should pay the damages. I am not sure of the truth of that contention. The London General Omnibus Co. and other companies have to pay their rates and taxes and also for licences to ply for hire and in the circumstances, the authorities who take their money should have to see that they fulfil their part of the obligation, viz., that the roads are in a decent state. On the other hand, it must be admitted that these motor-'buses are driven very recklessly through traffic, and it is perhaps unreasonable to ask a passive Borough Council to stand the racket whenever a motor-'bus runs amok. If a driver is careful it is surprising how rarely he will skid even on the greasiest roads, but when motor-'bus drivers zigzag all over the roads they are tempting Providence, and, probably, playing ducks and drakes with the money of the shareholders.



Car-icature — No. LIII.: Mr. Warwick Wright

Best known to the public through his connection with Darracq and Minerva cars, he is one of the most "hustling" of our rising race of motorists. He only entered the motor business two and a half years ago, having formerly been connected with the famous works of Vickers, Son and Maxim

(By ALICE P. F. RITCHIE)

* * *

The motor Press seems to realise, at length, that motorists are unpopular, and give reasons, more or less inaccurate, for the popular animus. The reason really is a simple one. You know the ancient wheeze where two honest labourers observe an unknown man approaching them. "'Ullo, Bill, 'ere's a stranger," remarks one of them. "'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im, then!" pleasantly observes the other. The attitude of the Briton is very similar to this. Except for the progressive minority who have long ago become motorists, the Englishman dislikes those who own motors and dislikes the cars themselves. They cause him a certain amount of inconvenience, for he cannot stroll along the middle of the road with such a fine disregard of traffic as was once the case. He objects to their tooting to him to get out of their way. Sometimes they splash him as they go by. He is told that the roads are wearing badly, and that the rates must be increased to cover the expenditure. Why should he, the respectable householder Smith, be called upon to pay a higher rate because of motor-cars? He does not own one, and why should he have to contribute to the pleasure of those who do?

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Miss Kitty Gordon on her 20 h.-p. Daimler

This car, which has a wheel-base of 9ft. 6in., is painted blue, with blue mouldings and fine white lines. The upholstery is in drab cloth, and the fittings are of brass

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I confess I share Smith's objection to the increase in rates, but that is a matter for which, as I have explained before in these pages, the motorist should not be justly blamed. The true cause of Smith's dislike of motorists is not the rising rates, for even he knows that motorists have to pay taxes for using the road. It is jealousy. Why should certain people be able to dash along the roads in comfortable motors when Mr. Smith cannot afford one? But when this gentleman gets on a motor-omnibus his views become temporarily changed. He wishes the horse-drawn 'buses would get out of his way, and in a taxi-cab his views become more pronounced still. "The slow traffic should be made to hug the kerb, sir, or the police should summon the drivers. How slow people are in getting out of the light. Look at that ass—standing still in the middle of the road; he almost deserves to be knocked over!" Thus Mr. Smith in a taxi. The knowledge of the great benefits that motoring has bestowed on mankind will one day, perhaps, be possessed by the humbler members of the community, but it will be a long while before this jealousy is overcome. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

• • •

Car-icature—No. LIII.: Warwick Wright

Warwick Wright, the subject of our Car-icature this week, is better known to the sporting public through his connection with Darracq cars, which he has driven in many British and foreign competitions. He is now interested in the Minerva cars, which he considers the "best value for money on the market," and certainly the excellent showing of Minerva cars in the Ardennes Circuit, when three 50 h.-p. Minervas finished, respectively, first, second, and sixth, gives our victim some right to the claim. Warwick is still, one might say, in his first youth, having been born as recently as 1876, and considering the amount of work he has crammed into his thirty-one years he may be described as a hustler of the first water. He only entered the motor business two and a half years ago, having previously been in the famous works of Vickers, Son and Maxim, is addicted to swimming and golf, and is a young man of considerable daring and spirit. It is still a secret, but we believe he intends to "go out" for a certain speed record on his 100 h.-p. Darracq before the New Year comes in.

• • •

Miscellanea

At the Stanley Show, the Continental Tyre and Rubber Co. had a very artistic stand. Their tyres, of course, are as well known to cyclists and motor-cyclists as they are to motorists.

Those motorists who have not yet bought all their Christmas presents should obtain a most dainty little catalogue, entitled Dunhill's "Christmas Motorities."

Messrs. Gamage have sent us a copy of their diary for 1908. It consists of nearly 200 gilt-edged pages, but is printed on such good thin bank paper, and so well bound, as to be less than a quarter of an inch in thickness. Many of its pages contain useful information on all the leading games and pastimes. There are also memoranda pages, a spacious diary, dated with all the principal events of the year's Turf, and a section for recording the cost of motor-car maintenance. In addition, it is fitted with a patent self-opening memo tablet and pencil, and given with it is a £1,000 insurance policy. The price of this excellent little diary, of which all sportsmen should obtain a copy, is but 8*d*.

To buy a Motor-Car go to THE MOTOR SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD., 111, Piccadilly, London, W. New and second-hand cars of all makes always in stock. Expert advice given without any charge. Tyres, spare parts, accessories, and motor clothing.

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CHRISTMAS RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS

The terms Christmas, Presents, Home-coming, and Indigestion are closely allied just at present. Our calendar warns us of the near approach of the first, while hints on the procuring and the curing of the second and fourth will be found in our advertisement columns. It only remains, therefore, for us to deal with the subject of home-coming and travel facilities.

Northward Ho! By the L. and N.W.R.

As Scotchmen and North-countrymen make up a good many thousands of London's five or six million inhabitants, our great Northern lines deserve first mention.

There will be cheap bookings to the principal provincial towns, North and Central Wales, Cambrian Coast, Lake District, Blackpool, Isle of Man, Scotland, and Ireland on December 20, 21, 27, and 28, to seaside and inland pleasure resorts, and to stations in Scotland, which will be available for the return journey (where train service permits) on the following Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday.

By the Midland

Special cheap trains will be run from London (St. Pancras) on Tuesday, December 24, for 3, 4, 5, or 9 days, to the Lake District, Peak of Derbyshire, Yorkshire Spas, Leicester, Birmingham, Derby, Nottingham, etc.; and on Tuesday midnight, December 24, for 2, 3, or 4 days, to Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Shipley, Keighley, Warrington, Stockport, Manchester, and Liverpool.

Cheap excursion trains will be run from London (St. Pancras) and principal provincial stations to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dundee, Aberdeen, etc., on Tuesdays, December 24 and 31, for 3, 6, or 16 days; and on December 23 to many Irish centres, *viâ* Heysham.

And by the Great Northern Railway

The Great Northern Railway Company have considerably extended their usual list of excursions, and cheap tickets will be issued to all the principal stations in the North Eastern District and Scotland on Tuesdays, December 24 and 31, for 3, 6, or 16 days; also on Tuesday, December 24, to the principal stations in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and the North Eastern District, for 3, 4, 5, or 9 days. A special midnight excursion will also be run for convenient periods to the principal stations in the West Riding District and Lancashire on Tuesday, December 24.

Through "The Gateway of the West"

The magnificent service of the Great Western Railway needs no recommendation to the West-countryman. A train typical of many others is one leaving Paddington, "the Gateway of the West," at 10.30 a.m. Lunching *en route*, the passenger is whirled away to Sunny Devon, reaching Plymouth without a stop in 4 hr. 7 min. In less than 24 hours more Penzance and many other winter season towns in the Cornish Riviera can be reached. In addition to this splendid service, which runs every week-day throughout the year, and is especially adaptable for the Christmas holidays, cheap return excursion tickets will be issued by fast trains from Paddington (and City and suburban offices) to all parts of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, Scilly Isles, as well as to South Wales, Ireland *viâ* Fishguard, the Midlands, North Wales, Channel Islands, etc., etc.

Christmas on the Continent

Exceptional facilities are offered by the Great Eastern Railway Company's British Royal Mail Hook of Holland route for visiting Holland and Germany during the Christmas holidays. Passengers leaving London in the evening and the Northern and Midland counties in the afternoon arrive at the principal towns in Holland the following morning, Cologne at noon, Berlin, Dresden, and Bâle in the evening. Tickets at reduced fares will be issued to Brussels *viâ* Harwich and Antwerp on December 21, 23, 24, and 26, available for eight days.

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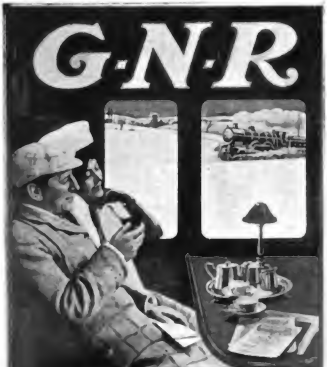
G.N.R



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Books of the Week

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"The Happy Moralist." By Hubert Blind. (Fisher: 6s.)
"The Halo." By the Baroness von Hutten. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The Master Beast." By Horace W. C. Newte. (Ketmann: 6s.)

The Fires of Farm Street

Father Vaughan's latest volume of sermons, *Society, Sin, and the Saviour* (Kegan Paul, Trench: 5s.), reveals even more than did "The Sins of Society" that this preacher, however effective and sensational in the pulpit, is curiously lacking in the literary faculty, not only as to the diction of his sermons but also as to their construction. The excuse that a good "Society" sermon necessarily does not read well may be proffered. It will be said that you cannot upbraid in elegant phrase, nor scourge with threaded flax. Hard words, taut knots — those are the requisites! Well, to call that into question, there is always the Sermon on the Mount. No words ever went harder home, and yet none were ever better chosen, or more truly literary. As to the construction of the sermons—there is none. Father Vaughan's method is invariable. Comfortably assuming, always, that his hearers believe, he begins by drawing a lurid picture of one of the scenes in the Saviour's life. Then, the picture complete, suddenly, fiercely he turns on the Society tap, draws some more or less fair parallel between the qualities of Scripture's scoundrels and the supposed sins of his hearers—those black sheep of Bayswater, those errants of Ealing Dean! All very fiery, and very zealous, and, I hope, very effective. That the sermons could convert genuine sinners I disbelieve, also that they could remove the doubts of one sceptic. The chief effect of Father Vaughan's rhetoric is likely to be to attract to the Roman faith a number of worthy people whose predilection for hell-fire would otherwise have to be gratified in the corrugated confines of Little Bethel.

Countess Montignoso and Princess Monica

(Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. John Long from "The Struggle for a Royal Child," 6s.)

Her Erratic Highness

In *The Struggle for a Royal Child* (Princess Monica of Saxony) (John Long: 6s.), Frau Ida Kremer gives the world a veritable anthropical manifesto (if, for once, I may escape the use of that fearsome phrase, "human document"). Fr. Kremer was governess to the little daughter of the present Mrs. Toselli (Countess Montignoso) during the last few months of last year, and lets fall a positive cataract of small talk about both of them. As to little Monica—now back safely again in Saxon papa's hands—though only four, she has promise of a "temperament" which, when in full flush, should pale into insignificance that of her eccentric mamma. Four years old, she has yet acquired a heap of peculiarities. She is colour-blind, hates babies, dogs, and cake, has a mania for baths, and for the smell of scents, soaps, and—benzine. From Fr. Kremer's pages we know what Monica is, and we tremble at the thought of what she may be. As to the Countess herself, what a picture Fr. Kremer gives of the erratic lady, whose "whole atmosphere," she says, "breathes unrest!" That she has charm is unmistakable, and yet she has, it seems, a decided dignity, which demands always the title "Imperial Highness." She numbers art, literature, and music among her creative accomplishments; goes to Mass constantly, concealing beneath her prayer-book a copy of *Faust!* Has a craze for—shoemaking; invites people to dinner, and then, as the hour approaches, sets forth in a motor to gather them up from their various addresses; lives with a revolver in her hand, whensoever there are rumours of kidnapping by the Saxon enemy! These are but a few of the peculiarities of the lady who was lately so noticeably remarried. In that connection, by the way, it is rather a pity for the complete interest of her record that Fr. Kremer did not remain with the Countess a little longer. Then we might have got to know a little more about Mr. Toselli. Alas! all that has happened between him and the Princess at the time of the close of the book is one "radiant talk" over the keys of the piano, after a dinner for which he was cleverly late. But there will, no doubt, be other Fr. Kremers forthcoming to satisfy the world's curiosity (if it is still curious) on that matter.

A New Pirate

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, whose fantastical novel, *The Dance of Love* (Duckworth: 6s.), is one of the most delicate and whimsical products of his pen, and is righteously to be recommended for purposes of Christmas presentation, makes yet another season's success with *The Pirate's Pocket Book* (price three sixpences net: Sisleys).

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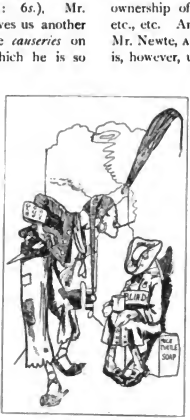
The pages contains fragments of a narrative which vary in length, depth, breadth, and volume from one line to — any number. Facing each page of letterpress is a suitable illustration of immeasurable funniness. One of these I put down upon this page. It is representative of the general scheme, and gives quite a good idea of the nature of Tom Tomb, the piratical hero. I should recommend the squandering of the three sixpences on the book. It is eminently look-at-able, and, should one's household be enlivened by the presence of a talkative Christmas guest, it might keep Her quiet for, perhaps, five minutes. Which will be worth the money.

"The Happy Moralist"

In *The Happy Moralist* (Werner Laurie: 6*s.*), Mr. Hubert Bland gives us another of those amiable *causeries* on the general philosophy of life for which he is so deservedly noted. He has the ideal manner and method of the *causeur*, and is an adept at the discharge of light and airy aphorisms. He is a man of the world, and a moralist without cant. There is a lot of charming common-sense in *The Happy Moralist* which covers an extraordinarily wide range of topics. There is one admirable little essay—at the end—entitled "Ibsen and Mr. Shaw." In this Mr. Bland answers the question why "the public, which wouldn't stand a fortnight of Ibsen, stands so much of G. B. S.?" by the clever explanation that in Ibsen's plays shocking things are *done* on the stage, whereas in those of Mr. Shaw they are only *said*. Therefore, the B.P., though occasionally shocked and startled by Shawisms, is never really harrowed or horrified. *Mem.*: Quite refreshing to come across a newspaper man who has a word to say in praise of Mr. Shaw.



"Now I.T. never robbed the poor,
Because it was not worth his while."

(Reproduced from "The Pirate's Pocket book," written and illustrated by D. C. Calthrop—Sisleys, Ltd.)

"The Halo"

A trifle light as air is *The Halo* (Methuen: 6*s.*), by the Baroness von Hutten, author of "Pam." One hardly thought it possible to write a novel, which deals with real men and women in real emotional relationship, so delicately and yet with so sure a grip. All the butterfly creatures of the book live. The theme is the infatuated love of a woman for a great musician, the while the world believes her to be in love with his colourless son. In the middle of the story comes a sudden awakening. The heroine, Brigit, realises it is Joyselle *père*, not *fils*, who has her heart in thrall. She is disappointed in the end, for Joyselle is, to her disappointed amazement, loyal to his wife, even though her death has released him from the obligation. Whereat one loves Joyselle, pities Brigit, and—blesses the Baroness as a most entertaining and delightful story-teller.

When Socialism Reigns

In *The Master Beast* (Rebman: 3*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Horace W. C. Newte does what has often enough been done before—draws a picture of England as it may be when in the grip of extreme Socialism. Beyond the fact that Mr. Newte does his work with fierce passion, and draws his scenes with hideous realism, there is not a great deal that is new in it. Under Socialism, as we have often enough been told, we shall live in serried rows; shall "enjoy" identical privileges, work for the State at equal stretches, with no pay, but only food and clothing; shall forego ownership of all kinds, even of wife and children, etc., etc. And so it is with the community drawn by Mr. Newte, A.D. 2020. The *dénouement* of the fantasy is, however, undeniably powerful. Drawing on the parallel of the French Revolution, which fought for Equality only to gain Napoleon, Mr. Newte makes his Socialists an easy prey to the domination of one strong personality, Gole, the little Corporal of his revolution. Unlike Napoleon, however, he does not succeed in building an Empire on the ruins of the democracy, but loses it to invading savage hordes. Mr. Newte would have us realise that, when ambition and other public emotions are uprooted from the race, man's passions will become more and more purely sexual — that the era of Socialism will be a Saturnalia. It must be questioned whether such books as *The Master Beast* do two-penn'orth of harm to Socialism. It pays far too generous a tribute to its power to assume that it can ever eradicate Individualism, the fundamental force which distinguishes man from the brute. To let them think they can do this thing in one hundred years is to flatter them too absurdly.

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VIVIAN CARTER.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Frontispiece	601
Bystander Comments	603
Wig and Gown	605
The World's Pageant	607
Cairo	617
The Playhouses	620
Continental Chat	623
Pantomime Stars in Town and Out ...	625
Our Worldly Short Stories: No 109.—"The Celibate." By Hubert Wales ..	629
By Field, Stream, and Covert	636
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	640
The Library	641
Automobile Topics	646
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	650
The Garden	VIII
A Woman's Note Book	X

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These include works by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., Lawrence Turner, Greuze, Morland, Lemuel F. Abbott, Thos. Somerscales, Chas. Dixon, R.I., Tom Browne, R.I., R. J. Hobson, R.I., Philip Boileau, Goodwin Kilburne, R.I., Napier Hemy, A.R.A. R. W. Macbeth, R.A., Balliol Salmon, Sanderson Wells, G. S. Walters, Harold Speed, Frank Dadd, R.I., Lawson Wood, Phillip Stretton, etc.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday December 25, 1907

It is encouraging to note how a little enterprise may mean a big success. Just a fortnight ago we brought out our Christmas Number, in which we drew attention to this season Now everybody is talking about Christmas as quite the latest thing.

• • •

Politicians in this country are rather apt to be overlooked at Christmas, and, for an observance of the real old-fashioned festive spirit, one has to look further East. From Russia, for example, the Tsar has already despatched several members of the second Duma as Christmas presents to Siberia. Posted thus early, they should form a welcome addition to the outlying stations in that country.

• • •

Mr. Burns's refusal to make a grant from the Unemployed Fund towards the construction of a cycle track at the public recreation ground at Edmonton is likely to make him a good many enemies. It certainly seems hard that the unemployed should be debarred from the harmless pastime of cycling by the ill-judged veto of this reactionary Minister.

• • •

Admiral Evans was a good deal criticised for refusing to allow Japanese servants to accompany the United States' Pacific expedition, but his policy has been justified. Even without putting to sea, many of these Japanese have already, it is reported, been feeling exceedingly sick.

• • •

Political experts in the States consider that President Roosevelt's reiteration of his decision not to stand again for the Presidency was a capital stroke of policy. The more enthusiastic, however, maintain that he ought now to drop talking and see about his nomination.

• • •

How are the mighty fallen! Mrs. Colden-Sanderson has declared that the New York woman surrounds herself with an atmosphere resembling that of the Turkish harem and New Yorkers are wondering if the poor Turk has to get permission from all his wives before he dares to smoke his hookah or call his soul his own.

• • •

This is not the only fresh light which has of late been cast upon New York. M. Ular, a prominent French editor, has also informed the ladies of that city that, though they have superb figures, they lack charm and are without vivacity or distinction. This seems to be a case of a compliment spoilt by excessive Ulargy.

• • •

It is interesting to learn that henceforth English is to be made compulsory in the German schools, instead of optional as it used to be. The results should be excellent, for, while Germans rarely talk their own language if they can help it, their English has been so peculiarly optional that anything really approaching an *entente* has been impossible.

• • •

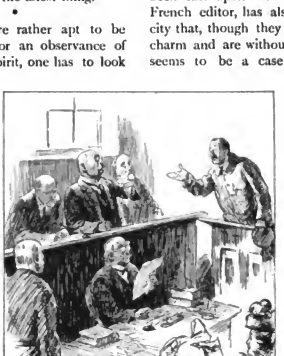
Referring to the Test Match, a contemporary says: "The Australian batsmen were very clever in running between the wickets." "But surely," a correspondent writes us, "this is needlessly high praise for such a natural manœuvre? The Australian batsmen would have been very ill-advised, in my opinion, if they had run in any direction other than that between the wickets." There is certainly something to be said for this view.

• • •

A "break-down" motor race—in which the motors were manipulated beforehand so as to cause breakdowns—was held a few days ago in France. Spectators, we understand, were much amused to find that with proper care these machines could be made to go wrong, and the sight of the competitors lying under their cars must have been a very novel one.

• • •

Parisiennes have solved the difficulty of large hats in theatres by wearing instead tall waving ostrich plumes in their hair. This makes a view of the very French plays which are too often to be seen in Paris well-nigh impossible, and renders the institution of the Censor unnecessary.



Circumstances Alter Cases

MOTORIST (*in witness-box*): "The police swear that the car was going at sixty miles an hour, do they? Why, the old car couldn't touch twenty on her top speed"

MAGISTRATE (*who sold car to defendant*): "What nonsense, man! Why, I've often got fifty out of her with a—b'm—I mean—yes, I'm afraid you must pay £5"

(By J. L. C. BOOTH)

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Lessons in Journalese: No. 3

CUSTARD AND MESS.

THE year that has just passed was said to be a particularly bad one for Hatters. Let us wish them a "Nappy New Year!"

• • •

Personally I am not at all looking forward to Christmas Day. I had hoped to keep the festive season as quietly as possible at Opposite-the-Chicks, but unfortunately Mrs. Bonnygirl seems to think that Christmas without indigestible food, and plenty of it, is not Christmas at all, and when a man is advanced in years and troubled with a liv——[Please keep off the grass. —EDITOR.]

• • •

I have been wondering lately why it is that more dentists are not murdered by their patients. The motive is there, and the choice of lethal weapons almost embarrassing. In some cases, too, I should imagine a discriminating jury would bring in a verdict

Of Justifiable Homicide,

on the ground that the patient was merely acting in self-defence. Not that I wish to see a dentist murdered. On the contrary, I have a profound (and deep-rooted, I was going to say) respect for the profession, although as a lover of cricket I naturally hate the idea of "stumps" being "drawn."

• • •

A TOOTHSOME MORSEL.

The Dentist though a man of rare persistence
Can never hope for respite from his labours,
He lives a sort of "hand to mouth" existence,
And shows a Christian love for all his neighbours.

Their empty mouths this good man's always "filling,"
Often with gold he sends them on their way
(Gold which I'm bound to say he's willing
To charge for when the time arrives to pay!)

Once in his chair you have the satisfaction
Of knowing he has got a pedigree,
For if he cannot boast of an "extraction,"
He's really hardly worthy of his fee.

• • •

I am sorry to see that some of our railways are proposing to employ females in the capacity of booking clerks. They will be abolishing the Mail trains next!

HOW TO DO A COLUMN FOR A SUNDAY SPORTING PAPER

SCENE: A RAILWAY STATION.
(AT THE BOOKING OFFICE.)
TIME: 9.15 a.m. Train just due.

Dramatis personæ: City Man, Female Booking Clerk, Impatient Crowd, Porters, Newsboys, etc.

CITY MAN: Good morning, Lottie! How are *you?* Busy this morning?

FAIR BOOKING CLERK: Pretty busy, thank you. Can I show you any tickets to-day? We have some 1st Class ones at 3*d.*, second quality at——

CITY MAN: I say! talking of tickets, can you come to "Kooster's Billions" to-night and have a little supp——

IMPATIENT CROWD: Now then! Why don't you marry the girl? etc., etc.

• • •

I was in a boot shop the other day (more by accident than design), and I saw boots labelled "Quickanphast," "Osocomfi," "Niceaneesi," and all the good old English names. But they were not English boots, but

American with English Names.

The bootmaker told me that English boots are practically not made now, and that it was cheaper to get them from the Yankees. Well, well, there's nothing like leather—at least there was nothing like it in these boots!

• • •

The Suffragettes have threatened to demonstrate at Opposite-the-Chicks, but I do trust they will keep their hair on. For this purpose there is nothing I know of that can beat "Tate——"—[No, you don't!—EDITOR.]

• • •

TO A SUFFRAGETTE.

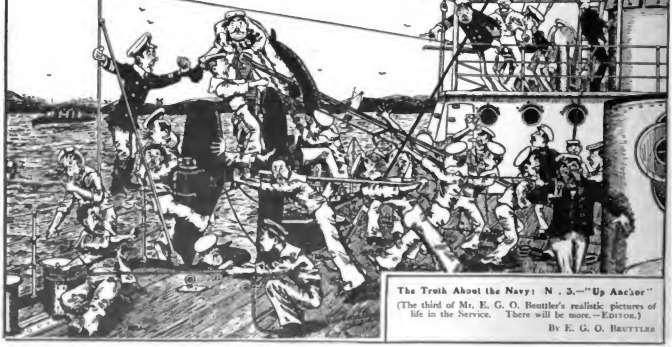
Don't lose your hair and do not fret,
Keep cool, my dainty little pet,
And please remember, don't forget,
You haven't got the Suffrage—yet!

• • •

I hope FLIPPEREADERS will not forget that, although 1907 has gone, the Dinner Fund goes on for ever. If you have any Druce claimant among your friends please remind them of this. Postage stamps and cheques (which should be addressed to Mrs. Deborah Pipchin, at The Laburnums, Clapham Rise) that arrive on Friday will be acknowledged in

Sunday's "Flipperee,"

and donors will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have earned the everlasting gratitude of one who is merely the vehicle of their kindness—and that vehicle, needless to say, is none other than WAGONETTE.



The Truth About the Navy: N. 3.—"Up Anchor"
(The third of Mr. E. G. O. Beuttler's realistic pictures of life in the Service. There will be more.—EDITOR.)
BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

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"Not Guilty!"

THE END OF THE GREAT CAMDEN TOWN TRIAL

James Wood, the prisoner's step-brother, gives evidence

In the centre will be seen Mr. Justice Grantham, on whose right hand is seated Sir Frederick Bosanquet, the Common Serjeant

Photos *F. de P. Romani*

The Prisoner listens to his father proving his alibi

The first sensational trial at the New Bailey has resulted in an acquittal. Robert Wood, the young artist, charged with the murder of Emily Dimmock, was, as nearly everybody expected, successful in rebutting the evidence against him, and the verdict of "Not Guilty" was returned. This was a notable triumph for his brilliant Counsel, Mr. Marshall Hall. The prisoner's demeanour throughout was calm and confident

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Antipodean Sport which is not Cricket: The Melbourne Cup

Photo *Topical Agency*

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LAWNS AT FLEMINGTON ON THE MELBOURNE CUP DAY

Australia—to which all eyes have during the last week been turned in view of the Test Match—has, in the classic race for the Melbourne Cup, a greater event in Antipodean sporting circles than is the Derby with us. No other race in Australia can in any way touch the Melbourne Cup, either from a sporting or a social point of view. Thousands crowd to the meeting, not onl from all parts of Victoria, but also from every corner of the great Australian continent. All the best-known figures in Australian Society are to be found on the lawns on Cup Day and except for the almost total absence of silk-hatted males, the scene might be any of our great English meetings

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RACING NOTIONS

THE COMING "CLASSICS." BY CARBINE

Is Interest in "Classic" Races Declining?

Do we think less of races like the Derby, Oaks, and Two Thousand Guineas than our grandfathers did? One asks this question because few people seem to care much about the prospects of these events until a few weeks before they are run. Perhaps we have more sporting events in the winter to engage attention than our ancestors had. In the old days the coming "classics" were the subject of everyday discussion in sporting circles. Who now in mid-winter backs a horse to win the ensuing Derby? Who, indeed, would lay the man who wanted to do so a fair price? The whole custom of betting many months before the date of the race has gone, never to return. Time was when a promising two-year-old would quickly have been supported for many thousands for his classic engagements of the succeeding season; but you see very little of that sort of thing nowadays, and backers and "bookies" seem agreed that it is a dangerous game for both to play. What one wonders at most of all is the reluctance of bookmakers to offer reasonable odds about the Derby candidates, for surely the chances are largely in their favour.

The Luck of the Derby

Despite this apparent decline in interest, there is still no event on the Turf which the majority of owners are so keen to win as the Derby; and it is a curious thing that some men expend fortunes on bloodstock without ever realising that ambition, whereas a novice—like the late Sir James Miller was when he won with Sainfoin—will come along and carry off the great prize at the first time of asking. From a comparatively small establishment, a breeder like the late Mr. John Gubbins will turn out two Derby winners in quick succession, whereas Sir Blundell Maple tried for years with an enormous stud to breed a horse good enough to secure the Blue Riband of the Turf, but with utter lack of success. It is all in the lap of the gods. The luck of the Derby is typical of the luck of racing generally. At the present moment Sir Daniel Cooper hopes to win with Lesbia. Two years ago he entertained the same hopes with Flair, and it is practically certain that if that filly had not broken down after winning the One Thousand, Spearmint would never have won the Derby of 1906. It had been definitely settled that Flair, and not Spearmint, should represent the stable at Epsom, and Major Loder's colt was to have been saved for the Grand Prix de Paris. This I know on the best authority, and I mention the incident as another illustration of the strange fortunes of the Turf.

Lesbia's Future

Of course, it is of little use seriously to discuss Lesbia's prospects of winning the Derby, for she has other engagements which may stand in the way. But, if we may judge by the brilliance of her performances last season, the filly is good enough to succeed where La Flèche and Sceptre failed, namely, in winning the Derby and the Oaks too, an achievement only twice accomplished in the history of racing—by Eleanor and Blink Bonny. It is quite certain that Lesbia is the best of her age so far, but two-year-old form is not always borne out, and there are certain youngsters who, while not in the front rank last season, look to be capable of improving just as vastly as Spearmint and Woolwinder did.

If the King Wins with Perrier

If, at this early stage, I were to take an outsider to win the Derby of 1908, it would be Perrier. I liked the way in which this colt performed in his only race last season. He seemed to have much scope for improvement, and it would not surprise me if he repeated the Epsom victories of Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee. It would be delightful to see the King win another Derby after all the bad luck his colours have had lately on the Turf. Hugely popular, of course, as he was before he came to the Throne, I think it can reasonably be said that his Majesty never stood higher in the warmest affections of his subjects than he does to-day, and if Perrier wins at Epsom next June, it can well be imagined that the memorable scenes of Persimmon's year will be outdone. The chances of a Royal victory are at least very pleasant to contemplate.

Chasing at Kempton

With feeble fields of competitors and waterlogged courses, the steeplechasing of December has been miserably uninteresting. But we are promised some better racing at Kempton Park on Boxing Day, when **Ballyhackle** may win the Park Steeplechase. On the following day **Brookwood** should take the Twickenham Hurdle Race, and **Timothy Titus** is my selection for the Kempton Park Steeplechase.

Photo *Muggeridge*

The Folkestone Meeting: Taking the water jump in the Ramsgate Handicap
This event was won by Mr. H. M. Hartigan's Pat Cullinan

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The Foremost Physicist of the Age

Photo *Russell*

THE LATE LORD KELVIN AND LADY KELVIN

It was as the foremost living physicist that Lord Kelvin was esteemed by the world at the time of his death, which took place on Tuesday, the 17th, at Netherhall, Largs, N.B., at the age of eighty-three. The sphere of his activities was almost unlimited. Every branch of science had his attention, his favourite saying being that "all science is one science." Alike as a theorist of daring and subtlety, as an inventor, and as a man of business, he had few rivals and no betters. He is most generally esteemed by the world for his immense services to the cause of measurement. His numerous instruments are those in universal use for the measurement of electricity, of navigation, and of deep sea survey. His mariner's compass and his sounding machine for depths are final solutions of old-time difficulties of navigation, and his various electrical meters reach as near to perfection as seems humanly possible. Among Lord Kelvin's historic feats is the prominent part he took in laying the various Atlantic cables. Among his services to philosophy are his investigations on the theory of the age of the world, as to which his latest estimate was "more than twenty and less than forty million years, and probably much nearer twenty than forty," and his contributions to the solution of the atomic problem. Personally, he was universally beloved for his kindly and generous nature, and for his wit, which was unfailing. He was created a peer by Lord Salisbury in 1892, and was married to the present Lady Kelvin, a daughter of the late Mr. C. R. Blandy, of Madeira, in 1874. He has no heir.

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Photo Sarony

Lady Irene Denison

The debutante daughter of Lord and Lady Londesborough. Her presentation to the King took place during his Majesty's visit to Blankney

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS

A Royal Christmas

Christmas at Sandringham is a very simple and domestic affair. In fact, to transmogrify the good old nursery rhyme :

The King is in the stables
Stroking "Nulli's" nose,
The Queen is in the boudoir
Planning nice new clothes,
The suite . . . . etc., etc.

The house-party is limited almost entirely to members of the Sovereign's family. The King, although he and Queen Alexandra spend many hundreds of pounds on Christmas presents for their myriads of friends and relatives, has, nevertheless, introduced economy into his household in this as in so many other directions. No longer, for instance, do King's Messengers, laden with great importance and a large English plum pudding, traverse Europe from end to end at Christmas-time. Formerly, Queen Victoria had her Christmas puddings made in the Windsor kitchens, and despatched one to all her relations, no matter in what out-of-the-way corner of the Continent they were residing. History does not relate whether, prostrated with indigestion, the Royal relations *en bloc* petitioned the King to cease this kind attention. But their having taken this course seems extremely probable, and, anyway, his Majesty, when it became his turn to do the despatching, decided to drop the custom.

Photo Beldak

The King's Visit to Blankney: His Majesty riding to the coverts

Lord Londesborough (the host) is walking by the King's side, and some loyal local enthusiasts may be seen getting excited on the right

• • •

The Royal Menu

The Royal menu on Christmas Day, too, is very much the same as on any other feast day. The real boar's head on the sideboard and the great baron of beef roasted whole in the great kitchens in the Victoria Tower at Windsor have fallen into disuse. But the cygnet, a luxury costing about 40s. a pair to buy, is still a feature of the Royal Christmas dinner, and in taste is a mixture between a goose and an eel. Queen Alexandra and two of the City Companies, by the way, maintain swans and cygnets on the Thames, protected by special laws, the largest swannery in the kingdom being kept by Lord Ilchester.

• • •

A Thames Royal Party

It is on the Thames, high out of floods, if not of fogs, with Mr. and Mrs. Astor at Cliveden, that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Patricia, will spend Christmas. The Duchess, who leaves with her husband and daughter for Malta on New Year's Day, prefers American to English women, and chooses to make her friends among them. Her Royal Highness, it is said, is not overjoyed at the Malta command; she would rather have stayed in England. But she has arranged that Princess Patricia, at any rate, shall not be "buried alive" there, and is sending her back to England as soon as ever the London season is in view, and the worst of the English winter over. At Blankney, where the King and Prince of Wales have been staying, Lord and Lady Londesborough celebrate Christmas in true old-fashioned style. Among other distinctions, Lord Londesborough is Vice-Admiral of York, and in commemoration of that title a great ship, made of sugar and filled with sweets, is always served at Christmas, together with an entire boar spiced and decorated, and other old-fashioned, if slightly barbarous, English dishes.

• • •

Two Busy Sea-Dogs

Talking of Admirals brings me violently into collision with the subjects of our photographs on the next page. The King always sends a specially selected Christmas present to his old friend Captain Welch, who, once in command of the Royal yacht, is now rather less arduously entrusted with the care of Virginia Water (the lake, by the way, and not a lady), and its fishing temple and frigate. Lord Bristol, too, has lately been much charged with the

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Sailors in the Royal Eye

convoying of Royalty on the *Renown*, and he will be in the Royal remembrance, at any rate of Spain, this Christmas, if only because he made his distinguished passengers so awfully sick. Lord Bristol, since he came into his uncle's title, has neglected the House of Lords and resumed his active life in the Navy. Like the first of his line, he married an heiress. By the alliance of a Hervey with the daughter and heiress of Henry Drury in the fifteenth century, Ickworth Park, their magnificent seat near Bury St. Edmunds, came into the family, and the present Marquis married, ten years ago, a Miss Wythes, the possessor of a nice round square million sterling. Lord and Lady Bristol, however, do not live at Ickworth, but at a smaller place in their own park, which they much prefer. The King has lately granted the same rank and precedence to the children of the late Lord Augustus Hervey as though Lord Augustus had outlived his brother, the late Lord Bristol, and succeeded him in the Marquisate.

Captain Welch

Formerly in command of the Royal Yacht and now entrusted with the care of Virginia Water, with its fishing temple and its frigate. He is always the recipient of a special Christmas present from the King

• • •

Christmas Parties

Christmas parties, of course, are in full swing everywhere. Over in Ireland, Lady Aberdeen is giving her usual Christmas children's dance and entertainment at Dublin Castle; in Town, the Bishop of London has fixed the 26th (Boxing Day) for the delightful children's party he gives every year; and in the country, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are spending Christmas at Everingham Park with Lord and Lady Herries; for their only child, Lady Dorothy Walpole, Lord and Lady Orford have a slightly older party, and a big ball at Wolterton, the historic seat of the Walpoles, which has been unoccupied for half a century; Lady Esther Smith is also entertaining youth and beauty for her debutante niece, Lady Helen Ogilvy, at Greenlands, Henley-on-Thames; the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort have a party at Badminton and a big Christmas tree for the benefit of little Lord Worcester and the Ladies Somerset; and of the Christmas tree variety, too, is the great family gathering assembled at Longleat by the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath, who always make use of their great baronial hall for their Christmas celebrations.

Photos *Russell*

Lord Bristol on the Bridge of the "Formidable"

Which boat acted as convoy to the *Renown*, used by the King and Queen of Spain on their recent visit. Though he recently succeeded to the title, Lord Bristol continues to follow the career of a sailor. In 1896 he married Miss Theodora Wythes

• • •

Sidelights on Lord Kelvin

Apropos of the late Lord Kelvin, the dominant feature of his personality was the strong, youthful enthusiasm which he retained to the end. A friend who stayed with him for a few days in a country house tells me that Lord Kelvin was then interested in some device for testing illuminating power, and the house-party became his willing servants, infected by his own zeal for discovery. They were all occupied with candles and candle-power and watching flames in dark cupboards. Lord Kelvin (who was born in Belfast, of Scottish and Irish ancestry) inherited from his Hibernian progenitors the Irish love of speaking. He spoke to people as much as possible. He kept little green books in which he entered mathematical ideas and calculations, but one of them is full of the history of a certain "P" troupe. This was the name chosen to hide the identity of a travelling party of child gymnasts whom he once met at a railway junction. From the little girl in charge of them he gleaned their whole history, and recorded it in his note-book.

• • •

Kelvin's Parentage

Lord Kelvin's family were Ulster tenant farmers. His father, James Thomson, tried to make a sundial according to directions in a book which he possessed, but failed miserably. One night, while watching the orchard against thieves and filling up the interval of time, like the Chaldean shepherds, with star-gazing, an idea came into his head, and next morning he made the sundial, and found it worked perfectly. He acquired quite a speciality for sundials, and made them for all his neighbours. His father and brother subscribed to give him some schooling. He became Professor of Mathematics at Belfast, and afterwards at Glasgow. Among his many scientific pursuits or diversions Lord Kelvin had studied photography, and he was a director of the great Company which operates the Kodak and other photographic inventions.

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The Late King of Sweden

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Body of King Oscar of Sweden Lying in State in the Castle Chapel, Stockholm

The funeral of the late King of Sweden took place on Thursday last, December 19, the only other monarch present, besides King Gustav, being the King of Denmark. King Edward was represented by Prince Arthur of Connaught

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L'Americaine à Londres

A Descendant of William IV.

The world's history has been made not by the actors therein, but by the actresses behind them. From time immemorial the women of the stage, consorting "off," so to speak, with kings and princes, have pulled the wires of Empire under the cloak of love. The engagement of Miss Cynthia Fitz-Clarence to Mr. Orred, of the Coldstream Guards, which has just been announced, recalls to mind a romance of throne and stage just a hundred years old. Miss Cynthia FitzClarence is a great-grand-daughter of William IV. by his consortship with Mrs. Jordan (*née* Bland), the talented and prolific lady who lived with the Sailor King for twenty years. Ten, at any rate, of her children were of his parentage; and the others appertained unto Mr. Richard Daly and Sir Richard Ford respectively.

• • •

The Munster Line

William IV. created his eldest son Earl of Munster, a title he had himself held. His other children by Mrs. Jordan were given the rank and precedence of the younger sons and daughters of a Marquis. The present Lord Munster is a great grandson of William IV. and a second cousin of Miss Fitz-Clarence, who is the descendant of a younger son of King William. Mrs. Jordan, as everyone knows, was a woman as brilliant as she was beautiful. The cleverest comedian of her day, in her hands the stolid heart of the last of the Williams was as wax to fire. She first met the King when she was twenty-eight, and he was still Duke of Clarence. After the Deed of Separation, which was entered into, purely on political grounds, she went back to the stage in order to contribute to the support of her large family of children. One of the last parts she ever played was that of Lady Teazle in *The School for Scandal.* Eventually she died in poverty at St. Cloud, Paris.

• • •

Peers and Stage

As numerous recent alliances go to prove, the attraction of the stage for the peerage is as sure as that of the candle for the moth. The candle shines brightly, the moth flutters feebly . . . Phwit! . . . its wings are singed, and it falls—at the steps of the altar! The moth, I am told, is not exactly overburdened with brains. I have not consulted Linnæus on the subject, but he (the moth) has, at any rate, not much room to store them. To put it nicely, his heart is stronger than his head. So the musical-comedy lady of the pictorial post-card variety gets him in the wings at the first flicker. Other women, like doctors, suffer from want of advertisement. No one could say that the actress labours under such disadvantage. Aware that lordlings, "like moths, are ever caught by glare," she is one big poster of herself and of her trade.

• • •

Pride of Possession

Other people's property, everyone knows, is singularly alluring. The average young man is puffed up with pride at the mere thought of possessing a private and proprietary interest in that which is public property. Proposals in sheaves invariably punctuate the aftermath of a *cause célèbre.* For the average man, too, there is a powerful, if primitive, charm in being the object of so whole-souled and so whole-hearted a pursuit as that which is indulged in by the pretty light-opera actress. The woman of his own world, educated and highly civilised, develops instincts and interests other than those which Mr. Shaw pronounces to be the one great mainspring of feminine life and conduct. In a word, she absorbs an element of masculinity, and forgets that her one great matrimonial asset is femininity, undiluted and unabashed. The lovely lady of the tooth-powder makes no such hopeless error. For her there is but one game (a wicked game) that is worth the candle. On this she concentrates. She plays it with all her puny might and main, and disdains no smallest weapon from her armoury. Frequently she wins.

Photo *Conway Galleries*

Mrs. Millard Hunsiker

Prominent among American hostesses in London. She is wife of the genial and popular English representative of the United States Steel Trust. Mrs. Hunsiker is shortly taking up residence in a new house in Green Street, from which she intends to entertain even more extensively than she does at present

• • •

The "Affinities" of Arthur James

Towards the end of next month Parliament reassembles, and the fun promises to be fast and furious. Doubtless Ireland will, against all the Government's carefully laid schemes, be the prime object of attention, and nobody is more likely to rejoice thereat than the Leader of the Opposition, who is there on the safest of possible ground. In no light does he shine so effulgently as in the emerald light: Ireland made, and Ireland is likely to sustain, his reputation, let the Tariff Reformers hope what they will. Talking in a previous paragraph about moths, I am reminded (by a

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Of Near Royal Ancestry

Photo *Annie Bell, 92, Victoria Street, S.W.*

MISS CYNTHIA FITZCLARENCE

Announced to be engaged to Mr. Orred, of the Coldstreams. She is a great-granddaughter of William IV. by that monarch's consortship with Mrs. Jordan, the actress, whose eldest son took the title of Earl of Munster

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Athens Welcomes Princess George

sequence of thought which will be obvious to those privileged to count the ex-Premier among their friends) of Mr. Balfour—when the day's work of golf and politics is o'er, a very *dilettante* among them. In the world of moths, Mr. Balfour reigns supreme, for he has the habits—not the attributes—of the fluffy trifler. He flits from flower to flower, and star to star, but he avoids the flame, and the collector who wished to add him to his or her show-box of lepidoptera must have in readiness a pin, full weighty and keen sharp; for the piercing of much grey matter would be involved. It is, in fact, only a twin soul, an affinity, so to speak, that can keep him gracefully and amiably circling for any length of time. Just now, being Christmas-time, the grub is more in evidence than the moth. But Mr. Balfour's wings whirr softly and sweetly. He gyrates in the family circle at Whittingehame. Tariff Reform is forgotten; for the nonce the psychic elements have ceased to "psych," and

A Chaplin by the river's brim
Just Primrose Leaguer is to him
A Chamberlain a bore.

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A Week of Causes Celebres: Druce and Wood

Last week was indeed a week of *causes célèbres*, what with the Druce case and the Camden Town Murder trial at the New Bailey. Many of us will confess to have felt the greater interest in the Wood trial, for, sordid though the circumstances were, there was the strong human interest in this case which is totally lacking in the Marylebone *post-mortem*. Prominent among the spectators at the New Bailey during the course of the proceedings were many well-known actors, dramatists, and literary men, each attracted by the attempts to unravel the mystery which surrounded the case. However, we are wandering. "Trials may come and trials may go, but Druce goes on for ever," and last week's instalment had its little store of surprises. The disappearance of Mr. Caldwell, termed by Mr. Avory "the most noxious perjurer that ever polluted the fountain of justice," created the greatest sensation, though perhaps the greatest amount of amusement was obtained by the large number of fashionably dressed spectators from Mr. Avory's case for the defence, many of his remarks and epithets therein being quite worthy of the best Dickens's burlesques of proceedings in courts of law. The ordinary layman must feel quite a relief to know that Mr. Herbert Druce is willing, at last, to have the famous Highgate grave opened, if the necessity to do so should arise, for, to the outsider, this seems the most practical way of clearing up the question. Not so satisfactory, however, must have been Mr. Avory's remarks to Druce shareholders, who, he said, might find themselves in the criminal dock charged with "champerty and maintenance." These names are very affrighting, and if I were the possessor of any Druce shares I should immediately get rid of them.

Photo] **The Greek Royal Wedding** [*Hamilton*

The King of Greece welcomes the bride (late Mlle. Bonaparte) on her arrival. Prince George, the bridegroom, is standing bareheaded, while the bride is on the King's arm

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Catholicism and Charity

Photo

The Irish Stall presided over by Mrs. Lindsay Coates (in the centre)

The Premier Duchess as Saleswoman: The Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Mary Howard at the E

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are very interested in the work of the Society, his Grace having recently shown his ap by presenting them with two houses for their use at Norwich

Photos

The "Netherland's" Stall at the Bazaar for the Nursing Sisters of the Poor at the Horticultura

The grand Bazaar, held in aid of the Nursing Sisters of the Poor at the Horticultural Hall last week, was a mos absence, through illness, of Father Bernard Vaughan on the first day, the bazaar was opened by Sir Reginald Bar holders were many distinguished personages, including the Duchess of Norfolk and the Dowager Duchess of

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A Scientifically Minded Baron

The Druce Lawyers

By the way, apropos of the Druce case, I understand that very strong influence—Influence with a capital "I," in fact, for the Duke of Portland has very powerful friends—was brought to bear on Mr. Rufus Isaacs to induce him to withdraw from the Druce case, for which he had been engaged by the prosecution. In his place is Mr. Atherley Jones, for the defence, a far less formidable counsel to have in the enemy's ranks. I hear, also, that great attempts have been made by her friends to "draw" the Irish lady who, as a friend of the late Duke of Portland, has made her depositions for the defence. At a big dinner-party the other day, when questioned as to the Duke, all she would say on the subject was, "The Duke of Portland? Oh! *that* horrid old man!"

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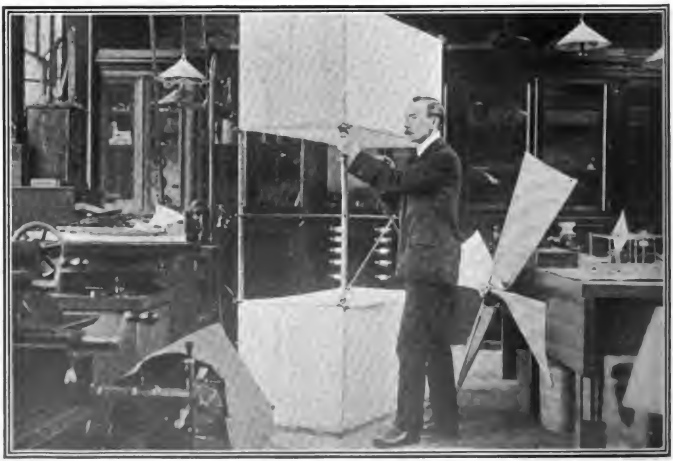
A Scientific Peer

Lord Blythswood, who, with Lord Lister and Mr. A. Cameron Corbett, is shortly to receive the Freedom of the City of Glasgow, is interested in many branches of science. At his laboratory at Blythswood, Renfrewshire, he has lately been engaged in an attempt to manufacture rubies, sapphires, and other precious stones by exposing colourless crystal to the action of radium. At present he is hard at work experimenting on a new flying machine, and one of the great box-kites he uses for making wind-pressure and other tests was lately mistaken by the well meaning Clyde-siders for the lamented "La Patrie." Lord Blythswood is seventy years of age, and a scientist by inclination, if not profession. He served with the Scotch Guards in the Crimea, and was for many years in Parliament. Lord Salisbury gave him his Barony in 1892. He is enormously wealthy, being the owner of much valuable Glasgow land. During her visit to Glasgow in 1886 the late Queen stayed at Blythswood, and so also ten years earlier did the Prince of Wales, when he laid the foundation-stone of the new post office in George Square.

A Scientifically Minded Baron

Lord Blythswood in his laboratory at Blythswood, where he engages in many fascinating experiments



Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Lord Blythswood's Kite, which was mistaken for the runaway airship "La Patrie"

In the photograph is Mr. Scoble, his lordship's chief engineer

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Photo *The Canadian Studio*
Lady Gorst
The leader of British Society in Egypt

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SEASON IN CAIRO

HOW TO GET THERE, AND WHAT TO DO WHEN THERE

Photo *Lafayette*
Sir Eldon Gorst
The new British Agent in Cairo—Lord Cromer's successor

The Journey to Egypt

To Bay or not to Bay—that is the question which confronts every would-be visitor to Egypt, whether to suffer the ups and downs of the much-dreaded Biscay or, coming overland, to shorten suffering and save time. The "short sea" has most votaries; but, unless the traveller is a quite hopeless sailor, limp to helplessness, there is much to be said for "long sea." The Bay is a dog with a bad name; yet it is no more always rough there than it is always blue and calm in the Mediterranean. The trip to "Gib" is often delightful. The overland route shakes you to pieces. In the deep blue waters of the Bay, porpoises leap and spring. A faint outline, like a distant cloud, deepens into the purple, shelving the coast of Portugal, and, as the comfortable P.&O. boat *Macedonia* nears the "Rock," a busy humming-bird moth, with gauzy wings and velvet body, buzzes inquisitively over the ship. Gibraltar has a charm peculiarly its own, but once in the Mediterranean the sky and stars have a sub-tropical brilliancy. Off Spain we see a marvellous sunrise, and the hills glow with tints unknown to us poor, colour-starved Northerners; behind them a widening path of gold, terraced with misty cloud, stretches over a waste of lavender, and presently all is forgotten in the tremulous glory of that gorgeous golden globe which is the Southern sun.

Photo] **Miss Bullock** *[N. Collings*
Daughter of General Bullock, commanding the British Force in Egypt

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The Land of the Pharaohs

At length, the deep blue of the waters changes to the opaque greenish grey which heralds the Nile. Noisy, laughing, chatting Arab coalers throng the sunny wharf. An American girl, eyeing eagerly the crowd, remarks on their "vurry pretty teagowns," and is surprised to learn that they call them "galibieh." In the Cairo train one notes that the famous Suez Canal is not much wider than our Regent's Canal at home. On one side stretches the desert. A flight of night-birds shows black against the vivid sky. Who could believe that mere sand could mirror so truthfully the rose and gold and faint transparent green of this Southern sky? It is all so beautiful, so velvety, so dusky purple, so vividly glowing, that one wonders why, from childhood up, one has pitied the Children of Israel for having spent so much time there. Then, long darkness "black as Egypt," and after this, as one nears Cairo, the dark curtain of night lifts periodically and shows us pictures straight from "The Arabian Nights."

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In Cairo

It is very difficult to find one's way about in Cairo. It is quite useless to tell a cabman to drive to such-and-such a street, for a name suggests nothing to him. It has taken him twenty years to learn one address, "Lordie Cromare," and it is only the master-minds among them which have already learned "Seer Eldom Gorse." Then the bustle, the stir, the life, the jollity of these noisy, sunny streets. The constant, curious, chanting, resonant cries, the fodder-laden camels, the necklaced donkeys, the fellaheen in blue, the sheikh in gorgeous satin, the conventually veiled Egyptian woman quarrelling cheerfully with her neighbour on the way to market. How fascinating it all is, and how compelling!

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Fashion's Haunts

The most popular resort of fashionable Cairo is the Khedivial Sporting Club. It has been much improved of late, and, thanks to the untiring exertions of Mrs. Keith Marsham, wife of the Secretary of the Club, the gardens are now lovely and the club-house much beautified. Cairo, however, is not yet so full as at this time last year, for which the American crisis may be to blame. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have left Neva House and gone up the Nile. Lord Eustace Cecil is still here, and the Earl and Countess

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Amusements in Cairo

Croquet in Cairo: Mrs. Caffray and Mrs. Horsblower playing at the Khedivial Club
One of the most popular and fashionable resorts in Cairo is the Khedivial Sporting Club, the club-house of which has been much improved of late and the gardens re-arranged

of Linlithgow and the Countess of Gosford, with Lady Theo Acheson, are among the latest arrivals. Assouan is already fairly full, and every night the train from Cairo is inconveniently crowded.

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Charity in Cairo

In the whirl of the Egyptian "Vanity Fair" there are still some who give time and thought to the needs of their poorer fellows. Lady Valda Machell and Mme. Carton de Wiart are both on the committee of Lady Cromer's Dispensary for Native Children. This charity was started about a year ago—one branch at Bulak and another in the heart of the native quarter, just outside the Citadel. In spite of prejudice and superstition, the institution is very popular, and the quaint little brown babies are brought by their mothers very willingly for treatment, it having been brought home to them by endless patience that though washing and cleanliness and medicine are extremely disagreeable, fatiguing, and boring, yet in the long run the cure seems rather more certain than that effected by the wearing of an amulet blessed by a sheikh. So long as she was in Cairo, Lady Cromer came twice a week to the Dispensary to help in the work.

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Cairo Amusements

Dances, dinners, excursions, lawn tennis, croquet, and much polo at Ghezireh, where Lady Gorst, always beautifully dressed, is a constant visitor, fill up, quite satisfactorily, a Cairene day. Everyone subscribes to the opera, and the Esbekiyan Garden Theatre, where French companies often play, is a popular resort. Then, of course, there are always native Muslim ceremonies of overwhelming interest to the casual visitor, if not to the resident. At a reception held at the Hassan Mosque a week or so ago, the Holy Carpet, which is made every year in the Mooski for the tomb of the Prophet, is exhibited. The gorgeous sections of embroidery, green, scarlet, and massive gold work on a black satin ground, hang on the carpeted walls of one of the temporary chambers. A huge concourse of people attend, as, besides the bulk of the Mohammedan upper classes, the English, Greek, and French colonies are largely represented.

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The Cairo Climate

Although Cairo is, one would imagine, as well known to English people as any other large cosmopolitan city, it is astonishing how much misapprehension still exists on the subject of the climate in winter. Tourists arrive—they are coming in every day—in white suits, the ladies with sun-helmets and green veils. They recount how they have left their furs at Marseilles, their heavy clothing at Naples. "Poor souls," as Lady Jane Grey remarked of those who went hunting, "they know not what true comfort means." The sun shines for a few hours in the middle of the day, it is true, but there are many mornings and nights when it is very cold. During the next two months wraps and thick clothing are a necessity. Chills are taken with alarming rapidity, very often with serious after-effects. The climate is beautiful, but it has its peculiarities, and these need attention.

Polo at Ghezireh: A match between the Inniskilling Dragoons and the Coldstream Guards
Ghezireh is the great centre for polo, and fashionable crowds throng to all the important matches

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The Egyptian Season Opens

Photo *Anglo-Swiss Studio*

The Ruins of Luxor

As the scene of Egypt's past greatness, with the magnificent Temple ruins at Luxor, Thebes, and Karnak, this district, some 450 miles down the Nile from Cairo, is one of the greatest interest to visitors. Among the many English people now staying at Luxor is Mr. Robert Hichens, the well-known novelist

A Corner of Lady Cromer's Children's Dispensary

During her residence in Egypt, Lady Cromer started a dispensary for native children. In spite of prejudice and the native predilection for charms as cures for illness, many mothers bring their children for treatment. Since Lady Cromer left Egypt an active interest is being taken in the institution by Lady Valda Machell and Mme. Carton de Wiart

Photo *Wyndham*

A Bird's-eye View of Cairo from the Citadel

Cairo is a city of contrasts. Nowhere, perhaps, can you get such a complete mingling of East and West. The modern quarter of the city, with its boulevards, hotels, and shops, makes the visitor imagine himself in any European city, and yet, within a stone's throw, he may be in the midst of the kaleidoscopic changes of scene and colour of an Eastern bazaar, with no sign or hint of things Western and modern. The Season in Egypt is now getting well under weigh, and hundreds of English visitors are wintering in the country to escape the rigours of the English climate. No doubt, owing to the Money Crisis, the number of Americans is considerably smaller than for several seasons past

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By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

AN ITALIAN CRITIC OF THE BRITISH PLAYGOER

Who is Dr. Mario Borsa? And how comes he, an Italian, to paint a picture of the English contemporary stage which is almost without a flaw? These questions will spring to the lips of all who read "The English Stage of To-Day," a translation of the original Italian, recently published by Mr. John Lane.

A moment's reflection will suggest a possible answer to the second question. The author of this engrossing volume, in which criticisms, satirical outbursts, dialectics, pen-pictures, flash by us in bewildering succession, must have been in our midst for many a year. He must have been with us and of us to have gained such insight into our characteristics and temperament; he must have dined with us, gossiped with us, and won our confidence. Here is no strange Italian stalking alone through the masquerade making notes, but one of the giddy throng, laughing and capering and jesting with the rest. Only as one of ourselves could Dr. Mario Borsa have succeeded in producing a book so live, so personal, so instinct with truth.

Photo *Rita Martin*

Mlle. Genée's Successor

Miss Topsy Sinden, who is succeeding Mlle Adeline Genée as *première danseuse* at the Empire

I imagine the English people to be one of the most difficult to understand. I can conceive a clever foreigner coming to England to study types and returning to his own country to write a book, the value of which would not be impaired if, for every time the words "English people" occurred, there were substituted the words "Barbary Apes." Ludicrous and false books have been written upon us by foreigners, and will continue to be written upon us by foreigners, who have not happened upon the magic "combination" which unlocks the English mind. Someone gave Dr. Mario Borsa the open sesame, and he has had the choice of all the treasures of the English character.

The opening chapters incline us to the belief that Armageddon is upon us. With barely a herald's warning the author rides full tilt at the British playgoer as a section of the "great British public." What he says (of course only in effect) is: "How can the British expect to have a drama when every other man you meet is a fool?" And the chapters in which this thesis is developed make delightful reading. Our author is not abusive, only keen-witted, critical, mercilessly logical. Recognising that he can never impress upon the intelligence of his countrymen a picture of the English stage until first he has told them of the English people, Dr. Borsa describes the rush and roar and monotony of London life. He depicts a people which, in revolt against the grime and squalor that encompasses it, turns passionately to the theatre in a craving for amusement. "Amuse us or we go mad" is the cry. And in the process of answering this pitiful cry, of ministering to this insatiable appetite for amusement, proprietors, shareholders, lessees, managers, authors, and actors make enormous fortunes.

This histriomania is not confined to attendance at the theatres; it is complicated and rendered more acute by a complex and morbid interest in everything connected with the stage.

Amateur dramatic clubs, illustrated theatrical periodicals, hero worship of actors, heroine-worship of actresses, gossip upon the stage, booming of histrionic wares—these are some of the signs which all may see and the portents which all may read.

"Consider how these people live!" This is the text upon which Dr. Borsa preaches a sermon. He describes the rows and rows of mean streets containing houses all turned out to a certain pattern. Sameness, monotony, and machine-made types. The same arrangements and distribution of rooms, the same fireplaces, the same doorways, the same furniture, and the same pictures. Next our author passes to what the people read. He discovers that in comparison

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Other Times, Other—'Mimes

PANTOMIME TASTES AT THREE PERIODS OF YOUTH

BY NORMAN MORROW

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with other books novels are asked for in the proportion of a hundred to one. There are no fewer than thirty new novels published in the United Kingdom per week. It is an amazing output. What point is he trying to make? Why, that the English public, either reading or playgoing, has no artistic perception. As John Morley remarked upon opening a public library at Woolwich, "I am scandalised at the 'shocking trumpery' I have found upon the bookshelves in middle-class homes." Adventure, travels, frivolity, and novels, were to be found, but no serious works of history, economy, philosophy, or sociology. Dr. Borsa next passes to the statement that English authors have no hold upon the British public, which is only interested in business, in sport, in the music-hall stage.

Another quotation will serve to explain the deductions which the author makes from the study of the middle-class Briton and the atmosphere in which he moves:—

His habits are so mechanical, his life so easy, his mental processes so elementary and indolent, his critical faculties so obtuse, his morality so orthodox, and his spirit so egotistical, that he is devoid of all intellectual equipment for the comprehension of serious drama; he takes no interest in the reproduction of psychological difficulties which have never disturbed his own peace of mind; he is entirely without curiosity on the subject of social problems which have never preoccupied his own thoughts; he has no desire to understand and to penetrate the essential nature of the men and the things in the midst of which he moves as automatically, as unconsciously, as the wheel of a machine.

In the face of this diatribe the poor British playgoer can but blush and lower his eyes.

Then follows a chapter upon Realism and the English drama, in which the author seeks to prove that, however bravely the little band of leading English dramatists fights in the interests of the theatre, circumstances are too much for them, and they are worsted.

In their hurry to be clever and ingenious in their plots, and witty in their dialogue; in their zeal to work for stars and managers, one gets the impression that these dramatic authors have forgotten that in writing for the theatre it is also possible, incidentally, to write for art.

Another hard knock!

Dr. Borsa commends Jones the critic, he condemns Jones the playwright. He agrees with Jones that the stage should depict Society as it is, should study and reproduce all its manifestations, and occupy itself with all its problems. He fails to see that Mr. Jones has carried out the ideals which he has formulated.

Passing from what Dr. Borsa calls the "commercial drama"—that is to say, the drama which returns hundreds and thousands of pounds in fees to Pinero, Sutro, and Barrie—our author makes some pleasant remarks upon the experimental theatre. He contends that the work of Mr. J. T. Grein in establishing the Independent Theatre has been justified; indeed, he states that if the Independent Theatre had done nothing else for the British drama than to give a hearing to G. B. Shaw it would have fulfilled its mission.

There follows a pen-picture of G. B. S. It is remarkable from the fact that the writer keeps his temper. So few of Shaw's critics can. Dr. Borsa finds, as so many authors have done, that Shaw's plays are more interesting in book form than they are upon the stage. He has evidently experienced that stunned feeling which oppresses us when we grope our way from the theatre after listening for three and a half hours to dialectical cleverness, to discussions upon slum landlordism, upon patriotism, upon morality, upon education, upon social economics, upon a thousand and one other subjects. Space forbids mention of a tithe of the treasures of comment and diatribe in this delectable book. And we have always the comfortable feeling that Dr. Borsa knows the "great British Public" far too well to fall into the error of supposing he has done it any good by holding the mirror to its face.

E. C. S.

Mr. Frank Haskoll

Who is making such a hit at the Palace Theatre with his Irish songs at the piano. After his present engagement has terminated, Mr. Haskoll will undertake an extensive tour

Pantomime Day

To-morrow (Boxing Day) might also be designated "Pantomime Day," for, in addition to Drury Lane and the Adelphi—the Lyceum produced their pantomime last Monday—nearly all of the important provincial and suburban theatres open on this day with pantomime. In our centre pages will be found photographs of a few of this year's principal pantomime "stars"; but, although we have done our best to make our selection as representative as possible, through lack of space we had perforce to omit many important names. One only has to glance at some of the names figuring upon the pantomime bills to understand how the music-halls must suffer during this season. At Drury Lane, for instance, in *The Babes in the Wood*, we have Messrs. Walter Passmore, Neil Kenyon, Harry Fragson, Harrison Brockbank, Johnnie Danvers, and Drew and Alders. For the feminine rôles the Misses Queenie Leighton, Meredith Munro, Madge Vincent, and Marie George have been engaged. At the Lyceum, Miss Dorothy Craske, so long associated with the Empire ballets, is playing Robinson Crusoe. Among others in the cast are the Misses Sybil Arundale, Grace Arundale, and Ouida Macdermott; Messrs. John E. Coyle, George Brooks, and Ed. Espinosa. Miss Macdermott, who is said to be possessed of a particularly fine voice and a very engaging style, is a daughter of "The Great Macdermott." At the Adelphi, Happy Fanny Fields is sure to be good as the Laundry Maid in *Aladdin*. Mr. Malcolm Scott is cast for the part of Widow Twankey, which part should suit him well. The Alhanazar is Mr. Harry Dent. Miss Sarah Vruwell, of whom great expectations are entertained, will be the Princess. The Camden Theatre has Mr. Harry Randall for its *Dick Whittington* pantomime. The principal Boy is Miss Ella Shields, and the principal Girl Miss Gladys Huxley. At the Broadway, New Cross, Miss May Moore Duprez and Mr. Martin Adeson are to be found in *Mother Goose*.

R. M.

Mr. Frank Haskoll

Mr. Haskoll is appearing at the Palace, and making a great success singing songs, Irish and otherwise, at the piano. This is Mr. Haskoll's first appearance on the Variety stage. He has had great success in London as a teacher, and numbers a great many of our leading singers as his pupils. He has also figured as a Society entertainer both in this country and America.

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CONTINENTAL CHAT

The Bulgarian Princely Alliance

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria's second marriage, after a widowerhood of nine years, and following so closely on the death of his father-in-law, Duke Robert of Parma, cannot fail to excite comment. In Bulgaria there is little sympathy and little surprise. The Prince's ripe age, and his choice of a lady who is his senior, preclude romance; but his four children will henceforth have a maternal guardian, and the palace at Sofia a fitting hostess.

Princess Eleonora of Reuss-Köstrits is approaching her forty eighth year. She had probably ceased to contemplate the prospect of wedlock when the dazzling offer of a Crown—all vassal though it be—was laid at her feet. Her aunt by marriage, the Grand-Duchess Vladimir of Russia, was the first to see the suitability of the alliance. It must be remembered that Prince Ferdinand was once a suitor for her own daughter, the charming and high-spirited Grand-Duchess Helen, now Princess Nicolas of Greece. Those who know Princess Eleonora affirm that she is of dignified presence, well qualified to uphold that Royal State whose pomp and paraphernalia are so dear to the Sovereign of the uncouth Bulgars.

Photo *Typical Agency*

Another Royal Engagement

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and Princess Eleonora of Reuss-Köstrits, whose engagement is announced

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A Princess of Sorrow

But the thoughts of many will fly back to the winsome figure of a little lady of regal mien, who wore her crown and trailed her silken skirts through these halls that witnessed her dawn of hope and her twilight of despair. No pang is keener than that of a soul mourning for its loved ones even to the Eternal Gate, and it was a religious sorrow that broke the heart of Marie-Louise in twain. Bred in the strictest of ultramontane circles, imbued with zeal for the extension of the Church, she accepted the hand of a Prince struggling for his throne within a State struggling for its existence, in order to further a Christian cause, and bring to Bulgaria and its ruler the wealth of her dower, the prestige of her great House, and the boundless devotion of her heart. Not a trace of Roman propaganda could be found in her educational and humanitarian foundations. Her purity of motive, her lofty philanthropy endeared her to her subjects, who mention her name with blessings even to-day. Strange to say, her attachment to her own faith in no wise lessened her popularity with the Bulgars. The Princess's first deception was the delay in administering the Sacrament of Baptism to her first-born. This temporary concession to "Orthodox" susceptibilities did not, however, prepare her for what was to follow; and when Prince Ferdinand bowed to Russia's demands, and resolved to let his son be made a member of what was to the poor Princess the "Greek schism," she fled from Bulgaria, distraught and desperate. Her father, indignant at what he termed the infamous backsliding of a Bourbon, espoused her cause, and arranged for her future residence a wing of his palace at Pianore.

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A Pitiful End

But it was that very Rome whose interests lay so near to her heart that insisted on her resumption of conjugal ties. Pope Leo XIII., her godfather and mentor, prevailed on the Princess to yield to her husband's solicitations and return to Sofia. The Vatican's inexorable attitude on the marriage question pressed this time heavily on one of its most devoted adherents. But the wound was never healed, for this gentle idealist sank into a decline; and, although she gave birth to two more children, Princesses Eudoxia and Nadejda, the cloud of melancholy was not lifted until the day of release. A lady of her immediate surroundings exclaimed to me, after the Princess's demise: "Ah, never mind what the doctors say! *We* all know that she died of the baptism of Prince Boris!"

Prince Ferdinand has this time chosen a Lutheran to share his throne and be a mother to the children of the ultra-Catholic Marie-Louise. The fact that his name was not mentioned in the will of the late Duke of Parma will have helped to deliver the Prince from any feeling of obligation towards the family of his first wife; and the coldness existing between the Parma-Bourbons and the Coburg-Bourbon line enthroned in Bulgaria will probably now develop into open rupture. The political situation is such

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that it is doubtful whether young Prince Boris will ever ascend his father's uncertain throne.

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More Royal Escapades

I wonder if Royalty was ever so much talked of as in the present day. Kings and Queens and Royal Princes seem to vie with each other in the activity with which they cater for notoriety. It is as if Royalty had found a new vocation and vindicated its utility against an encroaching democracy. Far be it from me to say a word against the admirable work which our own King, the German Emperor, the King of Italy and others are doing for the welfare of their respective countries. I am not sure, however, that the others, who show their dissatisfaction with their lot in abandoning the comforts and luxury of their high position for the sake of the freer life of commoner people, are not dissipating the old delusion that Kings are happy, and that to be a Queen is the height of human fortune. The latest example is the Duchesse d'Aosta's abandonment of hearth and home, on account of her husband's *fredaines*, to wander *incognito* among strangers. She has just returned from her sister's wedding at Wood Norton, and is now starting for a long voyage so as to escape, it is said, the pitying comments being made on her domestic life. But this is, perhaps, exaggerated. One can well understand how the eternal blue sky and steady climate of the South must eventually bore a woman of the North, even without taking into account the uniformity of Nature and the insipidity of character in Southern Italy, where she is fated to dwell. Even the rows of bright white teeth and ready smiles grow tedious. It is quite possible that a *nostalgia* for the North came upon her recently, and that all these rumours of domestic infelicity rest upon a very slender foundation. Perhaps she has at last accepted the invitation Queen Alexandra has so graciously and so often extended to her.

Photo Guigoni and Bossi

The Duchesse d'Aosta

Whose matrimonial troubles are occupying the attention of tittle-tattlers in Italy just now

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The "Washington Post" Again

There is a rumour that Sir Henry Howard, at present British Minister at the Hague, is to succeed Mr. Bryce in his post at Washington. Thereby hangs a tale. When Mr. Bryce was appointed, another distinguished diplomatist coveted the post, but the Washington Embassy is the most difficult one to fill in the whole of the diplomatic service. The Americans cannot stand the "side" which many of our Ambassadors have retained from the old attaché days, when they imagined themselves the lords of creation. Sir Mortimer Durand was entirely free from pose of any kind. He had, however, the stand-offish manners of the high-class British official, and this is equally obnoxious to the American. The candidate for the post which Mr. Bryce now occupies is still unemployed. A caustic, clever man, he has had great experience of the Far East, but he is hardly the kind of diplomat who would understand, or be understood by, the "rough-and-tumble" politicians of the American capital. A passing compensation was offered him, and then he did what was expected of him. It is, therefore, very doubtful that Mr. Bryce will return till this gentleman is disposed of elsewhere. He went there on the assumption that a vacancy would occur in the course of twelve months or so, hence the rumour that Mr. Bryce only went for this period. He has been a very popular Ambassador, though he has not yet fathomed the truth of the old adage that "Silence is golden," especially when one is a diplomatist. Sir Henry Howard, who is mentioned as his probable successor, is now sixty-five years of age. He began his career as an attaché in Washington, and there he met and married Miss Riggs, who made such a charming hostess during the Hague Conference. Sir Henry would suit the Americans. His bluff, jovial manner and unaffected good humour, added to the fact that he has an American wife and "American" daughters, would mark him out as probably the most suitable in our diplomatic service for the post. After passing so many years at the Hague—not the liveliest of capitals—he deserves some compensation before he retires into private life. Being a Roman Catholic, he has not, in the most Puritan Court of Europe, been as much the right man in the right place as he might have been, and the rumour has more than once been circulated that he is to go elsewhere.

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A Monument to Dante

An Italian once wrote that nothing struck him so much, on visiting London, as not to be able to discover the statue of Shakespeare! He had seen one in Paris, on the Boulevard Haussmann, but nobody could show him one in the streets of the capital of Shakespeare's native land. The Englishman's reply was twofold. First, it was to the effect that, as Shakespeare's memory is still revered by some Englishmen, he had been spared the unhappy fate of a British statue. Secondly, he blandly asked of the Italian where, exactly where, was the statue of Dante in Rome? The native could not tell him, for it is the sorry fact that Italy has, on her part, no replica of the image of *her* greatest poet. She has, however, done something to repair the omission, as a Bill has just been laid before the Italian Parliament for the erection of a monument in Dante's honour. The sum asked for is £80,000, so if the honour to their great poet comes tardily, it is likely to be all the more magnificent. Dante in Italy is as popular as Shakespeare in England. He is read in the schools, and even an Italian elementary education is incomplete without a pretty fair knowledge of Italy's greatest poet.

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PANTOMIME ST

In Town and O

Photo

MISS ALICE RUSSON

Playing Cinderella at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liv

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Pantomime "Stars" in Town

(1)

Photo Hana

(2)

Photo White House Studios

(3)

Photo Dover Street Studios

(1) Miss Dorothy Craske

Playing Robinson Crusoe at the Lyceum Theatre

(2) Miss Ouida Macdermott

The Princess Arawanha in *Robinson Crusoe* at the Lyceum Theatre

(3) Miss Madge Vincent

Maid Marian in *The Babes in the Wood* at the Drury Lane Theatre

(4) Miss Marie George

The Girl Babe in *The Babes in the Wood* at the Drury Lane Theatre

(5) Happy Fanny Fields

The Laundry Maid in *Aladdin* at the Adelphi Theatre

(4)

Photo Bassano

(5)

Photo Kotary Co.

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Pantomime "Stars" in t

(1)

(1) Miss Daisy Jerome

Gretchen in *Mother Goose* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham

(2) Miss Mabel Russell

Principal Girl in *Jack and Jill* at the Prince's Theatre, Bristol

(3) Miss Lily Iris

Robin Hood in *The Babes in the Wood* at the Royal Theatre, Glasgow

(4)

(5)

Photos

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"Stars" in the Provinces

(2)

Photo Rotary Co.

(3)

(4) Miss Madeline Rees

Prince Cashmir in *Cinderella* at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool

(5) Miss May Beatty

Dick Whittington at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle-on-Tyne

(4) (5)

Foulsham and Banfield

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WORLDLY STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YOKE"

The Celibate

By HUBERT WALES

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

THE Rev. Hugh St. John Melville, Vicar of the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Brompton, sat in his study. The austerity of his life was manifest by his surroundings. The floor was uncarpeted, and, save for the bright bindings of the books which lined one wall, the room was without sign of comfort. Its furniture, otherwise, was composed of a few hard, uncushioned chairs and two deal tables One of the latter served the Vicar for a desk, the other contained the remains of his evening meal—half a loaf, a cracked tea-pot, some butter, and a pot of jam, laid on a coarse cloth. Off this simple fare he had broken his fast at six o'clock; it was now nine, and the residue was still unremoved. It did not occur to him to summon his housekeeper for the purpose. She would come in her own good time, according to her custom, and his attention for the present was sufficiently occupied by the urgent appeal for funds for the Universities' Mission which he was writing for his Parish Magazine. He was only in the middle thirties, but his clean-shaven face bore marks suggesting a more advanced age—the product of a life of strenuous work and rigid self-repression.

"MISS RINGLETS"
(A STUDY BY H. LANDER)

He was still at his desk when the door was opened by his housekeeper to admit a visitor. The good woman mentioned no name—it was not her custom—she held a dish-cloth in her disengaged hand, and having deposited her charge, she retired to regions whence she had evidently been drawn with some reluctance. The newcomer—a tall, bronzed man, with a large moustache and gentle brown eyes—was an entire stranger to Melville; but as the latter rose to greet him, his tired face was illumined with a welcoming smile, as to an old friend. It was not a superficial politeness, but the spontaneous greeting of a man whose heart went out naturally to his fellow-creatures. He cast a glance round to his ill-spread table with some thought of hospitality, hesitated at the sight of its emptiness and changed his mind; then he placed a chair for his visitor and asked what he could do for him.

The latter took the hard chair proffered him and placed his polished silk hat upon the bare table without permitting his face to indicate that the room was furnished otherwise than he would have expected. A certain suggestion of masterfulness, almost of overbearance, in his face was removed by the kindliness of his eyes.

"I have called," he said, "on behalf of my sister, to arrange for her marriage."

"Why, certainly," said the Vicar, readily. He snatched a slip of paper from a rack. "You wish me to publish the banns?"

"No," said the stranger, "the marriage will be by licence."

"Oh!" There was slight surprise in the interjection. "That is more unusual — but no matter. Your sister resides in my parish?"

"She will do so for the legal period."

"I see," said the priest. "Then I may conclude, I hope, that she has an especial desire to be married in my church?"

"In your church and by you."

There was nothing unusual in such a preference on the part of brides, in Melville's experience, but the tone in which the words were uttered attracted him to look at the speaker with more intenseness than he had hitherto done.

"May I ask why?" he said.

The stranger took out his card-case. "Perhaps I should have begun by introducing myself," he said. "Allow me to remedy the default." He laid a card on the table.

"Thank you." The Vicar lifted the piece of pasteboard. "My housekeeper — good soul — doesn't indulge me with the names of my visitors."

The inscription on the card was "Major Godfrey Christian Hope, Army and Navy Club." Melville read it; and when he looked up his face had changed. It had not hardened; but it had become a little paler, a little sterner. And there was something else in it, if you looked closely: a look of suffering, suddenly acute amid the signs of one wont to suffer.

"To which of your sisters have you referred, Major Hope?" he said.

"To my sister Lois."

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The name fell softly; but no observer could have failed to note that its import was appreciated equally by the man who spoke as by the man who heard The latter had clasped his hands on the table, and sat staring at a small date-rack in front of him. The look of suffering had deepened, through which the faint flicker of some tender reminiscence struggled vainly for life. His companion watched him without sympathy and without triumph, but closely and with intense interest, sitting the while with legs crossed, tugging mechanically at the ends of his long moustache.

Melville at last broke the long silence. "You were in India when all this happened?"

"Yes," said Hope, "I was in India. That is why I have not met you before."

"But you have been told everything, of course?"

"Oh, yes."

"You have heard the facts correctly, no doubt. Still, if you will let me, I should like to tell you the story shortly myself."

The Major shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I know I can expect no sympathy," said the priest. Then his voice rose: "But I will endure no judgment. If I was wrong, I am answerable to a Judge who will not err."

He paused, and then resumed in his usual quiet tones: "It was at the time that I was leaving the University, and had yet to embark on a career in life, that I first met your sister. I suppose no young man could have seen so much of her as it was my fortune to do at that time without being influenced by her beauty, by her personal charm, and by her rare mental qualities. Not I, at least. I counted myself fortunate to be among her admirers; I counted myself doubly, trebly fortunate when she stooped to accept my devotion. On my part, this was no passing fancy, as the sequel may have led you to suppose: it was a deep, abiding attachment which no worldly chance or change could disturb. But my youthful ardour had led me too hastily to the opening of a pleasant path which it was not ordained that I should follow; in my eagerness I had bound to your sister that which was not mine to bind. I was to know a little later that this life of mine was required by its Giver for the services of His Church. Not a half of it, Major Hope"—he spoke earnestly, looking into his companion's face—"not such part of it as might be unoccupied by domestic joys and domestic cares, but all—all." He hesitated, anxiously watching the other. "I see you don't agree with me; your sister didn't; many don't; the Church itself is passive. To me it is unthinkable that one who is called to this high office can devote to it less than his whole heart, and his whole mind, and his whole soul."

"And so you jilted my sister," said the soldier, bluntly.

The priest raised his head, his eyes bright, his features set with quiet dignity. "From you, I have said, I will accept no judgment."

"I have not come to judge."

"No," said the priest, "you have come to punish. You have presumed, Major Christian-Hope, to come to punish."

"I have come to execute my sister's commission," said the Major, quietly.

The other hesitated. "She really wishes it?" He spoke the words slowly, a note of incredulity in his voice.

"Oh, come, Mr. Melville," exclaimed Hope, "you mustn't grudge her her little triumph. There is an old proverb, you remember, about a woman scorned."

"She was not scorned."

"She has been pitied."

Again there was a pause. Then Melville repeated: "She really wishes it?"

"She demands it," said Hope.

"I cannot do it," cried the priest, suddenly. "The task is greater than you know. You ask more than you think."

"Do you mean——?"

There was no reply. Melville had dropped his face into his hands.

For some moments the soldier watched the bowed head in silence. His features had softened.

"I am sorry, Mr. Melville," he said, at last; "sorry that your peculiar views should have interrupted what I am convinced would have been a happy union. My sister would have made you a good wife, and she would have helped you, I think, to become a not less faithful, and perhaps a more efficient, servant of the Church you serve."

The priest looked up, a half smile flashing for a moment in his face. "Even if you could persuade me of that," he said, "it would hardly avail us when we remember your errand to-night."

"I had forgotten," said the other. He held out his hand. "So far as I am concerned, bygones are bygones. Will you come and see Lois? When she has had her crow, you may find you have only to dry her tears."

Melville did not immediately reply. He was thinking earnestly. He passed his hand once or twice through the loose strands of hair on his forehead. Finally he turned to his companion with an air of quiet decision.

"No," he said; "I was wrong. She has suffered through me; through me it is her whim to reach her happiness. Let it be so. I will find strength to do it."

Then a remarkable thing happened. The Major, having achieved the object of his visit, proceeded to use his utmost endeavours to undo his work. He urged, insisted, implored. Without avail. The priest had made up his mind.

. . . . . .

At two o'clock, three weeks later, the Church of the Holy Redeemer was silent and almost empty. The doors and windows were open, admitting the soft June sunshine; a few worshippers knelt upon the high-backed chairs; the air was faintly laden with the fumes of incense. At the Eastern end the chancel was shrouded in the mystery of semi-darkness. Only the perpetual lamp, depending from the main arch, dimly illumined it, and two tapers upon the high altar, whose beams fell upon the crucifix, which shone and burned out of the gloom.

As the neighbouring clocks were chiming the quarter, an acolyte emerged from the side and lighted the remainder of the candles. Those of the worshippers who happened to notice it were aware that a service of some sort was about to take place. Then

(Continued on page 632)

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William the Conqueror's Birthplace

IN THE QUAINT NORMAN CITY OF FALAISE

Photo] **La Porte des Cordeliers, Falaise** *[H. H. W. Joel*

Falaise is chiefly famous as the birthplace of William the Conqueror, and for its fine old castle, where you can see the room in which the Conqueror was born! La Porte des Cordeliers is one of the gates through the old city wall, and is reached by walking down the main street past curious old houses into the Valley of the Ante, from which there is a grand view of the old castle

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(Continued from page 630)

a priest in his cassock crossed the chancel silently and with deep reverence. It was the Vicar. He passed through a curtain, and thence entered the vestry—a small room indifferently lighted—and closed the door behind him. In the niche of a narrow window was a chased ivory crucifix. Beneath it stood a deal table, where the Marriage Register lay open. It also held a small vase of lilies of the valley. The Vicar took them up, sniffed them mechanically, and returned them to their place. He was not unaccustomed to receive such small tokens of esteem from his fair parishioners.

Then he lighted a candle to assist the daylight, sat down before the table and pushed aside the heavy register. His face wore an expression of studied calm. It was the face of a man who has learnt in a hard school to meet an ordeal without flinching and who has the will to endure. He took from beneath his cassock a folded piece of pasteboard and held it in front of him. In his hands, and in those surroundings, it was a strange object—an old ball programme. Across the lines and the printed words there was still legible—in very shaky handwriting—the pencilled word "Yes." It recalled to the priest a very different scene from the present. He could hear again the strains of a waltz in an adjoining room, the feet of the dancers as they moved and the low tones of their voices. He could see the gloved hand and the trembling fingers of the girl beside him, slowly tracing—as he pressed his words upon her—the answer which could not be spoken. And once again he looked up from the hand to the flushed cheek and the downcast eyes, to such a picture of sweet distressful modesty as would have made a painter's fame to reproduce. So he saw her then in the hall of a great house, so now in the musty vestry, and so, maid or wife, he knew that he must see her always.

He half raised the faded programme as if to press it to his lips, but sharply restrained the impulse; and then held it firmly in the flame of the candle. As he pressed out the last ash, he dropped on his knees beside the rough table—in subjection, in abasement—and buried his face in his hands.

He did not hear the door of the room softly opened and closed. He did not see that, in the interval, a woman had entered, a woman whose thirty years had not impaired her beauty, whose dark hair was drawn back from her head and knotted in a thick coil behind, and whose stately figure was softened by an innate grace of carriage and by the tender light of her grey eyes. She paused for a moment, gazing at the bowed figure. Then she moved forward and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

The priest turned with a start. Then he recognised her, and rose slowly. "You must not come here," he said, facing her.

He spoke without agitation. None would have guessed a meeting after ten years. The man's face a little pale, the woman's a little flushed, that was all.

She ignored his words. "You were praying," she said.

"Yes."

A slight pause. "Why were you praying?"

"I often pray." He was conscious of the prevarication.

She took a step forward, insistent. "Why were you praying *now?*"

He already regretted his evasion. "Need you ask?" he said.

She raised her voice. "Yes, I do ask; I have a right to ask."

"I was praying," he answered, in the same level tone, "for courage and for strength—for courage to face this ceremony, and for strength to go through with it. Are you satisfied? Do you wish to punish me further?"

He looked up quietly as he put the question. To his surprise, her eyes were suffused with sympathy, with tender appeal. "It is a long time to have quarrelled," she said. "Can't we make it up?"

"We have no quarrel," he replied. "You must always feel we are friends."

"Don't you understand? Can't we—can't we begin again, Hugh?"

Not even the impassive face of the priest could entirely hide the emotion that gripped him: a sudden shock of joy, beaten back the next moment by relentless self-repression, and then, covering both, blank mystification. "But you forget," he said, "you forget why you are here."

"No, I don't." There was delightful feminine downrightness in the blunt statement. "You have put me in an absurd position," she continued, with an aggrieved air. "When Godfrey came to ask you to marry me, it was only because—because we thought——" She hesitated, and he did not assist her. "Because we thought," she rapped out bravely, "that if you still cared for me, it might help you to remember it. We knew you were lonely. But you stupidly insisted upon carrying out his suggestion. And now you see what has come of it." She directed a very severe glance at him as she finished.

"Do you mean that the bridegroom is a myth?"

"Yes." She made the avowal with the utmost frankness.

"And so it comes to this," said the man, sternly: "that you have attempted to play a trick upon me; in fact," he added, as he glanced at the Marriage Register, "that you *have* played a trick upon me."

"Yes," she answered again; and this time she sighed, but without much contrition.

The extraordinary effrontery of her action left the priest temporarily without words with which sufficiently to mark his displeasure. She quickly filled the gap. "But you are Jesuit enough to let the end justify it?"

"Is the end achieved?"

"Not yet. But we are here together, talking. That is something. Are you sorry?"

He was about to prevaricate again, but he met her eyes and changed his mind. "No," he answered. He realised, with some shame, that she had taught him a lesson.

"My brother has told me how you live," she continued; "how you deny yourself the common comforts of life, and exist on the extreme minimum that can keep body and soul together. Do you suppose that this will fit you any better for the work that may wait for you, say ten, twenty, thirty years hence? Have you ever considered that you are committing moral suicide?"

(Continued on page 634)

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BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

TO H.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR

BOURNEMOUTH

REST-CURER AND HEALTH-GIVER TO RUN-DOWN ROYALTIES

The Upper Gardens, West Cliff, Bournemouth

The Invalids' Pine Walk, East Cliff

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(Continued from page 632)

"I have all I need," he said.

Her eyes suddenly mocked him. "*Have* you?" she asked. She pressed the question mercilessly: "*Have* you?"

He was silent. He would not now evade the question, and he could not answer it.

"Who ministers to your sick," she resumed, with an abrupt change of key; "who comforts your young mothers; who sits and talks to your bedridden old women?"

"I do," he answered, meekly, "and I have many willing helpers." He could not have told how it had come about that he was now the defendant in this discussion.

"Such a large brigade that there is really no room for any accession to their ranks?" Her eyes were quizzing him.

"We cannot have too many."

She came a little closer. "Then I will offer you another," she said. "When I asked you just now if you had all you needed, you didn't reply; you could not; because, if you had done, you would have had to admit that you are lonely, that your home is no home, that you are often harassed and have no one to comfort you, that you are sometimes ill and have no one to nurse you. You have *not* all you need. There is just one willing helper you have needed all these years." She was very close to him now. "You want her still. You want *me*. Hugh, you *know* you want me." Assured of her place in his heart, she uttered her words with superb confidence.

He could not avoid looking at her, and he could not avoid showing in his looks that she spoke the truth. Her speech had flushed her slightly, and for the first time he was fully conscious of the growth of her beauty since he had seen her last. "Yes, I want you, Lois," he admitted, quietly, "but I may not have you."

"You may," she cried; "I know, I *know* you may." The strength of her simple convi tion was worth volumes of theological argument. Her gloved fingers were tapping the table. At that moment they came in contact with the paper ash remaining there. "You have been burning something?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"Will you tell me what?"

"Your programme."

For some moments she stirred the charred embers in silence with the tips of her fingers. Then she turned her head. "You have kept it—all this time?"

"Until to-day."

Slowly her eyes filled with tears; and then she crept into his arms. He did not repulse her; but he did not caress her. She played with the buttons of his cassock, and after a while she looked up. "It is ten years since you asked me to write that. That is a long time, isn't it, even for you? It is longer for me. But, Hugh"—she dropped her eyes with the sweetest of natural impulses—"I have not changed my mind."

He did not speak; he dared not; but his lips were moving. He was fighting again the same battle he had fought years before. This time the issue was different. Slowly — very slowly — his arms closed about her, and one hand smoothed her hair. She nestled closer; she was still weeping softly. A little later his lips ceased to move; and, with his two hands behind her head, he gently turned her face upward, and bent his own to meet it. He looked deep into her eyes, and then he kissed her lips.

HUBERT WALES.

Vandyk *Ellis and Walery*

The Latin Play at Westminster: The performers in Terence's "Famulus"

Though many of our public schools annually produce Greek plays, Westminster is unique in its Latin plays. Their Christmas play this year was Terence's *Famulus*, a piece which has not been performed at the school for over fifty years. Much more interesting than the play itself is always the Epilogue in Latin, which contains a hotch-potch of puns and allusions to the events of the last twelve months. The subjects dealt with this year were the Railway Crisis, the Diabolo Rage, the Zanciga, Limerickitis, and Mr. Bernard Shaw

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A Greek Play by Ladies!

FAIR PERFORMANCE OF "ALCESTIS" AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

The Invocation of the Gods as Alcestis lies dead

Admetos leads the restored Alcestis back to his Palace

Something new in the performances of amateur dramatic societies was the production last week of Euripides' *Alcestis* at Lowaine Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, by the former pupils of the Central Newcastle High School, the performers all belonging to the gentler sex. The translation was by Mr. Arthur S. Way, M.A., and the piece was produced in an exceedingly creditable manner under the direction of Miss Laura Smithson

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By Field, Stream, & Covert

Mr. Esmé Arkwright, Master of the Oakley, who is showing good sport this season

Good Sport in Deep Going

There is an old hunting saying, "the more dirt the less hurt," and that has been the consolation which followers of hounds have been able to extract from all the miserable weather of the past few weeks. With the going fetlock-deep, a great strain is placed on horses when hounds are running; the continual pull, pull through the deep takes it out of them quicker than anything else I know. Little brooks are transformed into ugly looking watercourses just now (writing on the 17th inst.), and treacherous "take-offs" add considerably to the difficulties of jumping, so that we are seeing more roadwork and headland riding this season than for a long time past. On the whole, the conditions have been favourable for scent, and in some countries the long-expected improvement in sport began on or about the 7th inst. With a brilliant forty-five minutes on that day, the Pytchley Hounds started a very successful week; and elsewhere the chief honours, perhaps, have been borne off by Mr. Fernie's, who continue to do amazingly well. The veteran foxes in this part of Leicestershire are having a very rough time just now, and Thatcher looks like leaving very few of the old sort for another season. Mr. Charles McNeill is fulfilling expectations in the Grafton country, and my correspondent at Towcester writes of much good sport and innumerable disasters to the followers of the pack. So bad was the "grief" on one day last week that Dr. Johnstone, of Weedon, who is a constant follower of the Grafton, was almost incessantly in demand. Fortunately, no very serious damage was done. Batchelor, the huntsman, was among those who took a fall. He lost his horse, but was able to go on with his hounds owing to the promptitude of Mr. Alexander, of Weedon, who, on seeing the huntsman's plight, jumped over a big fence to him, and gave him a leg-up on his own horse, sending him speeding along after the disappearing pack.

Some Lady Followers at the Meet

The Meet of the Oakley Foxhounds at Ravenden, near Bedford: The field and pack moving off

"'Ware, Hound!"

One unhappy incident with the Grafton a week ago was the loss of a valuable stallion hound, who was so badly kicked that he had to be destroyed. Mr. W. Selby Lowndes, the Master of the Whaddon Chase, has had a similar misfortune recently, and it would really seem that hunting people are not, generally speaking, so careful of the hounds as they ought to be. Most of us have heard, at some time or other, the melancholy howl of a hound injured by the kick from the mount of a careless rider, and who can wonder if the withering sarcasm of the M.F.H. is drawn down upon the head of the offending horseman? The story has been related of a youthful sportsman who was advised by an indignant spectator to "Hit him!" when his horse had kicked a hound. "Indeed, I will!" replied the youth, and promptly set about—not his horse, but the wretched hound! The recent reports of

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Well-Known Riders in the "Vale"

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(1) Lord Dalmeny at the meet. He is one of the hardest riders in the Vale of Aylesbury

(2) Lady Lurgan, a fine horse-woman

(3)

(3) Mr. W. Selby Lowndes Jun. (on the right), the Master of the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds, chatting with Mr. McCorquodale

(4) Lord and Lady Maiden, both hunting enthusiasts

(5) Mrs. Leon, a regular follower of the Whaddon Chase

(4)

(5)

Followers of the Whaddon Chase Hounds met at Ascott, the residence of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, on December 11, and the subsequent day's sport was some of the best yet experienced this season

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badly maimed hounds make us think of Leech's famous sketch, which depicts the M.F.H. shouting, "Mind the hound, sir; he's worth twice as much as your horse!" And really, when you come to think of the intrinsic value of the modern foxhound, and the difficulty, nay, the impossibility, of adequately replacing a good working hound during the hunting season, it is scandalous that greater care is not taken to avoid accidents which can so easily be prevented.

The "Vale of Tears"

In regard to the state of the going, a humorist writes that wherever there was once a delectable Vale of Grass there stretches now what is literally a Vale of Tears. The welter-weights experience a sinking sensation when

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Isle of Wight Foxhounds
A kill in the open, after a run of 1 hr. 25 min.

called upon for action, and even the "top-sawyers," who stop for nothing ordinarily, are obliged to tread delicately, like Agag, lest the quagmire absorb them altogether. From Warwickshire comes the most tragic story of the times. The flooded village of Long Itchington proved a veritable trap, since road and green and pond were one indistinguishable surface of water. The well-known soldier—a major of the 10th Hussars—who made an unfortunate miscalculation and disappeared in the depths of the village pond, deserved all commiseration. No less thrilling from the spectacular point of view was the passage through the flooded Itchen of a sportsman tooling his wife to covert in a buggy drawn by the smartest of ponies. The pony's head was about all that remained visible of the whole turn-out, and the occupants climbed to the seat and stood on it to escape the heavy seas that washed aboard. Only by the exercise of the greatest skill was the further shore safely gained. This was an incident popularly supposed to be humorous—an opinion from which the chief actors seem to have differed at the moment.

The Oakley Hounds and Country

It was said of a famous Master of the Oakley Hounds, Mr. Robert Arkwright, that he was a born hound man, absolutely devoted to hunting, a fine rider, and one of the best huntsmen who ever handled a horn. The sportsman's grandson, Mr. Esmé Arkwright, now holds the leadership of the pack, and on account of the workman-like way in which he is hunting the pack this season, the Oakley people say that he is a regular "chip off the old block." The cold clays of the Oakley country, with a large proportion of big woodlands and heavy ploughs, would not suit those accustomed to nothing but the flying countries of the Shires. But it is here that fox-hunting can be seen in its most genuine form. Hounds have honestly to work for their foxes, and so good are the Oakley on their cold scenting grounds, that drafts from the pack are keenly sought after in many kennels.

A Fine Run with the Whaddon Chase

Hounds are always welcome at Ascott, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's home near Leighton Buzzard, and a largely attended meet of the Whaddon Chase took place there on the 11th inst., when the accompanying photographs of various well-known followers were secured. They include Lord Dalmeny, who is one of the hardest riders in the Vale, and would, I dare say, be as much at home in the Mastership of hounds as he is in the captaincy of a county cricket eleven. It will have been gratifying to Mr. L. de Rothschild to know that the meet at Ascott was followed by the best day of the season with this pack. From a covert in the park hounds hunted a straight-necked fox for eighty minutes with scarcely a check over a delightful country. Mr. W. Selby Lowndes may well be proud of his pack.

The Master of the Enfield Chace

A few months ago fears were expressed as to the future of the Enfield Chace Staghounds, but under the command of Mr. D. D. Bulger the pack has taken a new lease of life. A member of the Stock Exchange and keen

The Enfield Chace Staghounds Meet at Preece's Farm, Shenley: The Master, Mr. D. D. Bulger

sportsman, he saw his first hunting in Ireland, and at the age of twelve he was helping to whip-in to a pack of harriers. Since then he has had much experience of hounds, and what he learnt about stag-hunting with the famous "Wards," near Dublin, stands him in good stead with the Enfield Chace. In his younger days, Mr. Bulger was an athlete of much distinction. He represented Dublin University with success in contests with Cambridge and the London Athletic Club. He held numerous championships in Ireland, winning the 100 yards Challenge Cup three years in succession, and in England his chief successes were in hurdling, of which he held the Championship in 1890 and 1891. So it will be seen that the Master of the Enfield Chace is a good all-round man. A. W. C.

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Coursing at Newmarket

Newmarket Old Champion Meeting: Crowd watching the coursing

Wilkinson, with Mr. W. Jarvis's "Derby Day II." and Sir R. W. B. Jardine's "Ladyfly" in slips for the final course in the Cheveley Stakes

"Wednesday Welter" being prepared for the final of the Champion Puppy Stakes

"Royal Crest," the winner, a fawn dog by Farndon Ferry out of Royal Ivy. Mr. A. Brown, owner, and some of his friends

The Newmarket Old Champion Meeting is still a very popular reunion, and the Champion Puppy Stakes is one of the most important events of the year

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Amateur Form in 1907

The year is drawing to a close, and the time has come for taking stock and seeing how we stand in the golfing world. I propose to day to take the case of the amateurs, whom it is the business and pleasure of THE BYSTANDER to put in the forefront in all sporting and athletic concerns. I heartily wish that that precedence could be accorded to amateur golfers on their playing merits, but the sad truth cannot be blinked that the foremost position still belongs to the professionals, and that the gap between the two ranks has in no degree whatever been lessened by the events of 1907. The most outstanding feature of this year among the amateurs is the renascence of Mr. John Ball. I use the word "renascence" advisedly, for, although Mr. Ball has been in the front rank during the past few years, there has been something lacking in his game. Possibly the untimely death of his great rival, Mr. Tait, may have lessened his keenness, or repeated victories may have sated him. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that, after 1899, until this year, he seemed to play with less dash and decision, while his putting went all to pieces. Whether his recovery of his putting brought about his renewed keenness, or *vice versâ*, who shall say? I should opine that the former proposition contained the truth. For there is nothing so disheartening for a great player than to find one department of his game horribly faulty while the others are as good as ever. One other cause of Mr. Ball's renewed zest remains to be mentioned—viz., that the Amateur Championship was due at St. Andrews. He had never won on that course, and he may well have pulled himself together for a great and final effort to secure the coveted prize there before the years lessened his chances.

The Golfer of the Year: Mr. John Ball

The most outstanding feature of this year's amateur play has been the renascence of Mr. John Ball, the Amateur Champion, after having rested on his laurels since 1899

The Renascence of Mr. John Ball

I need not recapitulate history; but I will only say here that his success at St. Andrews, and elsewhere since, was due, firstly, to his superb and confident putting, more especially his holing out, and, secondly, to his renewed interest in the game. That keenness has continued, as many Club competitions throughout the Liverpool District bear eloquent witness; while, if anything were needed to confirm this, it would be his recent feat of backing himself against the fog at Hoylake in point of time and score, easily winning his bet, when, apparently, others considered the conditions impracticable for golf of any kind. From an amateur point of view, 1907 will undoubtedly be reckoned as Mr. Ball's year. In common with his countless admirers the wide world over, I rejoice at this, and express the hope that Mr. Ball may long retain this superb form and continue a pillar of strength to the great game which he adorns. Such players as he, whether regard be had to his powers, to his sterling sportsmanship, to his modesty in victory and his good temper in defeat, are an asset of inestimable value.

Mr. Campbell and Mr. Pollock

One new light has appeared in the golfing firmament in the shape of Mr. G. C. Campbell, on whose magnificent form during the Amateur Championship I commented at the time. An unfortunate illness since then has rather thrown him back, but I have no doubt that with complete recovery of his health will come back all that easy mastery of the game which delighted us at St. Andrews. If to that mastery of the game he will but add a complete control of his temperament, I would hazard the prophecy that in him we shall find the leader of the amateurs in the near future, and the one who will dispute pride of place with the best of the professionals.

Another young player who has always had a sincere admirer in me, and who has brilliantly distinguished himself this year, is Mr. V. A. Pollock. A feat such as his in carrying off the Jubilee Vase and the Autumn Medal in the same year stamps him as a great player. Mr. Barker has now joined the professional ranks, and the amateurs are the poorer for his loss, for he promised to be a force of very great value to their side.

Other Players of the Year

Mr. Maxwell has done very little to maintain his reputation this year. We must pray for a renewal in his case of that ardour which drove him to victory in the old days, but which has temporarily deserted him.

Mr. Dick carried off the St. George's Vase this year, and proved that he is still a power that must be reckoned with.

Most of the old horses, such as Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. Blackwell, are still running strongly.

Captain Hutchison has also been playing admirably.

I have left, perhaps, the most brilliant name to the last, but not even his most fervent admirers can say that this year has added to Mr. Graham's reputation. In scoring he has been great at times, but his match-playing powers do not seem to increase as the years go on. Possibly he may still emulate Mr. Hilton in this respect, and acquire that devil in match play without which no Amateur Championship can be won.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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The Library

By VIVIAN CARTER

"PEKIN TO PARIS IN A MOTOR-CAR"

One agreeable way of pulling through Christmas is to secure, of course, if possible, by fair means, a copy of

"Pekin to Paris in a Motor-car,"

by Luigi Barzini (E. Grant Richards: 16s. net). Leaving Pekin at about, say, 10 o'clock on the festive morn (your travelling companion being, of course, besides the writer, the Prince Scipio Borghese), you should, with hard reading and no stoppages save for oil, be well past the Great Wall by lunch-time, across the Gobi Desert at dinner and the Baikal by Boxing morning, through Siberia by Boxing night, and in Moscow by the morning after, reaching Paris in comfort by about noon of the awful Sunday following. I cannot recommend a more effective method of forgetting the prevailing festivity than to share the privations of the gallant—I was going to say "explorers," but as to commit myself to that expression would hopelessly cut into the crust of my criticism of the book, I had better say just "motorists."

Signor Luigi Barzini
Author of "Pekin to Paris in a Motor-car." As correspondent for the *Corriere della Sera* and the *Daily Telegraph* he accompanied Prince Scipio Borghese on his gigantic exploit
(*Reproduced by courtesy of E. Grant Richards*)

This trip, let it be said at once, is a motoring, rather than an exploratives, achievement. It blazons the magic word "ITALA" forth to the world as "the car that crossed two continents," and it ensures the inclusion of S. Scipio in the automobilistic *Acta Sanctorum*, whenever they are compiled, as the hero of the longest and the most glorious ride in the early history of the new locomotion. As a record of exploration, however, the feat is not perhaps so notable as its name would suggest. In the first instance, the travellers' route was clearly defined—it was a case of following the telegraph lines across the Chinese Empire and the railway lines across the Russian. In order to avail themselves of these facilities, the racers went thousands of miles out of what would, geographically speaking, be the right way from Pekin to Paris. You or I, looking at the map of Asia and Europe, with a view to our own great trip (*when* we make it), would spurn so comparatively easy an itinerary. *We* should cross the Gobi to the West, making for Samarcand, and Merv, and Teheran. We should risk *our* lives, not among the polite bureaucrats of Siberia and their closely watched exiles and moujiks, but among the wild men of the Pamirs, Bokhara, Persia, and Asia Minor, where the police are neither so numerous and efficient nor the inhabitants so well-in-hand as in Russia. Not from polite Russian officials should *we* seek

A Little Episode of the Ride
The Itala car overturned through the collapse of a bridge near Verkhne-Udinsk, Trans-Baikalia
(*Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. E. Grant Richards from "Pekin to Paris" by Luigi Barzini*)

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petrol, but from the Khans of Khiva and Bokhara, or any others we might light on. So far as the populations were concerned, the path of the Itala was strewn with roses. The riders were expected everywhere—official protection, passports, permits, banquets, were their lot from the moment they entered Russian territory. Troublesome as they found such stretches as the Gobi Desert, the prairies of Mongolia, and the muddy and ill kept roads of the Eastern provinces of Siberia (they hugged the railway much of the way), theirs were motorists', not explorers' eventualities. Difficult as were the ways traversed, they were well-trodden—those of Siberia, alas, too well-trodden, by the weary feet of generations of exiles. To see Siberia *en fête*, as, in their honour, our tourists so generally saw it, is hardly to see Siberia.

Signor Barzini has, however, done all that was possible to make the tale of the ride of interest and excitement. If there is a fault in his style, it is its fidelity. A little more licence in the description of adventures might have lightened the narrative, though I admit that to lighten the narrative of a motor ride over a wilderness calls more for a Bart Kennedy than a Barzini. Thud, thud! Puff, puff! Wide white plain. Wall. Long wall. Chinese wall. Prairie. Desolate prairie. Mud. Lots of mud. More mud. Whizz! Whirr! Sand. Sand-storm. Mountains. Tall mountains. Lake. Blue Lake, etc., etc. This would have done it. Why, oh, why didn't the *Daily Mail* send Mr. Kennedy with Scipio? Then, then indeed, should we have been given a book. A big book. An inexhaustible book. A wonder-tome.

Presents for Parents: A Suitable Novel

That Little ——? by Eyre Hussey (Longmans). A troublesome title, Mr. Hussey? A little difficult to recommend in conversation without appearing either demented or vulgar? Well, well, perhaps! Nevertheless, a book one has very good cause to recommend, for it is quite one of your very best novels—bright, quick, live, full of action. "That little ——?" (of the feminine gender) is a most interesting young woman, of impudent and even irreverent speech perhaps, but of sterling qualities. How nobly and how cleverly she sticks to her absent Dick, the young man who goes West cow-punching in defiance of irate papa's wish that he should go E.C. pen-pushing. Dick is a new sort of prodigal. Leaves home, and stays away for a long time; comes back not a penitent, but a plutocrat. Comes back clinking coin, triumphant, to claim "that little——?" as his bride, despite the objections of "that little——?'s" prudish protectors. Dick doesn't ask papa if he may be as one of his hired servants, etc.; he makes him apologise for his own ill-behaviour, and promise to be a good old man henceforth. In these days, when respect for youth among parents is not all it should be, the moral of *That Little*——? is one which all youths who have the interests of their elders at heart should impress on those wayward people. There is nothing, further, in the book which could possibly offend elderly susceptibilities—a rare thing to be able to say in an age when there are so few books one cares to leave about for one's seniors to see. V. C.

Reference Books for 1908

Many a book hailed on its first appearance by reviewers as "the book of the year" has a few days' reign of popularity and then dies an unmourned old age at the end of a month. The only true "books of the year" are the annual reference-books, new issues of which appear with regularity each December, their arrival on the scene being the signal for the immediate official demise of the brethren whom they supersede, they, in their turn, to be superseded as the year whose date is emblazoned on them draws to a close.

In the van of the noble army of reference-books marches the portly and gorgeously attired *Debrett's Peerage* (Royal Edition, 31*s.* 6*d.*). Story-writers of a minor order tell us that this book is the Bible of a certain class of young lady in Society. It is true few copies of The Book are clad so sumptuously or have such an attractive outward appearance as the *Peerage*, but *Debrett* certainly has a distinct similarity to certain portions of Holy Writ, especially those genealogical chapters in the Pentateuch, so that perhaps an excuse may be found for its devotees. It appears that during the past year 5 new peerages, 17 baronetcies, and 175 knights have been created, while 23 members have been sworn of the Privy Council. This and numberless other things anent "the titled" does *Debrett* tell us each year with unfailing accuracy, and we can no more do without it than we can without the House of Lords.

The princeling in this class of work is *Whitaker's Peerage* (3*s.* 6*d.*)—a compact and handy volume.

More plebeian, but none the less invaluable, is *Who's Who* (10*s.* net). The annually recurring question when this book comes to hand is "Whatever did we do before it was first published?" Its only drawback is that as it has grown in size it has also grown in price, but whether it cost us 10*s.* or 10*o.*, we can't do without it. This year's issue contains over 20,000 biographies, including those of well-known foreigners, several being in French and German. We are glad, however, that Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor of the new tongue, refrained from recording his doings in Esperanto. The companion work, *Who's Who Year Book*, contains a budget of information which originally formed a portion of *Who's Who*.

For the precedence among general works of reference, there is a hard fight between *Whitaker's Almanack* and *Hazell's Annual*. It is a case of "Pay your money and take your choice." *Whitaker* contains within its familiar red and green covers as much information as could possibly be intelligently crowded into one thousand odd pages, and few inquirers turning to it for information will go empty away. *Hazell's Annual*, which again appears under the able editorship of Mr. Wm. Palmer, serves up its information in a somewhat different form, but every conceivable subject of interest and importance is dealt with, and dealt with thoroughly. Special articles are included on Consols and National Credit, the Growth of Socialism, Modernism, the Olympic Games, Colour Photography, etc. etc.

One realises the flight of time when one sees that the 1908 edition of the *Daily Mail Year Book*, the youngest of general reference-books, is already its eighth issue. This is a stupendous sixpenny-worth. The old lady who said she found the dictionary interesting, but somewhat disconnected, reading should turn to this little red book, for she will there find numberless authoritative, though short and concise, articles on every imaginable subject.

In the realm of more or less "technical" reference works may be mentioned *The Photographic Almanac* (1*s.* net). This should be in the hands of every photographer, amateur and otherwise. Besides much general information of interest to the photographer, there is a special article on colour photography.

We are glad to welcome the second issue of *The Winter Sports' Annual, 1907-8*, which has just been published (Simpkin, Marshall: Crown 8vo, 2*s.*), and has been brought thoroughly up to date. It contains fresh articles on skating, tobogganing, ski-ing, and curling by well-known exponents of the sports, past records of all the classic events, and a list of fixtures for the coming winter. An entirely new and very useful feature is the list of ski tours added to the various places in the directory. The ski-runner, who has hitherto been entirely at the mercy of local ignorance, should appreciate this information, which is most difficult to obtain in a reliable form.

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The Floods on the Thames: Eton Boys punting along Meadow Lane, near Windsor

"And the Evening and the Morning were the——th Day"

I always find it rather difficult to enthuse about cricket in December, and particularly about cricket of the modern Test Match variety. I wonder what sort of a shock our ancestors would have felt on seeing an innings of 300 odd described as "a poor total." And yet, under the conditions governing a Test Match, 300 may quite well be so described. "England," we read—by the way, they *will* call it "England" in preference to "The M.C.C."—"made 273 to-day. They will have to do much better than that in their second innings if they want to win, for Australia, in the present state of the wicket, are good for at least 400," and so on. And, probably, this presage turns out to be correct, unless rain alters the state of the pitch. To me, it seems a thousand pities that, in order to eliminate the possibility of a draw, one of the greatest charms of cricket — the fight against time — should be deliberately sacrificed. But apparently the public like it best, and the gate nowadays is almost as big a consideration in cricket as it is in professional football. The joy of cricket nowadays, from the public point of view, lies purely in big scores, averages, and records, and I am quite prepared to find that one of these days people will begin to resent the existence of such an inconvenient element of luck—even more potent at times than the position of the hands of the clock—as the weather, and that some means will be devised for preventing the weather from having any effect upon the course of the game. On the other hand, I am equally prepared to find—and, in fact, there are already indications—that the whole thing is becoming too artificial to be permanently interesting, and that "newspaper" cricket is threatened by a slump which, if it occurs, will prove a blessing in disguise to cricket proper.

Physical Culture

It is not so very long since physical culture was merely a pleasing synonym for a series of somewhat dull and laborious exercises indulged in by those who aimed at abnormal muscular

The "Physiculturalist" in his Office: Mr. Eugene Sandow in his room at 32a, St. James's Street

Mr. Sandow, formerly merely known as a "strong man," has for some years past devoted his attention not so much to the making of the strong man stronger, but to that of making the weak man less weak, and the success of his scientific methods of physical culture have necessitated the opening of a large Institute in St. James's Street, his former School lacking sufficient accommodation

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development. And, in accordance with the true saying that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, it often happened that, while those who were naturally strong and sound to start with benefited by these exercises, others, who were neither strong nor sound to start with, did themselves harm—not because physical culture was a mistake in their case, but because they employed the wrong methods.

Its Scientific Application to the Cure of Illness

Curiously enough it is to Mr. Sandow, the strongest of strong men, that the credit mainly belongs of having proved the efficacy of physical culture, properly applied, not merely for the strong but more especially for the weak, and of having thereby raised it to the dignity of a science. He believed that the true value of physical culture lay in its ability not so much to make the strong man stronger as to make the weak man less weak. His "School," which began with ten pupils, has become an "Institute," and of his clients upwards of 80 per cent. may be described as "patients" rather than "pupils." For the aforesaid Institute he has recently obtained new and eminently suitable premises at 32A, St. James's Street, which were formally opened the other day. The presence of a large number of medical men at the opening ceremony afforded a significant proof of the position to which physical culture has attained in the domain of therapeutics.

Fencer Turned Author

M. Jean Joseph-Renaud, France's champion fencer, has turned his hand to writing stories. His volume of gruesome tales, entitled "Le Chercheur de Merveilleux," will shortly be published in England

Sherry

FALSTAFF.—"A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. First, it conduces to excellent wit; the second property of your excellent sherris is—the warming of the blood."

The old adage, "Good wine needs no bush!" is manifestly true, particularly in regard to Sherry; for it is an established fact that English wine-drinkers to-day emulate the wisdom of their forefathers, who were prone to consider that Amontillado, Nut Brown Oloroso, or choice old Solera Sherry, was an indispensable adjunct to the dinner table.

The Kaiser's Afternoon at Waring's

Waring's has become one of the landmarks of London. It is far more, indeed; it is one of the art institutions. It was, no doubt, the distinction which this famous house has achieved, not only here but also on the Continent, that induced the German Emperor, during his recent stay in London, to spend an afternoon in viewing its treasures of antique and modern decorative art. Such a visit may fitly be described as memorable. It indicated very clearly the Kaiser's artistic tastes and sympathies. For, although this is pre-eminently a business house, it is a business house with a purpose. It is directed by men with ideals; it has a lofty and educational objective. The mission of Waring's is to bring taste and beauty in decoration and furnishing into every home, to popularise fine form and harmonious colour, and to show by practical examples that charm and refinement in decoration are not necessarily a matter of expense.

The Kaiser was probably prepared to see exquisite rooms and sumptuous furniture; he had, doubtless, heard of the two-centuries' repute of Gillow's, of the Waring rooms shown at the Paris and St. Louis Exhibitions, of the great Georgian Gallery with its wealth of bronzes, statuary, Renaissance furniture, tapestries, embroideries, and other antique treasures, of the splendid reproductions of Chippendale and Sheraton furniture made from their original working drawings by the unrivalled craftsmen of Gillow's; but it is questionable if he at all expected to see such a sight as Waring's Model Houses.

These dainty little flats are decorated and furnished throughout at prices to suit beginners in housekeeping whose resources are limited and whose experience is small. With these, especially the lower-priced ones at £200 and £300, the Kaiser seemed more than pleased; while in the former he openly expressed his interest in, and sympathy with, the underlying idea of showing people what can be done for a given amount, and *how* it can be done with artistic taste and propriety. "Yes," he said, "no one can have an excuse for making mistakes in furnishing after such examples as this." It was one of those practical illustrations of "How to do it" such as the Kaiser loves. For, although he has a *cognoscenti's* knowledge of art in its higher phases, and is an unrivalled judge of antiques, and knows all there is to know about the historical styles and their transitions, yet he is, above all things, practically-minded, and this plan of object-lessons in everyday furnishing evidently had his hearty approval.

In addition to the Model Houses, he was shown a considerable number of specimen rooms, in different styles, and at prices ranging from £20 up to several thousands. Nothing could possibly have given his Majesty a more comprehensive idea of Waring's artistic and productive resources. He saw here the varied and ingenious fruits of a clever set of designers; in the studios, later on, he saw the designers themselves—a body of men whose equals in knowledge, intelligence, fertility of idea, and artistic feeling, it would be impossible to find anywhere.

It may be inferred from many remarks which the Kaiser let fall that he thoroughly enjoyed his inspection of Waring's. It is a somewhat unusual thing for a great potentate to spend an hour and a half in a place of business, but then Waring's is not an ordinary place of business. It is an exhibition of fine things and precious examples as well as a building for the display of everything wanted in the furnishing and equipment of the home. Every visitor sees, as the Kaiser saw, not only decorations for the wealthy and choice *objets d'art* for the connoisseur, but likewise glass, china, bronzes, table silver, household linen, electrical fittings, and everything that is necessary to supplement the furniture in a house. And in every department the same principle rules—perfect form, refined colouring, and graceful proportion; in short, the guiding laws of decorative art.

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By COMYNS BEAUMONT

A firm of automobile agents in London, by name Shippey Brothers, recently indited a letter to Mr. Harvey du Cros, inviting him to join in a scheme for the purpose of dumping a number of American cars into Great Britain at a considerably less sum than they cost to manufacture. These included 40 h.-p. cars "which we can sell at a price of £350 in case of need," and cars originally listed at £675 to £700, which Messrs. Shippey amiably suggested could be sold on the British market at from 40 to 50 per cent. under value. Mr. Harvey du Cros was approached because Messrs. Shippey Brothers frankly stated that he had a lot of money and the command of capital to any extent. Unfortunately, however, for Messrs. Shippey Brothers they caught a Tartar in Mr. Harvey du Cros. He has published the correspondence between them, and evidently burns with righteous indignation at the thought of being invited to interest himself in foreign cars which are to be dumped on the British market at absurdly low prices.

Car-icature—No. LIV.: Mr. James Gordon Bennett

Best known to motorists and the world at large as the donor of the Gordon Bennett Cup. He is the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, and spends much of his time yachting and travelling

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

Mr. Harvey du Cros's virtuous rectitude in the face of these wicked proposals do him infinite credit. We all know, however, that he has been associated with the sale of foreign motor-cars, of which Panhard and Mercèdès are the best known, for many years past. How many thousands of pounds have gone out of this country in payment of foreign cars sold through the firm of du Cros it would be idle to speculate upon, but the total must be very great. Why, then, this outburst of indignation because a firm having a lien on a number of American cars invites Mr. du Cros to join in a deal for the purpose of disposing of the stock at greatly reduced prices over this side of the Atlantic?

* * *

I am not attempting to defend the principle of "dumping" motor-cars on our shores. The Bystander is not an advocate of any Party political views, and if it were, this column would be an ill-judged position for airing such. At the same time, without touching on controversial matters, I think everyone will agree that the importation of foreign cars into this country duty free has certainly hampered the British automobile trade. The motor manufacturing business in England began late and has suffered from many set-backs on the part of the Government. Had the industry been protected in its infant stages, I doubt if Mr. du Cros and many other gentlemen who represent foreign firms would

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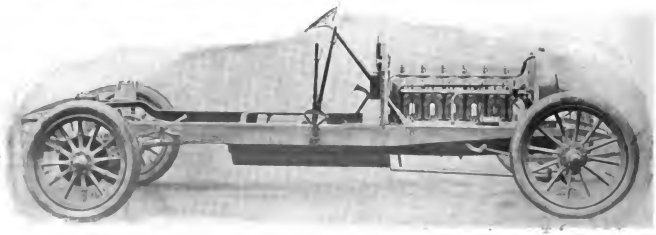

The Chassis of the new 24-32 h.-p. six-cylinder Porthos Car

An interesting feature of this car is the position of the carburettor, the induction pipe being warmed by contact with the water-pipe, thus causing a far better explosion

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"Morgan" Landaulette Body, on an Adler Chassis, fitted with Cromwell Patent Folding Wind-Screen.

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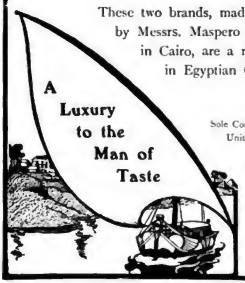

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In the making of a Dress Suit the tailor has to bring into play the very essence of his knowledge as to Shaping, Building, and Fitting—and even more than that. The production of a Perfect Fitting garment is not the only aim; there is something in the set and flow of a perfect suit which, to produce, seems to call for a special Aptitude as well as Tailoring Knowledge.

Mr. Bult has for many years made a speciality of Dress Suits, and has been so successful with their production that many men come to him for that particular garment who are perfectly satisfied with the work of their ordinary tailor in other respects. For this Season's wear Mr. Bult has stocked some excellent materials for Dress Suits, which he supplies, Silk Lined, from £4 4 0 upwards. Dinner Jacket to match (Silk Lined throughout), from £2 10 0.

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John J. M. Bull

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have been quite so affluent as is now the case. To dump a great many American cars in this country to be realised at sacrifice prices would be a bad thing for the trade, especially at the present moment, but (though two blacks do not make a white) it would be as nothing compared to the enormous sums paid every day for the purchase of foreign cars. I cannot myself see where the difference lies, except it be that in dumping these American cars on the English market unfair competition takes place, which Mr. du Cros resents, as an avowed supporter of Mr. Chamberlain. The motor industry is still in its infancy in this country, and British manufacturers need some protection not only against "dumping" but against the enormous importations of foreign cars, whose makers, without employing British labour, or being of the slightest use to the community, are yet enabled to sell on equal terms to those who do. Whether duties should be placed on articles of food or not is a matter of argument; but I venture to say that even a reasonable Free Trader would admit the wisdom of nursing a new industry, especially when, as in the motor trade, the products cannot be called a necessity.

An Artistic Poster: "The Spirit of Speed"

Poster of the show of imported cars to be held from December 28 to January 4 at the Madison Square Garden. The poster is by Jean Paleologu ("Pal"), the famous French artist

• • •

What the trade needs most, therefore, is protection against Mr. du Cros and his friends, in spite of that gentleman's widely expressed indignation at having been invited to join in a "dump" scheme. The subject is an interesting one, and I hoped to find some illuminating remarks on it in the motor Press. It is ignored, as, apparently, every subject is by the technical Press, when it is at all of a controversial nature. I would like to ask Mr. Harvey du Cros a final question: Can he ardently support the views of Mr. Chamberlain, and yet consider his a consistent attitude to import and sell a great number of foreign cars?

• • •

Car-icature LIV.: Mr. James Gordon Bennett

Mr. "Jim" Gordon Bennett, by offering his famous Cup, did more to bring automobilism home to the man in the street than anything previously. He is now assisting in a similar degree in aerial flight, having presented a Gordon Bennett Cup for airships. Mr. Gordon Bennett, though past the prime of life as generally understood, is a hale and hearty man, and no one would suspect him of his sixty odd years. He spends most of his time on his yacht, and passing from place to place it is surprising how he succeeds in keeping in touch with his own papers. Of course, *The New York Herald* in America is where his "pile" comes from, but Mr. Gordon Bennett's pet offspring is his Paris edition of the same paper, and an admirable little journal it is. The subject of our Car-icature is a man of charming personality, and if he were to write his reminiscences he could tell interesting stories about thousands of well-known persons—from Emperors downwards—whom he has met.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Mr. Clifford Earp on his 60 h.-p. "Thames" Racer, on which he recently attacked the 50, 100, 150 miles, 1 and 2 hours' records at Brooklands. Each of these he was successful in beating

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Are necessary appointments of the Dressing Room, and their use ensures a keen sense of satisfaction to all who seek and appreciate constant smartness in wearing apparel. The accompanying illustration is a picture of EVERITT'S DRESSING CHEST—the latest acquisition to our specialities. It is designed to afford usefulness without unsightliness. The Chest is made from the finest wood procurable, finished in the most handsome style with best quality fittings. The Trousers Press is fitted on hinges, and stands in an upright position inside top, or mirror, portion of the Chest. The mirror is of the finest bevelled plate glass, set in a door, which, when opened, admits of the Press being pulled out to a horizontal position when required for use. The Chest has ample accommodation for clothes and boots. We stock the Chest ready for immediate delivery in Fumed Oak, but it can be supplied in any wood to order. Our new booklet is beautifully illustrated with pictures of other specialities, all of which have proved their worth by long use. Drop a line to Department **B2.**

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By MRS. JACK MAY

At a certain *cause célèbre* the other day, at which I was an interested spectator, I encountered considerable food for modistic reflection. Unconditional surrender on the part of the defendant brought us all down with a quick run from the tiptoe of expectation to complete flatness. But, as a first experience, a certain excitement was reserved for me.

The back view of the plaintiff's head received all the study and inspection it richly deserved. For it was truly a work of art—a bewilderment of coils, and *poufs*, and light tortoise-shell pins and combs. The latter were in such perfect harmony with the hair, one was led to wondering which had been matched to the other. It was the kind of thought likely to be engendered by the environment. The black velvet gown donned for the occasion was in perfect taste, and although of demure aspect, had emanated from a redoubtable West-End establishment which is responsible for some fascinating little turn-down collars of fine embroidered lawn and lace. This seemed to be the sole touch of white permitted the sable scheme, the large black tricorne hat of felt which was worn being swept by one long ostrich feather, the stem held by a great silver tinsel rose.

The Classical Effect Applied to the Teagown
An original design in grey ninon, embroidered with tarnished silver and aluminium in Greek key pattern
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

The Vogue of Velvet

On every side I am hearing of the assured acceptance of beautifully moulded Princesse velvet gowns. One exclusive establishment, not a hundred miles away from Knightsbridge, is making boast of building these practically without any boning. There are, furthermore, significant signs of corduroy velvet finding an early spring favour, arranged either as a whole costume or as a coat to the accompaniment of a cloth skirt. A suggestion for the former that I liked comprised a plain gored walking skirt, closing down the left side of the front a short distance from the waist with military loops and buttons, a continued scheme of decoration from the double-breasted bodice, which was merely cut into a tiny square at the throat, for the display of an embroidered lawn guimpe.

Obviously, the idea is that these velvet costumes will meet the moment when we can dispense with heavy fur wraps and rely on the lighter stole and muff. Although I pause to ask when have we as yet been granted a chance to display the former, those, at least, who are the fortunate possessors of furs in the bulk? From the furriers' point of view, the season, so far, has, in vulgar parlance, been a complete frost. But I was talking about corduroy, and ere leaving the subject I have every pleasure in advancing the claims of the cloth skirt costume, and not necessarily in a neutral tint, for there is promise coming in certain attractive shades of green, purple, and those smart dull shades of red which belong to the aubergine world.

The Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street

It is now some months since I was chatting in these columns on the efficacy of the various emollient lotions and creams provided by the above Company, and now once again I am prepared to come to the fore in an even more exhaustively eulogising spirit, for their admirable skin remedies are gathering roses, roses all the way, and are passing altogether out of the stereotyped *régime* of skin treatment.

Time and wide-spreading personal relief are placing the Cyclax preparations on a plane closely touching the medical: they represent hygiene in the very highest and purest degree, and are daily achieving cures of a most obstinate and long-standing character.

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2.—Add gradually, as you stir, a breakfast-cupful of boiling milk or milk and water.

3.—Set aside for 15 minutes.
At this point Benger's Food digests as it cools. The longer it stands the further the process of digestion is carried.

4.—Pour into a saucepan and slowly heat, whilst stirring, till it boils. When sufficiently cool it is ready for serving.

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Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

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Photo *Manuel*

A Chic French toque of puckered velvet, with immense feathery osprey

At the outset, the provision of advice gratis from the authority controlling the Company—an authority whom, it is not disputed, comes second to none in the land—seemed almost quixotically generous, but realisation of its value has been made abundantly manifest. For this individually organised pharmacopœia is far from being a restricted matter, the various applications running through the finest gradations, the list, furthermore, being constantly augmented, specialised cases demanding entirely fresh combinations. Nor is it ever the object of the Company—and this, to my mind, is a very strong point—merely to sell their preparations for the sake of selling. The object they have set themselves out to accomplish is to effect genuine skin cures, or alleviations, as the case may be. Consequent on a minute study of the subject, the above-quoted authority is able to adjudge to a nicety the cases that will succumb to outward applications and those that exact internal medical attention. Not infrequently an alliance of the two is able materially to hasten a recovery. But all such decisions are absolutely safe—and I am writing with secure knowledge—in the hands of these people.

I have to my hand two booklets, carefully compiled, that successfully aid those at a distance to gather satisfactory general information. But dozens and dozens of letters are answered daily, conscientious individual attention being accorded each client, and by no means the least of the many remarkable recoveries have been conducted through the post.

The title of these two books are, respectively, "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," and "Cyclax Remedies for the Skin." Keen as is my sympathy with the merely superficial desire of my sex to be beautiful, I have deliberately avoided in this slight dissertation the ordinary jargon anent the value of skin treatment, because I feel the Cyclax Co. have struck a deeper root than superficiality, and, fortune has so far favoured them in timing their arrival with a social epoch, that entails much strenuousness of living and, consequently, disastrous effects to the sensitive skin.

Classical Effects Applied to Teagowns

There is a tide in the affairs of dress that points to teagowns, the particular tide being that on which the social woman floats on a course of country-house parties. For these events dress is strictly divided into the hard tailor-made and the soft evening frock, with a particular emphasis in teagowns, the which, however, under latter-day auspices, frequently resolve into the dinner dress *intime*. Our original design is a case in point, this disclosing a picturesque affair of grey ninon, embroidered with tarnished silver and aluminium in a Greek key design. The sleeves follow the favoured Parisian *ailes*, and are eminently well adapted to display to the fullest advantage a beautiful arm.

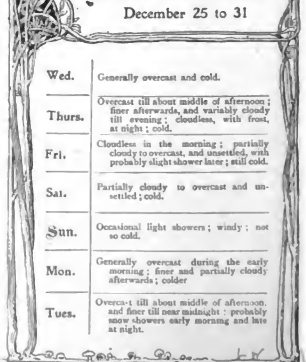
THE WEEK'S WEATHER, from December 25 to 31

By Hugh Clements

The atmospheric tides about the 25th and 30th will cause very unsettled weather in South France, North Italy, and Southern Austria, and other countries in the same latitude. One tide proceeds North over Great Britain, while another comes South, and about midnight on the 27th, or between the 27th and 28th, both atmospheric tides will pass over England to the North of London, over the South Midlands, so that the barometer will fall gradually from the 25th, when it will be high until the 27th and 28th, after which it will rise, and be higher at the end of the year.

The weather will be better but colder in North Britain.

The forecast for the week is that it will be fine at the beginning and end, but generally cold.



THE COMING WEEK'S WEATHER.

December 25 to 31

Wed.	Generally overcast and cold.
Thurs.	Overcast till about middle of afternoon; finer afterwards, and variably cloudy till evening; cloudless, with frost, at night; cold.
Fri.	Cloudless in the morning; partially cloudy to overcast, and unsettled, with probably slight shower later; still cold.
Sat.	Partially cloudy to overcast and unsettled; cold.
Sun.	Occasional light showers; windy; not so cold.
Mon.	Generally overcast during the early morning; finer and partially cloudy afterwards; colder
Tues.	Overcast till about middle of afternoon, and finer till near midnight; probably snow showers early morning and late at night.

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